THE OREGON WEEKLY STATESMAN.

VOL. 21. NO. 19. SALEM, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1871. $2 50 per Annum---in Advance

To Weekly Subscribers.

Those of our Weekly subscribers who have not yet paid up for their papers for the year which has passed, are requested to immediately forward us Three Dollars. Fisher LP We will accept *Five Dollars*, to pay up for the past and present year, if *remitted within a month*. Please remember that newspapers *are not run without money*, and don't complain if pencil marks around this paragraph remind you of that fact.

If those who owe us will pay up times will be easy in this office, otherwise not. We need every dollar we have an honest claim to, *and need it soon*.

Salem, Nov. 14, 1871.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WILLAMETT UNIVERSITY,

SALEM, OREGON, the oldest and largest incorporated School in the State. Classical Commercial, Normal and Scientific courses illustrated. For full information address the President, T. M. GATCH.

Or C. N. TERRY, Sec. of BD Trustees. Sept. 7, d&wly

DR. E. R. FINKE,

OFFICE—No. 1, Moores' Block. Residence—Court Street, Opposite University. o:ptf

J. C. GRUBBS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Dallas and vicinity. nov.1:6m

A. M. BELT, M. D.,

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Salem, Nov. 15th, 71. tf

S. C. SIMPSON. J. A. WAYMIRE.

SIMPSON & WAYMIRE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Salem, Oregon. Office—In Patton's Brick, up stairs, last room on the front. nov24d&wtf

CAPLES & MORELAND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Portland, Oregon. Office, up stairs—S. E. corner Front and Washington Streets. Sept.2:d&w

POWELL & FLINN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery, Albany, Oregon. L. FLINN, Notary Public. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. d&wtf

R. P. HARMAN, Notary Public. C. N. TERRY, Attorney at Law.

HAMMER & TERRY.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK, Salem, Oregon. Real Estate, Insurance and Collecting Agents. Real Estate in the City and country for sale. Abstract of all titles in Marion county. sdec.4:d&wtf

JAMES A. RICHARDSON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, (late Bellevue Hospital Medical College New York City,) Office in Meredith's Brick, Salem, Oregon. Residence opposite the N. E. corner of Marion Square.

PARRISH & ATKINSON, Portland. C. W. ROYAL, Patton's Block, Salem.

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HILL, THAYER & WILLIAMS,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW Will practice in Federal and State Courts. Office—No. 106 First Street, (over Post Office), Portland, Oregon. ly

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The invention is now patented, and called the "Porcine and Shell improvement on vulcanite plates."

The improvement consists in supporting the plate in the mouth with small lines attached to the plate and vacuum, instead of covering the whole roof of the mouth with the plate, as has been the custom heretofore.

We intend to introduce this style of work in the profession as soon as practicable, specimens of this new style of work can be seen at Drs. Smith & Meredith's office. All our former patrons and the public in general, are cordially invited to call and examine them.

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HOTELS.

CHEMEKETA HOUSE,

SALEM, - - - - - - - - OREGON.

This new and elegant Hotel, supplied with every modern convenience, is now open for the reception of guests.

Free Coach and Baggage Wagon from the Cars.

R. P. EARHART, Proprietor. Sep27:d&wtf

Reduction in Prices!

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

PORTLAND, - - - - - - OREGON.

Only First-Class Hotel in the City.

Transient Room and Board, Per Day, $2 00.

The most elegant accommodations; table and attendance unsurpassed, at the above reasonable prices. JOHN J. JACOBS, Proprietor. octtd&w

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

The owners of this magnificent building are running the Hotel on their own account until they find a live man, up to the times in hotel business, for an occupant. The Hotel has had many improvements and additions in the past few days, and will be kept orderly and quiet, with clean rooms and beds, and a first-class table.

Salem, Nov. 10, 1871.

THANKSGIVING.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

O men! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart;
O women! sinking with despair,
Weary of hope and faint of heart,
Forget your years to-day, and come
As children back to childhood's home!

Follow again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you used
When climbing up the summer hills,
In their green nooks you sat content;
And softly leaned your head to rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the zere and fading wood,
So lately trodden by your feet,
When all you knew of life was good,
And if you dreamed of life was sweet;
And let fond memory lead you back
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs,
Drink from the mossy well once more,
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
With fresh sweet clover running o'er;
And count the treasures at your feet
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again,
Whose circle once was gind and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head,
Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been you stand
To-day in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though, with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company;

Thank God for friends your life has known
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

More Quixotism.

The *Bulletin* has found another windmill to fight and goes for it as valorously as its prototype, the old Don, ever did. Now, fighting windmills is a peculiar trade, and the only proficients in this branch of industry have been the exaggerated hero of La Vega's old Spanish romance, and the gentleman who spins and weaves the romances which adorn the *Bulletin*. We never take up that enterprising, interesting and "independent" journal without experiencing a sensation, sometimes of alarm—for the writer's sanity; sometimes of astonishment at the quantity with which he atones for his quality; at other times of wonder that his talents fret themselves away in so small a community as Portland. Then, occasionally, and rarely, we experience a pleasure in perusing his columns, caused by the vigor with which he "goes for" somebody, though for months past he has cooed so gently that we have feared that "Othello's occupation was gone." But these exhibitions, which must have made others quake in their boots, have never scared us worth a cent.

The particular windmill which the *Bulletin* "went for" last, was a letter published, so it says, in the Sacramento *Union*, of Nov. 20th, which it says we wrote and which contains "falsehoods" which we dare not publish in the STATESMAN. Now we have never seen this Gorgon of a letter. The *Union*, of the 20th, has either missed us or else we missed it, and so missed the heretical utterances of some wretch who stole the name of Salem to write a letter from, and assault with calumnious invendo the sacred name of Holladay. We never did it, we are no such man of letters. Our malice—and it accuses us of malice, of which we are incapable—never took such a shape. Even when we heard that Holladay swore a mighty oath that he would have a State Fair of his own next year—we never repeated it; and though we have heard that he has said he would go $10,000 and even $50,000 on a Fair Ground elsewhere to clean ours out, we have always believed that he would not do anything of the kind, for while he might be a little out of sorts, he would be sure to get over it.

Whenever we receive the *Union* with that letter in, we will publish it to let the world see how much it takes to raise the mischief with the *Bulletin*, and that paper could have done the same if it had been inclined to do the fair thing. In the meantime, it don't make a straw's difference to this paper what the California papers publish or what the *Bulletin* thinks of them.

Out of consideration for Mr. Holladay we have not alluded to his ill-humor about the State Fair, for we saw no good to come of it. The "Badge Rule" was a mistake, and we have plainly said so, and always shall say so, and we thought the least said about the whole affair the better. Salem is no way responsible for what the Society did, and we believe that the repeal of the rule is certain. The *Bulletin* has made a mistake in thus dragging the name of its proprietor before the public in that connection.

A Few Facts Stated.

The *Oregonian* has of late been making some ungenerous remarks about the business of Mr. A. Myers, who, as our readers know, is engaged in the very important enterprise of building works and machine shops in this city for the manufacture of agricultural machinery. It appeared to us that these remarks must have been dictated by jealousy of Salem, and that Mr. Myers would not have been made the subject of unfriendly comment if his enterprise had been conducted in the interests of Portland. While it looks that way we hope the suspicion is not well directed.

The statement that Mr. Myers bought valuable water power and property in this city of the Woolen Manufacturing Company and that he has since borrowed $10,000 of the State School Land Commissioners is correct, and as he is not a Democrat, they deserve commendation for loaning the State funds to foster home manufactures, especially as the loan was made on unencumbered and unimproved real estate over three times in value the sum borrowed.

In this connection the *Herald* says: Gov. Grover is no longer in any way connected with or interested in the W. W. Mfg. Co. of this place. We deprecate any dragging of ordinary business matters unnecessarily into politics and suggest to our neighbors at Portland that considering the prosperity of that burgh, which furnishes them a theme to brag upon the whole year round, they may as well allow some improvement to be made elsewhere without keeping up a chronic growl about it.

Judge for Yourselves.

The Sacramento *Union*, of last week, is at hand containing a letter from Oregon from which we quote a free and easy paragraph that must be the one which roused the ire of the *Bulletin* the other day. Unless it is a crime to allude to Holladay, except on bended knees and with "bated breath," we can't see anything to complain of. As to the authorship of the letter, that is nothing which concerns the STATESMAN. The correspondent of the *Union* writes as follows:

"The State Fair is pronounced to have been a success, and in many respects an improvement on former years, the apparent lack being made up in the absence of ladies' fancy work in the Pavilion, the list of premiums in that line having been greatly reduced. That was probably a mistake. There is some talk now of having a great fair ground built up at East Portland. His Royal Highness, the Duke Holladay, is said to be exasperated at the State Agricultural Society and against Salem, because the Fair was held here, and they say he has pronounced his curse on our fair grounds, and swears no passenger train shall ever stop there again. I really believe that Benjamin is out of sorts, but then I believe do him injustice to some extent in representing the extent of his wrath. It is certain however, that he is down on the State Agricultural Society, and indeed he has reason enough, viewing matters from his standpoint, and of course it would be hardly fair to judge so important a personage from any other. So we will resolve ourselves into that attitude as soon as possible.

"The Oregon State Agricultural Society is a homespun affair: its members, officers, managers, etc., are men who wear the badge of the society all fair week, and sleep with it pinned to whatever garment they chance to wear. These honest farmers had their same badge printed on common cotton cloth, and then had the cloth cut up in strips, with its ragged edges growing raggeder every hour. These rustics passed a rule that all men, regardless of the cut of their jibs, should wear this badge pinned to the lappels of their coats, and all of them wore them, were them so, and wore them proudly at that. Now the trouble arose thus: One of these plebeian magnates saw Holladay enter without the badge so pinned, and desired him to pin it on; but H. looked at his thousand-dollar velvet coat, and at the badge, and couldn't see it. There was a difference, you see, in both coats and wearers, which the agricultural men couldn't see; but the Duke saw it, and so did many others. The plain facts are that the rule was a fool one, and give offense to many beside Holladay; but he took it to heart, and as the board didn't rescind the rule, he got into his palace car and rolled down to East Portland to hunt up a place on his own to hold future fairs. Of course the rule was not adopted with offensive intent, and of course a man of good sense would not make a row about a thing which was general but inapplicable. It was a poor rule, and is certain to be rescinded before another fair. As to the removal of the fair and the prejudice against Salem, that city is no way responsible for what the State Agricultural Society does. The fair ground itself is two miles from town. Money is powerful, but there are things money cannot do, one instance being its powerlessness to openly control the votes of an independent community. The farmers of Oregon are as independent as any men living, and they will hold their State Fair when and how and where to suit themselves, but they should adopt reasonable rules nevertheless.

"The following is a portion of an editorial in the *Bulletin*, of Tuesday, and substance of the whole article:

"The correspondent of the Sacramento *Union* who writes regularly from Salem is the editor of the STATESMAN. It frequently occurs that his superpudence contains matter which he would not dare or would find it impolitic to present in his own paper. Comparatively few in Oregon read his letters, and therefore, unless the press of the State call attention to them they pass current for so much fact. Yet it is often the case that the writer makes use of the columns of the *Union* to serve his spite and malice against persons or corporations by publishing therein remarks and statements utterly devoid of truthfulness, chiefly slanderous and wholly vindictive. Were he to publish any of these in his own paper the community in which he lives would at once rebuke him for the audacity and meanness of falsehoods, but when read by strangers in the columns of the Sacramento *Union* some will believe them only because they will fail to know the character of their author, and hence cannot know of his want of every attribute which constitutes the men of truth or of candor.

"In his letter, which appears in the *Union* of November 20th, the correspondent takes occasion to refer to the movement which has been made to establish an Association in this city for the purpose of giving Annual Fairs, for the better development of the farming and live stock and industrial interests of the State generally, and, to gratify a solely personal pique against Mr. Holladay, he labors and distorts the facts in the case to have it appear that this movement has been entered upon because an officer of the late Fair wantonly and grossly insulted Mr. Holladay—just as a large number of other visitors at the Fair had been wantonly and grossly insulted.

"Our readers will be apt to agree with us that Mr. Holladay should be satisfied with having supreme control of the transportation business in our State without attempting to bully newspapers or newspaper correspondents. As attacks from his organ are rather calculated to make friends for the STATESMAN, and as we have succeeded in maintaining a character for both "truth and candor" despite much newspaper abuse, we have no answer to make to such slander as the above. If we have "spite and malice" against Mr. Holladay, the readers of this paper will give us credit for remarkable fairness towards him.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.—The sumptuary laws which have at different times been enacted are instances of harassing, severe and ineffectual legislation. Particularly is this true of what a writer in the Albany *Law Journal* styles temperance legislation. According to his opinion, and it is undoubtedly the correct one, the laws enacted to arrest the vice of intemperance have not gained the desired ends, have injured both public manners and public morals, and in attempts to do away with old evils have substituted in their place other and greater ones. Twenty-five years ago the first so-called prohibitory liquor-law went into force in Maine, and was almost immediately re-enacted in the other New England States, in some of the Western and Southern States, in New York State, and even in one of the Canadian provinces. Did drunkenness cease? On the contrary, it increased; and there is more liquor drunk to-day, in proportion to the population, than there was twenty years ago. It was quite as practicable for Canute to arrest the advancing tide as to prevent men from drinking by legislative enactments. And the legislation on the subject not having been successful, has been detrimental. Let men once feel that any laws are dead letters, to be defied with impunity, and public respect for all acts of public authority is weakened. It is far better to repeal useless laws than to keep them on the statute book. Persuasion will be found much more efficacious in preventing intemperance than force.

STATE NEWS.

Portland.

"A Stranger," writing to the *Oregonian*, advocates a course of lectures during the winter months, and thinks there is enough Portland talent to make it interesting.

Some few desperate people attempted to take a sleigh-ride in Portland on Sunday. It was a failure, because the ground was so soft.

A telegram received yesterday announces the appointment of Messrs. T. Savier, Jas. N. Fisk and E. B. Geary, Commissioners to examine and report upon the first twenty mile section of the Oregon Central railroad. The same gentlemen are Commissioners for the Oregon and California railroad.

Carrie Moore, a female skater who has been delighting the San Francisco's for several months, will arrive on the Ajax, under engagement to the skating rink here.

Ned. Percy, convicted of grand larceny, in beating a man out of money by means of the strap game, will receive his sentence to-day.

From the *Oregonian* we learn the following:

A man named S. D. Swanson was severely injured on Monday by falling from a ladder upon a revolving shaft at the North Portland sawmill. He is a Swede and unmarried. He was attended by Dr. Chapman.

The trial of the strap gamists has been postponed till next week.

From the *Herald* we cull the following items:

The United States District Court met yesterday. The only case for trial was that of a man named John Savage, who was arrested last July for selling liquor to Indians. He was found guilty of the indictment.

The 23d Infantry will leave this Department in a month or two, and will join Gen. Crook's command in Arizona, where it will relieve the 21st Infantry, which will relieve the 12th Infantry, at present in San Francisco, and the latter will come here.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Sophia J. Engle vs. Charles Engle. Default taken and Seth R. Hammer appointed referee to take evidence and report the same to this Court.

Amy Parrott vs. Louis S. Parrott. Report of referee filed and divorce granted.

Matilda O Penter vs Samuel Penter. Argued on Demurrer. Submitted.

James Pumpelly vs. John Downing. Demurrer to answer argued and submitted.

Sarah A Sanderson vs. Chas H Sanderson. Demurrer to complaint withdrawn and leave granted to answer.

William Campbell vs. Jory and Bass. Argued on motion to strike out part of answer. Motion overruled.

Harvey, et al., vs Orchard, et al. Judgment by default.

Campbell vs Jory and Bass. Jury trial; witnesses examined. Cause continued till to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

November 29, 1871.

Matilda C Penter vs Samuel Penter. Argued on demurrer. Demurrer sustained and leave to amend granted.

James Pumpelly vs John Downing. Argued on demurrer. Demurrer overruled.

Elizabeth Long vs George Long. E Sullivan appointed referee to take testimony and report to this Court.

State of Oregon vs John Moll. Nolle entered by District Attorney.

Antonio Fortunato admitted a citizen of the United States.

Sophia J Engle vs Charles Engle. Cause submitted and divorce granted.

William Campbell vs Jory and Bass. Cause continued from yesterday; verdict returned for plaintiff.

C T J Smith vs I N Lawrence. Trial by jury waived. Afternoon consumed in examining witnesses. Submitted.

Court adjourned till Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

A New-England Farmer's Thanksgiving in the Olden Time.

Thanksgiving is a New England institution. Her sons, scattered the world over—in the Middle States, on the prairies of the interior, in the sunny South, away toward the setting sun, and in other realms, where pleasure, or business, or philanthropy has led them—in loving remembrance observe it; but nowhere has it the touching and beautiful significance as in the land which gave it birth, and which proposes to endow it with all of immortality that pertains to earth.

Fifty years ago, before the era of steamboats and railcars made home gathering frequent and easy, Thanksgiving was the one day, when children and the children's children met under the ancestral roof, smoothed the locks of the gray-haired father with a beautiful fondness, kissed the furrows from the mother's cheek, and then with benedictions—unspoken maybe, but always felt—went out again into the wide world, to labor and wait, till another gathering should gladden the toilsome year.

Thanksgiving then was not only a feast, but an offering. The life of the people was in tilling the soil. The streams that wound their way among the hills ran inattentive to the sea. No sound of the iron horse threading the valleys disturbed the beautiful stillness. Trade, and the life in villages, where one man gives employment to hundreds, were unknown. Each planted in the spring and gathered in the fall; and if the season had given abundance, it was as if from the hand of God. And so the finest of the fruits and the best of everything were thus consecrated in the presence of the household as an offering of thanksgiving to the loving, and bountiful, and beneficent Father.

There was one life lost at the burning of the Sherman House in Chicago. The victim had been carousing that night with a party of friends, and retired, by the aid of his comrades, shortly after 12 o'clock. When the flames threatened the fated building they went to arouse him, but found the door locked. By dint of tremendous pounding they managed to make him hear. "What'ser ma'er," huskily asked the half unconscious inebriate. "Get up quick," was the reply, "the hotel is on fire." "Ell on fire? wha'er s'pose I care. Isn't 'ell (hic) a'ways on fire?" Just at that moment a great volume of smoke burst through the hall-way, and the wretched man was left to his fate.

Two young princes, the sons of Archduke Charles of Austria, had a warm dispute in the presence of no less a person than the august Emperor himself. Greatly excited, one said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Venice!" Highly offended at a quarrel in his presence, the Emperor interrupted them, saying with indignation, "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present."

A Remarkable History.

In 1853, Mr. Thomas Sheehan of Dunkirk, New York, foreman in the blacksmith department of the Erie railway shops at that place, patented a submarine grapple, which, though an ingenious invention, proved to be one for which there was little demand. This was his first invention; and the cost of its completion, together with one year's struggle to manufacture and introduce it, completely exhausted Mr. Sheehan's means and reduced him to the extremest poverty. He was, in fact, in pretty nearly the same condition as Palissy the potter, at the moment of his greatest distress. A wife and eight children in Sheehan's family were reduced to the verge of destitution, and Mrs. Sheehan became uncommonly bitter.

Just at this crisis, Mr. S. D. Colwell, general freight agent of the Erie railroad, at Dunkirk, chanced to meet Mr. Sheehan in the streets of that town, and accosted him with—

"Well, Thomas, how are the grapples? I hear they have used you up."

"Yes," was the answer; "the grapples have done my business; I wish I had never seen them."

"Throw 'em away," advised Mr. Colwell. "Have you any now finished?"

"I have one almost done," said Thomas.

"Finish that; I will pay you $40 for it, and have it used for picking up coal at the dock. The money will help you in your present emergency, and you can go back to your old place in the shop and earn a good living for your family."

"I will," said Thomas.

Back to his humble home went the inventor, with new hope in his breast, and set himself to finish the grapple with all due speed. But upon what slender threads do the fortunes of men hang! A tap, the only one our inventor had of the size required, suddenly snapped asunder and as it was essential to the progress of the work, he must have a new one or he could not go on.

In this strait, he applied to his wife to lend him twenty-five cents to buy the necessary steel to forge the tap. But she, having no faith in the grapple, refused, for two very good reasons—first, that she believed the money would be thrown away if she gave it to her husband; and second, that she had not the money to give him, even if so disposed. The refusal was seasoned with some very hot spice that made it very unpalatable to Thomas. But he forgot him of a merchant who, in brighter days had seen the color of his money, and who, perhaps would now give him credit for the small moiety of steel he required for the tap.

To this merchant to prefer his request, began beating about the bush; and finally straying to politics, hot words passed between them, and our friend feeling his manliness would suffer too keenly by asking credit for the steel, came away without it.

With no definite purpose he went home, pondering upon how he should surmount this, now no trifling obstacle of the broken tap.

He found his wife making lye for soft soap, but her quality in no way neutralized by the alkaline reaction. Despondent and discouraged, he sat down, in no very enviable mood, when he chanced to spy a piece of iron lying near the tubs at which his spouse was working. Meditating how he could make that piece of iron hard enough for a tap, led to a rather rude experiment, the results of which have made him a richer man than he ever dreamed of being.

It so happened that from a distant relative, a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, our friend had inherited quite a library of works on chemistry; some of them rare and valuable. He had read some of these books to very good purpose. "There is surely certain in that lye," thought he. If I only could get that into this iron in the proper proportion, I should have steel, and from that my tap, and so finish my grapple."

With faith, hope or faith that he should succeed, he took some of the lye, and adding, without any particular reason for so doing, some saltpetre and common salt, made a paste with this solution and a hard grained sencerful of the little remaining flour there was in the house. He then forged the tap, and enveloping it in the paste, put the whole into a hard iron box and exposed it to a heat for two hours in a blacksmith's fire. To his joy and surprise, when he took it out, he was hard enough to cut steel. The grapple was finished, and forty dollars flowed into the family treasury of Thomas Sheehan. He went back to his old work, disgusted with patents, and resolved never to have anything to do with one again. But the remembrance of the tap, hardened in so unique a manner, still haunted him. Having a great deal of case-hardening to do, he thought one day he would repeat the experiment upon a large scale, which he did with perfect success.

For twelve months he went on to experiment, purchasing the materials with his own money, and working in secret by night and at odd hours. At the end of twelve months he reconsidered his sentence of condemnation on patents, and applied for one on his process, which was granted September 4, 1860, the claim being for a combination of damaged flour, potash lye, or lye from hard wood ashes, nitre, common salt and sulphate of zinc, for case hardening iron. In 1857 he patented an improvement on the above named process. In 1858 he took out another patent for an entirely new process, which consists in the use of raw limestone, charcoal, black oxide of manganese, soda, common salt and pulverized rosin combined, for converting iron into steel, which is now widely used, and from which he has reaped quite a fortune.

No less than twenty-three of the leading railways in America now use this process, under license from the patentee, for hardening the links, guides, pins and nuts of locomotives, effecting, we are told, no less a saving than from five to six hundred dollars annually on each locomotive, in obviating the lost motion consequent upon the wear of links, guides and pins.

The inventor has already received for license under his patent of 1858, $270,650, and has just sold the remainder of his patent in America for $45,000.

SALT.—The Yreka *Journal* of the 1st, has the following:

The middle lake which has run dry in Surprise Valley, leaves a sediment or bed of superior rock salt, clear as crystal, from four inches to a foot in depth, and covering an area of 15 miles in length by 6 miles in width. It was never before supposed these lakes contained any salt, and the water was always considered clear fresh water, with some alkali in it, as most of the fresh water in Northern California possesses. Sheriff Burgess brought a sample to town, which is as good as we ever saw any place; and he says towards the centre of the dry lake, it was even nicer looking than this. The three lakes in the valley have been formed since '49, as Sheriff Burgess says he drove a team through the valley in that year where the lakes now exist, and that the old emigrant road passes through them. The people are busily employed with teams and wagons, gathering up the salt and storing it away, no less than ten teams and wagons being in use when Burgess left, leaving small dark spots on the vast white surface, which appeared like snow on the ground. The lakes in the valley have never contained fish of any kind, which indicates that its saline tendency excluded them, yet the lakes being of recent formation with no tributaries to feed teem is also given as a cause for no fish getting into them.

Brigham Young's book, "What I Know About Women," will certainly be an inexhaustive work.

A Fearful Recital.

The proprietor of a billiard saloon joining the postoffice at Chicago, and a friend of Chris O'Connor, of this city, arrived here yesterday afternoon, dreadfully burned. He gives the following graphic description of his adventures in that ill-fated city during the fearful fire:

"The fire on Michigan avenue broke out in the finest marble fronted residence in the city. On the base ball ground there were 50,000 people, shivering, looking at each other, children crying, men and women running about distracted with the loss of their children. The people living on Michigan avenue brought out oil paintings, which were jumped upon by rowdies and thieves. The Pavillion caught fire about four o'clock, and the roughs stole clothes and everything, and went to Randolph & Van Shaick's liquor store, where they rolled out five barrels and drank the contents, after which they were fighting all night. I saw one old man hit over the head with a bed post. Numerous fights occurred in all directions. No news was brought in of what was going on. I can give you no description of the monsters in human shape, who roamed around the spot where they had taken refuge from the driving fire-drift. In all God's world I could not believe there were such men in existence. Murderers, thieves and lewd women, commingled with beauteous and virtuous women. One noble soul, whose name I could not ascertain, died with her babe, which had just come into the world a few hours before.

I saw an old gray haired Roman Catholic priest, of some sixty years, lying a stiffened corpse, his

WHITE HAIR SMEARED WITH BLOOD.

While his brains were scattered around. The poor victim had been trying to protect a young girl from the contaminating grasp of a band of desperadoes, and his reward was being brained with a club and kicked till life was extinct. I pray to God, reporter, that I may never see such an appalling sight again. Men were there so intoxicated and bedevilled that they fought under the influence of spirits among each other, and dozens were the

STABBING AFFRAYS

Which took place. The mob reigned, and their reign was infernal. It beggars description, and makes me shudder to think of it. Some groups were engaged in praying for Divine mercy, but not of the class I have described. They roamed around seeking what they could steal, and polluting the air with their loathesome talk.

The numerous atrocities committed on poor, helpless girls, ladies of birth and education, by this accursed horde, will never be fully known to this world. How many died that night I do not know, nor cannot guess. Suffice it to say that the deaths were numerous, particularly women, to whom the shock proved too great. My own nervous system received a heavy strain. I then went into the prairie, about four miles out of the city limits, and saw there about forty-five thousand people without shelter, in the driving cold rain, with no protection. The rain fell in torrents, and people stood there weeping at their sad position—homeless, hungry, and worn out with fatigue. Some prayed and some cursed. I passed the night under a buggy, which I fortunately found a short distance from the main body of the people.

I saw several people hung and shot at the corner of Union and Kinzie streets. One man, an incendiary, had an armful of shavings. Another had

A PETROLEUM BOMB

In his possession. Their thrift was a short one. I saw a ghastly sight—the skeleton of a man, seated on a window sill, who had tried to escape, but had been, despite all his efforts, beaten back by the flames, and perished on the spot, neither having the power to advance or retreat. Awful sights met the view at every turn. People have very little idea, I think, of the terrible loss of life. There was no starvation. Death from fire, from exposure and from violence, swept away victims by the hundred."—*N. Y. Standard.*

Lincoln's Death Bed.

The Bed in which the Martyred Lincoln Died for Sale—Its Singular History—The Bed and Furniture at Present in the Possession of a Young Lady in Washington.

When millions of souls on the free soil of America and throughout the civilized world were shocked with the announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln on the eventful night of the 14th of April, 1865, strange to record, amid the agonizing excitement of the occasion one interesting incident connected with his death was passed by and almost entirely forgotten.

When the martyr President received the shot that cost his life and made a nation weep, his attendants removed him to the residence nearest Ford's Theatre, on Tenth street, directly opposite, occupied by Mr. Wm. Peterson. His body was laid on a bed in the room situated on the first floor, and the blood that gushed from his mortal wound stained the sheets and pillows that furnished it.

When Mr. Lincoln died, and his corpse was removed for interment, the kind lady of the house was thoughtful enough to store away in a piece of safety the blood-stained pillows and the spread that had covered his body. He was wrapped in the blood-stained sheets and removed to the undertaker's. The bureau which stood in the room at the time of his death remains there still, and bears the mark of a thousand penknives. For months after his death, persons who visited the room, desiring something as a memento, would chip it from this piece of furniture. The bedstead and mattress has been in use by the family of Mrs. Peterson ever since.

The pillow-cases, pillow, and bedspread have been preserved until the present day in the condition they were in when taken from Mr. Lincoln's dying couch; and, strange to say, indeed, these articles, valuable relics, too, were prized more highly by the wife and children of a foreigner than by a great government.

Our readers will remember the published accounts of the sudden death of Mr. Peterson some months ago. His wife also died recently, leaving five orphan children, and the furniture of the house has been offered for sale.

One of Mr. Peterson's daughters, we learn, called upon a prominent official in the Interior Department three days ago, and informed that official that the relics were to be sold, and wished to know if the Government would not purchase them, as she disliked to expose the articles at public auction. The young lady was referred to Commissioner Leggett, the official assuring her that it might be proper for the Government to purchase them for exhibition in the museum of the Patent Office. Parties acquainted with the facts express some surprise that the Government has not obtained possession of those relics long ago.—*Washington Chronicle.*

As might be expected, the mortality among Mormon children is frightful. The polygamists are like the old woman who lived in a shoe, and do not know what to do with their many children; at any rate they do not properly care for them. Of sixty deaths in Salt Lake City in a month, forty-four were children. Heber Kimball is reported to have buried forty-eight children out of sixty-three in his collection; one bishop had lost twenty children; another, twenty-eight; another, seventeen. Joseph Smith had six wives, but left only two sons. The death rate among Mormons of all ages is said to be greater than that of this city or New Orleans, and more than twice as great as that of Oregon.

The City and County.

From Wednesday's Daily.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.—This University is the oldest, and has ever been considered the leading institution of learning in the State. Though it has usually been prosperous, yet from its earliest history up to the present time, it has never enjoyed so much prosperity as it does to-day. The building is one of the finest structures in the State, and at present is accommodating over one hundred and seventy pupils. The Faculty is composed of teachers whose talents and qualifications are superior to any in the land. T. M. Gatch, President and Professor of Ancient Languages, is a gentleman of long experience in governing, and is without a superior, as the present management of the school will attest. L. J. Powell, Professor of Mathematics, is in every respect fitted for the position, having held the same for nearly ten years. L. L. Rogers, Professor of Natural Science, is a man of distinguished ability, and is eminently well qualified to fill the position he occupies. Miss Mary M. Adams, Preceptress, and teacher of modern languages, is a lady of fine education, and possesses those very accomplishments needful to insure success in a station so important. Miss Ellen J. Chamberlain, teacher in the preparatory department, has held this position for several years, and the advancement that the pupils under her charge have made has been rapid and satisfactory. The increase in the number of students studying music has given rise to the necessity of securing an additional teacher in this department. For six or seven years past Mrs. G. Berry has been teacher of music, who has made grand achievements in her profession, many of her pupils having attained a skill almost incredible. She is mistress of the piano and her greatest pleasure seems to be found when her scholars succeed best. Miss Blanch Gray has accepted a position in this department, and is giving lessons on the organ.

Under the direction of Prof. Rogers, the Commercial Department is benefitting a large class of students who are availing themselves of its advantages. The facilities for obtaining a thorough business education are complete. Students of both sexes are represented in this department, and a knowledge of account keeping, &c., is being obtained as easily by the females as by the males.

The Medical school in connection with the University, is attended by quite a large class of young men who are all striving to become masters of the science. Truly the Willamette University is enjoying a season of great prosperity, and the present affords the strongest encouragement to hope for greater results in the future.

CABINET HALL.—This hall, situated in the southwest corner of Moores' Block, will be opened this evening, when Rev. Mr. Knight will give an exhibition of the many curiosities which he has been collecting for several years past. We visited this museum of animals and birds yesterday, and can say we were pleased beyond expectation. The Cabinet at present contains more than two hundred animals and birds, besides a large number of insects. We found many other specimens there, but we have not space to give them mention. A small admittance of twenty-five cents is asked, is some consideration for the cost of fitting up the hall. The walls are also hung with scientific pictures, representing the bird of North America. The door will be open at seven o'clock. All go and spend an hour with Mr. Knight this evening, and he will tell you more about birds, animals and bugs, than you ever knew.

FROM WALLA WALLA.—Mr. O. A. Dennis has just returned from the Columbia, where he took a look at the Cowlitz and made contracts for the farmers thereabouts to raise flax seed another year. He found a much better country than he expected and is quite delighted with it. He considers the soil and climate of that region remarkably well adapted to the culture of flax, and seems to think that flax will be a favorite product of the farmers there in future.

DANGEROUS.—The necessity of digging ditches along the streets for the purpose of laying water mains, is unavoidable. But to dig a ditch across the principal street in town, which occurred yesterday, and leave the same uncovered during the night, is downright carelessness and should be looked after by the city authorities. It seems to us that no one, not even a corporation, has the right to place any obstructions in the streets that will endanger human life.

POLICE COURT.—James Slautz appeared before Recorder Patterson yesterday morning on a charge of drunkenness. His Honor disposed of the case by imposing a fine of five dollars and costs, which the fellow didn't have, of course, consequently had to go to jail where he will have a chance to board out.

DANGEROUS BRIDGE.—Commercial street bridge, over North Mill Creek, in bad condition and needs immediate attention. The bridge has settled in the center and the bank at both sides has fallen in to such an extent as to render it dangerous for teams to cross.

RAFFLE.—The raffle for Mr. Jones's horse and saddle came off last night with the following result. In the raffle for the horse, F. Levi and Tom Reynolds, were a tie. For the saddle, McFadden, Minto and B. Hamilton, were a tie.

DIED.—In Dallas, on Saturday night the 25th inst., of consumption, Miss Katie Howe, twenty-two years of age. Miss Howe was an estimable lady, and highly respected by all who knew her.

WATER.—The laying of water mains from Commercial street to the Salem Mills began yesterday. The intention is to have a net work of pipes running through the whole building so as to afford it with water in case of fire.

THANKSGIVING BALL.—Great preparations are being made for the ball which is to be held at the Chemeketa House on to-morrow evening.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—St. Paul's Episcopal Church will be open for divine service at 10½ a. m. to-morrow. No service in the evening.

O. & C. RAILROAD.—The down train left the depot yesterday afternoon, with four cars of wheat, three of flour and two of merchandise.

THE FIRST RAFT.—The first raft of new logs of the season came down the river yesterday.

HOLIDAY.—To-morrow being Thanksgiving Day, all the schools of the city will be closed.

From Thursdays Daily.

INTERVIEWED.—We determined to commence the business of interviewing candidates for high position, and the city election affords an excellent opport