

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

VOL. II.

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NO. 44.

## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Publishers and Proprietors.

A. K. JONES, Editor. B. CHANCEY, Foreman.

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Correspondence from all parts of the county solicited.

Address all communications to A. K. Jones, Editor Oregon Scout, Union, Or.

### Local Directory.

GRAND RONDE VALLEY LODGE, No. 56, A. F. and A. M.—Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

O. F. BELL, W. M. C. E. DAVIS, Secretary.

UNION LODGE, No. 39, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings on Friday evenings of each week at their hall in Union. All brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the lodge.

S. W. LONG, N. G. G. A. THOMPSON, Secy.

### Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH—Divine service every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8:30.

Rev. WATSON, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Regular church services every Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting each week on Wednesday evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m.

Rev. H. VERNON RICE, Pastor.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Service every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.

Rev. W. R. POWELL, Rector.

### County Officers.

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Sherriff . . . . . A. L. Saunders

Clerk . . . . . B. F. Wilson

Treasurer . . . . . A. F. Benson

School Superintendent . . . . . J. L. Hindman

Surveyor . . . . . E. Simonis

Coroner . . . . . E. H. Lewis

COMMISSIONERS.

Jno. Stanley

State Senator . . . . . L. B. Rinehart

REPRESENTATIVES.

F. T. Dick . . . . . E. E. Taylor

### City Officers.

Mayor . . . . . D. B. Rees

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J. S. Elliott . . . . . J. B. Thompson

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Recorder . . . . . M. F. Davis

Marshal . . . . . E. E. Bates

Treasurer . . . . . J. B. Carroll

Street-Commissioner . . . . . L. Eaton

### Departure of Trains.

Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a. m. West bound trains leave at 4:20 p. m.

### PROFESSIONAL.

#### J. R. CRITES,

Collecting and probate practice specialties. Office, two doors south of Postoffice, Union, Oregon.

#### R. EAKIN,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

#### I. N. CROMWELL, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon

Office, one door south of J. B. Eaton's store, Union, Oregon.

#### A. E. SCOTT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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#### T. H. CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Union, - - - - - Oregon.

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BAKER & BAKER,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

LA GRANDE, - - - - - OREGON.

#### D. B. REES,

Notary Public

#### Conveyancer.

OFFICE—State Land Office building, Union, Union County, Oregon.

#### H. F. BURLEIGH,

Attorney at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agent.

Land Office Business a Specialty.

Office at Alder, Union Co., Oregon.

JESSE HARDESTY, J. W. SHELTON

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Will practice in Union, Baker, Grant, Umatilla and Morrow Counties, also in the Supreme Court of Oregon, the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.

Mining and Corporation business a specialty. Office in Union, Oregon.

## EASY-GOING SLAVERY.

Features of Gradual Emancipation in Brazil.

A Rio de Janeiro correspondent of *The New York Tribune* writes: One of the most gratifying evidences of the self-control of the Brazilians and their ability to work out their own political salvation is the manner in which they are gradually freeing the slaves. Those who most earnestly desire the extinction of slavery are the intelligent slave owners themselves. It is true, also, on the other hand, that the most active opposition to abolition comes from slave owners, from those who have a large share of negro blood in their own veins.

On the plantations of the interior slave labor is the only kind of labor to be had to any extent, and the great problem with the coffee growers is what to do for laborers when slavery is finally abolished. I was talking the other day with a planter of Minas, who has three hundred slaves on his plantation, and would be ruined if slavery were suddenly abolished. He was angry with the emperor for signing a decree prolonging slavery for ten years. Every possible law to circumscribe and diminish the evils of slavery has been passed until the master seems to have no rights which the slave is bound to respect. There is no way in which an owner can make a slave work for him if the slave objects. The result is that in the cities the slave takes care of himself, works when he wants to, and gets what he can, the only sign of his bondage being that he pays to his owner a small weekly tribute out of his earnings.

On the plantations, where the operation of new laws is not so felt, and custom and tradition are everything, the owner can indeed get a fair amount of work out of his slaves. But even on the plantations the slaves are more like the vassals of a feudal baron than the slaves of the south before the war. It often costs more to take a slave from one province to another than the slave is worth, a large sum being forfeited to the government for every slave so removed. Notwithstanding this, such is the scarcity of labor that it costs a great deal to buy a slave. A slave can purchase his freedom, however, or someone can purchase it for him, at an extremely low figure set by law.

There is a large and active abolition society in Rio and branches all over the country. This society is constantly buying the freedom of slaves, and in the cities slaves are constantly buying their own liberty, so that when the ten years which the emperor has set as the bounds of slavery shall have expired few slaves will be left to be liberated. Already one province, Ceara, is denuded of slaves, and the inhabitants of that place take great credit to themselves therefor and are never tired of boasting about it. They have boasted so much and held such jubilees of thanksgiving, singing Te Deums in their churches, and all that sort of thing, that they have excited the jealousy of other Brazilians, who darkly hint that in the interior of this self-righteous province some slaves yet remain. Every child born of slave parents in Brazil is free, and, of course, no slaves are allowed to be brought into the country. A child born of slave parents has to be taken care of by the owner of its parents until it is old enough to take care of itself.

Beyond the abolition of slavery looms up in Brazil the question of labor. There can be but one solution of the problem, and that is immigration. How to attract this is what is now absorbing the minds of the statesmen. The labor of the liberated slaves and their descendants will never be sufficient for the needs of the country. They are by nature the most lazy and worthless laborers in the world and have a disposition to leave the plantations and flock to the cities of the seacoast. There they work just enough to keep themselves alive, and as long as they can get raw farina and casaca they are happy.

One great drawback to immigration to Brazil is the bad reputation for health which the country has in Europe. The northern seaport towns are undoubtedly unhealthy, but in the south of the empire and in the interior the climate is as healthful as could be wished. Still, the horror with which yellow fever is regarded and the difficulty of making immigrants understand the vast size of the empire and its consequent variety of climates render the work of attracting them here difficult. The Argentinians owe their great prosperity to the constant tide of immigration which is flowing to their shores, and the Brazilians claim that Argentinian agents abroad omit no opportunity or scruple at no means to divert immigrants from Rio to Buenos Ayres.

A "grand lottery" was held here in December in aid of the emancipation fund. A large amount of money was realized, and the capital prize of \$150,000 was drawn by a poor mechanic in Santos. The emancipation fund is a government affair, and is augmented by certain fines and taxes accruing because of slavery and by authorized lotteries. It is devoted to purchasing the liberties of slaves. As in all South American countries the negroes of Brazil have a strong disposition to return to savagery. Civilization seems to have taken but a slight hold on them. In a thousand little ways they preserve the habits and traditions of their ancestors. The strange wild songs and dances which their fathers indulged in in Africa and which they still preserve are only outward signs of an innate savagery over which civilization has not been able to obtain a mastery. I have seen often in the coast towns negroes whose faces were mere masses of scars from wounds which had been systematically self-inflicted in order that the negro might show in his face what his tribe and station was after the manner of his ancestors. A friend told me that once walking in Para he saw an aged negro of gigantic stature and majestic bearing coming down the street. The street was full of negroes, and, as the old man came alone, they all fell on their foreheads to the dust. Tears fell from the eyes of the object of their devotion as, with an air worthy of Francis at Pavia or Napoleon taking leave of the Old Guard, he passed on and disappeared. It was ascertained that the old man was once a great warrior king in Africa, and was, moreover, a "fetich man" of wondrous power. In his slavery and in his old age the people of his tribe did not forget beside the Amazon the devotion they once showed him on the Congo.

There is a great difference in Brazil between a negro and a man with negro blood in his veins. In the States a man with the least bit of negro blood in his veins is regarded as a black man, but in Brazil a man with very little white blood in his veins is regarded as a white man. The people of mixed blood are intelligent, ambitious, and occupy all sorts of prominent positions in business and in public life. It is not, of course, considered the "swell thing" to have negro blood in one's veins, but the offense is easily forgiven by all except the most exclusive and aristocratic of the Brazilians.

### An April Day.

Oh, we went picking daffodils  
My little love and I!

A blue-bird sang upon the fence;  
White clouds were riding high,  
On a sunny April morning,  
With soft winds blowing by.

Oh, we went out to count the stars,  
My little love and I!

"O Mamma, see the daffodils  
Are blowing in the sky!"  
On a cool, sweet April evening,  
When shadows hovered nigh.

—Sara M. Chatfield, in *St. Nicholas*.

### After Treatment of Scarlet Fever.

The last stages of scarlet fever, that of desquamation or the time of the shedding of the cuticle, is attended with danger both for the patient and attendants; the patient is peculiarly liable to complications arising from taking cold easily, and the desquamative scales are a frequent and most certain source of contagion to those about the patient. A writer in a British Medical Journal says:

"Now to obviate this danger, I have for several years been in the habit of having my patients sponged over the whole surface of the body twice a day—commencing as a rule, about a week from the appearance of the eruption, and continuing the process until the desquamation is complete—with a mixture of one ounce of oatmeal to one pint of boiling water; the solution to be made fresh every day and used tepid, or at such temperature as may be comfortably borne by the back of the finger. My reason for using this is that the gluten in it sticks the scales to each other and to the surface of the body, thus allowing of their being removed from one sponging to another, without the ordinary risk of infecting either atmosphere or clothes, and greatly lessening the risk of spreading the disease. Secondly, the gluten fills up the cracks of the new skin, and protects it from the cold, as, patch by patch it becomes bare, and thus, to say the least, greatly lessens the risk of dropsy which so often follows upon this disease."—*Dr. Poole's Health Monthly*.

### The Mind Cure.

Sister Stowe strolled into the office and tackled Mr. Fenderson to subscribe for a magazine in the interest of the mind cure.

"Are you a firm believer in the mind cure?" asked Mr. Fenderson, politely.

"I am," she replied, decisively.

"Very well. I have made up my mind not to subscribe for your magazine. Now see if you can cure me of it." A moment more and he was alone.

California Mæverick.

## LONDON'S "KISSING GAMES."

Accusations Against English Sunday Schools of Immoral Practices.

A London correspondent of *The New York World* writes: London religious society has been much exercised during the last few days by the charges that have been made in relation to the prevalence of "kissing games" at Sunday-school soirees. *The Daily Telegraph* is responsible for bringing the matter to public notice, though the original charges first appear in a religious weekly paper. According to this authority, Sunday schools and temperance societies are developing "kissing games" in an astonishing and alarming degree. The writer asserts that he knew of a Sunday school where such games go on from 6 in the evening till midnight. He tells of a Sunday-school orgy which he witnessed which began with a can-can "to an idiotic song and time," and he thus describes it:

"First the upper and then the lower members of the body were raised and swung about. After this an hour was spent in 'kissing and hissing.' Then came the great treat called 'The Army.' Marching round in pairs these Sunday-school teachers went through a drill in which 'present arms' and 'fire a volley' meant embracing and kissing between the sexes. When we state that the male 'teachers' knelt down before their partners to embrace them, and that six 'volleys' were ordered at once, or that kissing in that posture was ordered to continue until the word 'halt' from the fugleman, the reason of our departure and strong indignant protest will be evident."

On this letter *The Daily Telegraph* based one of its most readable editorials, in which the history of the "kissing game" was gone into with a certain amount of relish. The letter and the editorial caused, as may well be imagined, a sensation, and during the last two days the columns of the enterprising Fleet street journal have contained very spicy reading, in the shape of letters to the editor upholding and denying the truth of the sad charges.

The first batch contains some most curious revelations. Some of them are 'oubtlessly written by wags, but there remains after perusing the lot a strong conviction that there is some truth in the charges made. One person calling himself a "Sunday-school teacher," asks saucily, 'I should like to know what possible harm there is in the amusement referred to?' Another person, who gives his address and signs his name as "John Samuel Gilbertson," says he is a teacher at a Sunday school on Hackney road, and "can unfortunately vouch for the accuracy of the statements, for I have witnessed what are in my opinion most disgraceful and indecent proceedings between the younger teachers and elder scholars of both sexes."

In justice to the Sunday school in question, it must be said that Mr. Matthew R. Richards, chairman of the East London Auxiliary Sunday-School union, denies Mr. Gilbertson's statement in toto, and says that the accused Sunday school never had a teacher of his name. Then follows: "An Old Sunday-School Teacher," whose letter may be worth quoting. He says:

"I have been a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent for upward of thirty years, and truth compels me to confess that the evil is very wide-spread. A short time ago I was invited to give an address at a meeting in connection with a certain Sunday school. When I got there I found the teachers and scholars excitedly engaged in a 'kissing game.' The gentleman who invited me came to me, saying: 'You see we are having a little social enjoyment!' 'Yes, I see,' I replied. 'Come and join in,' he added. 'No, thank you; that's nothing in my line,' I said. I waited some time, witnessing the 'Old Jolly Miller,' 'Kiss in the Ring,' etc., expecting that these would soon give place to something better. But I was mistaken, for they continued, monopolizing the whole evening to the exclusion of addresses, solos, and recitations. On another occasion at a Sunday school of which I was then superintendent, I had to leave our own meeting for a short time to give an address at another meeting. When I returned I found our own meeting in full swing at 'kissing games.' Being much opposed to these things, I felt it my duty to exercise what authority I possessed, and therefore put a stop to them at once. But the consequence was that we lost a considerable number of teachers and scholars, who said in leaving: 'If we can not have those 'social games' at this school we can have them at another.' I know of a poor minister who lost his pastorate for attacking one of their cherished institutions. If you were to insert the names of all the Sunday schools in which these kissing games have been witnessed you would be one huge catalogue of them. I could myself furnish a large list."

"H. G.," who gives his address as "No. 37 Medhurst road, Grove road, bow E.," further says: "I have seen these games practiced at the Sunday-school soirees. I have seen the youths and girls arrange themselves into different couples, and an order is given from the fugleman to 'prepare,' 'present arms,' 'fire a volley,' at which the couples kiss until a fresh order is given to select other partners." A "School-master," of Birmingham, who was inclined to look upon the original charge as a huge joke, says he was surprised to hear from his own maid-servant that at the Sunday-school she attended "We often play those games." But she denied that she had ever seen the men kneel to "fire the volleys." On the other side, a great many Sunday-school teachers and superintendents deny that the practices are carried on at all, and so the fight goes on.

The most interesting result of the discussion, however, is *The Daily Telegraph's* own editorial, which defends kissing as a peculiarly English tradition, and which was held in high esteem in the days of Elizabeth. Erasmus, in one of his letters to Faustus, tells him "that if he could realize some of the pleasant customs of Britain he would hasten thither with the speed of Mercury to enjoy the obliging kindness of our English lasses with heavenly faces. Wherever you go there is nothing but kisses, and if you, Faustus, had but tasted them, on my honor, you would wish to reside here not for ten years only, but for your life." "It is," remarks *The Daily Telegraph*, "this practice of our Elizabethan ancestors—not to be imitated, at least not with impunity, among the host of modern revivals—which necessitated the use of 'kissing comfits,' sugared and perfumed to add fragrance to the breath, and as a matter of course, referred to by Shakespeare, the all-fleeting mirror of his time."

### AN ANCIENT RELIC.

The First Religious Periodical Ever Published in the United States.

In view of the fact, says *The Galveston News*, that Dr. Ireneus Prime has lately made a statement to the effect that he was the publisher of one of the earliest religious papers in the country, Mr. Francis D. Allan, a citizen who has been associated with Galveston and her people for more than thirty years, brings forth a veritable ancient relic in his possession in the shape of a worn and yellow pamphlet, entitled *The Christian Monitor and Religious Intelligencer*, and dated April 10, 1813.

Mr. Allan's father personally conducted the publication of the religious periodical in New York, and claims that it was among the very earliest, if not the first, publication of its kind launched forth in the United States. As its title denotes, the contents are devoted exclusively to religious topics, such as sermons, extracts, contributions from subscribers, with here and there a bit of poetry thrown in for variety. The following are a few extracts from "Selected Sentiments":

"Evil is in the world, and one is a poor outcast, perishing in the streets, while another, no better than himself, is reveling in luxury and refuses to relieve him. . . . All men are born equal, and, as individuals, are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, the use of property, the pursuit of happiness, with the privilege of private judgment. . . . The liberty of conscience claimed by man is not for the service of himself, but of his God. Toleration and intolerance are therefore both despotisms."

What a mighty revolution has literature, especially newspapers and periodicals, undergone since the birth of this little sheet. Like the famous gourd of Jonah, newspapers of all classes took root and multiplied by the hundreds and thousands, with new and original thoughts, bold and daring assertions, magnificent facilities for systematizing all branches of current literature, and other wonderful improvements too numerous to mention. The worm eaten, stained, and dilapidated little pamphlet is certainly a curiosity, having survived almost a century of time. The first number was originally published in New York, in the month of July, 1812, thus making it seventy-four years of age. Mr. Francis D. Allan, the son, is now 72 years of age, and is a veteran printer, fifty-six years of his life being spent in that occupation. He is still setting type and publishes a paper—*The Galveston Visitor*—for a few subscribers, but mainly for his own pleasure. He has been in this city constantly for thirty years, more or less, except a few years during the war. He is also secretary of the Gulf City Street Railway company. He has long since celebrated his silver and golden weddings, and expects to be able to celebrate his diamond wedding.

## HERE AND THERE.

Philadelphia claims 22,000 more women than men.

Missouri corn sells at Fresno, Cal., for 40 cents a bushel.

One of the oldest settlements in Illinois is named Chestnut.

The United States have 8,000 more miles of railway than all Europe.

"Snagging the buckwheat" is the latest idiosyncrasy for taking the cake.

Laborers on the sugar plantations of Cuba receive \$20 a month and their board.

Vermont expects to produce ten million pounds of maple sweetness this season.

Upward of five thousand people will sail from New York for Europe between April and July.

Strangers complain that they are not treated with ordinary civility at many New York churches.

A Butler county, Neb., undertaker advertises misfit coffins, warranted to keep in any climate.

It is estimated that about two hundred passengers arrive at San Francisco daily from the east.

Col. Battersby estimates the trade value of the bridle-bits of the country at more than \$6,500,000.

North Carolina, formerly called South Virginia, was sold to the king's agent for a house and £200.

"Nearly \$600 has been subscribed for establishing a Goethe library at the University of Michigan.

The grand jury of Champaign county, Ill., has indicted a wealthy farmer for stealing from a store a ten-cent husking peg.

Dogs in a single night killed and maimed \$500 worth of sheep belonging to Alva H. James, near Farmer City, Illinois.

Sugar cultivation has been initiated in southern Florida. Over two hundred acres have been prepared for the planting of the cane near Kissimmee City, where a large factory will be erected.

Filial affection was never more strongly exemplified than in a recent case in Germany, where a young man secured a life insurance payable to his mother, who was very poor, and then took poison and died.

When, three years ago, two lakes in Lyme, Conn., were stocked with black bass swarmed with perch and pickerel. The bass have been protected by law and have increased largely, but the perch and pickerel have entirely disappeared.

The largest authenticated snake ever seen was an anaconda, which had swallowed a horse. His length was forty feet, and after his feat of lunch-taking he was indisposed, and was captured by a naturalist who was hunting specimens in the Amazon valley.

Two animals recently added to the Philadelphia zoo are the harness antelope from Australia and the hog-nosed deer from India. The harness antelope is striped with white so as to exactly resemble an animal in harness, and the hog-nosed deer derives its name from its peculiarity of making a grunting noise through its nose like a hog.

A singular visitation of death happened at Digby, N. S., lately. Peter Milanson, 86 years of age, died after a few hours' sickness. His wife Mary, 84 years old, for some time had evinced a strong desire that her husband should be the first to die, as she did not want to leave him alone in the world. After his death she expressed her willingness to follow him, and four hours after her husband's demise she too breathed her last.

Intelligence of a recent decision of a United States court at the west, that a tax on drummers is unconstitutional, does not appear to have reached Baltimore. The police made a raid upon these gentlemen, who were selling goods by sample without licenses, and made a number of arrests. In consequence there was a general scampering of the fraternity.

John Blair, who murdered his wife and family in Kansas and was lynched for it, was the son of Rev. Downey Blair, of Smyrna, Ky. On Sunday, while he was preaching, a boy walked into the church and handed him a letter. Mr. Blair stopped, broke the seal, read a few words, and then, with a groan, threw up his hands and fell to the floor. The letter had brought him the first news of his son's crime and death.

John Borrell was driving near the railroad track in North Reading, when his hound that had been following him, ran on the track just in time to be struck by a fast locomotive and hurled fifteen feet in the air. John thought there wasn't enough left of the dog to mourn over, and drove on. Looking back after awhile, he saw the hound trotting behind the wagon, little the worse for his interview with the cow-catcher.

In a church at Elizabeth, N. J., last week, in the course of an altercation about communion and the arrangement of the baptismal font, a young lady slapped the rector's face. The action was not considered so eccentric as it might have seemed in another person, the same lady having formerly acquired a reputation for oddity by ordering an iron coffin and refusing to pay for it. This freak cost the undertaker over \$200.