

The Oregon Weekly Statesman.

VOL. 19.

SALEM, OREGON,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1869.

NO. 19.

To-Day.

The formal inauguration of the Suez Canal, is fixed for to-day. This is the beginning of a new era in the traffic of the world, working a change in business affairs compared with which the last spike on the Pacific Railroad was a mere trifle. The latter was of great importance to the Pacific coast and to the Union, but the former is of interest to the whole mercantile world.

We had to hear long accounts to talk, and to hear others talk of the revolution in trade that was to result from the opening of this road across the continent, that we have come to believe in.

People have learned to expect to see a perfect rush of freight and travel across the road between Europe and Asia; to see San Francisco the toll gate of the world, just as it has long been the sucker of the Pacific coast; to see emigration flock to our shores in earnest crowds; the country filled up with earnest, hard working, good men; all sorts of industries prospering; real estate advanced to fabulous figures; and old Oregonians all get rich by simply setting down and watching the world come to them.

Such was the pleasing picture drawn by fancy, but what has been the real state of things. Instead of a vast emigration to bring our untilled lands into cultivation, we have here and there a straggling family. And instead of California making a profit on all the Asiatic trade, she is losing her own retailing, and she sees that Europe will never cross America to arrive at Asia, for the simple reason that there is a nearer route. From Liverpool to New York by steamer, thence by rail to San Francisco and again by steamer to China would be better than the circuitous route by the Cape of Good Hope.

But to-day we witness the consummation of an immense undertaking. Africa is divorced from Asia. The Red Sea and the Mediterranean are one. Vessels load in Liverpool, sail up the Mediterranean and down the Red Sea, making the entire distance to Canton, less than that from San Francisco to the same place. Canton is in longitude 118 east of Greenwich, less than 8,000 geographical miles. San Francisco is in 120 west, that is, a little more than 10,000 miles east of the former place. So that we see there is good cause for Europe to jubilate over the event which to-day the crowned heads and mighty magnates of so many nations meet to honor.

The whole affair is gotten up on a scale commensurate with the demands of the occasion. Representatives of the leading journals of the world, as well as of the several courts are to be there. Emperors, kings, queens, statesmen, newspaper men and celebrities, are the invited guests of Turkey and Egypt, the Sultan having furnished steamships elegantly furnished for a two months' excursion.

To-day the flotilla will enter the canal at Port Said, to-morrow proceed to Ismailia, remain there one day, the next to Suez, and there finish up with grand odes on Saturday. Next week the telegraph will be loaded with accounts of the doings and sayings of that brilliant assembly. Two weeks later the mail will bring us elaborate reports of the excursion from beginning to end, and by that time trade will be on in its new channel as quietly as though Africa had never been a separate continent.

Fires.

The telegraph from all parts of the nation comes to us daily freighted with accounts of disastrous fires in all the cities. The Fire Demon seems to be let loose upon us, and no great stretch of imagination is needed, to fancy such a personage in reality spreading ruin and devastation through the land, and gloating over his work. But we know there must be some natural cause for such wide spread, simultaneous effects, and doubtless the explanation is this.

During the summer season there are thousands of fireplaces that lie idle for months, and frequently by decay of the surrounding woodwork or by the accumulation of light matter, these get into a condition that is far from conducive to safety. When the first cold weather sets in, rooms that have been warm before long disengage the aid of fires in these long disused and perhaps dilapidated fireplaces, stoves, chimneys and flues, and accordingly they are all set in operation at about the same time. The result is that the news of a fire in Salem is answered by that of another in Helena, and while the wires are flashing accounts of the conflagration in New York, they are sending back statements of another in Chicago, and so on throughout the entire continent. The moral of this is, that all places for fire should be carefully examined before being used, after having lain idle for any length of time, and they should be carefully watched afterwards.

Letter from Eola.

EOLA, Nov. 9, 1869.

I notice by last week's paper that you speak with some uncertainty in regard to Madame Rumor account of the poisoning of Mr. Zimwald of this county. The name was John instead of William as given, and there is no doubt as to the truth of the statement. Mr. Zimwald was a young man probably about 20 years of age. He took a drink of whisky at the State Fair, and was taken sick in a very short time. The physicians (Dr. Jessup, and I believe Dr. Carpenter and one other) pronounced it a case of strychnine. All that medical skill could do was done for him but without avail. He was frequently urged to give the name of the person who gave him the liquor, but he persisted in replying that it was a friend, and he would under no circumstances disclose the name.

An effort is being made with reasonable prospect of success, to erect a saw mill at or near Eola. An enterprise very much needed in this vicinity.

Respectfully,
THOMAS FRANK.

First at Empire City.—We hear by Dr. Childwood that a fire at Empire City last week destroyed the hotel of Mr. Vandepool. As "Van" used to live near here, in Polk county, and once sold fanning mill to all this county, the news of his mishap will interest many old friends and arouse their sympathy.

Letter From Boston.

Great Interest Manifested in New England about Oregon—Ignorance Concerning Us at the East—Amusing Illustrations—Crowds of Good People Coming.

BOSTON, Oct. 27, 1869.

DEAR STATESMAN—I have received your paper, which you have kindly sent me. I have received the *Farmer* regularly for some time. I find these papers valuable aids in my efforts to turn public attention here to a part of the world the Yankee nation, "all the world, and the rest of mankind," seem to know but little about. In all my wanderings I have found few who know anything of Oregon, while there is not a spot on the globe as familiar to human ears as California. I never saw a Carib Indian in Central America, a Peon in Peru, or a Lazarene in Chili, who did not know all about California. The most ignorant people in these countries had not heard enough of Oregon to know in what part of the world it lies. I got tired of trying to explain in Spanish to the people of these countries where I lived. I finally found relief in telling these people that I was from California. Everybody knew all about my country then. A most amusing illustration of Oregon existing among the masses in New England. I will give several instances, out of hundreds I might mention. I fell in with a well dressed, intelligent looking old gentleman on the Boston Common. I took him for a clergyman—he might have been something else. He asked me what part of the world I lived in, and I said in Oregon. "Ah! yes," said he, "that is down near Mexico, I believe." On the steamer, bound from Boston to Bangor, I related this incident to a young lady who had been teaching school in Massachusetts. She smiled at the old man's ignorance, but left the impression on my mind that she was not much better informed herself. I said to her, I guess you know where Oregon is. She straightened herself up, and rather indignantly replied: "I should think if I didn't I had better go to school awhile longer." I said well, what is the *Capital* of Oregon? She hesitated a full minute, and said, "Ow! I believe." Up in Maine, I found one man who had a poor opinion of Oregon and the West generally. He said: "A friend of mine has been out West and traveled pretty extensively. He says he don't see that that country is so much better than Maine." I asked—what part of the West did your friend visit? Penobscot replied—"He went out to Pennsylvania." He had probably seen the noses of the sheep worn off and bleeding, in trying to reach the grass through the rocks, and thought the great west was not just what it was cracked up to be. York State and Pennsylvania are generally thought to be a great west, while the people almost universally regard Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa as almost as far west as man can safely go, unless, perhaps, he should go to California. There are very many people in New England who are getting the western fever. They almost universally think of settling in the Mississippi Valley. My object is to induce them to go further, and I am succeeding beyond my most sanguine expectations. Since my lecture in this city, Oct. 14th, I have been sought after by men and women, from different parts of the country. Some of these people had never thought of going west, but they now have the Oregon fever so bad they can hardly wait till spring to set out and fix for the journey. Others say they had been thinking of going to Iowa, Kansas or Nebraska, but they have concluded to go to Oregon. After I had finished my lecture in Tremont Temple, a crowd of men rushed forward to ask questions. Some of them followed me to my room and talked till midnight. I notice that all these people who are going to our country are intelligent, and of the best class of people here. An editor said to me, a few days ago, in speaking of my lecture, "you had a very intelligent audience; didn't you notice it and didn't you notice how they were interested?" I said I thought I had a better looking set of men and prettier women than I had seen at any lecture before. He said, "you had an audience more than usually intelligent." I merely mention this to show that our acquisitions from this part of the world are going to be valuable ones. I am now receiving invitations to lecture in different parts of Massachusetts, in Rhode Island, in Tennessee, Illinois and Ohio. Men and women have been from the country, to ask a hundred questions, and to get advice about an outfit, &c., &c.

These people are generally the sort to settle a new country. Some have means, some have just about enough to take them to Oregon, while others declare their purpose to lay up enough by spring, by industry and rigid economy, to pay their passage out. One widow woman, of forty-five years of age, is of this class. She is energetic, healthy and good-looking. She has a sewing machine, but says she has not been able to make anything more than a living here. She has the Oregon fever high. She wants her children and friends to go. Her children and friends want assurance from me that they shall find employment, so that they shall not starve after they get there. This woman says: "I can do anything; I can run a sewing machine, can do housework, go out a working house, nurse children, or keep a boarding house in the field or on the farm." Men with families come to me and say, "I have just about money enough to take me there. Can I be assured of shelter and food for my family, for my labor, as soon as I get there? Or, are my children liable to have to sleep on the street without food for the want of employment? This kind of questions will be put to me by thousands before spring. I believe you will have a swarm over there from this way before long. Now what shall I say to the questions of these people? I cannot deceive them—it is not in my heart to deceive anybody. I tell them of your overflowing granaries, of your flocks and herds, and of the nobleness and liberality of very many Oregonians. I say "I have no doubt but you will be provided with food and shelter for your labor, till you can find steady employment or secure permanent homes." But they want to be assured of it, for it seems

THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

Saturday, Nov. 13.

We have received Keeler's Monthly Price List from J. M. Keeler, formerly of Oregon and now in the Oregon commission business in N. Y. It is a volume of over 200 pages, one-half of them advertisements, the other half Jobbers prices for every thing in the world.

SUPPLIES.—Two scows arrived from Eola, loaded with wheat for the flouring mills at this place, one large raft of logs for the saw mills, and two of the E. T. Co.'s steamers, with full cargoes of wheat and flour for Portland. Freighters begin to look like business.

WIND STORM.—It seems by the news we receive from down the river, that the storm of last Saturday did not reach Astoria until Monday following; when it blew with such violence as to cause some fears for the shipping outside. But as there has never been a vessel known to founder off the coast of Oregon, there seems to be little danger.

SEA GULLS.—Yesterday a solitary sea gull was observed slowly winging his way up the river, probably thinking he must be very nearly through to the other end, or perhaps that soon there would be another anywhere for a gull of another ambition.

PROGRESS OF THE RAILROAD.—Mr. J. R. Moore, President of O. C. R. Co., who was present here yesterday, says the locomotive is now running over six miles of the road to-day. At this rate another fortnight will see the track laid to Oregon City, and before long we may expect to hear the excited scream of the iron horse on the eastern shore of the Willamette, above Rock Island. We have been "waiting for the wagon" a long time, and "the good time" seems "coming," when we can "all take a ride."

Portland Letter.

PORTLAND, Nov. 10, 1869.

First Trip of the Locomotive.

DEAR STATESMAN: If anything would gose a man from his insensibility to what is going on around him, that thing is a railway. Now, it is a truth which I would not conceal, that I have been asleep for two weeks; and I seriously doubt whether I should have wakened for a fortnight longer had not the iron horse snorted so loudly in my ears, as to wake all dwellers hereabouts, except those who sleep beneath the Lone Fir. At 9 a. m. to-day, the first genuine locomotive that ever ran over a genuine railway track in the Willamette Valley, left East Portland and went screaming and puffing through the forests toward Milwaukie, very much as if the occupation was natural to it; and, indeed, I presume it was, for the same locomotive has done service on a track in the East States ago. It moved off slowly and majestically. This afternoon it came back upon a speed somewhat improved, when those who accompanied it declared that they had enjoyed a magnificent excursion, and that the only thing which prevented their going to Milwaukie, which is some six miles distant, was that the road-bed was not long enough.

East Portlanders' Oh a High Iron—Hears.

The dwellers in East Portland are in high spirits, and suppose themselves to be at the very center of the commercial universe. My friend Bloodgood, who just arrived from New York by last steamer, went over this forenoon to see the locomotive start. He had scarcely got off the ferry-boat when he was approached by a consequential looking East Portlander, with his thumbs in his vest, when the following dialogue took place: "East Portlander—'Good morning' sir; come over to take a turn round the city, eh?" "My Friend—'No, not exactly that; being in Portland, with no means of amusing myself and acquainted with no one, I thought I might while away a lonely hour by coming over and seeing the engine make its first start.'"

Circuit Court.

In session here now, Judge Upton presiding. The docket, as published, comprises about a hundred cases, which, no doubt, are particularly interesting to the parties immediately concerned, but the list looks remarkably dry and uninviting to an outsider. I am told by some of the lawyers that the unpublished docket is much more juicy—in fact, that there appears upon the court records one case of damages for breach of promise, and a seduction case, both being against persons in high life here. It is a low-lived business on the part of either "Jardell" or "Pickwick."

Geoply in General.

I visited one of the meetings of the "Working Men's Association" the other evening, when I found there three small politicians, who run the thing, waiting for a quorum. You know "Col." Chapman, who is chief fulegman of this demagoguing organization, has a weakness for speculating in quorums. Well, the same old fate awaited him; his quorum did not arrive, and three little kux demagogues, who had not done a days work in ten years, retired. I thought the thing was dead then, and expected to see an obituary in next morning's *Herold*; but in this I was disappointed. Imagine my emotion on seeing the meeting noticed in next morning's paper as a most enthusiastic demonstration of the Working Men.

VILAMONTIST.

The terrible railroad calamity in California, full accounts of which are contained in the news despatches, has sent a thrill of horror through the land, for seldom ever in the careless railroading in the East, does such a horrible disaster come to our ears. This is the first accident of any magnitude recorded in the history of the railroads of California. Many of the victims are well and generally known.

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ENTERPRISING.

We hear of a Mr. W. N. S. lately from California, who is now brooding down here, where he is now operating about a thousand pounds of butter, carefully made and put up in small rolls of two pounds each, in cloth, and packed just as a similar article is shipped to us from California each spring. Mr. Snyder has a ton more of just such butter on hand, and he lately went down to Portland with 8,000 dozen of eggs, on which will no doubt realize handsomely as just at the present time "eggs are eggs" down here. Mr. Snyder is going ahead just as if he was in California, and there is no doubt that he will succeed as well here as he did in the same trade there. Holmes at the "Universal Store," has a fine lot of that butter for sale.

POISONED.—We have seen a case of poisoning, that deserves attention, because many persons in the country incur the same risk frequently, and may be ignorant of the danger they run. Mr. Jordan, of the firm of Dwyer & Jordan saddlers, some three weeks since, got into a saddle with rawhide, and became soiled with a finger that had been pricked by an awl or needle. There is a certain amount of poison in every such hide, but saddlers guard against it by putting lime on them, and Mr. Jordan supposed this had been so treated when he used it. We are told that several instances have occurred where arms have had to be amputated from this cause, and one man in this vicinity died from being so poisoned and not properly cared for afterwards. We do not understand that Mr. Jordan is in any such danger, but his case reminds us of what trouble may be saved by making the above facts known.

Tuesday, Nov. 16.

THE SARTAN.—This classic strop was so swollen by the late rains as to stop the mail coach on Friday last.

DIED.—At the house of S. Swartz, on Salem Prairie, Oct. 25th, William J. Whitehill, formerly of Illinois, aged 35 years. Illinois papers please copy.

OBSESSION.—A council is to meet at the Congregational Church to-day, to decide W. J. Clark to be the minister of the church. The council will meet at 2 o'clock, and the ordination sermon will be preached in the evening by Rev. Mr. Atkinson.

Mr. Pringle holds his second singing school meeting to-night. It is not yet too late to join, and we ought to turn out a large class in this music-loving town, especially when we get a teacher offers his services. The class meets at the hall over Gill's store.

Since the burning of the Capital Hotel, State street has forlorn and devastated appearance, but all the good living did not go from that vicinity when the unfortunate conflagration took place. There are two eating houses still in full blast upon it. The New York Restaurant on the south side, and Bacon's Chop House on the north, nearly opposite. Strangers can safely calculate on a square meal at either place.

Mr. J. K. Gill returned from the East a few days since, where he went on a business trip. He brought back a small box of chestnuts, which one of our pockets got filled, and that has set us in mind of the pay old times we had in the "sunny years of childhood," thinking down the fine, fat nuts from the good old Yankee trees. This country is rather behind in that kind of sport.

George Below.—Lieut. Wayne, of this place, leaves on the boat this morning for a trip through Idaho and thence to Sacramento. He has an engagement to lecture, geographically, the legislative proceedings for the Sacramento Union, and will probably be home from some four months. Those fellows can't even let us keep a good reporter to ourselves.

BUTTER.—The past season has been considered rather unfavorable to the dairying business on account of the early cessation of spring rains. But the excellent rain in September, followed by the beautiful weather in October, made the "Indian summer" almost a second spring, and there will probably be a large quantity of butter made during the year, than other apparently more favorable seasons.

HOTELS IN PROSPECT.—We have stated Mr. Mallory's intention to make preparations at once to rebuild the Capital Hotel in a substantial manner, and we now learn that a corporation has been formed, or at least talked of, to build a handsome hotel on Commercial street. This seems to be a move by the property owners at the south end to improve that part of the street, and to detain the trade that shows a disposition to work north. The Barker property on the southeast corner of Commercial and Ferry streets, is talked of, if it can be secured at a reasonable price.

The Workingmen's Journal has dropped the *Quession*, and after a life of twelve weeks, has been compelled to reduce its size to less than one-half. Still further reductions may reasonably be expected, as no journal can be sustained for any length of time which seeks to make capital out of any one class of laborers. There is no such thing as caste in this country. All are laboring men, or should be. The man who to-day wields his ax or drives his wheelbarrow, may to-morrow be engaged in merchandising, in politics, in professional life, or he may be a successful contractor in the same business; but it is the less man, and a citizen. It is all humbug, this attempt to array laborers in one branch of industry against others, and the more so when any man who is at all desirous of the name is able to change his vocation wherever he finds another more congenial to his tastes. Laboring men, too! the few political hums who are trying to get up this whim are the only ones in the nation who will not work for money.

Senator Morton makes sharp hits. At a late speech in Washington, Ohio, he uttered the following: "And is there any good reason why the Republican party, when they have preserved the republic, should be required to turn over the care and custody of it to the Democracy? When the flames of your burning house have been extinguished, would you hire the incendiary as a watchman to protect it from fire in the future; or, when your child has been rescued from the waves, would you deliver it over to a lecher, nursing and reclamation to the monster who threw it in? And yet you might do these things with as much propriety as to turn over the control of the government to the Democracy party."

A smile that foretells sorrow—the one you take in a bar-room.

GENERAL NEWS.

PORTLAND ITEMS.—Says the *Oregonian*, Capt. R. C. Smith has brought his new steamer up from Monticello, to receive her machinery. She is to have the boiler and engine of the old Fannie Troupe, will be ready in two months to run opposition from Portland to Astoria. Streets are full of water every night. There was a space of half a block between an engine, but a saloon has been opened in the gap. A laborer on the railroad was injured in the hip by a rail falling on him. The local of the Oregonian seems having been killed by the locomotive.

The *Herold* has information that Mr. W. (A.) J. Welch, of Astoria, fell from a building, causing concussion of the brain. The cause of malpractice, Leyman Williams vs. Edgar Poppleka, for \$20,000 damages, went to the jury last night. Riding the locomotive all the way. The *Ajax* was due yesterday, with 600 tons railroad iron. The Commercial adds, that the locomotive was at work all of Wednesday night. The track is now laid for six miles. Nothing for the recorder to do. Ship Heaton, over a week ago, was out from New York for Astoria, but has not been heard from, shipper's goods being left behind.

ALANY ITEMS.—The Democrat has changed the day of publication to Friday on account of the mails. Albany has railroad on the brain. The railroad surveys, have moved on and camped on the California. Hunters and game are plentiful. Clatsop No. 1 is completed, and a tax of fifteen mills levied to pay for it. Baird, of Brownville, writes to a friend that he has a rooster still alive whose head he cut off back of the eyes and comb which one of his eyes, C. P. Burkholder raised a pear that weighed three pounds seven ounces, and measured seven inches long way. The citizens ask the Council to appropriate for a new engine towards the bridge on the circuit Court now in session in Benton county, is one wherein a squaw sees a fine for a beating. The plaintiff has employed one of the leading attorneys in Benton county, to see the thing through.

HOUSTON.—The Commercial has a special from Boise City stating that Theodore Burmaster shot and killed R. B. Morford, on the 6th instant. Mr. Burmaster is well known here where he resided for a number of years; he lately lost his wife by the hand of an assassin. Judge Morford was at one time County Clerk of Blaine county, and here a very fair reputation.

LENN COUNTY.—The Register announces to the citizens of Linn, that D. M. C. Gault, formerly of this office, is engaged on that paper. He will canvass the county for news and also for subscriptions, and we hope to have the pleasure of recording many items of general interest, concerning that section, from the pen of our whilom associate. W. J. Clever presented the Register with some beetles, one of them weighing twenty-eight pounds, and measuring twenty-six inches in length, and twenty-two in circumference. Harpoel beat Beard, in a race for forty yards for ten dollars. The railroad line is located through the heart of the town, enters at the old brick yard, runs between the College and Montell's residence, and crosses the California 100 yards above the bridge on the Corvallis road. W. D. Belden is about to start a broom factory at Albany. John Metzger struck his foot against a board, cutting it severely. Farmers of Linn are going into the faxseed business largely. Free Masons of Lebanon have purchased five acres for a burial ground, near that place. Good farmers plan they have enlarged their halls, they are in a prosperous condition. Brownville has a debating society, that excluded "old men, experienced debaters, smart men, and boys under fourteen."

PROGNE CITY.—The Journal has an editorial correspondence from Washington City; also the following: On last Tuesday a man by the name of John Speakman, while assisting to put up a tree at the ferry at this place, fell from a rope about thirty-six feet, breaking two upper ribs in the right breast, and badly injuring himself inwardly. Dr. Sharples was called to attend the case, but the man died before he could be brought to the hospital. He is not entirely out of danger yet, he will probably recover. We learn that a young man named George Craig was brought up and held in the county jail a few days ago, on a charge of having sold whisky to Indians.

PORTLAND ITEMS.—The Oregonian has this: "A melo-dion" is to be started here. House building is lively. Estes & Stimpson sawed over half a million feet of lumber in twenty-six days and are behind their orders. J. N. Dolph and family are home. They like Oregon and the better for their trip. The *Ajax* had a rough time scuttling for Astoria, but she is not entirely out of danger yet, he will probably recover. We learn that a young man named George Craig was brought up and held in the county jail a few days ago, on a charge of having sold whisky to Indians.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Hon. S. Garfield, delegate from Washington Territory, writes home that he has had the misfortune to lose a large trunk, containing among other things his private papers and also the papers relating to business entrusted to him by his constituents. The railroad agents are searching for the trunk, but in case of a failure to recover it, Mr. G. requests parties interested to furnish duplicates of all papers immediately.

YAMHILL COUNTY.—We learn by boat last evening, that the grand jury at Lafayette failed to find bills against any of the Hesses, who have been in jail there for some months awaiting trial for the killing of Claiborne Morris, who was waylaid and shot in July last.

PORTLAND ITEMS.—The Oregonian says: On Saturday it was expected that the track would be laid to Milwaukie, by night. The work is being pushed on with all possible speed, the locomotive running a good part of every night. We passed over a portion of the road yesterday and found it very substantial and in excellent condition. There has been any pretense of finishing up. Some portions of the road between here and Milwaukie has not been aligned yet, though every foot of it is perfectly safe for trains. Large parties are constantly at work leveling, straightening and tamping the track and grade. Judge Hoffman showed us

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. T. B. NICHOLSON,
General Collecting Agent,
AND
Agent for Oregon Statesman.
No. 80 STATE ST., PORTLAND.

Doctor.

S. W. McDOWELL, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician, &c.
Graduate of the Wallcut University, Medical Department.
Office in Moore's brick, over Freeman Brothers store.

A. M. BELT, M. D., Apothecary, SALEM, OREGON.

Office on residence corner High and Church streets.

J. W. McFAEE, Physician and Surgeon, SALEM, OREGON.

OFFICE—Up stairs over McCleary & Otis's drug store, State street. Residence corner Union and Cherry streets. Astoria, Feb. 17th, 1869.

M. B. LINGO, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, SALEM, OREGON.

Office—E. Corner Liberty and Commercial streets, opposite New Theater building, near the corner of Union and Cherry streets.

J. C. SHELTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, SALEM, OREGON.

Office at the residence, on corner of Fremont and Division streets, northwest corner of the block below Marion Square.

H. CASPER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, SALEM, OREGON.

Office on Liberty street, nearly opposite Congregational Church.

CARPENTER & PAYTON, Physicians & Surgeons, SALEM, OREGON.

Office on Liberty street, nearly opposite Congregational Church.

SULLIVAN & WHITSON, Attorneys at Law, DALLAS, POLK CO., OREGON.

Particular attention given to collection of notes, accounts, debts, mortgages, &c.

JAMES W. PARKER, Attorney & Counselor at Law, SALEM, OREGON.

Office on Liberty street, nearly opposite Congregational Church.

F. A. CHENOWETH, Attorney at Law, CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Office