

The Daily Astorian. ASTORIA, OREGON: WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1881. D. C. IRELAND, Editor.

Washington Society.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—A Washington lady temporarily residing in New York, with a view to making it her permanent home, claims through the Republican that she finds no intellectual society there; that the best people are given over to an insane purpose to make all the show possible, and that dress, style, appearance, and fashion form the staple of their conversation and thought; that they are not given to intellectual pursuits in the least, but everything is strained to the utmost in an exhaustive struggle to show off. She misses the refined and cultivated society of the Capital, and laments, as one of the trials in store for her, that she will be deprived of those intellectual pleasures which she has long enjoyed in Washington, even though she has occupied a comparatively humble position. To the observer of the phases of society in the metropolis this complaint will appear as very apropos, and the conclusions well taken. It can be safely said that no city in the country offers the advantages in genuine social enjoyment that is furnished by Washington city. It is pre-eminently intellectual, taking its tone from congress, the presence of intellectual men, and the legitimate study of the higher social purposes. Leisure not offered in the hurly-burly of metropolitan life is also an element in bringing about the graces and pursuits of real culture. And from what may be termed the outer circle the inner reflects a like purpose. It is true, as the correspondent assumes, that nowhere in America are the same social advantages enjoyed as in Washington. The best advice we can give to the lady is to return to Washington at once. D. C. I.

Republican Simplicity.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—Pouring over an old scrap book of Capt. Crandall's a few days since I fell upon many good things which will bear repeating, among which this is one: The association of ideas is somewhat queer sometimes and leads occasionally to the most unexpected results. For instance, speaking of the Mercury led to a thought about Caesarism and Grant, and that in turn to an exhibition of Caesarism which I saw a day or two ago at the Presidential mansion. The Marine band plays there, on the green at the Potomac-ward face of the White-house; afterwards for the delectation of the multitude; and when the band plays the multitude is always there. There is a pump in the walled area at the southeast corner of the mansion; and the weather being exceedingly warm, a friend and I walked up to this pump to drink. We found there several handsome, well dressed ladies, members of the ton, who were slaking their thirst with sparkling water from a small earthen flowerpot, the small orifice in the bottom of which was plugged with a stick and a rag! Ye Gods! thought I, what Caesarism is this! Whither are we drifting! and what fate must be in store for the republic when the habitues of the Presidential Mansion drink pump water from a plugged earthen pot! I retired reflective and sadly impressed with the conviction that republican simplicity is forever dead in America.

At the Metropolitan temple, San Francisco, on Monday night, the younger Kalloch publicly announced his intention of resigning the ministry, but of remaining in that city.

A Rome dispatch of the 28th says: A lady obtained a private audience with the pope to-day and warned him that the day and hour were fixed for the murder of himself and Cardinal Pecci.

Many persons are reported missing at Nice. Several more bodies have been recovered from the ruins. The manager of the theatre denies that he was forced to play in spite of misgivings as to the safety of the house.

Hon. Alexander Sheppard.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The gentleman whose name forms the caption to this letter formerly lived in this city and was known as Boss Sheppard—monuments in the shape of public improvements all over the city survive his departure, "under a cloud," for Mexico; and were he to return here to-day he would meet with a most elegant reception from all, including his former traducers as well as his friends. When he dies a suitable statue, in either marble or bronze, it should be gold and silver; will be erected to his memory. He was not known and properly appreciated until after his failure and departure—now he is both known and appreciated. Chicago needs just such a man as Boss Sheppard to tear down its death dealing buildings, to fill up its stinks and river and convert a nasty city into what it might be—one of the loveliest on earth. Old Ben Butler did something for New Orleans once, upon the same basis, and with all his faults we will not believe he stole the spoons. The late decision in the Supreme-court in the Hallett Kilbourn case calls to recollection the following published in THE ASTORIAN April 19th, 1876, from the pen of Capt. C. P. Crandall:

The Ex-Confederate Dismount from a High Horse. Hallett Kilbourn has been in the district jail for five weeks for "contumacy." He was a witness summoned by the committee on the real estate pool, and when the committee asked him to produce his private books, he declined. The chairman of the committee, one J. M. Glover, of Missouri, the identical honest man for whom Diogenes hunted so many years, reported the contumacy to the house, and procured the summary imprisonment of the contumacious K. From that time till now, Glover and the ex-confederates who hold the dignity of the house above all human or earthly things, have been talking very loudly about letting Kilbourn rot in jail unless he would come out with his private books and papers. When anything was said about a writ of habeas corpus they have invariably turned up their legal noses with contempt for the man who might even suggest a doubt of the supreme right of the house to hold the prisoners. What were courts? Mere creatures of the house. Who shall dare to question the puissance of the house? What ex-confederate democrat is weak enough to yield to a law of congress when it is the will of the ex-confederate house to defy it? Who is it that admits congress to be superior to the house? These and similar queries were mooted upon the ex-confederate banner which was nailed to the mast head to stay. But the chronicler of current events has occasion to remark that the other day Judge Carter issued a writ of habeas corpus in the Kilbourn case; that the ex-confederates proposed, at once, to snap their fingers at Judge Carter's writ and say to him shoo fly; that a resolution to that effect was introduced and that thereupon the blue-blooded gentlemen of Huguenotic lineage tooted their horns sonorously, and wondered why the devil the just lightnings of heaven didn't descend upon the impious head of Carter and splinter him into kindling-wood. But, after all, the faithful chronicler is compelled to say that the aforesaid sub-resolution failed by a large majority and that a resolution directing the sergeant-at-arms to produce the body of Kilbourn before Judge Carter, in obedience to the writ of habeas corpus, was adopted by the same vote. And now the ex-confederate brethren are wondering what's the use of having a democratic majority in the house. Lane of Oregon was sick and didn't vote. Kilbourn slept at home last night, under guard, and this morning the papers have such head lines as "The Ex-Confederate Bastile Opened."

Chicago has also developed a faster in the person of Wm. Cooney of ninety-five North Clark street, who came there from Sturgeon bay, Wisconsin. He claims to be the Holy Ghost, the successor of Christ, and is a remarkable intelligent lunatic. He has fasted twenty-five days, only drinking water during that time, and says that he will live on faith and water until Easter, April 17th.

Some say that it is no use for them to advertise, that they have been in the place in business all their lives, and everybody knows them. Such people seem to forget to take in consideration that our country is increasing in population nearly 40 per cent. every ten years, and no matter how old the place may be, there are constant changes taking place; some move to other parts, and strangers fill their places. In this age of the world, unless the name of a business firm is kept constantly before the public, some new firm may start up, and by liberal advertising, in a very short time take the place of the older ones, and the latter rust out, as it were, and be forgotten. No man ever lost money by judicious advertising.

NEW TO-DAY.

Notice. THE STEAM TUG "MARY TAYLOR" will be sold at Auction at Astoria on Thursday, April 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M. S. WATERMAN, 74-76 per Trenchard & Upshur, Agents.

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Notice. JOHN KEATON, FORMERLY OF LAV. applied & requested to communicate with the undersigned. JAMES LAIDLAW, 64-66 British-Vic Consul, Portland, Oreg.

Notice. TAX PAYERS OF CLATSOP COUNTY will take notice that this is the last call for taxes due Clatsop county for the year 1880, and additional costs will be added after first of April, 1881. A. M. TWOMBLY, Sheriff and Tax Collector, 65-28.

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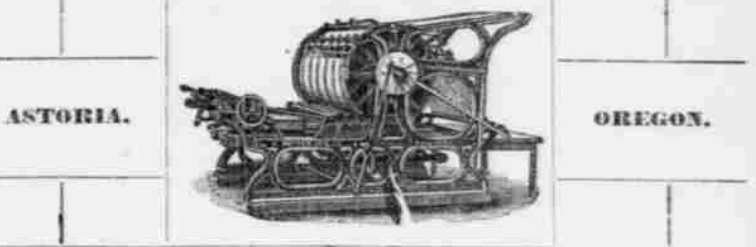
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