

The Huntington Journal.

VOL. 49.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1874.

NO. 36.

The Huntington Journal.

J. E. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. E. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. E. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid. No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
100	250	400	550	150	350	550	750
200	500	800	1100	300	700	1100	1500
300	750	1200	1600	450	1050	1600	2200
400	1000	1600	2200	600	1400	2200	3000

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTY CENTS per line for each and every insertion. All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged ten cents per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted. Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is inserted. In Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch—Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntington, Pa. Office No. 113 Third Street. August 31, 1874.

S. T. BROWN, J. H. BAILEY, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys at Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 223 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 3, '72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney at Law, No. 111, 2d Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [April 21, 71.]

D. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.]

J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, 113 Hill Street, Huntington. [Jan. 4, 71.]

E. FLEMING, Attorney at Law, Huntington, Pa. Office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug. 5, 74-75.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 523, Hill St., Huntington, Pa. [April 21, 71.]

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney at Law, Office, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntington, Pa. [April 19, 71.]

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney at Law, Huntington, Pa. Office one door east of M. Speer's Office. [Feb. 2, 71.]

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney at Law, Huntington, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 272 Hill Street, corner of Hart Street. [Dec. 7, 72.]

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney at Law, Huntington, Pa. Office, Hill Street, three doors west of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.]

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney at Law, Huntington, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Huntington county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in his Journal Building. [Feb. 17, 71.]

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney at Law and General Claim Agent, Huntington, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill Street. [Jan. 4, 71.]

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSER, LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [June 6, 72.]

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, 321 Hill Street, Huntington, Pa. [May 31, 71.]

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney at Law, Huntington, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 279, Hill Street. [April 19, 71.]

JACKSON HOUSE, HUNTINGDON, PA. Four doors east of the Union Depot. Nov. 12, 73-74. A. B. ZIEGLER, Prop.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-72.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Leister's Building (second floor), Huntington, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Oct. 6, 72.]

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. PLASTER PARIS CORNICES, MOULDINGS, &c. ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

MEMORANDUMS, PASS BOOKS, and a thousand and one other useful articles for sale at the Journal Book and Stationery Store.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

COLORED PRINTING DONE AT the Journal Office at Philadelphia prices

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH. Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St. HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHERS' CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed,

J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Power.

[Original.] Life Sketch of Dennis O'Rafferty, the Great Irish Poet.

BY HIMSELF.

The people of Ballylongguthery were prone to be fussy and fustery, but reason deserted them, utterly, and one beautiful morning in June; Because Mrs. Patrick Lafferty, First cousin to Barbara McCafferty, Had said Mrs. Terence O'Rafferty, Who blurted his name young son.

A regular Irish jibber, Was held, and held, betwixt you and me, Great pails of good whiskey, yis, two or three, But served as a taste for the crowd; The people came flockin' from far and near— Tall swiftners 'n' swaggering mariners— Until a fine shilly was in there Broke up the carnival road.

Me relatives made the air ring again, Their musical voices all mingling; It exalted the wale of Tim Finnegan, Or Donnybrook's noisiest fair; The wounded were piled in each corner, shure, An' they an' every one, with a shure, An' a divil a bit of whole furniture, Was found on the premises there!

The war 'er on, me father fell young again, An' longed for a sabbon of fun again; So saizing out Kathleen O'Monaghan; They tripped off an Irish reel; But when a phrenologist fingered me, And vowed that the mused had incured me, "Och, now, dear, for do ye think?" he said: "The world shall his great power feel!"

As soon, then, as "Dennis" was out enough, An' all me good qualities told enough, An' all the excitement growed cold enough, They sint me to Dublin high school; But ere I had tarried a quarter, I carried more shirtpies than a martyr there; They vowed I was "dull as a barbers chair, An' a stubborn as Langan's mule!"

But soon they found out where me science lay, At sea'n I bit them, I dashed them, I fed them on nothing but pie and tate, To waiken me powerful arrant; But little did they think, however, I left the weight on my own neck; They kicked me out then for a gossion knave, But fit for the bog or the farm.

But ere I deserted the premises, I gaw them encouragin' promises, That, by the protection of me, I'd live to bring grace to each heart; For by me own power, intuitive, If death didn't mite me, I knew I'd live, The nations an' ideas I'd conquer, And upturn the dogmas of art.

Me jinitus ye see was all natural, Bestowed at me birth shure and that was well, I couid instruction but tatters all, Compared wid me powerful brain; At fifteen they christened me "Prodigy;" Because I was "posted" in strategy, A stranger to all mental lethargy, I couid not from rhyming refrain.

But poverty, man's frowning enemy, Kem very near making an end of me, So ditching, for one Hugh McManaway, The monster soon forced me to go; Which retarded the growth of me intellect, It had on me mind such a heavy load, "Was worse than the ravens of Limerick" For surging the mind to and fro.

But me muse, like the boiling Vesuvius, Disposed me at times to be studious, And so, by the effort of me, I'd be, Me intellect slowly matured; Until a most promising bard I was, But no one on earth knows how hard it was, Or how most interestingly absurd it was, To be thus in trouble immersed.

'Twas then that I heard of America, Whose granite shores I saw o'er the merry say, Which roused all me Irish energy, And filled me wid longing to go; So finding a good opportunity, To go to that land of spate unity, I thought would be worse, shure, than tuncny Behind me this offer to throw.

Right over the ocean I hurried then, Poor Dennis a breaking heart, carried then, But soon a most mercurial hurricane, A greater grief brought to me now; I waded through the ice and snow, The captain soon noticed how "fear'd I was; The storm was so fierce, double-gear'd it was, Like goblins infernal it howled.

But fate overpowered the elements, And wind off by her hand a fell event, The calm that succeeded was elegant, And gladness again cheered me heart; For shure I forgot all me former grief, And dived me new landward in cheer; In less than justin' would have a thief I bid all me sorrow depart.

No incident further befaling us, The wind like a stame engine hauling us, In New York we landed shure, all of us, On the twintick morning of June; The city had no charms for Dennis, so I bought out a traveling monkey show; I would please ye to see how the money flowed 'Round me, I me hand organ in tone.

But soon I fell in wid a cannibal, Who come from New Holland or Hannibal; He offered to sell me some animals, As chaps as the dust in the air; I invested straightaway in a pig, A hairless baboon and a pelican, Along wid old Captain Jack's skeleton, To give it a touch of the rare.

But life is a scene of diversity, And on one of the days of June, We fell, yis, and wapping we'll curse the day, Me self was struck down by the tide; It was hunger that caused the old elephant To swally the baboon and the pelican; And he, bloody murderer, the skeleton Took sick of a fever and died.

After falling in all sorts of business, Being sorely afflicted wid laziness, Accused like Tilton of craziness, And everything that was ailing, I took to me old trade of scribbling; I find that the people are ailing, And will buy what causes them quibbling, I think I shall shortly strike it.

A sketch of me life I have written here, If ye fall to perceive any wit in here, Ye're skull must be thin as a kitten's ear, And saw-just composes ye're brain; The fox's tail will tickle me, but I am, To be found in the seventeenth ward I am, And right glad at widdling the word I am, But better by far wid the pen.

The Story-Teller.

NEIGHBORING.

"No, sir, I don't go neighboring. I mind my own business, and keep within my own doors. I've a large family, and I find plenty to do to keep my own house straight. Let folks look after their own, and leave their neighbors to themselves—that's my notion. A woman can't have a worse habit than to go neighboring."

"Well, said Mrs. Benson, but may there not be another side to the question?" "True for you, sir, and that there is," exclaimed smart Mrs. Adams. "My house is match with any in the village, I know. My husband never has a hole in his stocking. My children show up with any at the school, and any lady may trail her fine dresses on my floor any day after twelve o'clock, and nobody can say it isn't so; but I'd scorn to be panned up in four walls the week round, like a dish of tea with a neighbor, and to know what's going on. Dear me! there's the men with their papers and their club rooms, and their this and that; they get the cream of 'c's news all the world over, and what a woman done to be shut up and told, 'You mind your stockings and mind the house! Mind the house, forsooth! as if the house can't be minded, and a woman see a bit of life into the bargain!"

"Softly, softly, my good woman. I've nothing to say against a chat by the way—As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the conversation of man his friend," you know. "Good words are worth much, and cost little," said a wise man; but I don't know about the dish of tea, unless your family can take it with you; and I am not sure whether the words of the dish of tea suggest are always good words, but more of that anon. Let us try to settle Mrs. Benson's point, and see how far we may 'neighbor' without breaking the wise rule which set on foot this conversation of ours.

This discussion took place at a Mothers' Meeting of mine, when a good, wise friend was addressing us as we sat sowing, taking up the kindred admonitions. "Keep thy foot when thou goest into thy neighbor's house," and "Be not a busybody in other men's matters." Now, though I hold Mothers' Meetings, I am by no means a friend to them as a general thing. Most frequently they are, I think, an excuse for the very thing of which our smart Mrs. Adams spoke, an hour of idleness and gossip,—"seeing a bit of life,"—gathering the news of the neighborhood under pretence (worst feature of the whole) of industry or even religion. That it is good sometimes to gather the hard-working, anxious wives and mothers together, and take counsel, to present the usual quantity of reading matter to their patrons. There is a full supply of nurseries, railroad and steam-boat accidents; but these also I have become common-places. Some slight gossip comes from mountain retreats, and sea-side resorts; but even in those places the usual variety seems lacking—the mantle of some departed poet had fallen upon us, we should feel inclined to parody Bryant's well-known lines, somewhat after this style:

The thick and muggy days are come, The saddest of the year; Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Heaped in the gutters of the town. The summer gales stop, and dreary, All undisturbed by sudden gusts, The fashionables all have flown, Secure from vulgar sight; And from the fence-top howls the cat Through all the gloomy night.

But no poetic mantle having fallen in our path we forbear. And a consolation is to be found in the fact that over by the ascendant. In the midst of these dull times what can one away out here, almost cut off from railroad and telegraph, write that will interest those in the midst of telegraph and morning papers? However, we have both railroads and telegraph lines here, and others are in contemplation, and, it is thought, will be built, since some of the stock has been subscribed, and the principal parts of the "work" done. At present the Oregon and California Railroad is the principal one, extending north and south from Portland to Roseburg, a distance of two hundred miles. In our last from here we showed forth the "work" of the Willamette valley as a grain-raising region, "in connection with its equable and salubrious climate," "the fertility of the soil, as we noticed before enables the principal grains, fruits and vegetables to be raised in abundance, except maize and peaches, which have not been successfully cultivated. In fact no corn is raised here for market, or feed, owing to two facts, the first of which is the want of a sufficient quantity of manure of the summer it cannot be cultivated with sufficient success to pay the producer. And again, when he has it his stock will not feed upon it, not knowing its use. The second and most insurmountable one is that, at or near the time of gathering it, the wet weather sets in, and without frost and dry winds the corn is not sufficiently cured, and hence the inability to keep it from spoiling is the most serious objection urged against its cultivation. Peaches, in some places, do admirably well, but it is only in such places as are protected from the sea breeze by high mountains or belts of timber. In situations where the winds strike them they do not thrive so well. But in respect to apples, plums, and other fruit, I think this valley has no equal. The amount of fruit raised is incredible. Orchards are merely public property. There is no market for it, and consequently what is not used rots on the ground. I am told by a person who has been a resident of this valley for over twenty years that he never knew the fruit rot to fall. Fruit trees of all kinds begin to bear about the first of June, and in consequence of their incessant bearing do not live more than eight or ten years. From my window now while I write, I have counted thirty-two large pears on a tree not two inches in diameter. And when cherries were ripe, I saw a heaped pint taken from a twig no thicker than a man's thumb, and which had only been planted a few weeks. I have seen a plum tree, not a protestant, but yet they are facts. I do not think I have saw an apple tree here yet more than nine inches in diameter. The cause given for this is that their constant and heavy bearing stunts the trees, and from their present appearance it is altogether plausible. And now if any of your readers wish to see fruit, grain, and all vegetable growing with a luxuriance, let them visit the Willamette valley at this season of the year. Now, aside from the adaptability of this region to all branches of agriculture, it is rich in mineral deposits, which include copper, iron and coal, and in some parts gold and silver deposits are found. The iron is deemed to be inexhaustible, and equal in purity to any on the continent. It has been worked, but only in small quantities, and the country has other minerals, except the precious metals, remain partially undeveloped. Excellent mineral springs exist in several localities, and some of them are thermal and contain a large quantity of sulphur. Saliferous springs are also abundant and a good quality of salt has been prepared from them. Then again the country is well watered, and timbered, and possesses all the elements necessary for the support of a large population. As a manufacturing section of the Union it has many advantages, as streams are numerous, all having good water power; and were eastern capitalists here, they would undoubtedly improve these facilities so as to make them remunerative to the capitalist, and the country at large. Though iron and lumber mill and woolen factories, carding and spinning machines are numerous, yet the demand is greater than the supply. Towns and cities, with their supply of schools, colleges and churches are numerous along the rivers and line of rail, but at this writing we shall not attempt any description of them.

We read of you having storms, floods, and all such agencies in the east, destroying life and property. Such things are unknown here. Thunder, lightning, and wind storms, and violent or sudden showers of rain are never seen in this valley. And were one of these terrific thunder storms, such as you have lately had, to visit this country, the people would undoubtedly think that time was to be no more. No rain has fallen here since the

up in your four walls, with your forty-four duties, till you have learnt of Him who 'came to minister'—who went about truly, but 'went about doing good.'

Reading for the Million.

Notes of Travel.

TANGENT, OREGON, August 10, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—If, in our lot, we had done justice to this valley, or had not left a part of its capabilities unnoticed, our pen, for the present, would remain idle and rusty, for August dog days are not conducive to vigorous thought. Where to find in the Oregon that makes us feel fresh, and able to do something worth going to? Sitting in doors we multiply the breathing apparatus a while; but rarely the outer air at the middle of the day is all more life-giving than that within.

An all-prevailing stagnation seems to rest upon the life of the "winnals," and to present the usual quantity of reading matter to their patrons. There is a full supply of nurseries, railroad and steam-boat accidents; but these also I have become common-places. Some slight gossip comes from mountain retreats, and sea-side resorts; but even in those places the usual variety seems lacking—the mantle of some departed poet had fallen upon us, we should feel inclined to parody Bryant's well-known lines, somewhat after this style:

The thick and muggy days are come, The saddest of the year; Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Heaped in the gutters of the town. The summer gales stop, and dreary, All undisturbed by sudden gusts, The fashionables all have flown, Secure from vulgar sight; And from the fence-top howls the cat Through all the gloomy night.

But no poetic mantle having fallen in our path we forbear. And a consolation is to be found in the fact that over by the ascendant. In the midst of these dull times what can one away out here, almost cut off from railroad and telegraph, write that will interest those in the midst of telegraph and morning papers? However, we have both railroads and telegraph lines here, and others are in contemplation, and, it is thought, will be built, since some of the stock has been subscribed, and the principal parts of the "work" done. At present the Oregon and California Railroad is the principal one, extending north and south from Portland to Roseburg, a distance of two hundred miles. In our last from here we showed forth the "work" of the Willamette valley as a grain-raising region, "in connection with its equable and salubrious climate," "the fertility of the soil, as we noticed before enables the principal grains, fruits and vegetables to be raised in abundance, except maize and peaches, which have not been successfully cultivated. In fact no corn is raised here for market, or feed, owing to two facts, the first of which is the want of a sufficient quantity of manure of the summer it cannot be cultivated with sufficient success to pay the producer. And again, when he has it his stock will not feed upon it, not knowing its use. The second and most insurmountable one is that, at or near the time of gathering it, the wet weather sets in, and without frost and dry winds the corn is not sufficiently cured, and hence the inability to keep it from spoiling is the most serious objection urged against its cultivation. Peaches, in some places, do admirably well, but it is only in such places as are protected from the sea breeze by high mountains or belts of timber. In situations where the winds strike them they do not thrive so well. But in respect to apples, plums, and other fruit, I think this valley has no equal. The amount of fruit raised is incredible. Orchards are merely public property. There is no market for it, and consequently what is not used rots on the ground. I am told by a person who has been a resident of this valley for over twenty years that he never knew the fruit rot to fall. Fruit trees of all kinds begin to bear about the first of June, and in consequence of their incessant bearing do not live more than eight or ten years. From my window now while I write, I have counted thirty-two large pears on a tree not two inches in diameter. And when cherries were ripe, I saw a heaped pint taken from a twig no thicker than a man's thumb, and which had only been planted a few weeks. I have seen a plum tree, not a protestant, but yet they are facts. I do not think I have saw an apple tree here yet more than nine inches in diameter. The cause given for this is that their constant and heavy bearing stunts the trees, and from their present appearance it is altogether plausible. And now if any of your readers wish to see fruit, grain, and all vegetable growing with a luxuriance, let them visit the Willamette valley at this season of the year. Now, aside from the adaptability of this region to all branches of agriculture, it is rich in mineral deposits, which include copper, iron and coal, and in some parts gold and silver deposits are found. The iron is deemed to be inexhaustible, and equal in purity to any on the continent. It has been worked, but only in small quantities, and the country has other minerals, except the precious metals, remain partially undeveloped. Excellent mineral springs exist in several localities, and some of them are thermal and contain a large quantity of sulphur. Saliferous springs are also abundant and a good quality of salt has been prepared from them. Then again the country is well watered, and timbered, and possesses all the elements necessary for the support of a large population. As a manufacturing section of the Union it has many advantages, as streams are numerous, all having good water power; and were eastern capitalists here, they would undoubtedly improve these facilities so as to make them remunerative to the capitalist, and the country at large. Though iron and lumber mill and woolen factories, carding and spinning machines are numerous, yet the demand is greater than the supply. Towns and cities, with their supply of schools, colleges and churches are numerous along the rivers and line of rail, but at this writing we shall not attempt any description of them.

We read of you having storms, floods, and all such agencies in the east, destroying life and property. Such things are unknown here. Thunder, lightning, and wind storms, and violent or sudden showers of rain are never seen in this valley. And were one of these terrific thunder storms, such as you have lately had, to visit this country, the people would undoubtedly think that time was to be no more. No rain has fallen here since the

first of June—not even a sprinkle, to lay the dust, which is at this time probably over an inch deep on the roads, and blowing somewhat disagreeable. Harvesting of grain has only begun here, and will, it is said, continue till October. The grain is all taken here by means of hand-sleds, and immediately threshed and taken to market, so that when a man is done harvesting he is in a manner ready for winter. When the grain is taken off in this way it must stand until it is thoroughly dry, in consequence of which their harvests are two or three weeks later than they otherwise would be. We should like to give you some idea how the people in the west enjoy their delightful summer weather, but as our letter has already become too long we will desist until another time.

Reading for the Million.

Notes of Travel.

TANGENT, OREGON, August 10, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—If, in our lot, we had done justice to this valley, or had not left a part of its capabilities unnoticed, our pen, for the present, would remain idle and rusty, for August dog days are not conducive to vigorous thought. Where to find in the Oregon that makes us feel fresh, and able to do something worth going to? Sitting in doors we multiply the breathing apparatus a while; but rarely the outer air at the middle of the day is all more life-giving than that within.

An all-prevailing stagnation seems to rest upon the life of the "winnals," and to present the usual quantity of reading matter to their patrons. There is a full supply of nurseries, railroad and steam-boat accidents; but these also I have become common-places. Some slight gossip comes from mountain retreats, and sea-side resorts; but even in those places the usual variety seems lacking—the mantle of some departed poet had fallen upon us, we should feel inclined to parody Bryant's well-known lines, somewhat after this style:

The thick and muggy days are come, The saddest of the year; Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Heaped in the gutters of the town. The summer gales stop, and dreary, All undisturbed by sudden gusts, The fashionables all have flown, Secure from vulgar sight; And from the fence-top howls the cat Through all the gloomy night.

But no poetic mantle having fallen in our path we forbear. And a consolation is to be found in the fact that over by the ascendant. In the midst of these dull times what can one away out here, almost cut off from railroad and telegraph, write that will interest those in the midst of telegraph and morning papers? However, we have both railroads and telegraph lines here, and others are in contemplation, and, it is thought, will be built, since some of the stock has been subscribed, and the principal parts of the "work" done. At present the Oregon and California Railroad is the principal one, extending north and south from Portland to Roseburg, a distance of two hundred miles. In our last from here we showed forth the "work" of the Willamette valley as a grain-raising region, "in connection with its equable and salubrious climate," "the fertility of the soil, as we noticed before enables the principal grains, fruits and vegetables to be raised in abundance, except maize and peaches, which have not been successfully cultivated. In fact no corn is raised here for market, or feed, owing to two facts, the first of which is the want of a sufficient quantity of manure of the summer it cannot be cultivated with sufficient success to pay the producer. And again, when he has it his stock will not feed upon it, not knowing its use. The second and most insurmountable one is that, at or near the time of gathering it, the wet weather sets in, and without frost and dry winds the corn is not sufficiently cured, and hence the inability to keep it from spoiling is the most serious objection urged against its cultivation. Peaches, in some places, do admirably well, but it is only in such places as are protected from the sea breeze by high mountains or belts of timber. In situations where the winds strike them they do not thrive so well. But in respect to apples, plums, and other fruit, I think this valley has no equal. The amount of fruit raised is incredible. Orchards are merely public property. There is no market for it, and consequently what is not used rots on the ground. I am told by a person who has been a resident of this valley for over twenty years that he never knew the fruit rot to fall. Fruit trees of all kinds begin to bear about the first of June, and in consequence of their incessant bearing do not live more than eight or ten years. From my window now while I write, I have counted thirty-two large pears on a tree not two inches in diameter. And when cherries were ripe, I saw a heaped pint taken from a twig no thicker than a man's thumb, and which had only been planted a few weeks. I have seen a plum tree, not a protestant, but yet they are facts. I do not think I have saw an apple tree here yet more than nine inches in diameter. The cause given for this is that their constant and heavy bearing stunts the trees, and from their present appearance it is altogether plausible. And now if any of your readers wish to see fruit, grain, and all vegetable growing with a luxuriance, let them visit the Willamette valley at this season of the year. Now, aside from the adaptability of this region to all branches of agriculture, it is rich in mineral deposits, which include copper, iron and coal, and in some parts gold and silver deposits are found. The iron is deemed to be inexhaustible, and equal in purity to any on the continent. It has been worked, but only in small quantities, and the country has other minerals, except the precious metals, remain partially undeveloped. Excellent mineral springs exist in several localities, and some of them are thermal and contain a large quantity of sulphur. Saliferous springs are also abundant and a good quality of salt has been prepared from them. Then again the country is well watered, and timbered, and possesses all the elements necessary for the support of a large population. As a manufacturing section of the Union it has many advantages, as streams are numerous, all having good water power; and were eastern capitalists here, they would undoubtedly improve these facilities so as to make them remunerative to the capitalist, and the country at large. Though iron and lumber mill and woolen factories, carding and spinning machines are numerous, yet the demand is greater than the supply. Towns and cities, with their supply of schools, colleges and churches are numerous along the rivers and line of rail, but at this writing we shall not attempt any description of them.

We read of you having storms, floods, and all such agencies in the east, destroying life and property. Such things are unknown here. Thunder, lightning, and wind storms, and violent or sudden showers of rain are never seen in this valley. And were one of these terrific thunder storms, such as you have lately had, to visit this country, the people would undoubtedly think that time was to be no more. No rain has fallen here since the

first of June—not even a sprinkle, to lay the dust, which is at this time probably over an inch deep on the roads, and blowing somewhat disagreeable. Harvesting of grain has only begun here, and will, it is said, continue till October. The grain is all taken here by means of hand-sleds, and immediately threshed and taken to market, so that when a man is done harvesting he is in a manner ready for winter. When the grain is taken off in this way it must stand until it is thoroughly dry, in consequence of which their harvests are two or three weeks later than they otherwise would be. We should like to give you some idea how the people in the west enjoy their delightful summer weather, but as our letter has already become too long we will desist until another time.

Reading for the Million.

Notes of Travel.

TANGENT, OREGON, August 10, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—If, in our lot, we had done justice to this valley, or had not left a part of its capabilities unnoticed, our pen, for the present, would remain idle and rusty, for August dog days are not conducive to vigorous thought. Where to find in the Oregon that makes us feel fresh, and able to do something worth going to? Sitting in doors we multiply the breathing apparatus a while; but rarely the outer air at the middle of the day is all more life-giving than that within.

An all-prevailing stagnation seems to rest upon the life of the "winnals," and to present the usual quantity of reading matter to their patrons. There is a full supply of nurseries, railroad and steam-boat accidents; but these also I have become common-places. Some slight gossip comes from mountain retreats, and sea-side resorts; but even in those places the usual variety seems lacking—the mantle of some departed poet had fallen upon us, we should feel inclined to parody Bryant's well-known lines, somewhat after this style:

The thick and muggy days are come, The saddest of the year; Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Of sultry morns and sweltering nights, Heaped in the gutters of the town. The summer gales stop, and dreary, All undisturbed by sudden gusts, The fashionables all have flown, Secure from vulgar sight; And from the fence-top howls the cat Through all the gloomy night.

But no poetic mantle having fallen in our path we forbear. And a consolation is to be found in the fact that over by the ascendant. In the midst of these dull times what can one away out here, almost cut off from railroad and telegraph, write that will interest those in the midst of telegraph and morning papers? However, we have both railroads and telegraph lines here, and others are in contemplation, and, it is thought, will be built, since some of the stock has been subscribed, and the principal parts of the "work" done. At present the Oregon and