

CONGRESSIONAL.

Legislation Pertaining to the Interest of the Pacific Coast.

SENATE.

Bills were introduced as follows:

By Dolph—For the admission of the Territory of Washington into the Union.

Also, restoring to the United States certain lands granted to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

Also, repealing the pre-emption and timber culture laws.

Also, for the forfeiture of wagon-road grants in Oregon.

Also, to set apart lands for a public park in the Willamette valley, Oregon.

Also, to encourage the manufacture of steel for modern arts and armor.

Also, to provide heavy ordnance.

Also, for the erection of a public building at Portland, \$500,000; Salem, \$100,000.

Also, to establish an assay office at Portland, and for the erection of buildings and the necessary apparatus.

By Mitchell—To amend the act of March 3, 1887, restricting ownership of real estate in the Territories to American citizens.

Also, abrogating all treaties with the Chinese Empire, so far as they permit the coming of Chinese into the United States, and absolutely prohibiting the same, except as to diplomatic, consular and other officials.

Also, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to establish life-saving stations at the following places: One near or at the mouth of the Umpqua river, Or.; one between McKenzie head and Peterson's point, and one at Gray's Harbor, W. T.

By Manderson—For a public building at Omaha to cost, including site, \$1,000,000.

By Edmunds—To provide for the establishment of a postal telegraph. It is the Edmund telegraph bill of two years ago.

Also, for allowance of a bounty of \$8.33 1/3 per month to all men who served in the army during the war.

Also, for pensions to all who served during the war.

Also, for amendment of the constitution allowing Congress to pass uniform laws on the subject of marriage and divorce.

Also, for an amendment to the constitution preventing the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in the United States.

Also, for the admission of Dakota and the organization of a new Territory of Lincoln.

By Stanford—To require ten years' residence before foreigners can declare their intention to become citizens of the United States, except in the case of those arriving before the age of 21 years, when residence of six years only shall be required.

Also, for the establishment of a quarantine station at San Francisco.

Also, granting to the State of California 5 per cent. of the proceeds of cash sales of public lands in that State.

By Cullom—For a pension to the widow of Gen. John A. Logan.

By Turpie—For the admission of the States of Washington and Dakota.

By Hoar—For the erection of a monument to Negro soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the preservation of the government.

Also, a bill to facilitate and develop the resources of Alaska, and to open an overland commercial route between the United States, Asiatic Russia and Japan. The bill directs a survey to be made of a route for the construction of a railway by the most feasible route from the northern boundary of the United States through British Columbia and Alaska, to a desirable harbor on the southern coast of the Alaskan peninsula, on Behring sea. It is intended to begin at or near Spokane Falls, on the Northern Pacific road, and run north on the eastern side of the Rocky mountains, deflecting westwardly for a branch line to Sitka, the main line to be continued north and west to a desirable harbor on the Alaskan peninsula. One hundred thousand dollars is appropriated for the survey.

Dolph reported favorably to the Senate a bill from the committee on commerce for extending the port of entry at Portland so as to include East Portland.

By Chandler—For fixing the salaries of several judges of the United States District Courts at \$5,000.

By Hawley—To reimburse prisoners of war who were in military or naval service during the war of rebellion.

By George—To annex the public land strip to the Territory of New Mexico.

By Harris—A memorial for a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation or transportation of alcoholic drinks in the United States; referred.

HOUSE.

Among the petitions presented to the House by Morrow, of California, were the following:

Resolutions of California Wool Growers' Association, protesting against a repeal or reduction of duty on wool.

Also, a resolution of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, recommending the appropriation for repairs of the Hartford.

Also, a petition of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco for sea coast defenses.

Also, resolutions of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, asking for an appropriation for the laying of a cable from San Francisco to the South Farallone Island.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

A sailor named Peter Carson was drowned at Empire City.

The postoffice at Herman, Douglas county, Oregon, has been discontinued.

A chair factory will soon begin operations at Salem, employing from thirty to fifty men.

The life-saving inspectors recommend that a life-saving station be established at Newport.

Subscriptions aggregating over \$100,000 have been raised in Portland to complete the Villard Hotel.

The order of November 28, 1887, discontinuing the postoffice at Molalla, Clackamas county, has been rescinded.

The warehouse of J. M. McIntosh & Co., at Waldo Hills station on the narrow gauge, blew over during a high wind. The warehouse contained 20,000 bushels of oats, all sacked.

Lawrence Wilhelm committed suicide at his home, on the Scholl's ferry road, near Portland, by shooting himself in the temple. He had been ill for about a year and a half and was out of his mind.

Captain Young, of the engineers at Portland, reports that a log boom at Coquille City, Oregon, interferes with the passage of the steamers that carry the United States mails, and that the navigation of the Coquille river is impeded by settlers felling trees in the stream.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miner, the female smuggler, appeared before the bar of the United States District Court at Portland to answer to a charge of smuggling opium. She pleaded guilty to the charge. Judge Deady then fined her \$150 and further directed that she be confined in the Multnomah County Jail for one day.

As a result of the investigations of the swamp land agents, 150,000 acres of land, at a rough estimate, will be lost to the State, but titles to the lands will be established, and disputes which have arisen over swamp land matters since 1860, will be largely settled. It is expected that patents for lands declared swamp will be issued by the government to the State immediately after the submission and examination of these reports.

As W. H. Hembree of East Portland was going to Lafayette, he met two men on the road near Braley's farm, who caught his horse and made him dismount while the other held a revolver at his head and went through him. It was very dark and impossible to see who the parties were. Mr. Hembree had money hid in his boots and when he jumped to the ground the money rattled, which attracted the attention of the robbers, who made him take off his boots and give them the coin, which amounted to \$180. They refused to take his watch and allowed him to go.

The steamer Yaquina City, which went ashore on the sands near the entrance to Yaquina Bay, and is now a total wreck, was owned by the Oregon Development Company, and had been on the Pacific Coast only a few years. She was built by John Roach & Sons, at Chester, Pa., in 1877, and was christened the Western Texas, being intended for a Galveston packet. She was an iron ship, 231 feet long, 34 feet beam, and 16 1/2 feet depth of hold. Her tonnage was 1,210.98 gross and 931.11 net. Her draught was 12 1/2 feet. She had on but sixty tons of freight, and 300 tons of rock ballast when she went ashore. Her loss will be quite severely felt by her owners. The Yaquina came to the Pacific Coast in the summer of 1884, and has made about one hundred voyages between Yaquina and San Francisco, without any serious accident ever happening heretofore. The vessel is valued at about \$200,000. It is understood that the insurance was \$100,000.

Mrs. Charles H. Thompson and her niece, Miss Elizabeth Remley, were found dead in bed in a private lodging house in San Francisco, having been asphyxiated by gas. The ladies arrived from Chico. Mrs. Thompson's husband is baggage-master at that place. The key of the jet had evidently been turned accidentally. The room was filled with gas when the bodies were discovered.

Chinese papers give details of the disaster occasioned by the Yellow river overflowing its banks in the province of Ho-Nan, and the complete inundation of the city of Sching Chou and ten other populous cities. The whole area is now a raging sea ten to thirty feet deep, where it once before was a densely populated and rich plain. The statement is made by missionaries that millions of Chinese are homeless and starving. The newly gathered crops of herbs and trees are all swept away. "Bread, bread," is the cry of thousands. Mat huts are being erected as fast as possible, but the misery increases owing to cold weather.

A dispatch from San Francisco says: Jas. Briggs, a sailor on the British man-of-war Triumph, which arrived from Esquimalt, was tried at the latter port for insubordination, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in Portland, Eng., prison. During the voyage to this city he was kept in irons. When he was unironed this evening to take down the beds he leaped through the gun port into the bay, swimming four miles to one of the wharves. He was arrested in an almost nude condition by an officer, and taken to the receiving hospital, where he will be detained until claimed by the proper officials. The escaped prisoner tells a heartrending tale of cruel treatment by the ship's officers, and says two other sailors also deserted the ship.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

A man known as "Long" Taylor was drowned off Colman's wharf, Seattle. The Belmont hotel, at Los Angeles, Cal., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$100,000; insurance unknown.

Conductor Rose was killed in the collision on the California Central construction train near Los Angeles.

Francisco F. Detenourt, a dependent middle-aged cigar dealer, blew his head off with a shotgun at San Francisco.

Capt. Charles Boyle, of the schooner Jennie Griffin, fell overboard and was drowned at San Francisco. He leaves a wife and child.

Michael Barry, 56 years of age, fell from the balcony in front of his house at San Francisco, and died from the injuries received.

At San Francisco, Postoffice Clerks Hannan and Meagher were discovered to be afflicted with smallpox, and were sent to the pest house.

Edward H. David, a sailor on the British ship Victoria, fell off the wharf at Nanaimo, B. C., and was drowned before the boats could reach him.

J. B. McDonnell was arrested at San Francisco for having in his possession a block with intent to use it, for counterfeiting a Bank of England note.

A man named P. Murphy was found dead in his room in a lodging house at San Francisco. Two wounds in his head lead to a suspicion of foul play.

Henry F. Price, of San Francisco, who has been starter for the Sutter street cable road for several months, committed suicide by shooting himself.

Joseph Wheat, a watchman in the Tacoma wheat warehouses, fell from the dock, striking the timbers as he fell. He was taken out but died shortly afterwards.

A freight train on the eastern division of the Central Pacific broke in two. A portion passed under a bridge and a barkman named David Chugg fell from the cars and was killed.

In a collision between freight and passenger trains at San Bernardino, Cal., engineer Thompson and fireman Gaffney, of the freight were killed. Several cars were destroyed by fire.

Henry Nietman, a bar-tender, was stabbed and killed at a San Pedro, Cal., dance house by a Spanish woman named Isabella Andress, who was jealous of his attentions to another woman.

The hotel at Crescent, a small settlement near Los Angeles, costing \$10,000, was blown down by a terrific windstorm, entailing the death of Mrs. Arnold and her 10 year old daughter, recently arrived from the East, and wounding more or less seriously sixteen hotel guests, many of whom met with miraculous escapes.

A special from Paradise, Nev., says: Merrach Carrel left this place for his ranch, six miles away. Not reaching home search was instituted and his body, frozen stiff, was found a mile from his home. He was an old resident of the valley, and a prosperous farmer.

Wong Ah Hung, the Chinaman who was convicted in the United States District Court at San Francisco for importing women for immoral purposes, was sentenced by Judge Hoffman to ten years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$2,000.

Jimmie Kies, 14 years old, while hunting squirrels near Placerville, Cal., having emptied one barrel of his shotgun, was in the act of reloading when the remaining barrel was discharged, the load taking effect in his face. One-half the charge entered his right eye.

A chambermaid in a San Francisco hotel noticed a trail of blood leading from the balcony to a room occupied by Joseph Schmidt, a young German. When the door was opened Schmidt was found lying on his back, in a pool of blood, having cut his throat with a penknife, which was found lying on a table.

Oscar Heym, accountant in the Occidental warehouse at San Francisco, shot himself in the breast, inflicting a wound which will prove fatal. A shortage of several hundred dollars was found in his accounts recently, and it is supposed this led to his suicide.

A man by the name of Murray went to a lodging house at San Francisco and engaged a room. Later there was a smell of escaping gas, which was traced to Murray's room. There was no response to repeated knocks at the door, which was finally forced open. Murray was lying dead on the bed and the gas was turned half way on.

A construction train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road, consisting of ten cars, on which were between fifty and sixty men, ran into some stationary flat cars, at Los Angeles. The construction train was backing up for a load of sand, and as no signals were displayed by the train of flat the engineer did not see the latter in time to prevent the accident. The force of the collision broke the first car of the construction train in two. Of four men in the shattered car, Tom Rose, acting conductor, was instantly killed, and Captain Gilbert, night boss, Bill Griffith, brakeman and James Kelly, laborer, all received serious and perhaps fatal injuries.

G. W. Hunt and Nelson Bennett, the well known railroad contractors, have quit work on the Oregon Pacific railroad, discharged the men employed there and annulled and rescinded their contract with the company. Mr. Bennett had a contract for forty miles east from Albany, and Mr. Hunt had a contract for the next fifty miles.

JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser's Visit to a Genuine Rural Summer Resort.

"I think we had better go away for a couple of weeks," observed Mr. Bowser a few evenings since as we sat on the steps.

"But why? Our house is nice and cool, and we don't seem to feel the need of a change."

"Oh, we don't, eh? That shows all you know about it! If you had half an eye you could see that baby is suffering for a change. You are looking like a saffron-bag around your mouth, and I am just dragged out myself. We shall go to the country."

"But our rooms are so cool, and we can buy whatever we want to eat."

"Cool rooms! You wait until you strike a country bed-room and you will call this house a sweat-box! As for living—yum! yum! Think of cream, fresh eggs, yellow butter, fresh berries, old-fashioned biscuit, delicious coffee, night breezes, new-mown hay, ripe cherries, et al."

I supposed we should have a week at least in which to get ready, but Mr. Bowser only gave me a day and a half, and he even begrudged half a day of that. He telegraphed to the landlord of a country hotel on the banks of a small lake, and the most I could do was to tumble about a bushel of things into a trunk and tie on my bonnet. We got out there by train. That is, we got within six miles of the place. Mr. Bowser had been in such a hurry that he didn't ascertain particulars. It was only after he had bargained with a teamster to take us to the lake for three dollars that he found that the lake was not on the railroad. He looked a little gloomy over it for a spell, but finally showed me his nine-dollar fishing outfit, and after awhile forgot any unpleasantness in viewing the country.

We saw a farmer cutting wheat.

We saw three crows.

We rode over three miles of causeway and three of dirt.

We saw many as five barns.

We met a barefooted boy.

We saw a dead horse.

If we met or saw any thing else I can't remember what it was. Mr. Bowser drew in deep draughts of what he called the elixir of life, and quoted poetry about the plow-boy and the loving kine, but I guess he was glad when the ride ended. The sun had burned the back of his neck as red as fire, he was all dust and dirt, and the causeways had tired him out. We found the hotel a very picturesque affair. It was half log and half frame. I can't say whether it was Queen Anne or Tom Collins style, but it was probably one or the other. The landlord had given us a room in the log part. He knew that we sighed for the picturesque, and he was willing we should have it. It was a room as much as eight feet long and five feet wide. There were red peppers and may weed and seed corn and onions hanging to the rafters, and the great cracks in the floor were partly hidden by a rag carpet. There was a cracked looking-glass of the Noah's Ark period, a bedstead which had come over on the Mayflower and a rheumatic old stand made in 1776 held up a tin wash-dish and a blue pitcher without a handle.

"Is this the et al., Mr. Bowser?" I asked as I dropped into the only chair with baby and looked around.

"Do you want the earth?" he roared back. "What do we come to the country for? Do we expect to find palaces out here? I tell you, this is the most picturesque, romantic spot I've seen in twenty years, and I propose to put in two months here!"

I finally got baby to sleep, made my toilet and then went out with Mr. Bowser to view the neighborhood.

There was a lake.

It was almost forty rods long, and almost twenty rods wide.

There were a post-office and a blacksmith shop.

There were two hay-stacks, a ruined saw-mill and a lame horse.

That was all, and I returned to the hotel while Mr. Bowser went fishing.

We had supper at six o'clock. The landlady rang three bells. The first was to notify us that we could expect supper; the second was that supper was being prepared; the third that supper was ready. Between the different bells Mr. Bowser picked the burrs off his pantaloons, rubbed some ointment on his neck, and said to me:

"We all feel the change already. I haven't seen you and baby look so well in six months, while I have the appetite of a horse. I think we'll put in three months here."

When we went in to supper we found knives and forks without handles, cracked plates and a table cloth with seven holes liberally and artistically distributed throughout its length and breadth. The tea might have been sage, or it might have been catnip. The biscuits were yellow with saleratus. The butter was white in the face and tasted of the last generation. There were some fried eggs, but they had secured a setting hen off the nest to get them. The milk in the pitcher had turned. It probably belonged to the Turner society. Mr. Bowser tried to stuff himself in order to carry his point, but it was no use. He might have restrained himself until morning had I not said as we returned to the bedroom:

"As for living, yum! yum! Think of cream, fresh eggs, yel—"

"Yes, think of it!" he roared. "Who got me out here! Who was whining about the pure air of the country—finding fault with our table—complaining of our 14x18 bedroom! You've succeeded in dragging us out here, and now I hope you feel better!"

We sat on the veranda and fought mosquitoes until ten o'clock and then

went to bed. It was a bedstead with a cord in it, and it was a straw bed on which we slept. There wasn't a mosquito bar at any door or window in the house and we were hardly in bed before the pests pitched on us. Seven different times before midnight did Mr. Bowser get out of bed, light the tallow dip and attack the enemy. He was getting out for the eighth time when the cord broke and we all went through to the floor. Then we got up and sat up the rest of the night, catching cat-naps between the bites. We might not have known when day broke, except for the kindly interest taken in us by a stray hog. The beast crept under the house, and the space was so small that he lifted the boards under our feet with his back. When we felt the boards lift we knew that another day had dawned upon the picturesque locality.

We left the hotel before breakfast and were home to dinner. Mr. Bowser seemed very much occupied with his thoughts on the way home, and when we finally entered the house he turned on me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm a man who can bear a good deal before losing my temper, but I want to give you fair warning right here and now that I want no more of your nonsense! The next time you mention country to me—the next time you drag me into another excursion of this kind—I shall be justified in—"

And he kicked the trunk, pitched his fishing tackle into the back yard, and went out to get some cold cream for his blisters, burns and bites.—Detroit Free Press.

GROWING CORK-OAKS.

A California Industry Which Will Soon Prove to Be Remunerative.

The growth of cork-oak in California is not a matter of experiment; its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork acorns by the Patent Office about twenty-five years ago may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the State.

There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel. There were samples of cork and acorns shown at the Sacramento Citrus Fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras County. There are trees of similar age in Sonoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties. The State University is growing seedlings from California cork acorns, and will be likely to have the trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt about the adaptation of the tree to the State as the widely separated places named above all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is of course a crop of which one has to wait some time to gather, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

All the cork-wood of commerce comes from the Spanish Peninsula, where the trees abound, not only in cultivated forests, but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, with leaves similar to the oak, and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle-stoppers, life-preservers and seine-corks. When stripped from the tree it is to be boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for a fresh spoliation. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of cork-wood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturing centers. The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburgh. Besides the ordinary demands for cork bark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned to make it still lighter than the original bark, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine-corks. The average annual importation of cork-wood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds and is worth on this side of the water \$20, making a total value of the importation of \$1,400,000. It comes in duty free.—Pacific Rural Press.

A Western clergyman, whose salary had not been paid for several months, told the trustees of his church that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life. "Money!" exclaimed one of the trustees noted for his stinginess—"money! Do you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls!" The minister replied: "So I do; but I can't eat souls. And if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Farmer Hoprake (to departing guest)—"Had a good time, I hope?" Guest—"Well—er—hardly. The mosquitoes nearly killed me." "That's all right. You come around next summer and I'll fix you comfortable." "Going to get rid of them?" "Yes. I'll fatten 'em and serve 'em up for quail."—Philadelphia Call.

—Smith—"Here the editor of that villainous Squiblet says that I am a thief and a bribe-taker. What shall I do?" Jones—"Do? Why, make him prove it." Smith—"Oh, that would be too easy. I want to cause the fellow some inconvenience, if possible."—Omaha Herald.

—The historic walnut tree at the top of the Devil's Den, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, was blown down not long ago.

PIITH AND POINT.

—Probably, of all sensational developments, boils are the worst.

—When supply and demand cease to play, values completely disappear.

—The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.—Baltimore Gracian.

—When you put your fingers into somebody else's pie you must expect to get tart rejoinders.—Burlington Free Press.

—Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gratefully. He may work as a man or as a machine.—Henry Giles.

—Most of the people who are willing to tell how to become rich are finally buried at the expense of the county.—Lincoln Journal.

—What some people call their sensitiveness is merely a disinclination to be treated as they would treat others under the same circumstances.

—The specialty actor who recites, "Yes, I'm a Tramp," isn't one in reality, but he's likely to be if he doesn't go and learn a trade.—Washington Critic.

—A Chance for Some Inventor—Of late they have chimneys invented. Which all of their own smoke consume; Now a music-consuming piano Is needed to help out the boom.

—Er 'oman dat hab married er po' man 'caze she lubbed him, is mighty ap' ter want her daughter to marry er rich man, no matter whuther she lubs him or not.—Arkansas Traveler.

—O naha Dame—"My daughter, your husband is a villain." Bride of a Month—"Wha—" "He's married before, and for all we know has a wife living yet." "H'ors! How do you know?" "I asked him to step into the store and match these nephews for you, and he wouldn't do it."—Omaha World.

—An Irishman, who was a witness in a recent case at the Toms, gave a lawyer who was cross-examining him so much trouble by his witty evasions that the counsel at last said to him: "See here, my man, if the devil could have his choice between you and me, which of us do you think he would take first?" "Which of us would the devil take first?" said the witness. "Why, me, of course, because he knows that he could have you at any time."—N. Y. Ledger.

WHITTIER'S YOUTH.

His First Published Poem and the Friend It Brought Him.

Whittier began to rhyme very early and kept his gift a secret from all except his oldest sister, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, would think he was wasting time. He wrote under the fence in the attic, in the barn—wherever he could escape observation; and as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal. Great was the surprise of the family when some of his verses were unearthed, literally unearched, from under a heap of rubbish in a garret; but his father frowned upon these evidences of the bent of his mind, not out of kindness, but because he doubted the sufficiency of the boy's education for a literary life, and did not wish to inspire him with hopes which might never be fulfilled.

His sister had faith in him, nevertheless, and, without his knowledge, she sent one of his poems to the editor of the Free Press, a newspaper published in Newburyport. Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside, when the carrier flung a copy of the paper to him, and, unconscious that anything of his was in it, he opened it and glanced up and down the columns. His eyes fell on some verses called "The Exile's Departure":

Fond scenes which delighted my youthful existence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—
A lasting adieu; for now, dim in the distance
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shaded bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-washed strand.

His eyes swam; it was his own poem, the first he ever had in print.

"What is the matter with thee?" his father demanded, seeing how dazed he was; but, though he resumed his work on the wall, he could not speak, and he had to steal a glance at the paper again before he could convince himself that he was not dreaming. Sure enough, the poem was there with his initial at the foot of it—"W. Haverhill, June 1, 1826," and, better still, this editorial notice: "If 'W.' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of today, we shall esteem it a favor."

The editor thought so much of "The Exile's Departure," and some other verses which followed it from the same hand, that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor, and he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a boy of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, clad only in shirt, trousers and straw hat, and having slipped in at the back door so that he might put his shoes and coat on, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The editor was a young man himself, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and the friendship that began with this visit lasted until death ended it. How strong and how close it was, and how it was made to serve the cause of freedom may be learned in the life of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, which was the editor's game.—E. L. Nichols.