

THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

The whole country has been for weeks excited by the charges which Theodore Tilton has brought against Henry Ward Beecher. The case promises to be carried into the courts, but the preliminary examination held before a committee of Plymouth Church has been completed, and the general results given to the world, and on the evidence thus furnished many have formed an opinion. While the evidence is not satisfactory or convincing, the facts adduced show us on one side the name, reputation, and grey hairs of Beecher, who has for many years filled a most prominent place in the minds of the American people. He is now past the heyday of life, and growing old, as well with his immense mental labors as with the burden of years, and such as he is, and as the world has known and honored him, he stands forth to-day before God and man and protests that he is innocent of the sin charged upon him.

Theodore Tilton is known as an erratic and gifted journalist. Having editorial control of the most popular religious journal of our day he wandered off to the fold of Free Love, and became entangled in the devices, if not seduced by the charms, of the notorious Woodhull. He fell from his high position, and was removed from his editorial charge by the influence of his once friend, Beecher, advising thereto. Tilton is morbidly sensitive, and so mentally ill-balanced and weak, as well as false and vindictive, that we cannot respect his evidence. The man who could become a Free Lover is not worthy of respect; the man who could condone with Beecher for the profanation of a wife's virtue and be friends with him thereafter, as he claims to have done with Beecher, is too contemptible to be believed, and so far we have no evidence save that of Tilton and his friend Moulton, who was his confidential companion in Free Love, and from Beecher's later evidence seems to have acted as Tilton's agent to black-mail Beecher to the extent of seven thousand dollars.

The proof Beecher has furnished of having been black-mailed has won for him a much better hearing than he could else have expected. Nothing could put his accusers in a more truly contemptible character before the world than to show that they worked upon either his fears or his benevolence to extort from him large sums of money to appropriate to their own use. The two witnesses against him are Tilton and Moulton, who themselves do the black-mailing. Their evidence does not weigh with this gross imputation upon their honesty, and the world receives Moulton's supplemental evidence, that Beecher confessed his guilt to him repeatedly, with utter scorn. Men do not run about confessing such sins to outsiders. Beecher's story is far more probable as to his intense anxiety at believing that he had injured Tilton and had ruined the prospects of a family he dearly loved, and charging his extravagant expressions to that cause. He convicts himself of a weakness no one would have believed possible, but greatness and weakness are so mixed in humanity that we need not find the story impossible of belief.

It remains to ask: How could Tilton sacrifice the reputation of his wife and the honor of his name? Beecher and Mrs. Tilton each testify that Tilton had frequently accused his wife of infidelity with a number of persons, so there is reason to believe the man to have been of unsound mind, and insane on that matter at least, and it will not be strange (if such is proved) to be the case, and that, as we have long known, has been the opinion entertained by many persons in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Tilton is a woman we can afford to pity for her great weakness as well as for her sorrow. If she is guiltless and white-souled, she is confronted by her own confessions, and if we are to believe her own evidence that those confessions were extorted from her when on a sick bed, we must still wonder at the surprising weakness of a woman who under any circumstances could sign away her good fame. The whole case is so paradoxical that we can afford to receive her story with the rest.

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.

Almost all newspapers, especially agricultural journals, are desirous for correspondence from their subscribers.

This opens a channel for intelligence that is interesting to every reader. It gives an interchange of thoughts and experiences upon subjects of vital interest obtainable in no other manner. We wish to say one word to amateur writers which may be instructive to them, and which we are sure they will take kindly.

There are a few arbitrary rules for writing for the press, and they are easily followed.

First, write only on one side of your paper. The copy is often obliged to be cut to accommodate the type setters.

When written on both sides this is very inconvenient.

Short communications are better written on note paper. Separate each sheet; write distinctly with ink; never leave the spelling of a word in doubt. If you are not very certain, consult your dictionary. Study your sentences and improve upon their construction. Write briefly and to the point. When it is all finished neatly, page carefully at the top, write your real name and address upon a separate slip of paper. Lay your first page with the written side down, next on this, and so on; then fold neatly. This manner of placing the sheets makes it convenient for the manuscript readers; and, if you have anything to say, do not fear to say it.

FAST HORSES.—Trial of the speed of horses as an amusement, seems to be gaining favor throughout the country. So much encouragement has been given by the lovers of the horse, that the rearing, training and supplying the market with the best specimens of the animal is becoming in Oregon a regularly organized business. And a great deal of capital is invested in it. It is frequently the case that the largest owners of the horses have nothing to do with betting upon the result. They make a profit either by good sales, or by taking premiums offered.

FROM THE CITY BY THE SEA.

The Rush to the Sea Side—Cheap Fare—Solomon Fish Aristocracy—An Astoria Boarding House—Boiling Cocktails—A Standing Joke—A New Idea in Boat Building—Hunt's Tide—Intelligent and highly Educated Crews—Etc., Etc.

ASTORIA, August 14, 1874.

MR. EDITOR: I must acknowledge that this year finds me in straightened circumstances. I thought that I must abandon the idea, for this season, of taking the pleasure excursion that all fashionable people are supposed to take to keep up appearances. I had my servant girl to tell all comers forthwith that we were not at home. I mean my family and I, that we were over at the coast rusticing, while we locked ourselves in doors and tried to make ourselves as happy as possible.

But I got tired of that, I must out, it was too confining, I would borrow some money, any way to have a pleasant day by the sea-side, and off I went to Astoria and left my wife at home.

As soon found I was not the only person going to the sea-side, in fact it takes three or four boats daily to carry there all the people that are going. The rates of fare on the boats I found were graded from 50 cents to \$1 according to class of boat and company. I must needs take the best boat and go in best company, so I took the Willamette Gulf, the \$1 boat.

There were widows seeking husbands, widowers seeking wives; mothers with their daughters seeking beaux, and fathers with their sons seeking desirable acquaintances for them.

It would be useless to describe or try to describe the dresses of these fashionable ladies on an excursion like this. They had heard that the fishermen about Astoria were a wealthy class and as free with their money as generous hearted people could be, so they had set nice little salmon-shaped charms made of gold, here and there through their hair or now and then on a watch chain, breast pin, or bracelet, other, however, would wear nice little breast pins made to represent rafts of saw logs, etc., out of respect to the principal occupation of people of this country.

The hotels all being full, I went to a private house for board and lodging, where I was served along with many other pleasant ladies and gentlemen with all the delicacies the sea-side affords. Having a voracious appetite it took many of the clams, oysters, crabs, rock oysters, rock cod, tom cod, herring, bass, flounders, salmon, smelt and other fishes to satisfy me. But I was doing well, I felt as though I did not begrudge the money that brought me to the "City by the Sea." But a change came. It was the result of an interview, somewhat private, with my landlord, he gave me advice as a disinterested party. He said that there was considerable danger of parties unused to the diet of Astoria taking too much. That unknowingly they laid in superabundance of adipose tissue as to be burdensome to themselves for the remainder of their lives. I saw the disinterested point to his advice, and thanked him very kindly. I went to a house where the temptation was not so great.

A gentleman from Portland who had made up his mind not to be surprised at anything he found here good to eat, but he must try it, sighted a cocoa nut at one of the grocery stores, not having been much of a market-borne, he knew nothing of the new kind of fruit and supposed it must be indigenous in this vicinity. The grocer-man in answer to his inquiries told our friend that it was very good but best boiled. Taking it to his room he procured a kettle from his landlady, and proceeded to cook the thing for a private repast. The cooking was afterward a victim of a joke. But a few days a landman citizen wanted our cocoa nut (Po. security, to loan him some money on ample front, the security being a few feet water, time several miles from town. It was then for our cocoa nut man to talk. His answer was, "who told you I boiled a cocoa nut." This little burg is considerably excited.

over a new boat just landed. It has many good and new points, it is called the Susan Jane, from Klaskanine. I saw many able and prominent steamboat men viewing it with admiration and wonder, among whom were Mr. Geo. W. Waddler of O. S. S. Co., Genl. Sprague of N. P. R. R. Co., Mr. Ainsworth of O. S. N. C., Mr. Moody, too, said that it was just the thing for carrying the mail from Portland to the Dalles, on his contract, on account of its speed and economy of construction. The craft is propelled by wind power, about 16 ft. beam, 60 ft. length, has fore and aft masts, 4 ft. bold, sides and bottom are made entirely of cord wood.

The principal topic in connection here is the tides, instead of speaking about the weather or health, on meeting, the usual questions are "how's the tide," "when does the tide change," etc., etc.

One scarcely ever tires of sight-seeing here. It is interesting to watch coming and going boats. The myriads of bathers along the beach, and last but not least the crows. This bird is remarkable for its intelligence. It will dig up the clams from beach and carrying them to a great height let them fall on the rocks in order to break the shell to obtain the meat. They have also been seen to build fires on the beach afterward, and cook them.

Yours truly,  
CITY BY THE SEA.

AT YAQUINA BAY.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking perhaps, that some of your readers would like to hear some more about Yaquina Bay and having noticed that it is not altogether uncommon for pleasure seekers to give an account of their trips, etc., I thought that I would muster up all the courage I had and give to you a few items of what I saw at the Yaquina.

First permit me to remark that the roads are very good for mountain roads, and after having traveled two and a half days we found ourselves at the summit of a mountain looking out upon the mighty ocean, and soon the waves were dashing at our feet and using the expression of one of our party, "the goose hung high."

After having taken a critical examination of our surroundings we concluded that we would stretch our tent near Newport, a thriving little town near the mouth of Yaquina Bay and thus afford ourselves of as much company as possible.

After dinner I thought I would take a stroll through the town and in company with myself I went up to the "Ocean House," a nice hotel looking out upon the Bay. At this place is a croquet ground and it is a great amusement for people out on a pleasure trip to meet there and have fun playing croquet. Everybody wants to beat, which makes the game all the more interesting. Mrs. Sawtelle of that place and Miss Ollie Barker of Elk City are numbered among the best players, likewise Mr. Gearhart of Corvallis, and I believe that it was with these players that your correspondent would go away with any party that would offer or even dare to play against us.

There are two light houses near Yaquina, one at Newport, the other at Cape Foulweather. The Newport light house under the charge of Captain Pierce, is classed a fifth rate light house and on making a visit to this place we were kindly conducted over the various apartments and pains were taken to give all the desired information. The Captain has in his possession quite a number of Indian relics, among which I noticed a variety of bows and poisoned arrows and species of canoes and a great variety of bead work, also carved images representing fish, birds, etc., all of which went to exhibit the ingenuity of the former Indians.

The light house at Cape Foulweather is of the first class and is five miles from Newport. On making a visit here we were conducted up the winding stair way of the tower, which is about 100 feet high. This light house is under the charge of Captain Crosby, whom we found very sociable and entertaining, explained to us the nature of the lamp, which alone cost \$18,000 while the whole structure itself costs \$90,000.

The schooner "Theresa" came into the Bay while we were there and nothing could have been more grand than seeing the vessel sail over the bar from the ocean. When she was landed the Captain of the vessel took us all on board and seemed to take delight in explaining to us the manner in which the vessel was managed at sea. On Sunday Dr. Hill of Albany preached an excellent sermon to the people of Newport and the campers round about, after which the Captain of the schooner offered to take all on a pleasure trip up the Bay about six miles, free of charge; a great many went and of course had a good time. I did not go, however, as my attention was attracted in another direction.

Bathing is a great sport for all those who go prepared and equipped with bathing suits. Nothing could have created more laughter than seeing the women folks in bathing, some of whom would waddle around in the wet sand a little and then all at once get frightened, thinking, perhaps, that they had got out into the middle of the ocean.

This place is well supplied with fish and rock oysters. Thousands of fish lie dead along the beach which the tide brings in during the night. In the morning the Indians pick some of them up and take them off for their own use—none but Indians will eat them, as they are considered not to be a health fish.

One morning while we were eating breakfast we heard shouting and yelling, and looking down on the beach I saw Indians and white people running along the beach, some with revolvers, panic-stricken as it were over something, I knew not what. Seizing my little rifle I ran and was met by a couple of Indians with the exclamation "Hya, hya." Overtaking the crowd I ascertained that the excitement was caused by a large sea lion that had been found asleep on the shore and had been surrounded by the Indians to keep it from getting back into the sea. They had got the animal into a pool of water that extended out on the beach when the tide was down. When I arrived the Indians and others were shooting at it with revolvers—none of which seemed to take effect. Bringing my rifle up to my shoulder I took good aim and fired, the bullet having penetrated

the brain, it threw up its head and fell in the water dead. It was too heavy for the Indians to get ashore, weighing between six and seven hundred pounds, so that it was necessary for it to be cut to pieces before it could be brought on shore. Many were the congratulations that I received from Indians as well as white persons, and I thought myself as I surveyed the unfortunate monster! "Hurrah" for WILLY ALLEN.

FROM CEDAR CAMP.

SILVERTON, Aug. 29th, 74.

MR. EDITOR: Having just returned from an interesting ramble in the vicinity of Cedar Camp which is located some 18 or 20 miles east of this place in the foot-hills of the Cascade range we consider that we have been well paid for the trip.

This has been a remarkable season for picnicking, rustling, blackberrying, etc., and as every one likes to have something to say about their various excursions, we will try to keep pace with the popular whim "that every one who rusticates can write." Tuesday the 11th inst., found us comfortably seated besides our generous hearted Egg Peddler of Seanty Grass, who seemed to enjoy the fresh air, and very frequently taking occasion to spin his big yarns. We had a very pleasant ride notwithstanding we had a lively little shower about 4 p. m. After coming in to the dead timber some of our party seeing some green leaves growing out of the trunk of a decaying tree remarked that it was the highest salad they ever saw. Well, yes! pretty hi fur "sal-lal" responded Tom, the Egg Peddler, but I've seen Sal Perkins higher up a tree than that.

We arrived at the camp at a late hour but fortunately found a vacant cabin which belonged to Mr. Scott, a shingle-maker, who had gone home to harvest his grain, and as he gave us the liberty on the way up to make ourselves comfortable at his house we turned in. After partaking of some cake and coffee we retired to sleep soundly.

Wednesday, Aug. 12th, fair weather, picked berries in the forenoon, visited in the evening.

Thursday, Aug. 13th, rained all day, spent the greater portion of the day in idle gossip.

Friday, Aug. 14th, was a lovely morning and at the hour of 7, the camp presented a scene of confusion, every one seemed to be anxious to get the earliest start, buckets, tin cups, and pails rattled a perfect jubilee, each party who doubtless had dreamt of a good patch during the night blundered off in almost every direction over the fallen timber. The Egg Peddler declared that he knew where there was a patch of regular Missouri lawtons, he had an eye to biz, and he knew that "aggs were aggs" if he was "Seant of Grease." It was amusing to see him perched upon a high log poising himself like an acrobat or plunging knee deep into the burrow of a "mountain dog." During our circuitous ramble through the day we came upon the ruins of an old cabin which had formerly been the residence of one Pat Sullivan, a jolly, good-hearted son of Erin, who used to charm the nymphs of the forest with his "Erin-go-brough" accompanied by his national (?) bag-pipes. Some funny fellow had stuck up a shingle near by with the following notice:

WANTED.—A young man of muscular capacity to milk the landlord's cow at Cedar Camp.

Quite a number of berry seekers rolled in to camp during the afternoon and pitched their tents. We were informed, while at supper, that there were some excellent singers camped on Bridge Creek about a mile back on the road. Immediately a grand pow-wow was held as to how, and by what means we could engage in a grand musical entertainment. Having appointed Mac as foreman we proceeded to muster as many "tuneful voices" as possible, including the Egg Peddler and other non-musical birds. I think we numbered 16 all told, as it was quite dark by this time we met with many an awkward slip and tumble on our way over. We were very politely received and invited to a seat on the soft lap of mother earth. After a few moments of lively conversation the theater opened. As a prelude we first listened to a magnificent duette, "Beautiful Home," by the Misses Nelson; then followed several good old pieces with regular choruses such as "Sweet bye and bye," "Little Brown Church," "Hark the song," etc., besides a number of other songs. At the close of the entertainment after the usual ceremonies of taking leave as we marched across the bridge we (visitors) broke forth in full chorus with our well known "Good Night," which was well applauded by the fair songsters we had just bade good evening. Poor Joe Nelson having a broken thumb could use but one hand but he made use of that very much to the injury of Mrs. B.—a new tin pan in the cheering. Scarcely had he given his pan the last whang, when suddenly two sweet female voices came stealing through the stillness of the night with such touching pathos as to almost place at variance the silvery tones of Apollo's lute strung with an angels hair. This was their good night. The rest of our company cheered and hurrahed, Bravo! Professor Prentice, long may you live to do good! Although he was not with us in person the fruits of his labor was, and we will say by way of digression that we have never heard a poor singer of his training yet.

On our way to camp the Egg Peddler warned us that we were to have frost that night as he said, the moon was "cacllatin around north of the Jupiter." On going to bed he said that reminded him of a night's camping in the Sierra Nevada's when him and Joe Tidero went to go to bed they found a rattlesnake in the blankets that weighed 46 pounds, he says you editors, need not believe it if you don't want to, but the hide of the snake when stuffed held four bushels of bran. MACK.

SUPREME COURT.

AUGUST 19, 74.

Seneca Smith, Emmet B. Williams, Thos. N. Strong, William C. Gardner and T. G. Owens, applicants for license to practice law, were examined by all the Judges touching their qualifications, and after a rigid examination were admitted to practice in all the courts of this State.

AUGUST 20, 74.

J. T. Glenn and Jacob Ish vs. G. Karaw-skin; motion heretofore filed to affirm the judgment rendered in favor of this defendant in the Court. Affirmed.

Benj. Stark vs. Jacob Kam; motion by Judge Page, counsel for respondent, heretofore filed to affirm the judgment in the Court below with legal damages. Granted.

J. R. Neil, District Attorney of 1st District vs. John W. Wells et al.; motion by J. F. Watson, attorney for respondent, for a rule of the Court upon the County Clerk, of Jackson county, to correct the transcript on file in this appeal. Argued by counsel and taken under advisement.

S. Abrahams and H. Abraham vs. A. R. Flint and E. S. Morgan; Cause on trial at adjournment.

AUGUST 20, 74.

Court convened at 1 o'clock. On motion of W. W. Thayer, W. S. Newberry, of Portland, was admitted to practice as an attorney in all the Courts of this State.

S. Abraham and H. Abraham vs. A. R. Flint and E. S. Morgan; argument concluded and Court adjourned to 9 o'clock, A. M.

AUGUST 21, 74.

James R. Baily vs. Wm. Clarke and James Chambers; motion heretofore filed to strike from the files of this Court what purports to be a statement in the transcript; sustained. Opinion by Judge Bonham.

J. R. Neil, District Attorney for the first district vs. Giles Wells, Jr., et al.; motion heretofore filed, for a rule of the Court upon the County Clerk of Jackson county to correct the transcript on file in this appeal; overruled. Opinion by Judge Upton.

On motion, J. J. Browne was admitted to practice as an attorney.

State of Oregon vs. Thomas Gerrard; motion filed by appellants, counsel to strike from the files of the Court in this case the paper called a bill of exceptions.

James S. Glenn and Jacob Ish vs. L. Kerawski; on motion, judgement in the Court below in favor of defendant affirmed. J. R. Neil, District Attorney of first judicial district vs. Giles Wells, Jr., John W. Wells, Wm. F. Singer and Giles Wells, Sr. Cause pending on adjournment.

James R. Bayley, respondent, Wm. Claak and James Chambers, appellants; argument commenced and continued until Monday next.

On motion of R. S. Strahan, James F. Simmons was admitted to practice as an attorney in the Courts of this State.

Court adjourned until Monday afternoon at one P. M.

AUGUST 24.

James R. Baily, Res. vs. Wm. Clark and James Chambers, Aps. Pending the argument in this case the Court adjourned until this Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

AUGUST 25th, 1874.

State of Oregon vs. Thomas Gerrard; motion heretofore filed by respondents counsel, to strike out bill of exceptions, argued by Whitney and Boise for the motion, and Gorin and Bronaugh against. Case taken under advisement by the Court.

Ben Holladay appellant vs. J. H. D. Henderson respondent, and Ben Holladay appellant vs. A. W. Patterson respondent, and the O. & C. R. Co. appellant vs. J. J. Comstock respondent.

These cases are appeals from judgment rendered against the respective appellants and in favor of the respective respondents in the Court below, sustaining demurrers to amended complaints and for costs and disbursement. The questions raised by the demurrers are similar in each case. Cause pending upon adjournment.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

[From the Sentinel.]

The members of the Father Matthew Society received in a body last Saturday, Holy Communion at the Catholic Church.

We understand that a new Catholic church is about being erected at McMinnville, to be under the charge of Rev. Father Croquet, of Grand Rapids.

We have been honored by a visit from the Rev. Father Leroy, who has just arrived by the last steamer on his way from Belgium to Colville, where he confirmed over 400 Indians; also confirmed quite a number at Walla Walla on last Monday week, and visited all the Missions along the route. The trip from Walla Walla to Colville is a very trying one, being over 250 miles in length.

[From the P. C. Advocate.]

Rev. Mr. Atwood, transferred from the New Jersey Conference to the Oregon Conference, arrived by the last steamer, accompanied by his family. Bro. Atwood delivered his first sermon in Oregon, in the Taylor street M. E. Church last evening.

Bishop Merrill has presided over the Annual Conference, still in session in this city, with the ease and dignity of an experienced hand at the business, not the least sign of impatience, partiality, or even weariness, has been exhibited. He has greatly endeared himself to the hearts of our ministers and people who will long and gratefully remember his valuable labors and counsels while among us.

All Very True.

SALEM, Aug. 21, 1874.

MR. EDITOR. Persons would get a very false notion of their standing among friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him or her, behind their backs. One day he or she would go about in a glow of self esteem; and the next they would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and distrust. It would be impossible for them to put this and that together and "strike an average." The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling-block, with weak natures, it amounts to fickleness. It is a proof no doubt of the universal brotherhood of man. M.