Weekly Oregon Statesman.

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WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN

C. P. CRANDALL, Proprietor.

THE WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN is published every Wednesday morning. Contains a summary of all the telegraphic dispatches and all the current State and Local news, editorials, correspondence, miscellany, poetry, etc., from THE DAILY STATESMAN.

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DR. E. Y. CHASE,

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PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Late Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army. Office—Over Souther's Drug Store, corner of Commercial and State streets, Salem, Oregon, with Dr. Richardson. Nov 11' 71 tf

J. A. RICHARDSON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in Moore's brick, residence opposite northeast corner of Marion Square, Salem Oregon. Dec. 9tf

G. W. LAWSON.

ATT'Y-AT-LAW.

and

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

OFFICE in Court House, Salem, Oregon. nov4:72tf

THE HOME SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine.

HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES at Hernandez' Depot, Salem, I am prepared to furnish Machines at Portland Prices. All kinds of Needles on hand and old Machines of all kinds repaired and warranted. All the late improvements attached to the old style Home Shuttle for the additional price of five dollars.

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Oct. 14, 1872:6m Agent at Salem.

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AND

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Repairing done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Patton's Block, State Street, Salem. mch19

REMOVED.

MISSES SUSLIN & CAMPBELL HAVE moved their Dress Making rooms to Kinyon's Building on State Street, over the New York Bakery, where they would be pleased to see their old customers, and as many new ones as may favor them with a call. Remember the place. apr27tf

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,

ANNOUNCE that they were happily untouched by the recent GREAT FIRE, and are busy, as usual, in attending to their extensive orders.

They now call attention, also, to their

Standard Collections

OF

Vocal and Instrumental Music.

The whole set is one of the most valuable Musical Libraries that could be devised, as each contains from 200 to 350 pages of the most popular music of the day.

Price of each book in Boards, $2 50, Cloth, $3 00. Full Gilt, for Presents, $4 00. The price *would be of retail*, for the pieces separately, about $400 00. In this form, all the books, including the new and favorite **Gems of Strauss** (now having a splendid sale), may be had for $32 50.

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Everything Complete.

Time given on a portion of purchase money desired. Enquire of F. D. TOWLE, Salem, Oregon.

Apply to Jones & Patterson, Real Estate Agents, Salem.

Oct. 12, 1872:dawtf

CHRISTMAS:

From "Stories by the Christmas Fire."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE ANCEL'S STORY.

Through the blue and frosty heavens,
Christmas stars were shining bright;
The glistening lights of the great City
Almost matched their gleaming light;
And the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago one Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near)
Many a one that night was merry,
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long parted, reconciled;
Voices, all unused to laughter,
Eyes that had forgot to smile,
Anxious hearts that feared the morrow,
Freed from all their cares awhile.

Rich and poor felt the same blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all;

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair
Abiding in the gilded chamber,
Climbing up the marble stair,
Stilling even the voice of mourning
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

All the skill of the great City
To save that little life was vain
That little thread from being broken;
That first word from being spoken;
Nay, his very mother's pain,
And the mighty love within her,
Could not give him health again.

And she knelt there still beside him,
She alone with strength to smile,
And to promise he should suffer
No more in a little while;
And with murmur'd song and story
The long weary hours beguile.

Suddenly an unseen presence
Checked these constant mourning cries,
Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering,
Raised the blue and wondering eyes
Fixed on some mysterious vision,
With a startled, sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered
Smiling o'er the little bed;
White his raiment, from his shoulders
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,
And a starlike light was shining
In a Glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,
Leaning over the little nest,
In his arms the sick child folding,
Laid him gently on his breast,
Sobs and wailings from the mother,
And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,
Spread his wings; and, through the air
Bore the pretty child, and held him
On his heart with loving care,
A red branch of blooming roses
Placing softly by him there.

While the child thus clinging, floated
Toward the mansions of the Blest,
Gazing from his child guardian
To the flowers upon his breast,
Thus the angel spake, still smiling
On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, O little one! that Heaven
Does no earthly thing disdain;
Man's poor joys find there an echo
Just as surely as his pain;
Love, on earth so feebly striving,
Lives divine in Heaven again!

"Once, in yonder town below us,
In a poor and narrow street,
Dwelt a little, sickly orphan;
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,
Never in life's rugged pathway,
Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought
Of his mother, day and night,
Wearied upon his baby spirit,
Shaped him soon into a premature sage;
Care, Want, was his nurse, and Sorrow
Was his only heritage.

"All too weak for childish pastime
Drearily the hours spent;
On his hands so small and trembling
Leaning his poor aching head,
Or, through dark and dismal hours,
Lying sleepless on no bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fain is
He of joyous days gone by,
Dreams of rosy, happy children
Laughing merrily at play;
Gazing longingly through the casement,
Trailing branches of white May.

"Suppose a glimpse of the blue heaven
He could see from the narrow street,
And the sultry air of Summer
(That you called so warm and sweet),
Fevered the poor Orphan, dwelling
In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps
Slowly forth he dared to go,
Through the crowded city's pathways
Till he reached a garden wall;
Where, mid princely halls and mansions
Stood the loveliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches,
Velvet glades where shadows hide;
There were sparkling fountains glancing,
Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride
Waited a breath of precious perfume
To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron
Pressed his wan and wistful face,
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure
Till the process of the chase;
Never had his fairest day-dream
Dreamed such half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden
Tossing blossoms in the air,
And laughing when the petals floated
Downward on your golden hair;
And the tender eyes watching over you,
And the splendor spread before you
Told a House's Hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing
His pale face and want of woe,
Turning to the ragged Orphan,
Gave him coin, and bade him go,
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted,
Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow
On your tender, young heart fell,
And you plucked the reddest rose
From the tree you loved so well,
Passing them through the stern grating,
With the gentle word, 'Farewell!'

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure
And the gentle voice heard
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,
Joy the sleeping Seraph stirred,
In his hand he clasped the flowers,
In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret,
Poor no more, but rich and bright:
For the holy dreams of childhood—
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light
Floated round the Orphan's pillow
Through the starry summer night.

"Days passed, yet the vision lasted:
All too weak to rise he lay;
Did he dream that none spoke harshly
All were strangely kind that day?
Yes; he thought his treasured roses
Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were falling
One by one their leaves were shed:
Such bright things could never perish,
They would bloom again, he said.
When the next day's sun had risen,
Child and flower both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father
Does no gentleness disdain;
And in heaven had lost in Heaven,
Still all tender thoughts remain:
Love on the cold earth remaining
Lives divine and pure again!"

Thus the angel ceased, and gently
O'er his little burthen leant;
While the child gazed from the shining
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,
To the blooming roses by him,
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Then the radiant angel answered,
And with holy meaning smiled;
"Ere your tender, loving spirit
Sin and the hard world defiled,
Mercy gave me leave to seek you:
I was once that little child!"

Prof. Clayton, of Nevada, a competent authority, estimates that the silver product of that State for 1872 will be from 30 to 33 per cent. greater than last year. He believes the Comstock lode will this year yield not less than $[illegible] million from that lode, [illegible] greater or less, being [illegible] Raymond and Ely mine [illegible] district of Nevada is [illegible] productive silver mine [illegible] except the Crown Point on the Comstock lode. Its yield this year is expected to exceed $4,000,000. This mine was stocked and sold in San Francisco for $3,000,000, and has paid seven per cent. per month on its stock ever since the day of its sale. Mr. Raymond, one of its discoverers, holds one million dollars in its stock, on which he receives $70,000 monthly. His dividends for the last twelve months have amounted to $840,000 in gold.

The Michigan Central Railroad Company are planting American chestnuts along their entire line.

Voltaire defines the happy man as the one who considers himself so.

SOMETHING FOR US TO THINK OF.

Salem may never have a Fisher LP fire: but we have no assurance to the effect. Our very wide streets will ways serve as a sort of protection against the spread of a conflagration, but they will not avail anything in the matter of saving any part of a block that may be on fire. If our streets are wide, our blocks are also large; the loss of an entire block by fire would be a very heavy calamity. What precautions have we thus far taken that would serve us any material purpose in the case of a large fire? We have two fire engines and a Hook and Ladder Company. Let us suppose that they are entirely efficient; could they do much toward saving any part of a block of buildings, on fire? There are not, in our judgment, cisterns enough to hold half the water that would be needed in such a case, even in the most highly favored locality; while we know of very many valuable blocks that have no cisterns near them. More than half the city is destitute of water, for use in case of a fire. Hand engines cannot take water from great distances and play effectively upon a fire. House after house on Piety Hill, or in the central part of the city, might burn while the firemen, for want of water, might look idly on, entirely without power to help. We doubt if there is *any* locality sufficiently supplied with water, for a sudden emergency. This is something for our people, and especially our Councilmen, to think of. No public monies can be better expended than in adding to the means of protectection against fire; and we hope to see a liberal policy, in this direction, inaugurated at once.

The proposition that the city of Portland shall buy the ground along the river between Washington and Morrison streets—the burnt district—is mooted, by the papers. There seems to be a strong sentiment in favor of making an open levee of this part of the city front, since the buildings have been removed by fire. The attempt was made several years ago, by the city to hold this same ground for a public levee, but private claimants, after long and costly lawsuits, secured title, and covered it with buildings. The city front was thereby spoiled, much to the regret of all public spirited people. The city has not a foot of open levee except it may be the length of a block, at the upper end, where it is really not much needed. It ought to secure this property now, if possible and thus have at least one front door.

The result of the vote in the Electoral College is now known. The Electors in the seven States that voted for Greeley and Brown at the polls acted without any unanimity, and many voted on their own hook. The vote for President in these seven States was thus divided: Greeley, 3: B. Gratz Brown, 24; T. A. Hendricks, 42; C. J. Jenkins, 2; David Davis, 1; blank, 8. For Vice-President the vote was divided: Brown, 55; N. P. Banks, 7; G. W. Julian, 5; A. H. Colquitt, 5; J. M. Palmer, 3; T. E. Bramlette, 3; W. S. Grosbeck, 1; W. B. Machen, 1. In Missouri one Elector on the Greeley and Brown ticket refused to vote for Brown either for President or Vice-President—a case without precedent in the history of Presidential elections.

The American judicial mind seems to be marching on. It has now reached the conclusion, extraordinary and astonishing as it may seem, that people who pay their money for a thing are entitled to the value of it. It was not long since decided in a State court that railroad tickets sold as good from one point to another were equally good either way, and that the rules of the company printed thereon were practically of no account. Here is another of the same order. It makes telegraphic companies responsible for failure to transmit messages correctly and deliver them promptly. The decision allows no weight whatever to the fact that the messages are written on blanks with printed denial of their responsibility. The law imposes on them the obligation to do what they receive pay for doing.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The wheat crop of the country this year is estimated by the Agricultural Bureau at 240,000,000 bushels, or 10,000,000 bushels more than for the preceding year, and the quality is also much better. The department estimates the Indian corn crop of the United States to be 8 per cent. above the average. The yield of oats is estimated to be not quite 265,000,000 bushels. Barley is reported as not likely to be less, but poorer than last year, and rye 2 per cent. less in quantity than last year, though generally good.

It is claimed that the immigrants who landed on our shores last year added upward of $285,000,000 to the national wealth, computing their value merely as unskilled laborers. Statistics show, however, that forty-six per cent. of the male immigrants have been trained to various pursuits, half of whom are skilled laborers and workmen. The value of these men to the country can hardly be computed.

A few days ago the dispatches contained an item or two in relation to the arrest of John J. Patterson, Senator-elect of South Carolina. We received no information, however, from them as to the precise nature of the charges against him, though we were left to infer that it was bribery in the Senatorial election. The dispatches have just informed us of the result. He was arrested, as it appears, on charges of bribery; the case was heard, a witness testified that the affidivits were made for black-mail purposes; and the case was dismissed.

A considerable number of the leading newspapers are advocating the proposition to amend the constitution so as to make the President and Vice President elective directly by the people.

An exploring expedition has been fitted out to hunt for the grave of Moses in the land of Moab. A good motto for the party: "When found make a note on it."

Inventors are experimenting with paper, and seeing just to what purpose it may successfully be used. The last proposal is to make window shutters of it, as a safeguard against fire.

FUNERAL.

We are requested to say that the funeral services of Father Waller will begin precisely at one o'clock P. M. at the University. The friends will meet at the family residence at half past twelve, and accompany the remains to the University.

The Springfield Republican demands three years imprisonment and a fine of $300 each for Susan B. Anthony and her fourteen sisters. The Republican parenthetically promises to do all it can be hasten the day when women may vote.

Minnie Myrtle Miller has an engagement to lecture at Chicago. She is now en route to that wicked city, lecturing at the way stations of Nevada and Utah.

The Forty-Third Congress will have one colored Senator and six colored Representatives.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

Letter of Thanks from Mayor Wasserman of Portland to the Mayor and Firemen of Salem.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
PORTLAND, OR., Dec. 23d, 1872.

To the Mayor of the City of Salem:
Dear Sir:—How can I express the gratitude of myself and the citizens of Portland to you and to the noble body of Firemen, who, with their engine, sped so promptly to our call for help in fighting the fire-fiend on Sunday the 22d instant.

Suffice it to say that we one and all hope that the day is far distant when the "Capital City" shall be visited by a similar calamity. Should such a disaster befall you, or if in any other manner we can help you, rest assured you have but to call and the citizens of Portland will promptly reciprocate.

Yours very truly,
PHILIP WASSERMAN, Mayor.

HORACE GREELEY AS A BOY.

Peculiarities of the Early Life of the Great Journalist—A Mother's Influence—Queer Habit in Reading.

Tennyson says that it is the mother makes us most, and it was the fortune of Horace Greeley to have a mother who, to the virtues she inherited from the Woodburns, added many of her own. Mrs. Greeley was the favorite of the township, the natural protector of the weak, the born consoler of the afflicted, the inevitable friend and ally of every child in the neighborhood. She was a great reader, and remembered all she read. She loved agricultural pursuits, was fond of flowers and bees, and had a passion for walking. After working in the fields and the garden, doing the labor of man and woman too, during the day, she would tell the old Irish stories she had learned from her grandmother all the evening. To these stories the boy Horace listened greedily as he sat on the floor at her feet, the glow from the wood fire lighting up his pale face and his white hair. She spun as she narrated, while her boy's attention was divided between the turning wheel and the animated eyes of his mother. Doubtless these passages awoke in the boy's mind a thirst for knowledge and a lively interest in learning. How soon he learned to read is impossible to state with any degree of certainty. Some of his early friends have asserted that his mother taught him to read before he could talk, but this is a manifest absurdity, since the long words would convey to him no meaning. But it is a fact that before he was two years old, he would be upon his back and holding the Bible in his tiny hands, would pore over the leaves with a peculiar solemnity of countenance, and would gravely examine a newspaper, just as other children play with the contents of mamma's workbox. At three years of age he could read easily and correctly books prepared for children in words of one syllable, and at four he would unhesitatingly tackle any of the thirty or forty volumes which comprised his father's library. One of his peculiarities was the extraordinary variety of postures in which he would read, seldom sitting down comfortably like an ordinary mortal, or to curl himself up into an uneasy ball, or to stretch himself out on his stomach. From this singularity it resulted that he could read a book upside down or sideways, to the great astonishment of the neighbors, who looked upon him as a little conjurer. About this time, though under age, he attended the district school of Londonderry, where, indeed, he had no right to be, as his parents lived in Amherst; but his grandfather pressed the matter, and as everybody liked the youthful prodigy, there was no contest.

GREELEY'S FIRST OVERCOAT.

In June, 1830, the "Northern Spectator" was discontinued, and the printing office was broken up. The concern did not pay. Horace Greeley, who had been in the yearly receipt of forty dollars, had not saved a cent of it. Neither had he spent a cent. All he could possibly spare was sent to his father, who had left Westhaven, and was engaged in clearing wild land in Pennsylvania. When his connection with Mr. Bliss closed, his wardrobe consisted of two shirts and the pocket-handkerchief in which they were enveloped, with his last half year's wages of twenty dollars. He had a sore leg, but in spite of this he determined to walk to Pennsylvania. Before he quitted East Poultney, the boarders of the tavern where he had so often held forth, and been the universal arbiter, determined to display their friendly feelings and good wishes in some way most useful to him, so they presented him with an overcoat, the first the young man had ever possessed; for the good son rigorously denied himself warm clothing through the fierce Winters of Vermont so that he might send the more to his parents, struggling with the difficulties of wild land in Erie, Pa.

The new land bounty bill, passed by the House of Representatives as a check against speculating land-grabbers, requires that the party entitled to the warrant under the law must locate the same in his or her own name, and in effect prohibits any assignment of bounty claims prior to the entry. Of course afterward the claim would be saleable, precisely as is other property; otherwise soldiers' widows and heirs who could not settle upon and improve the land would realize virtually nothing. The bill provides that warrants for 160 acres shall be issued to every soldier, officer or musician honorably discharged who served during the war for ninety days, including those who served in the navy, or to the widow or children of such soldiers, seaman, etc., under twenty-one years of age. It is understood, however, that the Senate will refuse to concur, thus defeating the bill.

Three new newspapers are to be started in New York. Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of the "Nation," proposes to establish a daily newspaper in New York with a capital of $100,000, of which $30,000 was said to be raised two weeks ago. Barry Gray, the novelist, announces his intention to issue a new monthly called "The Table," to be devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the pleasures of the table, the science of cooking, and the art of good living. The third of the new enterprises is an illustrated daily, arrangements for which are nearly perfected.

A famine-stricken editor in Pennsylvania tearfully remarks: "Twenty-five cents each is the price asked for California pears in town, and yet we are told that civilization advances, and that Providence tempers the shorn lamb who cannot raise the wind."

STATE NEWS.

From Daily of Wednesday Dec. 25.

Large numbers of settlers are securing homesteads in Coos county.

Dr. J. R. Bayley has bought the Ocean House at Newport, Yaquina Bay.

The Clerk of Douglas county has issued fifty-six marriage licenses this year.

Mayor W. H. Bell, of Portland, has in press a volume entitled, "The Quiddities of an Alaskan Trip."

The National College, burned out Sunday, will re-open in Gilman's Block. Their loss is about 1,000 in furniture.

The late storm seems to have been general, north and south. The telegraph line was down Monday and yesterday.

J. Mortimer Murphy has abundant notes to rewrite the Oregon Directory—lost by the fire—and will begin the work at once.

By the late fire at Portland, the London and Liverpool and Globe Insurance Company lost $17,000, and the Home Mutual $27,000.

The steamer California's brass gun exploded at Astoria a few days ago, on reaching that port, while the signal was being fired. Nobody hurt.

A considerable number of the Portland sufferers, opened business the next morning after the fire. Enterprise and pluck. No contributions needed.

Charley Knowles of Portland, whom everybody knows, has been presented with a "precious metals" cornet. Charley will, hereafter, toot his own horn.

Monday, the down train was delayed nearly three hours between Milwaukie and East Portland, by an accident to a freight car during the afternoon, by which the track was spread. Only a Chinaman hurt.

List of officers of Harmony Lodge, A. F. & A. M. Portland, for the ensuing year: A. B. Richardson, W. M.; U. E. Hicks, S. W.; H. B. Oatman, J. W.; J. L. Atkinson, Treasurer; W. E. C. Macrum, Secretary; A. J. Woodworth, Tyler. Appointed—N. B. Ingals, S. D.; C. E. DuBois, J. D.; D. Rathburn, S.; A. Taylor, S.

From Daily of Thursday Dec. 26.

The earthquake shock was felt at Baker City.

The new Custom House and Post Office at Astoria will soon be completed.

Christian College, Monmouth, claims a larger number of scholars than any other school in the State.

Capt. Chas. Hopkins, one of the sufferers by the Portland fire, had been before burned out six times.

Jake Sprenger, a well-known landlord, is keeping the St. Charles Hotel, Portland, and his making it popular, too.

Maj. Bruce of Lane county raised some peanuts the past season which are equal in flavor and size to the California peanut.

Many of the young trees in the northern part of the State were broken down, Monday, by the weight of snow which lodged on their branches.

The Columbia river is so full of floating ice that steamboats are not able to push through it, and there is no communication with the Dalles, this week.

James Thomas pleaded guilty to two indictments for selling liquor without a license, at the late term of the Circuit Court for Yamhill county, and was fined $50 in each case.

At the recent term of the Circuit Court for Yamhill, the Whitlow case, affecting the title to the town site of Lafayette, was decided adversely to claimant and in favor of the town, which settles the question very much to the satisfaction of some property holders in that town.

A public meeting was held at McMinnville, Dec. 23d, to consider what measures could be taken to improve the navigation of the Yamhill river. A committee was appointed to procure signatures to a memorial to Congress, asking the passage of Corbett's or some similar bill.

BRET HARTE.

He Takes the Wind Out of Redpath.

Bret Harte writes as follows to the Boston "Advertiser:"

For the last two years Messrs. Redpath and Fall, of the Lyceum Bureau, have repeatedly solicited me to enter the lecture field under their auspices. I finally acceded, and in August last, in an interview with Mr. Redpath, stated very clearly the conditions under which I would lecture. On the first of November I received from them a list of engagements whose conditions were totally at variance with those I had named. I at once informed them by letter that I would not accept them, and reiterated my former demand. To this I received no reply, but on the 9th of November, four days before the date of my Boston engagement, not wishing to disappoint a gathered audience pending these purely private and personal negotiations, I telegraphed to Messrs. Redpath and Fall that they must postpone that date. They replied by telegraph the same day that it was impossible, adding that Hartford (my first engagement) would accept my conditions. I at once wrote to them that until all my engagements were made satisfactory, they must postpone or cancel both, and that I would not permit Hartford to be forced at the last moment, into accepting conditions of which they had not been previously aware. To this I added that the Boston fire, then burning, was a sufficient excuse for postponement—an excuse that afterward, in the case of two distinguished lectures, was considered valid, and not particularly "insulting" to a Boston audience.

With a perfect understanding of these details, and with my letter in his pocket, Mr. James Redpath rose before an audience which he had permitted to come together to hear a man who he knew would be absent, charged me with insulting them, depreciated the wares he had asked permission to peddle exclusively—all in the most extraordinary performance, I trust evergiven before a New England lyceum.

I have only to add that it is still my intention to lecture before a Boston audience, but not for Mr. Redpath, nor of him BRET HARTE.

DISTINGUISHED MEN IN CONGRESS.

The next House of Representatives will contain an unusual number of able and prominent men. Beginning with Maine, Speaker Blaine, whose conspicuous talents and sagacious statesmanship are recognized throughout the land, returns for the sixth time, and is accompanied by excellent associates. Mr. Poland, of Vermont, has served in the Senate, and is a solid and influential Representative. Massachusetts, always sending a strong delegation, will in the next Congress surpass herself. Mr. Dawes, whose wise counsel and faithful services are invaluable, takes the lead. The presence of Judge E. Rockwood Hoar is a matter of congratulation. He is known to the people as the late Attorney General of the United States, and as one of the purest and ablest men in public life. William Whiting, who was solicitor o the War Department during the war, and is a lawyer of the first rank, adds strength to the representation, while Samuel Hooper and Geo. F. Hoar are wisely returned. The gain of General Hawley, of Connecticut, is one of the special prizes of the late election. He belongs to that class of bold, statesmanlike thinkers and actors who combine lofty and ideal conceptions with the most practical methods, and his influence in the House, both progressive and conservative, will be exceedingly salutary.

The biggest majorities for Congressmen are as follows: Garfield, of Ohio, 10,945; Willard, of Vermont, 10,410; Hurlbut, of Illinois, 10,406; Crocker, of Massachusetts, 10,341. The smallest are: Dewitt, of New York, 17; Stanard of Missouri, 42, and the Ninth district of Indiana certified to Congress as 27 one way and 41 another.

The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the former are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is the best Christian who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.

THE CITY AND COUNTY.

From Daily of Wednesday Dec. 22.

THE PORTLAND FIRE.

Corrections in the Matter of Losses.

[From the Oregonian Dec. 24th.]

Since our last issue the following additional losses sustained by the late fire have been ascertained, and the necessary corrections made where damages have either been under or overrated:

The loss of Meier & Schmeer, confectioners, is estimated at $8,000; no insurance.

B. F. Hewill, lawyer, lost books, furniture, clothing and papers, loss $600; no insurance.

W. S. Ladd, damage to brick building, loss $100; no insurance.

Damage sustained by the Emmet Guard Armory, wetting of arms and uniforms, $250.

Hall and rooms over McCormick's book store, used as Grant Invincibles Armory, 30 stands of arms and uniforms, total loss, $1,000.

Literary and Mutual Relief Society, library, furniture and banner, loss $500.

Hall of Hiram Lodge Masonic Order, furniture, regalias, banners, etc., loss $800; no insurance.

E. Corbett owned fifty feet and two buildings at the corner of Washington and Front streets; total loss $6,000; insured for $3,000 in the London Imperial.

J. L. Parrish owned twenty five feet and a building on the block between Washington and Alder on the east side of Front; building entirely consumed; loss $2,000.

F. Harbaugh owned twenty five feet and a building on the same block; loss $2,000.

A brick building 25x50 on the same block, belonging to Messrs. T. M. Richardson & G. B. Cook, destroyed, loss $12,000.

A brick building of the same dimensions as the above, adjoining the last mentioned building, totally destroyed; belonging to Messrs. Risley & Hundsakerr; loss $12,000.

The large brick building which stood at the corner of Alder and Front, belonging to Hon. H. W. Corbett; loss $20,000; no insurance.

Corbett, Failing & Co. had stored in the basement of that building 1,000 kegs of nails; loss $8,000; no insurance.

G. W. Traver, entire stock of sewing machines; loss $1,200; no insurance.

Oliver Dennie, photographer, loss $3,000.

Mrs. Cosa Martin, book canvasser, lost in books, clothing and furniture, about $1,900.

Dr. Dickson lost furniture, books, etc., to the value of $750.

Mr. DeFrance, of the Commercial College, lost desks and tables to the amount of $800; no insurance.

The brick building occupied by S. J. McCormick, on Front street, belonged to Mr. C. M. Wieberg, 25x100 feet, was totally destroyed. Loss, $10,000; insured for $5,000 in the Phœnix.

The wooden building standing just south, 25x100 feet, owned by Capt. Holman, destroyed. Loss, $2,000; no insurance.

The next was a wooden building owned by Mr. Gray; not insured; loss, $2,000.

Occidental Hotel, by removal and water. Loss about $5,000.

WAPATO DAYE.—It will be remembered that this siwash gentleman was under a cloud this last fall, on account of having associated too familiarly with certain white men of doubtful character. He became drunk, in fact, and while in that condition, a squaw, of his acquaintance died under such circumstances as compelled David to submit to twelve men the conundrum, "Who Killed Her?" The twelve men being on oath did not undertake to say who killed the gentle creature, but they did conclude that our friend David didn't do it. But, though his honor was thus preserved, his pride was wounded, and David felt that he ought to have redress. He reasoned correctly that if a man sold him whiskey, if he drank that whiskey, and, if by reason of its effects, he perpetrated unseemly and sinful acts, whereby a scandal came upon his good name, the man who sold him the whiskey ought to be jointly a sufferer with him. Thus it comes to pass that esculent David was, this week, a witness in the U. S. District Court, against a man named John McMorrow, who is accused of selling Dave "liquid damnation" in a bottle.

ULTIMATIC.—The Portland papers of yesterday morning speak of the prevalence of a snow storm, and persons who came up yesterday on the train, say that there was considerable snow on the ground. We have had none here, nor has it been cold enough for snow. On the contrary the rain of Monday night was rather warm, and a Chinook wind blew yesterday. There must have been a good many degrees of difference between the thermometers of Salem and Portland. That however is not an unusual thing, as Portland frequently gets the cold winds from Eastern Oregon, while Salem and all the interior of the Willamette valley are entirely exempt from them. It is only when the wind and weather come directly from the north pole, that Salem and Portland are equally frigid.

STORM AND FLOOD.—The rain storm Monday night was the severest we have had this winter. Water fell in such quantities as to flood the streets, ditches, swales, and small streams, everywhere. Mill creek was overflowed yesterday, and the bottom land above the depot was covered with water. If the storm was general throughout the valley we may certainly look for high water in the Willamette. During Monday night, the wind blew nearly a gale, throwing down some insecure signs, and lifting now and then a skylight. A rather heavy one on the STATESMAN office roof was unmercifully shaken as though it were a gossamer.

The Oregonian of yesterday, says: Yesterday the burnt district of the city presented a lively scene. Teams and men were employed in gathering up and removing to places of security different articles of merchandise, furniture, household effects, etc., which have been scattered about the streets and houses to avoid destruction. In some places workmen were engaged in clearing up the burnt and fallen debris, which lies scattered about the streets and sidewalks greatly to the obstruction of travel.

HOW GOOD INTENTIONS ARE BACKED UP.—Two ladies were chatting gaily, when the conversation turned upon the subject of dresses. Lady No. 1 in reply to a facetious remark of No. 2, said: "I'm in no mood for trifling to-day, and I'm backed up in my good intentions by the presence of "Zion's Herald" in my pander." No. 2 remarked: "There's no use in your feeling so particularly good about that; I have the "Christian at Work" in mine!"

ANTE-CHRISTMAS DAY.—Yesterday was the day before Christmas; and it was a lively day, too, for the merchants and shopkeepers. Every place where there was any pretense of keeping a stock of holiday goods, was thronged the entire day, and till a late hour in the evening with crowds of thoughtful papas and mamas and bright-faced children—all looking for something to give to their dear ones. The scene was the most animated we have witnessed in many months.

POETIC AND HUMOROUS.—Mr. Stephen Mayhell, the Lafayette Poet of Oregon, will give the Salem people a treat Saturday evening at the Opera House, in the way of readings of poetic and humorous selections. We cannot speak from personal knowledge of Mr. Mayhell as a reader, but we know that he has received some very flattering notices from newspapers and people of Portland whose opinions are entitled to great weight.

ANOTHER BOARDER.—Landlord Wm. Watkinds obtained another boarder Monday evening. The new arrival is one Dan Conway who "got his start in Yamhill" and comes to stay three years. Conway tried to carve his enemy with a knife, and that is how he came to be transplanted to Marion county.

TRAIN DELAYED.—The regular mail train from the south was delayed yesterday, by some accident, the exact nature of which we could not learn, on account of the telegraph lines being down. A number of passengers who went out to the depot at the usual hour, to go to Portland finally slept in Salem.

NO PAPER TO-MORROW.—In accordance with time-hallowed custom, the printers will enjoy this Christmas holiday, every individual printer in his own way, in consequence of which no paper will be published to-morrow morning.

SWELLING.—Under the influence of the copious showers of Monday and Monday night, the Willamette river rose yesterday, eight or ten feet. It is now a roaring river.

From Daily of Thursday Dec. 26.

PERILS ON RAIL.

The Delayed Train—Slides on the Track—Washouts and Embankments Gone—Bridges Swept Away—Work of Matter and Wrath of Roads—A Lively Shake-Up.

Our readers of Wednesday morning were made aware that the down train of Tuesday had been several hours delayed, by some accident, the nature of which could not