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SPECIAL COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS.
Bonds, Promissory Notes, Book Accounts, and all other Claims will be made a Specialty, and Promptly Collected.
jun26,-v4n24tf

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WILL PRACTICE IN THE SUPERIOR and inferior Courts of Marion, Linn, Lane, Benton and Polk counties. Five per cent charged on collections, when made without suing.
jun19v4n44y1.

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Will attend to all business entrusted to him by citizens of Polk and adjoining counties.
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OFFICE OF COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENT,
AT WATERLOO, SIX MILES ABOVE LEBANON, on the Santiam. Post office address, Lebanon. J. W. MACK,
v9n48ly Co. School Superintendent.

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DILIGENT attention will be given to all business in his line. jan23v4n23tf.

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PRICES GREATLY REDUCED!

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Proposes to make his rates for Dental services for the year 1869, as follows, viz:
Full upper and lower set of Art. Teeth, $30 to $50
Full upper or lower " " " " $15 to $25
Pivot teeth, $2.50 each. Filling teeth, from $1 to $3 each cavity. Extracting, 50 cents per tooth. Cleaning, 50 cents to $1.50. Other minor operations in proportion. Terms, U. S. coin or its equivalent.
N. B.—Office over Bentley's shoe store, in the old post office building, opposite Foster's brick, Albany, Oregon. DR. E. H. GRIFFIN.
Dec. 30, 1868—v4n29tf.

N. H. CRANOR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE—In Norcross' Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon. an4

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Special attention given to collections.
OFFICE—In the Court House.
Albany, Oregon. v3n33tf.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
GRADUATE OF CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE.
WOULD INVITE ALL PERSONS DESIRING Artificial teeth and first-class Dental Operations, to give him a call.
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold plate linings, and other new styles of work, may be seen at his office, up stairs in Parrish & Co.'s Brick, Albany, Oregon.
Residence, corner of Second and Baker streets.
apr11'68v3n34tf

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)
ALBANY, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. oc20n10ly

HILTABIDEL & CO.,
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store on Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon. oc28v3n7tf

THE EYES! THE EARS!
DR. T. L. GOLDEN,
OCULIST AND AURIST,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Dr. Golden (a son of the noted Old Ophthalmic Doctor, S. C. Golden), has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care. apr10v4n34tf

P. P. RUSSELL, Att'y at Law. JAMES ELKINS, Notary Public.
RUSSELL & ELKINS,
Office in Parrish & Co's Block, First Street,
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Having taken into co-partnership James Elkins, Esq., Ex-Clerk of Linn county, Oregon, we are enabled to add to our practice of law and collections, superior facilities for
Conveyancing, Examining Records,
—AND—
Attending to Probate Business.
Deeds, Bonds, Contracts and Mortgages carefully Drawn. Homestead and Pre-emption papers made and Claims secured. Sales of Real Estate negotiated, and loans effected on Collateral securities on reasonable rates.
All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. RUSSELL & ELKINS.
Oct. 6, 1868—v2n46tf

C. O. D.-WALTHAM WATCHES-C. O. D.
LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.
FULLER & Co. (late M. E. Chapman & Co.)
Removed to No. 25 John street, N. Y.
We will send, on order, single WALTHAM WATCHES, in solid Gold and Silver cases only, by express to any part of the United States, to be paid for on delivery, after examination, at wholesale prices. The buyer to pay all express charges.
The Company's guarantee sent with each watch.
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UNDERTAKER,
—AND DEALER IN—
ALL KINDS OF CABINET WARE!
ALBANY, OREGON.
Store on First street, under the DEMOCRAT Office.
Albany, Oct. 1, 1868—v4n7tf.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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JOB PRINTING
OFFICE.
FIRST ST., ALBANY, OREGON.

WE have connected with this office a first-class
JOB OFFICE,
and are prepared, at shortest notice, to fill, in the neatest manner, any order that may be sent us.

Executed Speedily, and in a satisfactory Style, at Prices
CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST!

Theatres,
Concerts, and
Public Meetings,
Accommodated at the Shortest Notice

MEN SUPPLIED WITH CARDS, BILLS, BILL-HEADS, BILLS LADING, CHECKS, LETTER HEADINGS, &c.

BALL CIRCULARS, ELECTION TICKETS, BALL TICKETS, CENSUS BLANKS, DRUGGISTS' LABELS, LIQUOR LABELS, ORDERS OF DANCING, NOTES OF HAND, DRAY RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS, CIRCULARS, BILLS OF FARE, PROGRAMMES, SHIPPING RECEIPTS, BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, AND BY-LAWS.

All Orders Promptly Attended to
"State Rights Democrat" Job Office.

ALBANY FOUNDRY!
—AND—
MACHINE SHOP!
ALBANY, OREGON.
A. F. CHERRY, PROPRIETOR
—MANUFACTURER OF—
STEAM ENGINES,
GRIST AND SAW-MILLS,
REAPERS AND THRESHERS,
WOODWORKING MACHINERY,
PUMPS, &c., &c., &c., &c. &c.
Machinery of all kinds
REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE!
PATTERN MAKING
Done in All Its Various Forms!!
IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
Of All Kinds, Made to Order!
Dec. 5'68v4n16y1. A. F. CHERRY.

MARBLE WORKS!
A. J. MONROE,
—DEALER IN—
MONUMENTS, OBELISKS, TOMBS,
Head and Foot Stones Executed in California, Vermont and Italian
MARBLES!
Also, Mantles, Grates, Fire Bricks, Washstands, Bureau and Counter Tops furnished to order.
State St., Bet. Commercial and Front,
SALEM, - - - OREGON.
v4n52tf.

TO THE LADIES!
NEW MILLINERY ESTABLISMHENT.
MRS. S. C. SMITH,
FASHIONABLE MILLINER
—AND—
DRESS-MAKER!
WOULD ANNOUNCE TO THE LADIES of Albany and surrounding country that she has opened a Milliner and Mantua-Making Establishment in this city, and respectfully solicits their patronage.
FASHIONABLE BONNETS AND HATS
Always on Hand or Made to Order
DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
BLEACHING AND PRESSING DONE TO ORDER
Albany, Oct 17, 1868 —v4n8y1.

THE NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!!!
OF NEW YORK.
OFFICERS—EDWARD A. JONES, Pres't; JONATHAN O. HALSEY, Vice Pres't; JOHN A. MORTIMER, Sec'y; HIRAM B. WHITE, M. D., Med. Ex.
All Policies Non-forfeiting. Annual Income, $225,000.00. Dividends, 1868, 50 per cent.
STITZEL & UPTON,
Gen'l Agents, Portland, O.
J. QUINN THORNTON,
Soliciting Agent, Albany, Or'n.—v4n32m6

NOTICE.
"Sweepstake" Thresher and Separator!
STILL ONE YET!!
EIGHT HORSE POWER!
For Sale at a Bargain and terms easy for Payment.
Call on R. Cheadle at his CASH STORE at Albany Oregon. R. CHEADLE.
Albany, June 26, 1869. v4n49tf.

A VERY PRETTY STORY.

"How did you come to marry Mr. Marshall, Aunt Nannie?"

Mrs. Nannie Marshall wasn't my aunt, but I had called her so for many years, for she was the kindest friend I ever had. She sat silent, knitting busily and smiling a little before she answered me.

"It all came from shaking a crumb-cloth," said Aunt Nannie.

"What! did you trip him up in its folds, and bring him down on his knees to you?"

"No; I'll tell you. When I was four years old my mother died. I don't know whether children of that tender age generally remember their mother as I remember mine or not; but when I was so little that I sat in a high chair at the table, I would watch the chairs filling up around it with the persistent hope that my mother would come and sit by me; and I did not relinquish this hope after I was old enough to comprehend death, but clung to it, praying Christ to work a miracle, as in the old Bible times, and let my dear mother appear to my longing sight.

"Never was there a more affectionate or imaginative child, and my youth was a dreary time. My grandmother, who had charge of me, meant to do her duty by me, and in usual acceptance of the term she did. I was fed and clothed, and she taught me as well as her limited means would allow. But she never manifested any affection for me. She was one of those kind of persons who think kisses and caresses foolishness, and though I can look back now and recall proofs of a secret tenderness, she never kissed or caressed me when I was a child.

"I grew up starved for love. After I was fourteen years I grew to look for it from whence all girls look for it, from a lover. I read romances—I built air castles—yet so well had I been trained in practical ways and habits that no one dreamed of the turn my mind was taking. My fondest dream was of the time when a material figure, with bold, bright eyes and gay apparel, should, seated on a milk-white charger, appear before me as I spun in the porch, or gathered berries in the field, and folding me to his heart with tender and assuring words, leap upon his steed, and with me in his arms, fly to some unknown country, where he would make me queen of his castle. I never realized, ugly, ignorant child that I was, how peculiarly absurd was any such idea as applied to me, until one day something occurred which destroyed my beautiful illusion and made me wretched.

"There were always several weeks in the fall, when, if the crops were good, I was almost incessantly employed in gathering berries, which my grandmother preserved for winter use. My only companion in this work was my cousin Stephen, a boy two or three years younger than myself.

"One day when thus employed we caught a glimpse of a man in regimentals, riding swiftly through the woods.

"Who can that be?" asked Stephen.

"'Oh!' said I, in delight, 'perhaps it is my lover knight, coming from the war to find me. Let me watch till he comes around the bend in the road. If it is he, he will take off his plumed hat and wave it for me. Then he will gallop up and lift me on his horse and carry me to his mated castle."

"'A nice girl you are for a knight to run off with, ain't you. A handsome lady love you would make, with your black face and flying hair like an Indian's, and mouth all stained with berries? Ho, ho! Wouldn't you look grand flying, with your shoes falling off because they are so big! I'd just like to see you.'

"My cloud land was destroyed forever. From that moment I knew that I was ugly, uncouth and unattractive and my hero lover would never come, I ceased to expect him.

I grew older; I was plain and awkwardly shy, and I shunned what society was attainable to me.

"When I was eighteen years old I received an invitation from an aunt who lived in Boston to visit her. I had never seen her, and she knew me only by report. She wished me to come and spend the winter with her. My grandmother was willing I should go, but we were very poor, and it required a great deal of economy and management to furnish me with a wardrobe fit to visit the city with. At last, however, my outfit was completed and I went to Boston.

"The family of aunt Caroline consisted of herself, her daughter Julia, and the orphan children of a deceased son. Julia was just my age and very pretty. It is a very hard thing to say, but I honestly think that my aunt, to whom my personal appearance had been described, wanted me to associate with Julia as a foil to her beauty, and to reside in the family that I might assist in taking care of the children. At any rate, as soon as I came the single servant was dismissed.

"The family lived elegantly, but I soon found that it was done by the strictest economy. My aunt worked hard and managed well, and no one outside the house dreamed that their income was as painfully small as it was.

"Julia had a lover. Mr. Marshall was very handsome and mighty fine, and I do not wonder that he appeared very much like a god to me then. He was but recently acquainted with Julia when he went there, but he appeared very much in love with her. I used to help her dress upon the evenings on which he came, and after she had gone down, looking like an angel, I used to shed a few tears of sorrow and loneliness, as I stood and listened to their happy chat and gay laughter ringing from the room below. And I was very sure that I never could be pretty, and I thought that nobody would ever love me.

One day Mr. Marshall came to dine. Extra attention was given to the house and dinner. My aunt had been very wealthy when first married, and from her husband's failure she had saved a few things which gave the house an air of means and style—some articles of fine table silver and some handsome oil paintings I remember.

"With my assistance she served the dinner herself, and managed to be richly dressed to appear at the table. She was cool and stately; but I, who had lingered until the last moment in the kitchen, making gravies and serving up vegetables, was so tired that I could hardly speak. I never did talk much, though, so it was not noticed, apparently. Mr. Marshall conversed of books, pictures and music, all of which Julia was acquainted with, and it was agreeable to listen to them. I was sorry when the meal was finished.

"Mr. Marshall turned to look at the pictures on the wall when he arose, and after a few moments my aunt commenced clearing the table. The dishes were put through a slide in the cupboard into the kitchen. I helped her do this. Julia stood looking out of the window.

"When the table was cleared of the dishes my aunt went out. I sat down and took my sewing, thinking that my aunt would be back in a moment to finish clearing the table, and that I should be allowed, during the afternoon, the place of a guest. Mr. Marshall spoke to me, and asked me to play backgammon. It was the only game of pleasure that I knew, and I was delighted at the thought. I put down my sewing, and he brought the board and arranged the game. Julia sat in a corner of the sofa with some embroidery. Just as we were ready to play, I looked up and saw that the table stood spread with its linen cloth, and the crumb cloth had not been taken up. Julia glanced at it the same moment, and then turned serenely back to her former embroidery. I put down the dice box timidly.

"'Excuse me,' said I, 'aunt is not coming back, and the table must be put in its place.'

"I took off he cover and carried it into the kitchen, and then came back, put down the leaves of the old-fashioned table, and was going to put it up at the side of the room alone, when Mr. Marshall arose and did it for me.

"Then I took up the crumb-cloth, carried it out and shook it, and put it in its place in the hall closet, and all the time he stood and watched me, as if in surprise. When I was ready to sit down again he played very badly. He seemed to be absent-minded.

"He came to the house two or three times after that, but not to spend the evening alone with Julia. Pretty soon he did not come at all, and Julia used to cry out and be so cross that she made the whole family uncomfortable.

"One day he drove up to the door in a splendid sleigh, for it was Winter time, and the sleighing was very good. Julia was sitting at the dining-room fire.

"'There,' said she, jumping up, 'he's come to take me a drive. Now, I won't go a step unless he asks my pardon for staying away so long.'

"Her mother showed him into the parlor, and he asked for me. I went in wonder. He asked me to go to ride as coolly as if I had been in the habit of driving with him all the days of my life; and there was something in his manner that would not let me refuse. I went, and he asked me to marry him. I waited three years for him, for he was not settled in business then; then we were married, and I have been happy every day of my life since.

"One day he told me why he had not married Julia. 'I was pleased with her,' said he, 'but when I saw her let you, a guest, leave your employment with a gentleman to do her mother's work, while she sat doing nothing but some embroidery, I knew that she was indolent and selfish, and she never looked pretty to me after that moment. If it had not been for that crumb-cloth, Nannie, I should probably have married her, and been as wretched as I am now happy.

AMONG THE SCRIBBLERS.

"JOSH BILLINGS."

Mr. Shaw is certainly quite as funny as "Nasby." In many of his articles in broken English he surpasses all who have tried that class of writing. But to fully appreciate him, one must see him and know him. He is about forty-eight years old, and is the quaintest specimen of humanity with which we have ever met. Five years ago he was an auctioneer in Poukeepsie, N. Y.—He has since moved to New York City, where he keeps a boarding-house amused by his irrepressible oddities.—As he passes down Broadway, he cannot escape observation. His broad, bent form; his immense hat and his large eagle-like features are all noticeable. His weakness is for chewing tobacco and telling stories. There is no such story teller in the land—such quaint, laughable yarns as he can spin out are not easily put in print. The only lounging place he has is at the office of the New York *Weekly*, for which paper he contributes weekly articles. When the lecture season is at hand he sends out numerous prospectuses. He makes from three to four thousand dollars a year from lecturing, and as much more from his newspaper work. Always cheerful and genial, always witty and yet kind, he is liked exceedingly by his circle of friends.—Perhaps some of our readers will remember the publicity that was given a little time ago to the marriage of one of his daughters, whose beauty had become notorious. She was as handsome as he is ugly.

"EDMUND KIRKE."

Who has forgotten Mr. Gilmore's mission, in company with Mr. Jaques, to Jeff. Davis? They went to see "peace," and got instead a good newspaper and magazine sensation for themselves. Gilmore, or "Edmund Kirke," shot up like a rocket in the literary world for a year or two, but of late, his career has been clouded and sad. As the old editor of the *Continental*, as the author of "Among the Pines" and other books, as the editor of the *Northern Light*, he acquired a wide-spread fame. During the war, he lived in a fine brick ho in New York, and knew no drawbacks till the riots. Then his house and life were threatened, and he picked up and removed to Boston. Here began his troubles. First literary failures financially and then dome His home was broken up, and without wife or children he returned to New York. A servant girl sued him for a nameless offence, his wife was seeking a divorce, and all the world was against him. He was driven to despair and took to drinking. He is certainly not a drunkard or broken down, but he plods about for his living among the Life Insurance Companies, and lives in small quarters at the Belmont House in Fulton street. And yet there are few more genial men than this same "Edmund Kirke." And few men have dashed aside a brilliant career so quickly.

"NOTHING TO WEAR."

There is one poet in New York who is a wise, careful, practical, temperate man. We mean William Allen Butler, the poet of "Nothing to Wear" and of "Two Millions." Mr. Butler, who is a lawyer and an elegant gentleman, wrote these two poems for himself and made a national fame. Then he stopped. We do not believe that all the men or half the money in New York could tempt him to write another poem. He practices law in a leading firm, and is constantly beset with applications for his writings. But to all offers and invitations, he says "No!" We know of no other instance in all literary history. Probably there is no other American poet who has a better reputation; but having made his success, he will not run any risks with it. His abundant means removes him from the ordinary incentive to poetizing. Harney, Butler & Parsons is the law firm with which he is connected.

"THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS."

Fred. Cozzens, the ever-to-be-remembered writer of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," that first appeared in Putnam's *Monthly*, is a wine merchant in Chambers street, New York. He has never written save for pleasure.—As one sees him darting about in his warehouse, with a business-like air, he would hardly suspect that the busy merchant could ever descend to such literary trifles. But Fred. Cozzens enjoys them. He knows all the literary men. He is always at the Century Club, for he likes pictures and good fellows. Seldom does he write anything nowadays, and never for money. He is a middle aged man, handsome and brilliant, rich and jolly. His friends are legion, and he will always drop business to chat with an author or editor. But for that business of his, the world would be favored with frequent contributions from his pen.

"ORPHEUS C. KERR."

Robert Newall is a sad-looking, if a very funny writing individual. He is a young man, lives in Jersey City, edits the New York *Mercury*, and writes a great deal that the world admires, but of the authorship of which it knows nothing. His "Orpheus C. Kerr" papers on the war made his fame and success. We count these papers the wittiest writings that have appeared in this country. But the brilliant writer made a sad matrimonial alliance with Adah Isaac Menkin, and this has tinged his life with sadness, and has blighted, we believe, some of his aspirations. He is very refined and sensitive, and has rare social qualities. There is no writer in the land could make a better name than Newall. We wish he might write another book—one that would once again make him prominent before the public. But he has got into the direful newspaper treadmill, out of which it is almost impossible for one to rise to higher literary work.

"WILLIE WINTER."

It was William Winter who edited so affectionately and so gracefully the poems of George Arnold. Winter is the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*. His wife an actress—the Miss Winter who took Miss McVicker's part at Booth's theater, a few nights ago. Would you know who writes the prettiest hand-writing and the sweetest verse in all the land, and who carries the most of his heart in his countenance? It is the poet and inimitable critic, Willie Winter. He is very small of figure and has written all over him the fineness of his nature. We know of no one who has seen more of the sadness or written more of the brightness of life. So modest, no one would ever know him if it depended on himself; and so gentle, we wonder that even a cloud is ever drifted across his path. It was a hard blow to him—the hardest of all—when his wife took to the stage. Oh, how much of sadness there is among the writers.—*Sweetzer in St. Paul Dispatch.*

Not having heard from the debating societies in relation to the conundrum, "Why do hens always lay eggs in the day time?" a contemporary "answers: "Because at night they are 'roosters.'"

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dewdrops fall
Upon the shattering flowers like souls at rest,
The stars shin gloriously, and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother, I love thy grave,
The violet with its blossoms blue and mild,
Wave o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a bright bower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother 'tis thine emblem—dust,
Dust is on thy brow!

And I could love to die,
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear,
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there,
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come! while here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness, bless,
Bless thy child.

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

TILLABLE LAND IN YAMHILL AND LINN COUNTIES.

Editors Democrat:

The DEMOCRAT of July 31 contains a review of "The Statistics" of Oregon, published by the State Agricultural Society. I do not think that "The Statistics" have arrived at perfection yet by any means, and I am equally certain that good-tempered and intelligent criticism will improve them. Among other things you compare the estimates of land under cultivation in Yamhill and Linn counties and express the opinion, that such estimates do more than justice to the former and less to the latter. As you state, I prepared the article on Yamhill, but I may say here, that it was done in great haste and without any idea on my part, of its being put to any permanent use. Your *opinion* may be correct, but I am inclined to think that "the Statistics" of Yamhill, *so far as they go*, are not far from the mark.

Taking the Land Office map, dated July 20, 1866, as a guide—Yamhill extends about four townships north and south, and about five townships east and west, or 24 by 30 miles. This gives the county an area of 720 square miles or 460,800 acres. Of this area, the map shows that 14 townships are surveyed—which is equal to 504 square miles, or 322,560 acres, or a little more than five-sixths of the whole county. From personal knowledge I can affirm that these 14 townships are in the main, if not altogether, first-rate tillable land. As to whether one-third of it, or in round numbers 100,000 acres is under cultivation, that is at present so much a matter of opinion that I cannot assert it unqualifiedly. But I think so, and this is one of the calculations upon which this conclusion is based. The population being mostly rural and permanent, I think it reasonable to assume that of its 1200 voters in 1868, at least 800 of them were farmers, and that their farms would average 300 acres each. This would give a total of 240,000 acres. The average land under cultivation on these farms is between 100 and 160 acres—one-third or one-half. The former ratio would give 80,000 acres and the latter 120,000. By being under cultivation I mean land in tame grass as well as grain and the like, but do not include land merely fenced and in wild grass.

And now, a word as to Linn county. From the map already mentioned Linn appears to be about eight townships in extent north and south and about 11 townships in extent east and west, or 88 by 66 miles. This gives a total area of 3,168 square miles, or 2,027,520 acres. Of this area, as appears from such map, 24 townships were surveyed, which is equal to 864 square miles or 552,960 acres. Thus the sueveyed land of Linn appears to be equal to a little more than one-fourth of its whole area, while that of Yamhill is equal to five-sixths of its own.

But the map shows that 15 townships, equal to 502 square miles or 322,560 acres, was *proposed* for survey. By this time those 15 townships may be surveyed. I suppose that the land embraced in those townships is not first-class, or it would have been settled and surveyed long prior to July, 1866. Yet add these to the 24 townships surveyed before that time, and the two will include all the tillable land of Linn, and probably more. Taken together they give a total of 1,368 square miles, or 875,520 acres, or between one-third and one-half of the area of the county, while as has been said, that of Yamhill is five-sixths of its area. But I presume from this, that the estimate in "The Statistics"—that there is only 100,000 acres under cultivation in Linn—is below the mark.

Linn runs to the summit of the Cascade mountains, and therefore includes the whole western slope of this range, including one large spur. On this account the area is so much larger than the tillable land. Yamhill also runs to the summit of a range of mountains—but it is comparatively a small one and in the southern part of the county, where the range is only by the South Yamhill river. The surveyed land extends to the western boundary. In making these estimates, it should be remembered, that while the East side of the Wallamet—being the water-shed of the greater range of mountains—is larger than the western, that the latter has less waste land in proportion to its area and is generally of a better quality; and to no part of the West Side is this remark more justly applicable than to Yamhill. D.

BY TELEGRAPH.

[COMPILED FROM THE OREGON HERALD]

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18.—In the afternoon session of the Convention a telegram was read from the New York Typographical Union, giving the substance of resolutions adopted by them last night, denouncing Miss Anthony's treatment of the Union and its members as an employer of printers, and declaring her admission to the Convention to be an insult to the entire organization. After a long discussion the resolution refusing to receive Miss Anthony's credentials was agreed to, 63 to 28. Much indignation was felt by Miss Anthony's friends at her expulsion. Delegates from western New York offered a resolution favoring amendments to the Federal and all other constitutions preventing any act by any legislative body becoming a law until it is submitted to the people for ratification, and openly approved by the majority voting. A committee was appointed to investigate the charges in Pennsylvania to this Convention. A delegate from the New York Typographical Union read a dispatch directing him to withdraw from the Convention if Miss Anthony is admitted.—Pending a discussion whether delegate shall be returned, the Convention took a recess.

Arrest of Gen. Dix.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Gen. Dix was arrested yesterday at the suit of John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, who charges him with the illegal imprisonment of Mitchell. It will be remembered that he was arrested in this city and imprisoned at Fortress Monroe by General Dix in the summer of 1865. The suit is for $25,000 damages. General Dix gave security in the sum of $20,000 to answer the charge.

Miscellaneous.

The schooner Mary Jane, bound from St. Domingo to Boston, towed a vessel in to this port with which she fell in. The helm was lashed and she was drifting about when found. The captain and crew had died of the yellow fever. The remainder of the crew, two men, were in a condition unable to throw overboard the dead bodies of thir comrades, which were in a putrifying condition.

A horrible murder was committed in Morgan county, Ill., on Monday afternoon. Two neighbors, named respectively Rogers and Chapman, had been to town and got drunk. On returning, Chapman went home, got a shot-gun, and came back to Rogers, who was still sitting in his wagon, and blew off a part of his head. No cause for the deed is known.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—A *Republican's* special sends a letter written by Judge Dent to Secretary Boutwell, charging him with aspiring to the Presidency and inducing Grant to oppose the Conservative Republicans of the South, who are his real friends. The letter calls Grant Boutwell's master, and says Boutwell is endeavoring to supplant him. It is written in grandiloquent style, and is intended to be sarcastical against the Secretary. The letter was published with some ridiculous paragraphs eliminated by his friends, who looked over the copy after it was placed in the hands of the printers.

Gen. Dodge has not been invited to become Secretary of War, as was reported from Iowa.

Gen. Sherman said, in conversation, that the Spanish gunboats will not be permitted to leave, as an early recognition of Cuban belligerency is probable.

A Richmond dispatch to-day says Gen. Canby has decided that twelve months residence in the State is all that is necessary to qualify for Senators or members of House of Delegates.

OMAHA, Aug. 20.—A special announces the arrival at Helena of the Northern Pacific Railroad expedition from Puget Sound via Walla Walla. They express themselves pleased with the country, and believe in the entire practicability of the route. They found one pass through the Rocky Mountains with, easy grades and an elevation not exceeding 5,000 feet.—They propose to examine the country north of Helena.

A band of Blackfeet attacked a ranch 20 miles from Helena yesterday, and shot two men. The affair creates much excitement.

Chase's Presidential Prospects.

The friends of Chase are said to be jubilant over his presidential prospects. They say the Conservative move in the Southern States is in the Chase interest. They expect that he will obtain the individual support of the South in the Convention.