

# THE OREGON SCOUT.

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## THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Having recently purchased this hotel and refitted it throughout, I am prepared to accommodate the hungry public in first-class style. Call and see me. LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS for the accommodation of commercial travelers.

## CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The Noted Kentuckian and His Only Ambition.

Cassius M. Clay, ex-minister to Russia, who announces his intention of re-entering public life without saying how he is going to do it, is now one of the handsomest old men in the United States. He is over six feet tall, has a large head, crowned with white hair, and a face still uncrinkled by time. Underneath his great eyebrows his eyes sparkle as brightly as they did before the war. Cassius M. Clay has been a prominent figure in Kentucky ever since he began to preach the abolition of slavery over forty years ago. He was a great athlete then, and rather delighted in the fact that in his stumping tours he carried his life in his hands. For a time he carried no weapons but these nature had given him. Later he carried a bowie knife, with which he disemboweled Silas Turner, one of the famous Turner brothers, who, after threatening his life sometime, attacked him as he was addressing a public meeting. After that he always had two pistols on the table before him when he rose to speak, but he was never again attacked in the same way. He was a democrat then and when the war broke out he naturally became a war democrat. After the war he became a republican. In the last ten years he became a democrat again, and in 1884 he became a Blaine republican. I think he is now a democrat, but whether he is or not, he stands very little chance of ever holding a public office again. He is very fond of public speaking, however, and probably means to stump Kentucky when he talks about going back to public life.

Since his retirement from public life Clay has been living at his hospitable homestead near Richmond, in the blue-grass country, where he has a hundred acres of the best land in the world. His only companion is his natural son, born in Russia, now about 16 years old, and a very bright and accomplished boy, who has had the best possible education. Clay is a sort of a King Lear. Mrs. Clay has not lived with her husband since his return from Russia, nor have any of her children. She lives with her daughter Anna in Lexington, and her other children live on various pieces of Clay's estate given to them by him. They have had no connection with him since his wife left him. They tell a touching story out in Kentucky about his being in Richmond one day when his daughter Anna, who had quite grown out of his recollection, passed him and some young men with whom he was talking on the street. Clay was attracted by her beauty and her grace, and remarked upon them to the young men, adding: "There is something very familiar to me about her face. Who is she?" The young men hesitated for a moment, but when he repeated his question, one of them said, "Why, Gen. Clay, that was your own daughter, Anna."—Washington Capital.

**The Owl.**

Softly thro' the evening shadows Flits the downy feathered owl; With his big eyes widely staring, Cries, "to-oo!"—this "see"-ing fowl.

Field mice hide their heads in terror, Rabbits crouch in grasses dry; While to every bush and cedar Wee birds for protection fly.

'Neath the beeches, owl, still flying, No loud whistle make thy wings, Noiseless is thy flight as evening As its shadows dark, it brings.

But the owl is not a hunting, For I asked him why he flew, And with gentle, tender accents, Answered he, "to-oo! to-oo!"

—C. Lauron Hooper, in St. Louis Magazine.

**Advantages of Education.**

Hon. Mark Blandford, of the Georgia supreme court, has a son who was recently engaged in a stupendous effort to master Greek. One night the young man was poring over his lesson, sorely perplexed and in dire distress. In the room was a negro boy, whose business around the place was to curry and feed horses, black boots, and do similar work. The negro listened for a while to the wails of the young student, and then said:

"Marse Bob, I can read that for you."

"You!" exclaimed the young man.

"You're a fool; this is Greek."

"Can't help it," replied the negro.

"I can read it."

The book was handed to him, and the negro read right along. When he had finished Judge Blandford asked:

"Where in the mischief did you learn to read Greek?"

"At the Atlanta university," quietly responded the negro.

With all his knowledge of Greek the boy was only a doer of chores—a much more commendable occupation, however, than loafing or stealing.—Atlanta Constitution.

Where does a buck board?—Boston Herald.

## LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE.

An American's Visit to the Noted Frenchman's Tomb.

A Paris correspondent of *The Buffalo Courier* writes: Having, after much questioning, ascertained, and that to-day of an American resident, that Lafayette's tomb is in the ancient cemetery of Picpus, one of the fourteen cemeteries within the walls of Paris, I was not much better off, for I had no driven far with the cocher, whose vehicle I had taken by the hour, before saw that he had no idea where the place was. And no wonder; any thing more unlike the entrance to a cemetery than Rue de Picpus 35, which after much blind driving we drew up before, just after passing the Place de la Nation, could not be conceived. I looked like the ordinary entrance to the ordinary French house, with the walls a trifle higher perhaps. Our ring at the great yellow-white door was answered by the concierge, the usual lit old lady in the usual fussy cheap lace cap. The site, which was originally that of an old St. Augustine monastery, is now occupied by the Convent of the Sacre Coeur, whose high buildings surround the cemetery on three sides.

"The convent is a very fashionable school," said the concierge. "Many pretty American girls are educated here." She led us down a long, shady path, past a flourishing kitchen garden, where the luscious red-ripe tomatoes looked as though they were longing to be served with their proper accompaniment, mayonnaise sauce, through three different doors or gates, making four in all through which we passed, into the quaint old cemetery. It is a little oblong plot not larger than the ordinary city building lot, and the afternoon sun was beating down so fiercely on its gravel walks that I was obliged, having left my parasol in the carriage, to make my stay brief.

All the French cemeteries are lacking in taste, but this one, without a blade of green grass to relieve its time-worn grayness, is the most austere spot in all Paris. The burial lot of the Lafayette is at the lower end in a corner surrounded on two sides by a brick wall and on the other by an iron chain. The inclosure contains six or eight tombs, with the slabs lying flat upon them. In the foreground, connected by a stone cross, are those of Lafayette and that faithful wife, the granddaughter of the duke of Noailles, who endured imprisonment for his sake, and who, while he was a five years' captive at Olmutz, wrote imploring letters to George Washington urging him to use his influence to have her husband liberated. I copied into my note-book the inscription on the slab over Lafayette's tomb, but it is so simple that it would be superfluous to repeat it here. It merely gives the date of his birth, and beneath the motto, "Requiescat in pace." Two or three of the ugly bead wreaths which one sees in all the French cemeteries lay upon the tomb, and I was sorry indeed that I had not a few fresh flowers to lay in place of these upon the grave of a patriot, who, instead of resting in the Pantheon, seems so utterly forgotten in France. Interments are now prohibited in Picpus cemetery, which contains the tombs of some of the most aristocratic families of France, such as the Montmorencys, the Grammonts, and the Noailles. Next to the Lafayettes lie the Remusats, but I was more interested in peeping through an iron-barred door close by the Lafayette slabs, where in a small inclosure, the green grass is growing over the headless trunks of some 1,300 illustrious victims, guillotined at the Barriere du Trone during the reign of terror and thrown together in this common grave, called *Cemeterie des Guillotines*.

**The "Benefit of Clergy."**

The meaning of the phrase "benefit of the clergy" is not perhaps very generally understood. The custom had its origin in those days of intellectual darkness when the state of letters was so low that anyone found guilty in a court of justice of a crime which was punishable with death if he could prove himself able to read a verse in a Latin bible was pardoned as being a man of learning, and therefore likely to be useful to the state; but if he could not read he was sure to be hanged—"without benefit of clergy." This privilege, it is said, was granted to all offenses, excepting high treason and sacrilege, till after the year 1350. At first it was extended not only to the clergy, but to any person who could read, who, however, had to vow that he would enter into holy orders, but with the increase of learning this "benefit of clergy" was restricted by several acts of parliament, and was finally abolished only so late as the reign of George IV.—Glasgow Herald.

Where does a buck board?—Boston Herald.

## THE SEVERN TUNNEL.

This remarkable tunnel, which, with its connecting links and necessary details has cost the Great Western Railway company about £2,000,000 sterling, and has been in construction between thirteen and fourteen years, has been opened for goods traffic. The passenger traffic will be delayed a couple of months, owing to the heavy work on a portion of the connecting lines on the Gloucestershire side of the Severn. The tunnel, which was originally designed by Mr. Charles Richardson, C. E. (afterwards associated with Sir John Hawkshaw as chief instead of consulting engineer), was commenced by the Great Western Railway company in March, 1873, they having obtained three acts of parliament in 1872. It was at first intended to be 4½ miles in length, but this length was afterward reduced by 13 chains, and of this distance 2½ miles are below the rapidly-flowing estuary of the Severn, at a point half a mile below the new passage where the passengers now cross from the Bristol and South Wales Union railway, on the Gloucestershire side of the river, to Portskewt, on the Monmouth side. From the point at which the tunnel line leaves the Bristol and South Wales Union line between Patchway and Pibing to Rogiet, the junction station where it joins the South Wales section, the distance altogether is 7 miles 5 furlongs, including the deep cuttings to the tunnel entrance on either side. The Great Western Railway company carried on the work themselves till 1879, and drove the preliminary heading from either side of the river to within 120 yards, when they tapped a land-spring on the Monmouthshire side, and in less than a day the whole workings were flooded. It was then that Sir John Hawkshaw was appointed chief engineer, in conjunction with Mr. Richardson, and Mr. T. A. Walker undertook the contract, under the most discouraging circumstances, and the works were not clear of water till November, 1880. The junction of the headings was made in September, 1881; the level of the rails having been lowered, at the suggestion of Sir John Hawkshaw, 15 feet in order to get more thickness under the river-bed. That this was absolutely necessary was clear from the fact that a hole 10 feet long was found in the marl of the river-bed at a depression known as the Salmon pool; and the river, coming through this, flooded the work on the Gloucestershire side. This difficulty was surmounted by filling in the place with clay-puddle and clay-puddle bags, and the works were then pumped out. In October, 1883, the old spring on the Monmouthshire side was again tapped, and in such volume that the water rushed in at the rate of 37,000 gallons per minute, and rising at the rate of four feet per hour, it flooded a considerable section of the completed work. Divers had to be employed to descend the flooded work and shut and iron door 500 feet from the bottom of the shaft, and again were the works pumped dry, by the aid of more powerful pumps. During this process a tidal wave breaking in over the marsh between Sunbrook and Caldecott, on the Monmouthshire side, descended the shaft, and flooded another section of the tunnel works inland, but this was easily dealt with. Thus battling with unexampled difficulties the engineers have triumphed over disasters which constantly threatened to swamp the whole scheme and render all the work futile. During the past twelve months great attention has been paid to the increase of the pumping power, and duplicate sets of pumps which have now been erected are capable of discharging at the rate of 26,000,000 gallons of water per day. A new shaft 180 feet deep has been sunk on the Monmouthshire side for six of these pumps, and there are in all eight 34-inch pumps, one 37-inch, one 36-inch, two 30-inch, and two 28-inch pumps. The tunnel is 26 feet wide and 20 feet high, and has been excavated through hard Pennine sandstone, and coal measures, the conglomerate overlying the coal measures, and shale, red marl, and new red sandstone. In the mid-channel of the river there is a depression 55 feet deep and 550 yards wide, known to miners as "the shoots," where there is 55 feet of water at low tide, and about 96 feet at spring high tides, so that there is this depth of water over the tunnel head. The tunnel has been lined with Staffordshire vitrified brick set in cement, and varying from 2 feet to 3 feet in thickness. At present nine trains will run per night each way. When the connecting lines for the passenger traffic are completed all this traffic from the southwest of England and Southampton will come through Bristol and the Severn tunnel; and Clifton and Bristol will be brought within sixty minutes' ride to Newport and Cardiff.—London News.