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The Daily Astorian.

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LEFT ON THE FIELD.

Perhaps you know what it is to have a bullet plow its way into your flesh, but were you ever left wounded on the field--left to wear away hours of daylight amidst groans and prayers and curses--to wear away a night which seemed years ago, while men shrieked in agony and died--while wounded horses sighed and groaned and dragged themselves along—while ghouls prowled over the blood-red grass and wet their fingers in warm blood as they searched the bodies of dead and wounded for plunder?

"Forward!" came the order.

I looked up and down the line as we left the cover of the woods, and the regiment was dressed as if on parade. We were the battle front of a brigade, and were going to charge a battery half a mile away. No skirmishers out—no firing. The battery was belching away under a cloud of blue smoke, and the ground was open and clear.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! No lagging—no forging ahead. Common time—march! march! march! It was snail's pace, but we were to increase it. The left of the line was swinging ahead a little as the impatient men increased their steps, when suddenly the enemy discovered our manoeuver. There was a lull in the firing for fifteen seconds as the battery changed front, and then a shell tore through the center and battered six or eight men into bloody pulp.

"Double-quick — charge!" and away we went, each man shutting his teeth hard as he entered the smoke cloud, from under which the red tongues of death leaped forward to scorch and wither dozens and scores and hundreds.

A grim veteran on my left raised a cheer. It was yet on his lips when a grape-shot tore a hole through his breast and sent him into a dry ditch, dead before he struck the grass. Two brothers on my right halted for an instant as the grape and canister shrieked around them. I looked back and they were gone—dead under the feet of the second line.

How far it was! How long it took us to pass over that quarter of a mile! Now we see shadows around the guns—now the powder-flame burns our faces—now we are cheering and shouting and using our bayonets. The guns are ours! Men fall to the ground as they step into pools of blood. Every gun has its blood said—every wheel is covered with crimson spots. Men died before the guns—around them—behind them. We cheer—hip! hip! hu——!

Where am I? The afternoon sky is overhead—the roar of battle is in my ears--I am lying on my back on the ground. What does it mean? How came this? Heaven, what a burning, blistering sensation in my left leg above the knee! I am wounded, I am lying where I first went down. The guns were here, but they are gone now—part of them captured—part of them dragged away by hand. The tide of battle has shifted, and over this meadow the dogs of war are tearing at each other's throats.

Is there any one else here? I lift my head. Any one else! Great God! but the field is covered with dead and wounded—with men writhing and groaning—with fragments of bodies—with pale-faced dead—with blood-stained dying! I can touch the dead on either side, and close behind me a piteous voice calls out:

"Comrade, for the love of heaven give me a drink!"

That pain again. Is the leg being roasted over a slow fire? I scream and shriek and clutch the grass and keep company with thousands of others who are being tortured to insensibility by pain or driven to distraction by the still-continued carnage.

Ah! It is night. The falling dew has brought more than one poor soldier back to life and renewed suffering. The batteries are silent. The muskets are resting after their deadly work. There is silence—no! From woods and meadow and knoll and valley, from almost every yard of ground on that long battle-front, rise groans and cries and prayers and pleadings. A general prides himself on a strategic movement, a colonel will be promoted for bravery, a major is flattered by the cheers of the living, a captain is proud of his men that stood like a stone wall, and the result is five thousand dead and wounded men—fathers, brothers and sons.

This is glory. Scream and shriek, but some one has won fame. Pray and plead and rave and curse, but the telegraph is flashing the news of a glorious victory over the country. The enemy has not retired as yet, but is getting ready to fall back when the night grows older.

Hark! Is some one moving? Yes, it is a step. It is some wounded man hobbling away under cover of darkness. Nearer—nearer—and some one looks into my face. It is the ghoul of the battle-field—the hyena who drags his talons through blood and gaping wounds to rob dying men's pockets.

"Go away; I am not dead!" I shriek in his face as he bends closer, and he leaps aside to growl and curse and search the body of one whose pale, upturned face is just catching the silver rays of a new moon. I hear more steps. Ghoul meets ghoul and holds a whispered conversation, and they separate with hands full of plunder. Now comes a heavier step. A trooper's horse is dragging himself across the field, a shattered leg making him utter almost human groans. He is more merciful than the ghouls. He waves and turns to avoid the human bodies in his path; he even halts and puts his nose against the faces of the dead, as if he would speak to them.

So, and until midnight comes and goes; and then lanterns flash, the ghouls speed away, and strong men carefully lift up the wounded and carry white faces as they find old comrades lying stiff and stark in pools of clotted gore.

And all this for—what?—*Free Press.*

The Newspaper.

The recognition of the fact that the newspaper is a private and purely business enterprise will help to define the mutual relations of the editor and the public. His claim upon the public is exactly that of any manufacturer or dealer. It is that of the man who makes cloth, or the grocer who opens a shop; neither has a right to complain if the public does not buy of him. If the buyer does not like a cloth half shoddy, or coffee half chiccory, he will go elsewhere. If the subscriber does not like one newspaper he takes another, or none. The appeal for newspaper support on the ground that such a journal ought to be sustained by an enlightened community, or any ground other than that it is a good article that people want—or would want if they knew its value—is purely childish in this age of the world. If any person wants to start a periodical devoted to decorated teapots, with the noble view of inducing the people to live up to his idea of a teapot, very good; but he has no right to complain if he fails.

On the other hand, the public has no rights in the newspaper except what it pays for; even the "oldest subscriber" has none, except to drop the paper if it ceases to please him. The notion that the subscriber has a right to interfere in the conduct of a paper, or the reader to direct its opinions, is based on a misconception of what the newspaper is. The claim of the public to have its communications printed in the paper is equally baseless. Whether they shall be printed or not rests in the discretion of the editor, having reference to his own private interest and to his apprehension of the public good. Nor is he bound to give any reason for his refusal. It is purely in his discretion whether he will admit a reply to anything that has appeared in his columns. No one has a right to demand it. Courtesy and policy may grant it; but the right to it does not exist. If anyone is injured he may seek his remedy at law; and I should like to see the law of libel such, and so administered that any person injured by a libel in the newspaper, as well as by slander out of it, could be sure of prompt redress.

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The advertiser acquires no more rights in the paper than the subscriber. He is entitled to use the space for which he pays by the insertion of such material as is approved by the editor. He gains no interest in any other part of the paper, and has no more claim than any other one of the public. To give him such space would be unbusiness-like, and the extension of a preference which would be unjust to the rest of the public. Nothing more quickly destroys the character of a journal, begets distrust of it, and so reduces its value, than the well-founded suspicion that its editorial colums are the property of advertisers. Even a religious journal will after a while be injured by this.

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Akin to the false notion that the newspaper is a sort of open channel that the public may use as it chooses, is the conception of it as a charitable institution. A newspaper, which is the property of a private person as much as a drug-shop, is expected to perform for nothing services which would be asked of no other private person. There is scarcely a charitable enterprise to which it is not asked, to contribute of its space, which is money, ten times more than any other person in the community, who are ten times as able as the owner of the newspaper to contribute. The journal is considered "mean" if it will not surrender its columns freely to notices and announcements of this sort. If a manager has a new hen-coop or a new singer he wishes to introduce to the public, he comes to the newspaper, expecting to have his enterprise extolled for nothing, and probably never thinks that it would be just as proper for him to go to one of the regular advertisers in the paper and ask him to give up his space. Everything, from a church picnic to a brass band concert for the widow of the triangles, asks the newspaper to contribute. The party in politics whose principles the editor advocates has no doubt of its rightful claim upon him, not only upon the editorial columns, but upon the whole newspaper. It asks without hesitation that the newspaper should take up its valuable space by printing hundreds and often thousands of dollars' worth of political announcements in the course of a protracted campaign, when it never would think of getting its balls, its speakers, and its brass bands free of expense. Churches, as well as parties, expect this sort of charity. I have known rich churches, to whose members it was a convenience to have their Sunday and other services announced, withdraw the announcements when the editor declined any longer to contribute a weekly fifty cents' worth of space. No private person contributes so much to charity, in proportion to ability, as the newspaper. Perhaps it will get credit for this in the next world; it certainly never does in this.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

Arrigoni Lodging House, Portland, Oregon.

New house and first class in its appointments. Third street, in R. R. Thompson's block, opposite Capt. Ainsworth. Rooms by the day, week or month. MRS. E. ARRIGONI.

Take Notice.

On after this date an additional 10 cents per cord will be charged on all orders for sawed wood not accompanied by the cash, at Grays wood yard. July 1st, 1881.

Rooms to Rent.

Anyone who wants a nicely furnished room in a pleasant locality can be accommodated at Mrs. Denny Curran's, near the Congregational church.

Net Found.

Net picked up, about forty feet marked "K. K.," on the lead line "No. 12." The owner can have it by applying at Theo. Brackker's cigar store and paying charges. It was picked up between Smiths' point and the black buoy. JAS. FREEMAN.

Musical Instruction.

Prof. Fred. Mayer, of Switzerland, is now in the city and intends organizing a class in instrumental music. Any one who contemplates taking a course of instruction on the piano will find this a rare opportunity. Prof. Mayer may be seen at Mrs. Twilight's.

The Weekly Astorian

Is a mammoth sheet, double the size of the Daily. It is just the paper for the fireside, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, etc. It is furnished to single subscribers at $2 00 per year in advance.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c per box.

—SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, whooping cough and Bronchitis. Sold by W. E. Dement.

War! War! War!

Water front offered free to any person that will build a saw mill in the city of Williamsport. Lumber we must have to build this city. We have one store in running order at present. Quite a number have already located homes in this city, and yet there is room. Sold on time to suit purchasers. Located one mile south of Astoria, on the sunny side of the hill, on Young's bay. J. WILLIAMSON, Sr.

Notice.

Ice cream, ice cream, at Roscoe's refreshment saloon, Saturday and Sunday evenings. Occident block.

—"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W. E. Dement.

Will Remove

Mr. C. H. Cooper, of the I. X. L. store has leased the entire lower floor of the Knights of Pythias building and will remove his stock on or about the first of May. Being overstocked and wishing to reduce his present stock he will offer as a special inducement a very liberal discount to all cash customers buying goods to amount of $10 or over. Remember that in patronizing this sale that the discount will be handed back in cash.

Peruvian Bitters

Cinchona Rubra.

The Count Cinchon 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, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." 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 Linnaeus 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 attacks excessive love 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 to-day 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 best 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. Loeb & Co., agents for Astoria.

Furnished Rooms to] Let

At Mrs. Munson's lodging house.

To the Ladies.

Dressmaking in all its branches; neat and reasonable, at Mrs. Denny Currans. Cass street, near Congregational Church.

To Families and Housekeepers.

I have opened a large stock of furniture and bedding on the corner of Main and Squemoqua streets, and will sell at San Francisco prices. You will save money by buying of me. MARTIN OLSEN.

Notice.

The Astoria Shirt and Oil Clothing Factory has moved next house to O'Brien's Hotel. Persons wishing good oil clothing to keep them dry will please call.

Notice.

Picked up April 27th a piece of new web, 45 to 50 fathoms, 45 meshes deep, No. 50 10-ply twine. Apply to A. P. Co., Bwaco.

Attention Fishermen.

Use Nichols's Balm of Gilead oil for sore or chapped hands, for sale by Joe G. Charters. Tide tables free to all.

For the finest baths in the city go to the Orient bathing rooms, opposite Holden's auction store. JOE G. CHARTERS, Prop.

Sherman Bros. Express

Will receive orders at the store of I. W. Case for upper Astoria or any other part of the city. Leave your orders on the slate and they will be promptly attended to.

Have Wistar's balsam of wild cherry always at hand. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumption, and all throat and lung complaints. 50 cents and $1 a bottle.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Halls Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial troches do not 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 troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Among the medical means of arresting disease, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands pre-eminent. It checks the further progress of all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, revives the vital stamina, prevents and remedies chills and fevers, increases the activity of the kidneys, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, and is a genuine stay and solace to aged, infirm and nervous persons.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Leinenweber & Co.,

C. LEINENWEBER. H. BRO

ESTABLISHED 1865.

ASTORIA, OREGON,

TANNERS AND CURRIERS,

Manufacturers and Importers of

ALL KINDS OF

LEATHER

AND FINDINGS

Wholesale Dealers in

OIL AND TALLOW.

Highest cash price paid for Hides and Tallow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. ARNDT & FERCHEN,

ASTORIA. - OREGON.

The Pioneer Machine Shop

BLACKSMITH

SHOP

AND

Boiler Shop

All kinds of

ENGINE, CANNERY,

—AND—

STEAMBOAT WORK

Promptly attended to.

A specialty made of repairing

CANNERY DIES,

FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET.

ASTORIA IRON WORKS.

BENTON STREET, NEAR PARKER HOUSE,

ASTORIA. - OREGON.

GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS.

LAND & MARINE ENGINES

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work, and Cannery Work a specialty.

CASTINGS.

Of all Descriptions made to Order at Short Notice.

A. D. WASS, President.
J. G. HUSTLER, Secretary.
I. W. CASE, Treasurer.
JOHN FOX, Superintendent.

B. B. FRANKLIN,

UNDERTAKER,

Corner Cass and Squemoqhe streets,

ASTORIA. - - - - OREGON

DEALER IN

WALL PAPER

AND

WINDOW SHADES

AND

UNDERTAKERS GOODS.

LEADING SUIT HOUSE!

CLOAKS As I am not able at present to leave my store, **SUITS**

I shall send to any DRESSES and DOLMANS at prices that CANNOT BE DUPLICATED in America, from $15 upwards, with privilege of examining at Wells-Fargo, and if not good value I pay charges BOTH ways. Address, with size,

H. B. LITT,

Corner Third and Alder Streets,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Take Notice.

John Rogers, Central Market,

Has received a large invoice of

BARRELS AND HALF BARRELS

of the best quality,

And is now ready to supply Butchers Canneries and all others, cheap for cash.

MRS. DERBY,

DEALER IN

New and Choice MILLINERY,

Desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Astoria to the fact that she has received a large assortment of the

LATEST STYLES OF

Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings,

AND

FANCY GOODS.

Corner Main and Squemoqhe Streets.

J. H. D. GRAY.

Wholesale and retail dealer in

FLOUR,

ALL KINDS OF FEED,

Hay, Oats, Straw, Wood, Etc.

General storage and Wharfage on reasonable terms. Foot of Benton street, Astoria, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. C. HOLDEN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND SURANCE AGENT.

DR. J. C. SHAFTER,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

(DEUTSCHER ARZT.)

Diseases of the Throat a Specialty.

Office over Conn's Drug Store.

DR. C. C. GLASS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over A. V. Allen's Store,

ASTORIA, - OREGON.

F. D. WINTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Office in C. L. Parker's building, on Benton steet, opposite Custom House,

ASTORIA, - - - - OREGON.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE—Over the White House Store.

RESIDENCE—Over Elberson's Bakery, opposite Barth & Myers' Saloon.

F. P. HICKS,

DENTIST,

ASTORIA, - - - - OREGON.

Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner of Cass and Sqemoqhe streets.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Chenamus Street. - ASTORIA, OREGON

C. H. BAIN & CO.,

DEALER IN

Doors, Windows, Blinds, Transoms, Lumber, Etc.

All kinds of Oak Lumber, Glass, Boat Material, etc.

Turning and Bracket Work A SPECIALTY.

Steam Mill near Weston hotel, Cor. Genevive and Astor streets.

WM. HOWE,

BOAT BUILDER,

AT THE OLD STAND, GRAY'S BUILDING

FIRST CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY.

MAGNUS C. CROSBY,

Dealer in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

Iron Pipe and Fittings,

Plumbers and Steam Fitters

Goods and Tools,

SHEET LEAD STRIP LEAD

SHEET IRON TIN AND COPPER.

Cannery and Fishermens Supplies

Stoves, Tin Ware and House Furnishing Goods.

JOBBING IN SHEET IRON, TIN, COPPER PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING

Done with neatness and dispatch.

None but first class workmen employed.

A large assortment of

SCALES

Constantly on hand

WILLIAM EDGAR,

Corner Main and Chenamus Streets,

ASTORIA ..... OREGON.

DEALER IN

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

The Celebrated

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS

GENUINE ENGLISH CUTLERY

AND THE GENUINE WOSTENHOLM

and other English Cutlery.

STATIONERY!

FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS

Genuine Meershaum Pipes, etc.

A fine stock of

Watches and Jewelry, Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns and Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, and Ammunition'

MARINE GLASSES

ALSO A FINE Assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

SHIPPING TAGS

THE BEST QUALITY, WILL BE SOLD by the hundred, or by the box, printed or plain, to suit customers, at THE ASTORIAN office.