

The Daily Astorian.

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The Daily Astorian.

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(Monday Excepted).
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To City Subscribers.
There are such frequent changes in the residence of our city patrons that we shall feel obliged to any who make such changes if they will report the same to this office. Otherwise we shall not be responsible for failures of the carrier to deliver the paper promptly and regularly to them.

The little Columbia ran away from the big boat of Victoria, the Alexander, under slow-bell on Sunday.

ON THE UPPER RIVER.—A P. C. from The Dalles informs us that Capt. Fred Wilson is now on the upper Columbia.

REVENUE CUTTER FOR ASTORIA.—The new Revenue Cutter Tom Corwin, Capt. J. W. White, has been designated for the Columbia river, with headquarters at Astoria. The Corwin was built for this district.

NEW CITY MAPS.—Mr. H. Gearhart, City surveyor, has just completed a very handsome map of Astoria (in two sections) on a large scale, which is admired for the beauty of style and finish, and its minute correctness.

CITY MATTERS.—City Attorney Bell has been absent for several days to Oysterville on business. As there were sundry ordinances pending in relation to city finances that needed the attention of the attorney, the council adjourned Monday evening, to meet again last evening.

MYTINY.—The crew of the Dinapore mutinied on the morning of the 15th when the tug went alongside in the harbor to take the vessel to sea, and would not hoist the anchor. This detained the ship until yesterday. It is but the natural growth of that system which permits a cargo to be taken on board at one port (Astoria), while the crew is enlisted at another port (Portland).

INCORRECT.—The name of Capt. Sibson appeared in this paper as commander of the British bark Woodhall, due at this port from Hongkong. Our information was taken from Lloyd's register, but we understand from Mr. Sibson of this city, brother of the late commander of the Woodhall, that Capt. Sibson died since the report was made to Lloyd's from which we have quoted, and that therefore the vessel is under command of another person.

BUY A HOME.—Although taxes are high and rents are low, (says the St. Louis Globe, and the words apply here as well), a man who buys real estate and pays for it with his own money is better off than he who gets five per cent interest on a deposit in a bank. The withdrawal of deposits from the banks ought to lead to a pretty brisk cash business in little houses and cheap lots, and really it would be hard to find a better disposition to make of one's money.

U. S. STATUTES.—The United States Statutes could be obtained of the department of state at the following rates: Revised Statutes, 1873 to 1875, \$4 05; Statutes at Large, vol. 18, 1875, \$4 00; Statute at Large, vol. 19, 1875 to 1877, \$2 50; bound in sheep. Postal orders or certificates of deposit in First National Bank at Portland, payable to the Secretary of State of the United States. The above are the lowest possible rates which can be procured, being just what the paper, printing and binding costs the government. This information is given for the legal profession.

BEAT TONGUE POINT.—Yesterday morning at an early hour two very large black bear came to camp where the workmen are employed upon the Tongue Point depot, and all hands started after the game, chasing them with stones back into the brush. Mr. Wheeler went for his rifle, but before he returned to the scene of excitement the bear had reached a secure place, beyond capture. That is a splendid locality for small game like bear, cougar, elk, deer, and the like, and it is said by some that even duck and snipe may be shot on the opposite side of the point. What an excellent site for a park, in all its native wildness.

ALONG THE WHARVES.

—The British bark Wigton arrived yesterday.
—The Drumclog will be loaded to-day, perhaps.
—The Buenos Ayres is loaded, and nearly ready for sea.
—The Dinapore is lying at anchor at Fort Stevens, part of her crew in irons.
—The Ben Holladay delivered the crew to the Paetolus last night. She is now ready for sea.
—The cargo-ballast of the Santa Clara was being hoisted out all night. She has enough stiffening in to let all the ballast out.
—The Elder is hard aground at St. Helen's all day yesterday. It is high time an appropriation was made by Congress to deepen the channel at that point.

Real Estate Sales.

List of deeds of lots and lands transferred and sold and recorded in the office of the County Clerk of Clatsop county, Oregon, for the month of August past, exclusive of patents from the general government and title deeds from the Commissioners of school lands:
George B. McEwan and wife to Marshall Kinney, lot 4, block 16, and 50 feet square, south end lot 4, block 16.....\$1,300 00
Phoebe and A. Knapp to Rufus Knapp, 139 1/2 acres of land claim in Clatsop county..... 700 00
John H. Rutter and wife to Jeth Hamburger, lot 8, block 39, McClure's Astoria..... 100 00
Ed. O'Connor and wife to M. J. Kinney, lot 7, block 4, McClure's Astoria..... 400 00
W. L. Worthington and wife to John Hobson, lots 3 and 4, block 108, Olney's addition..... 125 00
John A. Reynolds and wife to J. O. Fruit, frontage of lot 4, block 1, McClure's Astoria..... 100 00
M. J. Kinney and wife to W. L. Headington, lot 11, block 65, McClure's Astoria..... 400 00
Worthington and wife, to Chas. Angel, lots 3 and 4, block 53, McClure's Astoria..... 300 00
M. J. Kinney and wife to Baptist Church, lot 4, block 65, McClure's Astoria..... 600 00
C. L. Parker to Inez Parker, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, in block 14, McClure's Astoria..... 1 00
T. P. Powers and wife to D. C. Ireland, lots 5 and 6, block 21, in Upper Astoria..... 400 00
Heirs of Jas. Welch to John Welch, lot 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, block 11, Shively's Astoria..... 2,000 00
Heirs of Jas. Welch to A. Barry and Jno. Anderson, lot 10, blk 3, Shively's Astoria..... 212 50
I. L. Pitcock and wife to Conrad Buehler, lot 13, block 70, Olney's Astoria..... 80 00
W. L. Worthington and wife to Hannah Hareson, lots 6 and 8, block 80, McClure's Astoria..... 100 00
John Robinson and wife to M. A. Fuller, lots 6 and 8, block 18, Adair's Astoria..... 200 00
John Ansig and wife to Joseph Konigsberger, lots 1, 2, 7 and 8, block 142, Olney's Astoria..... 150 00
W. W. Parker and wife to Catharin Crang, lot 1, block 73, McClure's Astoria..... 1,500 00
Paul Corno to Charles Wright, lot 8, block 24, McClure's Astoria..... 1,800 00
Conrad Boelling and wife to Mira Rogers, lot 8, block 48, McClure's Astoria..... 1,000 00
Bowlyby and wife, W. W. Parker and wife to Henry Perella and Olof Peterson, lot 6, block 3, Shively's Astoria..... 250 00
John Connor, executor of D. Beach, deceased to Thomas Monteith, the undivided 1/4 of lots 6, 7, and 8, block 10; lots 7 and 8, block 17; lot 4, block 44; lot 1, block 58; lots 1, 2, 3, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, block 61; lots 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 13 and 14, block 58, and the frontage of lots 11 and 12, block 56 1/2, McClure's Astoria as extended by Cyrus Olney..... 900 00
D. C. Ramey to Jno. Gorno, south 1/2 of John Brown's donation claim, Clatsop county..... 800 00
John A. Reynolds and wife to Wm. Reynolds, east 1/2 of lot 5, block 134, Shively's Astoria..... 2,300 00
James Shively to Manuel De Rosa Mendes, 3 1/2 acres, T 7 N., R 10 W., Clatsop county..... 350 00
John Badollet and wife to David Ingalls, lots 3 and 4, block 79, Olney's Astoria..... 200 00
Phillip Johnson and wife to L. H. Hubbard, 50 by 150 adjoining lot 2, block 113, Shively's Astoria..... 350 00

—GOING EAST.—Dan C. Ramey has sold out at Knappa, and is going back to the old home at Peoria on a visit. Mr. John Ross leaves by the Elder to-day for his old home in the east.

SHIP-MASTER'S READING ROOM.—Mr. Peter Wilhelm has permanently fitted up a ship-master's reading room in connection with the Gem saloon in Astoria. The latest shipping papers and home-ward and outward bound shipping lists are kept on file. Telegraph office next door.

WHEAT RING.—There is but one way to compete with the wheat ring at Portland. Form a ring for pools on wheat in store at Astoria. Wheat afloat at Astoria is always on a par with wheat afloat at San Francisco. Recollect that.

CITY ITEMS.

—Put your banner's on the outer wall. The city is give me one of Geo. W. Cornell's genuine bouquet special cigars.
—Sloan's official gazette for Oregon and Washington territory. You can get it at Co. W. G. G. book store. If you wish to get a beautiful song that Emerson sang, "Just a Sweet Boquet," you can get it at Cornell's music store, with all the very latest music published.
—"Boquets Especial," this well known brand of cigars, at Adler's.
—EASTERN OYSTERS.—Fresh lot of Eastern Oysters by Summer Elder at Schmeers, Squemoqua street.
—Mrs. Arrigoni is finishing good rooms with board at from \$6 to \$7 and upwards per week, according to location.
—The new art taught and pictures painted in the most beautiful style, also all kinds of fancy and ornamental work taught by Mrs. L. B. Comstock. See sample of the beautiful pictures at the Bee Hive, where you can learn terms and the time of classes. Orders taken by M. H. Steers.
—Choice new sets of crockery, very unique and novel; also the self-righting "spittoon," that always keeps upright, just received and selling at prices to suit the times, at I. W. Case's.
—Board and lodging can be had at Mrs. Munson's at reasonable rates.
—The best cooking apples and pears in the city are to be found at Bozorth's, who also keeps a full stock of fresh vegetables constantly on hand at the lowest prices. Call and be convinced.
—You can always get fresh oysters in every style and at all hours, day or night, at the Central Coffee Saloon, Conant street, between Benton and Lafayette. J. McFarland, proprietor.
—Astoria Liquor Store, H. Marx & Co., proprietors. Sole agents for Charles Rebstock & Co., St. Louis, Mo. America's finest Stonewall Whisky, Snow Hill fire, Cooper whisky. For sale by all general dealers and saloon keepers. Depot and Branch House of Marx & Jorgensen, Portland, Oregon.
—Dry goods, millinery and notions cheap for thirty days at the Bee Hive.
—The Dance of Life, an answer to the Dance of Death, at the Circulating Library.
—Dr. F. P. Hicks, dentist, rooms in Dr. Welch's building, on Squemoqua street, offers his services to the public of Astoria.
—Peter Runey is still in the market with all kinds of building materials in his line. Has just received 100,000 lath, 2,000 bushels of sand, and a large stock of first quality of brick at his warehouse foot of Benton street.
—The "Dance of Life," an answer to the Dance of Death, by Mrs. J. M. Bowers. For sale at the City Book Store.
—Board and lodging by the day or week at the Astoria Beer Hall, Main street, Astoria. Peter Davis court, proprietor.
—Single men feel like marrying when they see the Diamond range at L. P. Richman & Co's.
—Fresh oysters in every style at Schmeers.
—White wire goods in every style, at L. P. Richman & Co's.
—Dr. B. R. Free-land has located permanently in Astoria for the practice of dentistry. Office in Shuster's building, on Cass street, next door to THE ASTORIAN office.
—Photographs! The latest styles taken at Shuster's new gallery, Cass st., next to the Astorian office.
—For clean towels, sharp razors, and an easy shave, go to Gillespie at PARKER HOUSE BATHS. Hair cutting, shampooing, and dyeing.
—Little Van has reestablished himself at the old corner, refreshed by his late journey to the Atlantic states, and will as formerly attend to all orders in his line as general jobber.

ANOTHER VICTORY GAINED IN FAVOR OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

After this date, coin will be used for change, and tickets dispensed with; all drinks and cigars five and ten cents, at the Chicago House, Main street, Astoria. N. WEIMAN.
Astoria, Oct. 3, 1877.

SOMETHING NEW.

For Glassware, Crockery, Powder and Shot, Gun Wads, Percussion Caps, in fact everything that is useful as well as ornamental, go to J. W. Gearhart, who sells cheap for cash. Goods delivered free of charge.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Dr. J. M. Hinkle, of the National Surgical Institute, with a competent corps of assistants will visit Portland, Oregon, Rooms at St. Charles Hotel, October 22d, to November 1st, 1877, inclusive. No other institution in the world has successfully treated so many cases of Spinal Curvature, Disease of the Joints, Paralysis, Club Feet, Piles, Fistula in ano, Scrofula, Masal Catarrh, etc. Patients from almost every county in the United States have applied to it for relief, either at the home Institute at Indianapolis, Indiana, or to one of its grand divisions at Philadelphia, Pa., Atlanta, Ga., or San Francisco, Cal. The afflicted cannot afford to miss this opportunity of being cured at home. The Doctor makes no charge for consultation and examination, and his terms for treatment are within the reach of every one.

CANARY BIRDS.—for sale at Gillespie's, Parker house baths.

The Soft Shadowy Days.

Autumn is wandering on down the descending path, and soon will the season's stately robes rustle the fallen leaves and flutter in the sullen blasts of November. Imbued as they must be with a soul-deep appreciation of the ethereal beauty and tranquility of "the soft shadowy days," our readers will thank us for grouping these delicate pen pictures:

SUMMER DYING.

On the scarlet mountains yonder,
Summer lies down to die;
She gathers her robes of splendor
Around her royally.
Her tender, purpling mosses
Pillow her royal head;
Her myriad, gentle grasses
Are weeping about her bed.
It fails, the precious promise
Of her beauty's golden reign;
It came, the loss, the longing,
The silence, and the pain.
She was cruel in her splendor,
She mocked us in its reign;
She held her careless carnival
Above our idol slain.

'Tis not the hand that crowns us,
The hand held out to bless;
'Tis the hand that robs and wrongs us,
That we often caress.
Still, O, beguiling Summer,
We o'er thy beauty lean;
Thou didst rob us, yet we love thee—
Discrowned, we hail thee queen.

All passionate fervor faded,
With eyes at last serene,
Turned toward thy conqueror, Autumn,
Thou art dying, O, our queen!
All that thou gavest to us,
In thy morning's gracious glow,
All thou hast taken from us,
Only our God can know.

OCTOBER.

Solemn yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart, thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
Pale summer's melancholy bier;
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

I look to nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling sound
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The years dead honors on the ground;
And, sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delight some moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the west;
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But changed, and, strengthened now,
they beat

In storm o'er mountain, glen and glade—
How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new;
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forehead twines
Till Grief's dim sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the spring.
The dream that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side.

AUTUMN SUNSHINE.

Mild as the glances of angel eyes,
Soft as the kisses of first born love,
Down through the haze of the Autumn
skies
Comes the glad sunshine from the
realms above.

Beautiful pictures it sketcheth now,
Touched with the glowing hues of old,
Painting the valley and mountain's brow
With purple and opal and red and gold—
A whisper of beauty the spirit fills,
Tales of a land that fadeth never,
Sunshine that gildeth the beautiful hills,
O'er the bank of the shadowy river,

Beautiful rest for the weary soul,
Earth hath no beauty akin to this!
Anthems of gladness forever roll
Over those halcyon plains of bliss.

Down the steeps of life's western hill,
Beautiful sunshine of hope and light,
Every shadow and hope dispel,
Lift my spirit from realms of night.

Soft as the beams of the Autumn sun,
Sweet as the death of the summer
flowers,
Gather thy jewels one by one,
Take my soul to those fadeless bowers.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair summer could
bring.

Same spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dies,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.

The sun, from its cloud-pillowed chamber,
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away—

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure haze in the air,
As if angels, whilst heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there.
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

O! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year—
Thou darling, whom nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of
nature,

Rejoice and grow young in thy smile
Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once
more.

Thy loveliness thrills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best;
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.
This is a season enjoyed, we believe,
By all. The sportsman looks forward to
splendid nooks, rambling rubolists to
delightful nooks in wood and dell, and
the school boy is sure to look forward
with pleasure to the days,
When the sound of dropping nuts is
heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill.

Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, amply rewarded is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting into it something worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between my schoolmates who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence.—Daniel Webster.

While the advertiser eats and sleeps, printers, steam engines, and printing presses are at work for him, trains and stages are taking his words to every corner of the country, to thousands of readers, all whom glance with more or less interest at the message prepared for them in the solitude of his office. No preacher ever spoke to so large an audience, or with so little effort, or so eloquently, as you may with the newspaper man's assistance, speak to the public.

We publish birth, marriage and death notices free of charge, but expect them to be sent to the office. The pay is not large enough for us to wear out our patent leather boots in searching for the particulars of gratuitous items of any kind

MONEY KEPT AT HOME IS A profit saved. Patronize Astorians.