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LORENA'S LOVER

History of the Song that Carried All Hearts

About the year 1858 there appeared in the musical cities of the West a song which for twelve years had a run rarely attained by popular melodies. The music had a peculiar charm, the words were singularly touching, and their length, extending to eight long verses, suggested to the reader a story back of them. In fact, the extreme pathos of the words contributed as much, perhaps, as the music to give the composition its wonderful success. It was sung everywhere in parlors, in concerts, on the street, and in the camps of the contending armies. In the Northern army it was immensely popular, and found its way south through Louisville and Cincinnati, and during the Rebellion it was the only piece sung in Southern homes, and excepting martial airs, about the only one sung in the Confederate camp. Everywhere was "Lorena." A steamer on the Ohio was named Lorena, engines on the Western roads were called Lorena, and a person now sometimes meets in society young ladies named Lorena, called that by mothers twenty years ago. The song had a story nearly every one familiar with it supposed, and supposed correctly, and it may not be uninteresting at this late day to give the admirers of the famous melody the facts in the love affair.

The author of the words was Rev. H. D. L. Webster. He studied in the Columbia Academy and Collegiate Institute, and was editor of the college paper. In the year 1848, being then twenty-four years of age, and full of poetry and romance, he was enjoying his first pastorate in Zanesville, Ohio. His leading parishoner was a wealthy manufacturer, whose residence was upon one of the many hills which surrounded that smoky town. The house was about half a mile out, and the eminence upon which it was seated was the one referred to in the song:

'Twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

There lived in his family a younger sister of his wife, and who was the leading singer in the choir. She was nineteen years of age, small of stature, had blue eyes and light brown hair, and was as fair as a lily. She was not only a sweet singer, but she was as full of romance as her pastor, and they soon became very much attached. Their loving did not, however, "prosper well," for the family were proud and aristocratic, and "had higher notions of the girl's future than to sanction her marriage with a poor preacher." As she was dependent on them for a home, she was forced to yield to their counsel—Mr. Webster says he now thinks it wise counsel—and they were obliged to give each other up. It was, however, the strong will and proud spirit of the sister, more than the opposition of the brother-in-law, that separated them, or rather that kept Lorena from him. Lorena seems to have been passive, indecisive in character, and submissive in the hands of her strong-willed sister. Mr. Webster saw her for the last time at her home, learned of her sister's unconquerable opposition, heard his fate, and took a quiet but painful farewell, very little being said. That night she wrote him a last letter in which she used the words, so well remembered by those familiar with the song: "If we try we may forget."

He teaches the husband and the little ones, kneeling around the bedside in prayer to God that the dire calamity of mother's death may be averted, that the barbaric war-whoop of a Comanche Indian would be equally as effective and appropriate as their prayer for mercy.

He teaches the wife, at the impending death of the father of her children, when she offers a grief-stricken prayer for mercy to her Creator, that her act is as brainless as that of the dog that bays the moon.

for "If we try we may forget," Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet,
They touch some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
There is a future. O! thank God,
Of life this is so small a part.
Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

The effect of this separation was to crush the young man, and writing to a friend five years ago, twenty-five years after the occurrence, he says: "I doubt if all dark lines are erased from my heart yet." He resigned his pastorate and sought another field, smothering his pain by hard study and work. And the only sign of pain the world ever saw was the heart-cry in the song of "Lorena." In 1856 he was residing in Racine, Wis., where he met J. P. Webster, the composer, who, though of the same name, is no relation to him. They soon became very intimate. J. P. Webster was writing song music, and was troubled to find appropriate words. Rev. Mr. Webster told him that he would write a song, and in two days he produced it, entitled "Bertha," a mere fancy name. When the composer came to set it to music he wanted a name of three syllables, accented on the second, and the author then made up the name of "Lorena."

The young lady's name was not Lorena, nor Bertha, but Ella. It is said that she lost her beauty and sunny, witching ways after they parted, and never regained them, and that she is now a sad, sickly woman, past the prime of life. When last heard from, however, several months ago, she was traveling in Europe. Her proud and haughty sister has long since passed over the river, where "tis heart to heart and not dollar to dollar." Her brother-in-law died only a few weeks ago. Mr. Webster, also past the prime of life, is married, and lives in Neenah, Wis., a minister and the editor of a local paper.—*Boston Star.*

What Ingersoll Teaches

He teaches the young mother lingering over the lisping prayer of her first-born, "Now I lay me down to sleep," that the faith of her childhood, strengthened by the experience of riper years and a virtuous life, is a delusion; that there is no merciful and responsive ear to answer the innocent appeal of her darling.

He teaches the family mourning over the body of the father on whose brow the everlasting imprint of death is stamped, that the icy body soon to be reduced to death is all that is left of the noble life that strewed their pathway with roses, and who has so twined himself around the tendrils of their heart that parting without hope of reunion would blast and wither their lives.

He teaches the flaxen-haired boy, just emerging from the flower-bested pathway of childhood and entering the dangerous channels of knowledge, as heart-broken, he clasps his dying mother in his arms, that the promise she whispers with her expiring breath (my darling we will meet in heaven) is the infatuation of ignorance; that there is no heaven, and that all her virtues, when the breath leaves her, perish forever.

He teaches the wife, at the impending death of the father of her children, when she offers a grief-stricken prayer for mercy to her Creator, that her act is as brainless as that of the dog that bays the moon.

He teaches the husband and the little ones, kneeling around the bedside in prayer to God that the dire calamity of mother's death

may be averted, that the barbaric war-whoop of a Comanche Indian would be equally as effective and appropriate as their prayer for mercy.

He teaches mankind to let go the anchorage that makes life bearable; that in this age and country cultivates and encourages all the noble emotions, and is the mainstay of all the moral forces of society, and offers nothing as a substitute for his blasting philosophy.

He teaches the world that the Sabbath chimes, which for many centuries in many countries have called christian families to worship, are a device of villainy; that the edifices dedicated to the worship of the christian God are charnel-houses built by wages extorted from ignorance.

He teaches his generation that there is no hope beyond the grave; that all that is vital is the body; that we are created only to struggle and suffer for three score and ten years; that whether our lives be glorified by all the virtues, a common and eternal sepulcher yawns for all.—*Statesman.*

Our Indian Policy.

Secretary of the Interior Kirkwood's report to the President has been completed. The most interesting portion of it relates to the Indians. After giving a history of the peculiarities of the red men he says: "I earnestly recommend two things in case the present number of reservations shall be maintained: First, that existing reservations, where entirely out of proportion to the number of Indians thereon, be, with the consent of the Indians, and upon fair and just terms, reduced to proper size; and second, that the titles to these diminished reserves be placed by patent as fully under the protection of the courts as are the titles of all others of our people to their land. I would so arrange that the Indian father of to-day might have assurance that his children as well as himself could have a home. As an additional inducement for heads of families to take land in severalty and engage in farming provisions should be made to aid such of them as do so in building houses thereon. The sum of \$50, carefully expended by a judicious agent, will enable an Indian on his own labor to build a house as comfortable as those occupied by many of our frontier settlers. If a liberal sum were placed in the control of the Indian office every year to be expended for this purpose exclusively, the effect would be excellent. A wise liberality in this direction would, in my judgment, be true economy. There are now in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi river 102 reservations, great and small, on which are located, in round numbers, 224,000 Indians.

The numbers on the different reservations vary from a few hundred to several thousand. There are attached to these reservations sixty-eight agencies, each with its staff of employees. There are also established near them, for the protection alike of the whites and Indians, thirty-seven military posts, with larger or smaller garrisons. The transportation of supplies to so many and so widely-scattered agencies and military posts is very expensive, and our army is so small that the garrison at many of the posts is not sufficient either to prevent outbreaks or to suppress them promptly when they occur. I am strongly inclined to believe that if all the Indians west of the Mississippi were gathered upon four or five reservations our Indian affairs could be managed with greater economy to the Gov-

ernment and greater benefit to the Indians. In view of the facts stated as to existing reservations, I recommend that Congress be asked to create a commission of three or four eminent citizens to visit during the next year the reservations west of the Mississippi river for the purpose of recommending to Congress, if they shall deem it wise to do so, the concentration of the Indians on four or five large reservations, to be selected in different parts of the west, on which the different tribes shall be located, and if this shall, in the judgment of the commission, not be wise, then to recommend the concentration of existing small agencies where that can properly be done, and the reduction of the area of others to dimensions proportionate to the number of Indians now located thereon.

Notice.

During my absence from Astoria, Mr. L. E. Selig will act as my agent. All orders from the interior please address to L. E. Selig, which will be promptly attended to.

J. SEYMOUR,
agent for Oregon and Washington territory for the celebrated Chicago Beer.

Peruvian Bitters.

Cinchona Bitter
The Count Cincion was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1630. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinaquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1632, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Linnæus called it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It cures excessive loss of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinchona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever today, as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroys. We guarantee the ingredients of these Bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the highest known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and we willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers, Order it.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured from sands who were suffering from dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint, indigestion, morose, female complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Sells W. Fowler & Sons, Boston.

As a mild, but efficient laxative, as a safe but sure tonic, blood purifier and general strengthener, see "List of the Blood." See advertisement.

—Xmas, New Year's, and birth-day cards, the finest ever in the city, at the City Book Store.

THE WEEKLY ASTORIAN is an independent newspaper, devoted wholly and solely to the commercial and material interests of Oregon, and will be sent on trial six months to any address in the United States on receipt of \$1.00.

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial Remedy is a disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles which singers and public speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's bronchial remedy has been recommended by physicians, and always given entire satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly a century, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box every where.

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Ship and Cannery work, Horseshoeing, Wagons made and repaired. Good work guaranteed.

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A full line of FAMILY GROCERIES, FLOUR, FRESH BAY, CANNED FRUIT, VEGETABLES, ETC.

Butter, Eggs, Cheese, etc. constantly on hand.
Sales supplied at the lowest rates.

Furnished Rooms to Let

At Mrs. Munson's lodging house.

Wanted.
A small house, furnished or unfurnished. Address ETCOT, ASTORIA office.

Notice.

Just received per steamer Columbia, a fine lot of eastern oysters, which will be served up in first class style at Rosecos, Occident block.

Pro Bono Publico.

M. D. Kant, Merchant Tailor, has just engaged the services of a competent cutter and tailor and will guarantee all garments to suit in style and fit.

Notice to the Ladies.

Smile-locks, curls and frizzes made from combs or cut hair. Call on or address Wm. Ullenhuth, Occident hair-dressing saloon, Astoria, Oregon.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the late firm of Trenchard & Leitch will please call at my office and settle accounts immediately. J. Q. A. BOWLEY.

Eastern Oysters.

Another fine lot of Eastern Oysters just received at Rosecos, per steamer Oregon. Occident block.

Notice.

A Boat picked up near the Farmers' wharf on the 25th of November. Owner can have the same by paying charges. Inquire at Central Hotel.

To Live Men.

THE ASTORIAN has now reached a circulation which places it at the head of the list of Oregon dailies, and inspires to advertisers thereof more benefit for the amount paid than may be secured elsewhere. To those who wish to reach the largest number of readers at the smallest expense, we offer the columns of an attractive daily, the success of which from the very start has been far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine.

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No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it, never will, from their knowledge of its composition and effects, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and always with successful results. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

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Ship and Cannery work, Horseshoeing, Wagons made and repaired. Good work guaranteed.

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Hay, Oats, Straw, Wood, Etc.

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Has received a large invoice of