

Meeting of the Republican State Central Committee.

There will be a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee of Oregon, at Salem, on the 1st day of February, 1872, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the next State Convention, and transacting other business.

- T. B. ODENEAL, Ch.
MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE.
C. M. Foster..... Baker.
F. O. McCown..... Clackama.
James Welch..... Clatsop.
Dem. Blanchard..... Colu.
S. S. Mann..... Curry.
T. W. Crooks..... Douglas.
David Bushey..... Grant.
W. M. Wilson..... Jackson.
W. M. Turner..... Josephine.
W. M. Gibbons..... Lane.
John Barrows..... Linn.
W. H. Haley..... Multnomah.
T. W. Daveport..... Marion.
C. P. Crandall..... Multnomah.
B. F. Nichols..... Polk.
J. C. Franklin..... Umatilla.
W. J. Snodgrass..... Union.
T. R. Cornhill..... Washington.
Z. F. Moody..... Wasco.
J. W. Watts..... Yamhill.
T. B. Odeneal..... Benton.
\*Deceased.

Senator Sumner's One Term Bill.

Senator Sumner's bill to limit the occupancy of the Presidential chair to one term, is one of those spiteful measures, which grow out of a determination to gratify a feeling of personal hatred at all hazards.

Frozen to Death.

A party of emigrants were passing through Selino county, Nebraska, during a Sunday of last month. The cold increasing they concluded to camp and light a fire.

Ku Klux Outrages in Missouri.

At Marshall and vicinity, in Saline county, Missouri, the Ku Klux have been giving an exhibition of their inhumanity and bloodthirstiness. Pro- concerted, on Christmas day last, a large number of them, well armed, turned out at that place for the purpose of slaying the negroes.

A cook (negro) employed on the bark Casarewitch, lying at Seattle, built a coal fire in an iron pan, placed it in his stateroom, went to bed and contracted a severe and lasting cold.

Small pox is still bad in Brooklyn, New York.

The Indian Superintendency.

The dispatch conveying the information of the removal of Mr. Meacham from the Indian Superintendency of Oregon, has elicited a feeling of general surprise, and, we may say, regret.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

The Multnomah county hospital has twenty-seven patients.

The West Side Railroad is pronounced "better as good" by the Government inspectors.

The Portland city treasury contains \$32,860.95.

East Portland, through one of her journals, claims to have the handsomest women in the State.

In San Francisco, porter-house steaks sell from 15 to 18c per pound, while in Portland the price is from 20 to 25 cents per pound.

The Catholic church of Salem is going to erect a new school building during the coming summer.

In Marion county the farmers are resuming their plowing, and many of them are breaking up their pasture lands in their desire to produce a monster crop.

Salem is afflicted with a lot of chronic grumblers—refuse work when it is offered, and yet complain that there is no work.

On Sunday night before New Year's, a citizen of Eugene sat up to ring out the Old and in the New Year, and when he commenced ringing all Eugene turned out with buckets to extinguish the fire.

The commercial editor of the Port Townsend Argus was presented with a magnificent gold watch and chain on Christmas day.

In a squaw fight at Eugene recently, one cut the other badly with a knife.

On last Saturday, Mr. Bush, of Lane county, accidentally shot himself with a revolver. Not dangerously.

The bark Shooting Star, from San Francisco to Nainaimo, went ashore on Henry's Island on the 22d during a heavy snow storm.

The stages between Portland and Hillsboro have been drawn off, the railroad doing the business.

A man ninety-six years of age, named McEwen, from Astoria, was placed in the Insane Asylum at East Portland last Sunday. He is probably the oldest insane man in the United States.

John D. Yates, a pioneer printer, has been appointed policeman of Portland. He will look after the bad "cases."

Mr. Foudray, in company with Hon. Samuel E. May, has arrived at Salem.

The Salem Statesman thinks the bed water of the Willamet, where an active current prevails, more healthful than the average of well water.

The population of Forest Grove is 300. They have no "gin mill."

Rev. Clinton Kelly has laid off an addition to East Portland, which he calls Kelly's Addition.

Real estate speculators at Steilacoom have not made their "ever-lasting fortune."

About forty San Francisco boys amused themselves recently by pelting a Chinaman with stones. Hopeful boys—for the penalitary.

The Cloverdale, Cal., stage was stopped Christmas night between Geyersville and Healdsburg, by two highwaymen. They obtained Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box, but it contained no treasure.

counts a crowd had started out swearing that they would kill every negro in the country. Dispatches on the 28th ult. confirm the above, and state that the negroes are panic-stricken, and great excitement exists. Efforts have been made to suppress the facts.

Geryats has an iron foundry.

Money orders amounting to \$13,879 were issued from Oregon City post office last year.

"Cynics," was the subject lectured upon, by Rev. P. S. Knight, at Oregon city, last week.

The average attendance of the M. E. Sunday school at Salem is 225. Whole attendance for the year 11,000.

On Union Island in Sacramento river a band of 2,000 sheep were drowned.

Thieves are robbing churches in San Francisco.

The little town of Nicolaus, Sutter county, Cal., was submerged to a depth of four feet, in the recent rains, by the overflow of Bear river.

Oyster farmers about San Francisco bay were apprehensive that the recent copious rains would injure the oysters.

San Jose, Cal., experienced an earthquake last month.

A female Chinese minstrel is giving performances throughout California. She is usually attired in gorgeous blue cashmere, and in consequence of the extreme smallness of her feet, she has to be transported in a palanquin. She plays on a harp, and her finger nails are said to be near three inches in length. The rustics are delighted with her.

Extensive preparations are being made in San Francisco to receive the Japanese noblemen, who are expected to arrive about the 18th inst.

We learn from the Eugene City Journal, that Mr. Bush, residing near the city, was accidentally shot in the breast by two balls, from a pistol in the hands of Bud Edmondson, the latter being intoxicated at the time. The wounds, though extremely dangerous, are not necessarily fatal.

Eugene City has been divided into two election precincts, called North and South Eugene.

County orders in Lane county are at par.

Eugene City has four select schools.

Springfield has a skating rink and a minstrel troupe of its own getting up.

The editor of the Yreka Journal has been elected Assistant Engineer of the fire Department of that City, and feels highly honored.

A gentleman in a hotel in San Francisco, discovered his Meassar Oil disappearing very fast. He thereupon substituted some croton oil in its place. It proved effectual—a servant girl wore a bandage on her head for two weeks, and now is totally bald.

EASTERN NEWS.

The Grand Duke was at Cleveland on the 26th ult.

It is reported that General Sickles will be a candidate for the U. S. Senate from New York against Conkling.

It was reported in Chicago on the 28th ult., that J. Young Scammon and several prominent citizens have purchased the Chicago Republican, and will place it under the charge of Sydney Howard Gay, formerly of the New York Tribune and more recently connected with the Chicago Tribune.

Jesse Grant, the father of the President, was much improved on the 28th ult. Case hopeful.

The Ku Klux prisoners who plead guilty at Columbia, S. C., were sentenced as follows: one to five years imprisonment and a fine of \$1,000; eleven to eighteen months and a fine of \$100; one to a year and a fine of \$100, and one to three months and a fine of \$20. John F. Miller was found guilty, and a motion for a new trial and arrest of judgment, not granted.

Gen. Butler made a speech at Princeton, Mass., on the 28th ult., criticising the fishery treaty severely.

James H. Hackett, the veteran actor, died at Brooklyn on the 27th ult.

Solicitor General Bristow has resigned.

The President has asked him to reconsider his resignation.

At Patterson, N. J., Charles Burroughs committed suicide by poison, on the 10th of December. His body remained in the room till the 28th, when it was discovered frozen stiff.

Edward Power, a civil engineer of Chicago, has petitioned Congress for permission to make experiments for producing artificial rain by means of gunpowder and cannon. He cites many instances in which rain has followed great battles, and asserts that similar results follow similar causes. He requests the use of 300 pieces of United States ordnance, 20,000 blank cartridges, 10 miles of insulated wire, electrical batteries, and such men as may be needed to make the transportation of the materials.

Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge died at his residence in Danville, Ky., on the 27th ult., after a long illness.

The Board of Indian Commissioners have presented their report to the President. It gives a cheerful view of the peace policy, and states that by the purchase of Indian supplies and other measures they have saved about one million dollars.

Money was stringent in New York on the 28th ult.

The total amount of currency of all kinds outstanding to Dec. 28th, was \$399,290,740.

The mail service on the Central Pacific Branch Railroad has been extended from Chico to Tehama.

Boss Tweed after hiding away for some time was discovered and arrested on the 29th ult.

Comolly's bondsmen went back on him, and he had to spend New Year's day in limbo.

G. W. Von Mort has been appointed Commissioner of Public Works by the Mayor of New York, in the place of Tweed.

The new bridge across the Hudson river, New York, is completed, and trains pass over it.

A dispatch from Cheyenne, dated Dec. 27th, says there were 547 passengers laid up there by the snow blockade. The eating houses improved the opportunity by charging \$3 per meal.

The Russian fleet has been ordered to remain at New York for the present.

Alexis was politely asked to go out on the plains for a buffalo hunt, but declined.

The President of a Boston street railroad company has been fined \$20 for permitting forty-seven passengers to be crammed into one car.

There has been paid out of the United States Treasury the sum of \$58,000,000 to indemnify States for money advanced in equipping troops during the late war. There are claims of this character which have been suspended by the Secretary of the Treasury amounting to \$4,300,000, no money being available for the purpose of meeting the payment, the law authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to use money for this purpose in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated having been repealed in 1870.

There is due our Government from that of Columbia one hundred and seven thousand dollars, being the balance of awards under the Convention of 1847 and 1864. No payment has been made since 1868. The Colombian Minister at Washington asks an extension of time of four years, as his Government is bankrupt.

Chicago is now threatened with small pox.

A Missouri statesman has introduced a bill in the Legislature of that State to punish lying. Politicians will watch that bill closely.

There is great excitement in England upon the subject of oysters. The price charged for good ones is five times as great per bushel in 1871 as it was in 1832. The beds have been dredged to death, and cannot restock themselves. Formerly, the price was from sixpence to one shilling per dozen, now it is from half a crown to three shillings; though there is a large, coarse oyster sold at fifteen pence per dozen.

An Exhausted Husband.

The following bit of charming unsophistication, purporting to have been written by a young wife in New York to her prim and respected maiden aunt in Boston, will be read with curious interest by the more enlightened reader:

My Dear Aunt:—Although you told me, when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, but with due consideration, I know that you may now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! What must a girl suffer who finds herself mated to a dissipated person, neglected of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy people, who drink, smoke and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank Heaven, Orlando is perfect!

To-day is my eighteenth birthday, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pies, only the under crust will be damp. However, I think that must be the oven. Once I put peppermint in the pudding sauce instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando was trying to kiss me right before the girls, who didn't much like either of us going into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seeds, but hardly expected so many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety with a very large leaf, that scratches one's fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is. Orlando frightens me by talking about weeds, but weeds always come up, don't they?

Dear Orlando! I come back to him again—so excellent, temperate and true. Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can, if they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial—in-laws, takes him so much away from me. A lawyer must attend to business, you know; and sometimes they carry on the case until two at night. Often and often he has examined witnesses until half-past twelve, and come home perfectly exhausted. And the next day he will smoke, so that his dear coat quite smells of it. And so it makes him as ill as it does me. I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with cologne water, before he dares to put it on again.

I had a terrible fight the other night—dreadful. Orlando had told me that business—I think he said it was a case of live or death—would detain him late. So I sat up, as usual, with a book, and did not worry until one o'clock. After that I was a little anxious I confess, and thought a cold in my head, peeping through the up-stairs window blinds; for dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving up the street and saw it stop at our door; then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

I ran to open the door; a friend of Orlando's, who is not, I confess, very much to my taste—met a red-faced, noisy man—was just supporting my dear boy up the steps.

"O, what has happened?" cried I. "Don't be frightened, Mrs. White!" said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all; only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."

"All right, Belle," said Orlando, "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him up stairs; and he lay upon the bed so pro-treated that I thought he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me in case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water, dear?" I said.

"The very thing, Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," he said.

And so I reproached myself for not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providence, I think it saved his life; for, O, how bad he was!

"Belle," said he, flitting in his speech, "the room is going around so fast that I can't catch your eye. And besides, there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and I'll try to wake Mary, and send her for the doctor."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right now. Here's your health. You're a brick. I." And over he fell fast asleep.

O, why do men think so much of money-making? Is not health better than anything else?

Of course he had lain down in his hot, I took that off first. And I managed to divert him of his coat. But when it came to his boots—dearest aunt, did you ever take off a gentleman's boots? probably not, as you are a single lady—what a task! How do they ever get them on? I pulled and pulled, and shook and wringed, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly, and over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off in the same way, just as hard and just as sudden at last. Then I put a soft blanket over Orlando, and sat in my sewing-chair all night. O, how heavily he breathed! And I had as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his over-application to business for all that I knew. The perfect one goes first, it is said.

O how differently should I have felt had any thing happened to my beloved Orlando! He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think he sees the folly of overwork; though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the judge. I wonder whether he has a wife—the mean old thing.—Ecce homo.