

WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1877

REV. NICHOLAS BOWEN.

From the Santa Barbara Daily Advertiser we clip the following, as the gentleman referred to has many warm friends here who will be pleased to hear from him:

"This gentleman, who has been pastor of the Methodist Church in this place for the past two and a half years, has received an appointment from Government to join with Major J. W. Powell, (who gave us an interesting account of the exploration of the Colorado River last year) in a scientific exploration of this portion of California, and he has resigned the pastorate of the church to go into the work."

Mr. Bowen, during his residence here, has been a faithful worker in his church and has drawn about him a large and intelligent congregation, who have bestowed upon him their highest respect and esteem. In this respect he has been of vast help to Santa Barbara; but his chief work, in which he has identified the place with himself, has been his indefatigable research in archaeological science. He has a monograph now in print in the Government printing office at Washington, in which, with the title subject, "Aboriginal Man," he has said much that will bring our climate and locality into favorable notice among the scientific men of many lands.

His field of work in his new capacity will be in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, and we shall not lose sight of Mr. Bowen altogether. In this change the church has lost the active work of a valuable and conscientious man who served it through faith and duty, and science has gained a disciple who will follow her from pure love of his heart. The appointment is an appropriate one.

SILVERTON ITEMS.

MARCH 30, 1877.

EDITOR STATESMAN: I saw in the STATESMAN of today a notice of the death of Mr. Brooks, of Silverton. Mr. Brooks was not a resident of Silverton, but lived about four miles below here near the Poudre river. From the best information that I can get, the facts are as follows: Mr. Brooks was an old man and had been living alone on a piece of land and cutting off the brush and clearing it up for pasture. His brother, who lives near Salem, was out to the place, plowing, and after dinner the old gentleman told his brother that he would take his gun and go out and kill a grouse. About four o'clock he came back past where his brother was plowing, and told him he would go up to the house and get supper. In about ten or fifteen minutes the man that was plowing heard the report of a gun, and supposing that his brother had shot a grouse, concluded he would go up to the house, where his brother was. On arriving there he did not see him, but on going out in front of the house he saw him lying dead on the ground. It would seem that he had laid down with his head against a tree, and his gun between his legs, placing the muzzle under his chin, and with a stick in his hand touched the trigger, causing it to explode, killing him instantly. H.

The Waverly.

Is the name of the new club organized on Thursday night at the residence of Mr. Robert Scott—with J. M. Scott, in this city—with the following management: President, Geo. W. Belt; Vice President, Miss Georgia Carpenter; Directors, H. H. Giffry, Robert Harrison, E. Meyer; Committee on Invitation, Miss Addie Scriber, Miss McNary, Blaise D. Riskey. The next regular meeting of the club will be for Friday night, April 6th, at the residence of Warner Breyman.

Terrell & Gillingham.

One of the firm, Mr. Gillingham, has just returned from San Francisco, where it was his pleasure to select especially for their own trade just such goods as the ladies are always expected to find at this house—stylish and seasonable—selected with care; having in view all the combinations desirable, good goods, stylish, and at fair prices.

Murphy & Crossman.

Purchased, in San Francisco, for cash, the finest stock of clothing lately ventured on in this country, and will open it out in their new store, on Commercial street, during the coming week. Due notice of opening will be given. It is business now with Al.

Bound South.

Gen. M. V. Brown, and Mrs. Baker, fresh and blooming from the metropolis, were on the south bound train Friday. They would have stopped over, but had no such tickets, and the conductor would not be responsible for their conduct and they went home.

Sociable.

A large crowd was in attendance on the entertainment given at Reed's Opera House on Friday night. The programme was such, and carried out in a manner as to give complete satisfaction. The church probably profited largely.

Humor.

Has it that Capt. C. P. Crandall, will return to Oregon soon and take a position on the Oregonian staff. We can imagine a very strong team on the Oregonian and the Captain would be part of that team.

Nostalgia.

Thos. Watts reports the Nostalgia country as not the most desirable country in the world. He lost 200 head of sheep this last winter, the grass being of a poor quality, and lacking in quantity, as well.

Ex-Gov. Geo. L. Woods.

We see by a San Jose paper that Gov. Woods was announced for a lecture in that city—subject, "Mohammed," for a benefit of the Art Association of San Jose.

Trunks.

The STATESMAN is under obligations to Jay W. Cox for a copy of amended school laws of Oregon.

Large Mail.

The Chester brought a large paper mail. It comes in fine order, and our postoffice officials give it to us in good shape as fast as possible after arrival.

Don't forget the lecture to be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Anthony at the M. E. Church in Salem on Friday evening, April 6th. Miss Odell Chamberlain will favor the audience with a solo.

(From Sunday Morning's Daily.)
UP COAST PASSENGERS.
The O. S. S. Company's steamship Geo. W. Elder which left San Francisco for Portland Saturday, brings the following

LIST OF PASSENGERS:
H. Hewitt & wife,
Miss Rittenhouse,
D. F. Bradford,
G. L. Green,
G. W. Howe,
A. Waldman,
Mrs. C. Butler,
P. P. Smith,
Rev. E. Davis,
S. Maine,
J. B. McKee,
Miss N. E. Lewis,
E. Wingale,
T. K. Brown,
H. McFarly,
Ben Simpson,
J. Lyster,
D. F. Snyder & fam.,
F. S. Henry,
T. Whalan & fam.,
Mrs. H. Aroh,
Mrs. W. Durnell,
John Adair,
John Tell,
Col. J. McCracken,
M. Myer,
Mrs. H. W. Vandervort,
C. J. Smith,
A. S. Cannon & fam.,
J. Kohn,
Mrs. E. W. Moxley,
Chin Ah Gam,
Hon. L. F. Grover,
W. H. Horton,
W. J. McCommick,
W. T. Latham,
S. Harris,
D. H. Carson,
Mrs. A. B. Howard,
G. A. Mooney,
P. Selling,
Miss Jackson,
D. P. Thompson,
J. H. Lovell,
M. Soltmarsh,
Mrs. Davis & son,
J. S. Rosenbaum,
F. Frazier,
Mrs. J. Q. A. Bowditch,
J. S. Newell & fam.,
T. F. Miner & fam.,
Miss Minnie Hardy,
Hon. J. S. Kelly & fam.,
Z. F. Moody,
J. F. Harris,
M. Sternberger,
C. Brennan,
O. M. Brown,
W. H. Fry & wife,
J. Johnson,
R. Ballard & fam.,
Lieut. W. Witte U. S. A.,
and wife.

Important Transfer.

Negotiations have been pending for some days between Hon. H. W. Corbett, Henry Failing, Esq., and Messrs B. Goldsmith and Joseph Teal for the transfer of all the right, title and interest in the Willamette Transportation and Locks Company from the latter to the former gentlemen. Saturday the negotiations were concluded. After a year ago the Oregon Steam Navigation Company purchased a controlling interest in the W. T. & L. Co. Messrs. Goldsmith and Teal retaining the remainder of the stock. By the conditions of the late transfer these gentlemen have disposed of their entire interest in the company to Messrs. Corbett and Failing, and retire from the corporation. As near as can be ascertained, Messrs. Goldsmith and Teal held a little less than one half of the stock, which will continue to give O. S. N. Co. the controlling interest in the new corporation. The property owned by the Willamette Transportation and Locks Company includes the locks at Oregon City, wharves, warehouses and basin, two large wharves and warehouses at Astoria, and also the following steamers: Occident, Orient, Willamette Chief, Fannie Patton, Champion, Bonanza, Dayton, Aliso, E. N. Cook and Oklahama.—[Oregonian.]

Social Reunion.

It will be remembered that some time since we hinted at a reunion of those who took part in the musical and literary entertainment, given for the benefit of the Guild of St. Paul's church, in this city, given about the middle of February last. The close of the Lenten season again brings the matter up and arrangements have been made to have it take place on Wednesday evening next, at the residence of Mrs. Jos. Holman, on Court street. It promises to be a very pleasant affair, and will at least show that the ladies of the Guild appreciate the efforts of those who so kindly volunteered for that occasion. Special invitations will be issued to those who participated, while all who are members of the Guild and their families are of course expected to be present.

Surgical.

A painful, though skillful surgical operation was performed on the wife of James Lowry, a farmer, near Buena Vista, yesterday, by Dr. Carpenter, assisted by Drs. Reynolds, Richardson, Jessup and Hall. A cancer of some years' standing had formed on the above lady's breast, which rendered the operation necessary, and which was successfully performed at the private boarding house of Mr. Delaney, in the presence of several of the young students from the University, who evinced much intelligent watchfulness during the progress of the operation. Mr. Lowry called at our office yesterday afternoon and expressed his deep thankfulness to the medical gentlemen for their skill and humanity on the occasion. We are glad to learn from him that the patient is doing well.

Harbor of Refuge.

A correspondent writing from Newport, Yaquina Bay, March 26th, says: "After a long and fierce storm, with a high sea running, the U. S. steamer Shubrick is now lying in what we hope, some day, to be the 'Harbor of Refuge' for this North Pacific coast. She is unloading light house supplies, and is as quiet as though she was anchored in the Bay." [Corvallis Gazette.]

New Post Office.

At Smith's ferry—Melama. A special office has been established at this point, for the accommodation of a large settlement; J. J. Blair has been appointed post-master. Things will be in working order in a few days.

Immigration.

We are informed by Mr. Thayer, a reliable gentleman, introduced by Jones & Patterson, from Minnesota, that 100 families would emigrate to Oregon from one county—Wataman—in Minnesota this summer. There is room and Oregon wants people more than anything else. We have the country.

Steamer Flag.

"Cy," Woodworth, the manager of the steamer flag on the Chemeketa, informs us that hereafter when the steamer is telegraphed at Astoria—or as arriving at Astoria—the flag will be run up half mast, and as soon as it arrives at Portland the flag will be "way up"—which means as high as Cy can send it.

Died.

At the Commercial Hotel, in this city, on Saturday the 31st inst., F. S. Hovey, late one of the leading grocers of this city, after a brief illness. The remains will be interred in the Odd Fellows Cemetery on Monday at 2 o'clock P. M. Friends are invited to attend.

Died.

We learn that the wife of Hon. Wm. Case, near Battleville, died yesterday. Did not learn the nature of the disease.

Silly Chickens.

Luther Myers has a decided taste for fancy chickens, and from actual observation we pronounced his "Spangled" and "Hamburgs" pretty as pictures.

(From Tuesday Morning's Daily.)
DIED.

HARRISBURG, April 2, 1877.

EDITOR STATESMAN: I write informing you of the death of Mr. John Curtis, one of our oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, which occurred early this morning, and is supposed to have been the result of an apoplectic fit. The facts are as follows: Preparatory to planting his garden he was taking a harrow to his place, and in passing along by Smith's he was observed by Mr. M. J. Bramwell to release the lines and sway backward, almost back on to the harrow, after which he seemed to partially revive, but only for a moment, when he dropped the reins altogether and settled on to the bottom of the wagon bed, from which the horses, finding themselves free, ran about one fourth of a mile, when they were caught. B.

His Final Rest.

The funeral of Frank S. Hovey took place on Monday, the 24th day of April, on the funeral of his brother, Hon. A. G. Hovey, from his home at Eugene. Everything was in readiness for the funeral, having been directed by Mr. Hovey, by telegraph, and himself reaching here by the first train after the death. We learn that deceased was born in the State of New Hampshire and came with his parents to Ohio while about twelve years old, where he resided until about five years ago, when he came to Oregon and engaged in business with his brother, but two years ago moving his business to Salem. He died in the forty-fifth year of his age. Gentle and generous, he left not an enemy in the world, and we confidently believe he is resting in peace, to whatever country his spirit has taken its flight.

Commercial Hotel Safe Robbery.

Sunday night Mr. Graves, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, in this city, had occasion to visit the sick room of his daughter, and missed his pants, in which were his safe keys. Two men were on night watch, but deny any knowledge of the matter farther than they were out of the room for a few moments to get some lunch. The safe was a locked and about \$1,300 in gold abstracted therefrom. Some silver was not taken—the discount was too great—the robbers could not stand it. Search was instituted, and Monday morning, in a back woodshed, the money was found buried in some rubbish. No arrests made. Mr. Graves thinks himself very fortunate in getting off so nicely.

Lecture.

"Is Atheism Possible?" was the theme of the lecture at the First Presbyterian Church, Sabbath evening. Foundation of the remarks was taken from the words, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." In the argument the Rev. H. P. Peck left no ground on which the Atheist could rest the sole of his foot; no hope on which he could rest securely; no belief on which to base even his own rational or intellectual existence. The singing prior to the lecture was far too short, and the choir will do well to remember that the "song service" is a feature appreciated by the public. The singing was good, of course, but not enough of it.

Climate.

We sampled and tasted, yesterday, some apples, in perfect preservation, picked from the tree on April 1st, from an orchard in Polk county, owned by J. W. Fiedler. The apples were picked by Lewis Pettijohn, of this county. The tree from which the apples were picked was full of bloom for another crop. Talk about your climate, why Oregon beats the world—for red apples, and some other things.

Piscatorial.

Fred. McAdams, Prof. Haas, and several others, have arranged for a fishing match on next Saturday. All are to commence at the same time, sitting or standing sufficiently close together for an umpire to see and hear all of them. If any one of the party speaks for the space of two hours he is "sunk" for refreshments, and the one catching the smallest number of fish pays for a fine supper at Pete Emerson's.

Allen Parker.

We learn from Albany that Mr. Parker has not succeeded in making an arrangement with his creditors, and a strong probability of his being thrown into bankruptcy, notwithstanding Mr. Parker has offered everything that a man could individually yet there are other interests that hang off.

Good Appointments.

Indian Agent Rook has made good selections for teachers—Rev. L. M. Nickerson, principal teacher; Mrs. Nickerson, matron; Geo. Nickerson, assistant teacher. We think better selections would be hard to make. They will soon take their departure for Klamath Agency.

New Potatoes.

Not exactly—but Mr. Gorman says if we don't believe that he has new potatoes he will dig some and bring them up; but we don't doubt his word and he keeps the potatoes.

Willamette University.

Fourth term of the Collegiate year of the Willamette University will commence next Monday April 9th.

School Election.

Total vote cast 529. Jay Cox was elected Clerk and R. H. Dearborn, Director. Considerable interest was taken by friends of candidates.

A. Oakley Hall.

Turns up in London under an assumed name. Who wants him?

A hunter in Cumberland, Maryland, tells the following as a true story: "He was in a tree waiting for deer to pass; raised the gun to fire at one, but just then he saw a panther above him in the tree. He dropped from the tree, falling on the deer, breaking its back. He then saw a bear near by, and was about to fire at him, when the panther sprang upon the bear and mortally wounded it. Just then he fired at the panther, killing it, and thus secured the panther, deer and bear."

Commodore Vanderbilt used to say "no, sir," and "yes, sir," to the ladies, and that's another proof that he was insane when he drew his will. "Ma," said a little fellow, while looking at a picture of Cupid, "I should think that little angel would have some clothing like these wings and a bow and arrow."

THE TRAVELER.

After Home—a long way

BY FIBRANCE.

See where you broken down
Disciple of the Immortal Faust.
With measured tread and hunger-eaten form,
Monks up the office stair.
He comes, not as erst he did—
When, in the bloom of youth,
And on his first tramp, he did make
The corridors resound again to the light
And airy tripping of his feet,
But with his head
Bow'd far down on his shrinking shoulders,
With hesitating step, which tells
Of many a cold rebuff, which yet may come

For well he knows the world has grown
Cold and heartless to unwarmed ones.
And he fears again to hear that heartless "no!"

Now seeks he out the man who "sets"
Far in that alley by the window side,
For surely his most pitiful appeal
Will find a ready listener there.

"Faltering step he slides along the floor,
And smokes he then his pipe.
Thus he: 'Say, pard, have you about your
clothes
Such a little thing as a chew of tobacco?'"

Will he say no?

In breathless suspense he watches every motion
Of his face,
And now with one great bound
Up leaps his heart.

He hath it—he may have some—
And rolling the soft morsel underneath his
tongue,
Forth once more glides he to buffet
With the cold and chilly waves of cruel fate.

PARAGRAPH IC.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves.—Siddney.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

To my inward vision things are achieved when they are well begun.

As words can never be recalled, speak only such words as you never wish to recall.

Adam was the father of everybody, and that's a parent to us all.

A name for a new life insurance company—The Mutual Confidence (Limited).

Eugenie now says that trying to be fashionable is trying to be miserable. She must have had a wretched existence.

The Detroit Free Press is mistaken. Democrats do not go to heaven. We regret that it is so, but they are counted out.

W. P. Barnes, Deputy U. S. Marshal, passed down to Portland yesterday, having in charge a woman under arrest for complicity in counterfeiting, in Southern Oregon.

There is an average of three women to one man in Monroe county, New York, and no wonder a fellow doesn't feel like going to evening gatherings.

Mr. Moody is not making many converts in Boston. The Boston mind inclines to discuss rather than salvation, and discussion never comes to an end.

The Philadelphia papers are agitating for the introduction of "the needle in public schools." The boys who practice with pins have been preparing the way for this innovation.

"Two-thirds of the members of Congress," says a Washington paper, "are suffering with severe colds." Here's a chance for the doctor to make a raid on the national coughers.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

A French girl advertises that she has 600,000 frames and fads would marry a good-looking man. With \$100 capital almost any American newspaper man could aspire to her hand; but store-clothes cost, and tradesmen are getting to be exceedingly cautious.

Indiana is taxed \$180,000 for school taxes this year, and notwithstanding this fact a letter was found in Logansport the other day from a young man to his sweetheart, in which he said: "I love you, and I hope you will go to geans when you die."

Advertising is a good thing, but when a prominent grocer carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the preacher's head while he read his prayers, the bystanders thought he was running the thing into the ground.

Tox—"Hullo, Bill, how's your mate, Jack?" Bill—"Oh, he's dead, poor old Jack is, through catchin' a cold-sweepin' up the snow." Tox—"Poor chap, he am sorry. Ah well! I won't 'ave to sweep up no snow where 'e's gone to."

There is an undefinable something in the tempered breeze, in this spring-time that reminds the average urchin to begin his far-seeing calculation as to the number of Sunday schools he can successfully join between now and the opening of the picnic season.

Senior class-room. Mr. L.—"Doctor, could the wicked find any pleasure in associating with the good in the next life?" Dr. A.—"No, sir." Mr. L.—"Then wasn't God kind to provide hell for their comfort?" [Rochester Campus.]

London Fun: Fond mother: "Why, what is the matter with my darling? Nurse tells me you don't want to get up yet. Has your last night's gaiety made you ill, pet?" Pet (who has been to a child's dance the night before): "Oh, no! not at all mamma; but it's the proper thing; every lady lies in bed late after a ball!"

A Rochester book agent went into a house in West Rome on his dignity, and tried to sell a copy of "Helen's Babies." He came out on his ear. There were twins in the house, and the folks knew more about babies and the other place than could be put in a stack of books as big as a church.—[Rome Sentinel.]

A clergyman was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping to review occasionally that which he had written, and to erase that which he disapproved, when he was accosted by his little son, who numbered but five summers: "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child," replied the father. "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

There is something refreshing in the absolute astonishment that visitors to a printing office sometimes display at the commonest things. "What is that black looking thing a-swinging up in that corner?" is sometimes asked by an unsophisticated observer; and the nearest true answer: "That is the printing office towel. We always stand it up in the corner." Tribune.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HUELAT & EASTHAM.

Attorneys-at-Law.

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O'Dell's new brick, No. 1
St. First street.
S. HUELAT, Portland.
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JAMES F. BROWN.

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.

Eugene City, Oregon.

J. A. APPECATE.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

SALEM, OREGON.

Office opposite the Bank, in Griswold's Block.
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JOHN J. DALY.

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Rooms in Butler's Old Store, Dallas, Oregon.
Will practice in the State and U. S. Courts. Col-
lections a specialty. JNO. J. DALY.
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Office in Patton's Brick Building, Up Stairs.
march2375

J. W. McAFEE, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

OFFICE—Griswold's Block, Up Stairs.

P. C. SULLIVAN.

Attorney-at-Law.

Will hereafter be found at the southeast corner
room of Reed's Opera House, up stairs.
Salem, Oct. 4-1877

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Tenders his professional services to the people
of Seaside and vicinity. He will go anywhere in the
State to act surgically when called upon. dec1

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OF THE
Chronic Diseases
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Manufacturer of
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Come in and examine our new goods.
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A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

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Commercial St. Salem.

Look Here!

J. M. COULTER

IS NOT DEAD NOR YET SLEEPING, BUT
is alive and kicking, and ready to furnish you
with all kinds of

Cooper-Ware.

IN
Salem or East Portland.

Shop in Salem on the lot where I built the brick
on Commercial street. Shop in East Portland at
the landing of the Stark street ferry.
All work warranted of the best. feb1d4

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