The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

WEDNESDAY.....MAY 21, 1884

ISSUED EVERY MORNING.
(Monday excepted)

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AROUND THE CITY.

Pacific Lodge, No. 17, K. of P., give a grand ball next Friday evening.

Leinenweber & Co. have 300 cords of bark that they want carried to their tannery.

Reserved seats for Kate Castleton's performance at the New York Novelty Store.

"For goodness' sake don't say I told you." At Occidental Hall next Wednesday night.

Drawbacks, bills of lading, salmon and shipping blanks of all kinds at THE ASTORIAN office.

Kate Castleton and Rice's Surprise Party will be here next Wednesday. Look out for them.

The Columbia Canning Co.'s missing boat was picked up on the weather beach yesterday afternoon.

C. E. S. Wood, formerly Lieutenant 21st Infantry, now a member of the Portland bar, is in the city.

The Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F., concluded its labors last evening. The Grand Lodge will close to-morrow.

An especially large edition of this morning's ASTORIAN is printed, that parties wishing to preserve Mr. Roberts' address may be supplied.

The *Beda* and *Oregon* arrived in yesterday from San Francisco, and the *Columbia* started toward the harbor bar, which at the time was moaning.

All resident and visiting Odd Fellows, their families and friends are cordially invited to the social gathering at Occidental Hall this evening.

Rev. Wm. Roberts' address is published this morning, which completes the report of the entire proceedings of the Pioneer and Historical society at its late meeting in this city.

An excursion to the cape, and a complimentary ball in the evening at Occidental hall, are among the items on the programme for the entertainment of our visiting friends to-day.

When the *Oregon* came in yesterday it was supposed that she would make a longer stay than she did. About thirty of her passengers were left here by her sudden departure for the interior.

What promised to be a serious runaway last evening was checked by the nerve and courage of Tom Linville, the driver, who grabbed the lines and "stayed with" the team, till after running for three or four blocks the horses quieted down.

THE ASTORIAN has concluded that a steam engine is no longer adequate to the task of running off its daily and weekly editions and will this week put in a new motor, an Otto silent gas engine, the latest perfection in mechanical appliance for supplying power.

"Your busy city surprises me," said a representative Odd Fellow yesterday, himself a man of large business interests. "I had no idea Astoria was half so large or that it did near the business of which I see so much evidence on every hand. It was with considerable reluctance I started from home, for I had no knowledge of the place, but I am delighted wih the city, its people and the way that we have been received, and shall, henceforward look with considerable pleasure toward renewing my visit." And that is about what they all say.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

First Day of the Session.

The twenty-ninth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Oregon, I. O. O. F., met in Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city, at ten o'clock yesterday morning, and was opened with prayer by the chaplain.

The customary committees were appointed and made their reports, after which the G. M., C. M. Sitton, appointed the regular standing committees.

The report of the G. M. was referred to a special committee, and the reports of the G. S. and the G. Treas. were referred to the finance committee. Several communications, concerning conferring degrees, were read and referred.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: G. M., J. J. Walton, No. 9. D. G. M., W. C. Tweedale, No. 4. G. S. W., R. Alexander, No. 32. G. S. J. M. Bacon, No. 8. G. T., I. R. Mapes, No. 1. G. R., (for two years) I. W. Case, No. 35.

Questions for discussion were received from various subordinate lodges and were appropriately referred for adjudication.

An interesting part of the session was then devoted to the consideration of various reports.

CONGRATULATORY DISPATCHES.

The following dispatches were received and read amid considerable enthusiasm:

HARRISBURG, PENN., May 20, '84.

J. M. Bacon, G. Sec'y:

The Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania and the Odd Fellows of Oregon are this day in their Grand Lodges assembled. The former sends to the latter, across the continent, fraternal greeting and extends the electric hand of fellowship and good will. Brothers, all hail,

JAS. B. NICHOLSON.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, May 20, '84.

To the Odd Fellows of Oregon in Grand Lodge assembled:

Ohio greets you. May we both grow until the O's round down the A's, round up the Z's, and all between into the I. O. O. F. W. CHIDSEY.

After some more routine work, the lodge adjourned to meet at two o'clock this afternoon.

REPORT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL

In District No. 1, for Month Ending May 16, 1884.

Department.	Teacher.	Number Registered.	Av. No. Belonging.	Av. Daily Attendance.	Per Cent. Attendance.	Av. Daily Absence.	Number Remaining.	No. Cases Tardy.
First Grammar	F. E. Martin	52	42.5	38.8	91	3.7	48	0
Second Grammar	Carrie Field	48	41.7	38.3	92	3.4	44	0
First Intermediate	N. Connolly	45	41.3	38.4	93	2.9	43	0
Second Intermediate	M. Bardelett	45	41.2	38.4	93	2.8	43	0
First Primary	Mary Leonard	50	44.7	41.1	92	3.6	47	0
Second Primary	E. Hansenstein	50	44.7	41.1	92	3.6	47	0
Totals		290	256.1	237.1	92.6	19.0	272	0

ROLL OF HONOR.

Names of pupils neither absent nor tardy.

FIRST GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Emma Devol	Katie McKean
Ella Rucker	Bertha Powell
Georgia Badollet	Otto Parker
Will McCormac	Lillie Stanfield
Josie Bryce	Thad Trullinger
Olga Heilborn	Frank Young
Daisy Goodell	Frank Brallier
Sallie Jones	Frank Crang

SECOND GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Ella Tanger	Levina Cronk
Amy Powell	Olga Pohl
Rozetta Sherman	Lena Bochau
Curtis Perrie	Sadie Crang
Otto Prael	Jennie Nichols
Willie McLean	Katie Logan
Sherman Prinnell	Mary Monteith
Willie Tucker	Ethel Hunter
Weston Daggett	Katie Carr
Frank Rucker	Agnes Stockton
Charles Devol	Max Berendes
Thos. Rawlings	Alfred McClanahan
Anna Hartwig	Katie Thrall

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Cora Bochau	Alma Heilborn
Andrew McDuff	Howard Prinnell
Nelson Borgland	Winder Bender
Winnie McKean	Lemuel Howes
Webber Babbage	James Vaughn
Jennie Monteith	Katie Munroe
Charlie Weatherby	Bertie McClanahan
Benjamin Coe	Fred Rawlings
Lena Spellmeir	Bertha Devol
Minnie Hobson	Anna Hambacher
Frank Curran	Amelia Hambacher

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Julius Brown	Otto Zumwalt
Albert Leighton	Minnie Ames
Kate McCue	Willie Gorman
Et ie Pitkin	Paul Bedollet
Henry Snow	Cornelius Crosby
Tommy Bryce	Kate Dement
Pearl Holden	Mary Johnson
Robert McLean	Helen Monteith
Eliza McKean	Jennie McClanahan
George Metcalf	Duncan McLean
Daisy Stockton	Alma Pohl
Ella Tucker	Mamie Stinson

FIRST PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

George Vaughn	Albert Cleveland
David Beasley	Oscar Berendes
George Baemburg	Archie McLean
Emma Lovett	Dellie Hurbert
Ernest Fahnstark	Paul Pitit
Mary Housen	Harry Peterson
Anna O'Neill	Martha Powell
Harry Bachan	Martha Gilbert
Max Pohl	James McEuan
Eddie Hobson	Nellie McCormack
Charlie Hobson	Josie Peterson
Anna Berglund	Hugo Strom
Charlie Heilborn	

SECOND PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Carrie Berendes	Anna Peterson
Charlie Borglund	Herman Plouting
Anna Broemser	Wm Spellmeir
Eddie Broemser	Leonard Stinson
Anna Christianson	Orde Strowe
Hattie Johnson	Ettie Voego
Mable Ohler	Alexandria Wilson
Ernest Papmahl	Lizzie Woods

RANKING SCHOLARS.

Normal grade—Will McCormick
Six A grade—Kate McKean
Six B grade—Hattie Dunning
Five A grade—Ella Tanger, Amy Powell.
Five B grade—Sherman Prinnell
Four A grade—Sadie Crang
Four B grade—Nelson Borglund, Cora Bochau
Three A grade—Christopher Hambacher Helen Monteith
Three B grade—Daisy Stockton
Two A grade—Albert Leighton, Olga Nordstrom, Max Pohl
Two B grade—Hugo Strom, James McEwan
One A grade—Carrie Berendes
One B grade—Etta Voego, George May.

The "banner" for the month was won by the pupils of the first primary department, Miss Trenchard teacher.

MRS. F. E. MARTIN,
Principal.

(Continued from 1st page.)

During the winter of 1847 and 1848 the legislature was called at Oregon City to devise measures for carrying on the war. Money was needed to send a messenger to Washington. The superintendent of the Methodist mission was applied to for $1,500 to aid in the emergency. Jesse Applegate (noble man that he was and is) was the commissioner in the case. I furnished the funds. Please remember these were trust funds, not my own money, and there was no security, none whatever. It took some courage to handle the money then, for we lived by faith largely in those times.

With the events of the several wars with the Yakimas, the Rogue rivers, the Modocs and the Nez Perces, you are familiar. What, with these several wars, together with the discovery of gold in California, never forgetting our own civil war, for we were many times within a few hairbreadths of outbreak in our own midst, it has been a difficult task to keep the water line of morals up to the point of the early provisional government. We once had a prohibitory liquor law here, before it was had in Maine, but we lost it, and there must be some grand work done before we can reach it again. Please remember, my young friends, your parents and predecessors were men and women of iron frame, of hardened muscle, and of courageous heart. There rise up before me the bronzed features of Jason Lee, Marcus Whitman, David Leslie, Elkana Walker, A. F. Waller, and of honorable women not a few. I am reminded of an incident related by Dr. C. H. Fowler;

Bishop Ames was invited to share the carriage of a German baron on the occasion of the great military review in Washington at the close of the war. They had a favorable position for viewing the procession. Hour after hour the soldiers marched by. There rumbled the field artillery; there crowded by with dripping sides and champing mouths the cavalry, and there tramped the unwearying infantry. At one time there passed a brigade newly clothed for the day—every uniform clean and beautiful, every bayonet and sword polished and gleaming. The drill was perfect. The men were at the top of their condition. Every motion and look bespoke the soldier. As they marched by, the baron turned around to Bishop Ames and said, "Pishop, those men can whip the world". Presently there followed by in the procession some old veterans, just as they came from their long campaigns in the south. They were soiled and ragged. One man had one leg of his pants patched out by strange cloth; another had no coat; another had a teakettle strung on his gun over his shoulder; another had part of a ham on his bayonet. So they represented the breaking up and utilities of the camp. They rolled along with an easy, swinging gait, chatting, laughing, occasionally imitating some animal, giving a bark or a howl, or a screech, yet keeping step and in line. As these men, with their tattered uniforms and tattered flags, went by, the baron sprang up and, throwing his arms around Bishop Ames, said, "My Gott, Pishop, these men could whip the devil!"

So it seems to me the heroic men who have settled Oregon could whip the "world, the flesh and the devil." I do not like to hear anyone say these men entirely failed in the work they came to accomplish. It is not true; they were not a failure. Mistakes have been made in Oregon, no doubt. Among others the following. I think it was a mistake to set too high an estimate on the value of the mission property at The Dalles. That business should have been settled twenty years ago; but some persons in New York overvaluing our claim, much to our prejudice, held on to it and lost it. Knowing more of the original transactions than any man now alive, and fully believing in the equity of our claim, I am of the opinion a mistake was made, not here, but in New York.

That noble son of Mars, Major General Canby, together with Rev. Dr. Thomas, lost his life in the lava beds in northern California at the time of the Modoc war by a mistake—trusting to the honor of Captain Jack, the rascally Modoc chief.

When the leader of the noble 600 at Balaklava, immortalized in song, led his band into the valley of death he quietly observed, "Somebody has blundered." Having learned from one of the four commissioners that General Canby was told by the interpreter that they would be assassinated if they went unprotected to hold that council with these treacherous Indians, according to them all the rights they would to commissioners from the court of St. George or St. James. I ask my friend Dr. Cabaniss, now before me, why did Canby and Thomas and Meacham and Dyer go into that council uncovered by the guns of their men. Orders from Washington, he replied, was the explanation. Now, I doubt if any living man knows more of this sad matter, which cost the lives of two grand men, than Dr. Cabaniss, who was present, arranged for the meeting, and nursed the wounded Meacham back to life again. Too much importance was attached to treating with heathen rascality. A costly mistake.

Some of you came to this country to teach. There was much need of it, just as there is in all parts of the union. You have taught geography until everybody knows that the United States is bounded on the west not by the Alleghenies, nor the Mississippi, nor Rocky mountains, but by the Pacific ocean, and the great American desert is sunk into Symmes hole, or into nonentity. You have taught engineering. It is now well known that a farm wagon freighted with an apple orchard, and pear and peach and plum and cherry trees and all manner of fruit, can cross the plains, to say nothing of the iron horse and his magnificent deeds and doings. You have taught something of mathematics. The whole is greater than any of its parts. The great American government is greater than any single one of its states. The lad who enlisted in Louisville, Kentucky, and marched southwest for ten days and still camped in Kentucky, and wrote home to his father saying, "If the United States is bigger than Kentucky it is awful big," has since learned some geography and some mathematics. Some men are studying sociology and finance very closely. This, when reduced, its last analysis includes among others the value of the longest pole in relation to the persimmons, and that he must have a very long spoon who sups with the devil. A vast amount of labor has been performed, governmental, educational, reformatory, religious. I represent a church (and it is but one of several churches) that has done fifteen years of missionary preparation and thirty-five years of conference labor, and had up to 1876 gathered into the church from the world 16,000 persons on trial as church members. I wish to add my testimony in this important fact; Oregon belongs to the United States largely, if not wholly, in consequence of missionary enterprise. I can scarcely conceive a more difficult task than that which confronted Jason Lee and his associates when they reached this country fifty years ago, and fully realized the situation. The base of supplies was practically 20,000 miles away, and a long time was required to give or receive advices. The ground was occupied by a powerful foreign company, extremely jealous of America, ready most shrewdly to checkmate any and every step that would look toward American settlement. If these missionaries showed their certificates obtained from the American secretary of war it only confirmed the suspicion that after all it may only prove a skirmish line, thrown out by the United States to open the way for a final ejectment of the English traders, from a very profitable traffic with the natives. No sufficient supplies it was seen could be obtained for American settlers from the stores of the Hudson Bay company. It was therefore a necessity for the missionaries to furnish themselves with supplies and also their neighbors around them. The good received with the great reinforcement in the Lausanne in 1840 decided the easy possibility of American settlement. The journey of Dr. Whitman to Washington in the winter of 1842-3, and his influence in aiding and encouraging the emigration of the following season ultimately decided the nationality of this north-west coast, and thus Oregon became the property of the United States, with a population of more than ordinary intelligence and moral worth. As late as 1836 the H. B. company would not sell a cow to an American settler. They would lend the cow but the calf must be returned. Jason Lee organized a party in 1837 to go to California and purchase cattle for the country. When the company found it could no longer be prevented they joined in and helped in the enterprise. Thus this magnificent land could no longer be held back from settlement or civilization or continued as a wilderness for the raising of beaver and muskrat, mink, bear and otter: Men, women and children are now preferred over bears and silver foxes, and we propose by enforcing the obligations of religion and morality to make the country one of the most desirable places of residence in the union. Dr. Fowler, already quoted, has well said: "The resources of the United States are beyond computation. Take the population of India as a standard, while in England a population of 200 to the square mile means a town, or a mine, or a factory, in India some agricultural districts rise to 985 to the square mile. That would give us 3,500,000, about three times the present population of the globe.

Swing into the future as far as the landing of the pilgrims is in the past, and this continent would hold and feed thrice the present human race." Of the thirty-seven years spent on this coast, seven years of solid work have been given to the circulation of the scriptures, the other thirty years to the inculcation of its hallowed truths. It is quite likely that we shall be visited with Russian nihilism, German communism, and French socialism. We do not need them, any more than Douglas Jerrold's duck wishes you to hold an umbrella over him in a shower. We have a better thing in the bible, and we shall cling to it so long as "righteousness exalteth a native and sin is a reproach to any people."

But these desultory remarks must close. The historian Macaulay found reason to suggest that in the possibilities of the future some South Sea islander might stand on a broken arch of London bridge and sigh over the ruins of Westminster abbey in that grand historic city. Should the time ever come when the vast commonwealth of which the northwest coast forms a part shall be overthrown, and some future mariner voyaging the ocean of life enters on his log: "Seen to day—The dismantled hulk of a once noble vessel of state; name and history unknown." it will be because the fathers and mothers of our children have failed to baptize them with prayer and the fear of God.

We have an opportunity here to build a noble structure. Over in India, yonder, finely described in "The Land of the Veds," there is a cenotaph on the banks of the Jumna. It is most beautiful and wonderful, ordered to be erected by the great ruler at Delhi, Shah Jehan. The Taj stands on a marble terrace thirty feet high, and is built of white marble. The dome, shining like a dome of silver, is seventy feet in diameter, and the golden crescent at the top is 275 feet from the terrace. The whole of the Koran is inlaid in black marble on the outside and in precious stones within. It is difficult to conceive its richness. Among the wealthy you may find opals and rubies of a few grains weight. But wrought into this wonderful structure are 3870 pounds of opals, and 4614 pounds of rubies woven about in the marvelous designs; 8342 pounds of emeralds, and shining everywhere are 12,470 pounds of sapphires. Add to this 30 tons of carnelian, 20,640 pounds of turquoise, and 37,840 pounds of lapis lazuli, with 12½ tons of agate and onyx, and the mind is lost in the immense values. Sixteen millions of dollars were paid for material and 140,000,000 of days' labor. Its finish is most delicate and a breathing, spiritual beauty is everywhere seen. The white marble walls are inlaid with flowers that look like embroidery on white satin. Thirty-five kinds of carnelians are used in a single flower of a carnation, and in one blossom not larger than a dollar twenty-three gems are seen. A single flower contains 300 different stones. Surely, this was "planned by Titans and built by jewellers." It stands to-day, the wonder of India, over the center of a spacious park. It is a worthy human ambition to work one's life into such a structure, even though it is only a tomb. Mothers, as I look, another building rises up before me. Its park is this northwest coast. It is terraced up by vast mountain ranges. Its borders are washed by a magnificent ocean. Its fountains and reservoirs are rivers and lakes and inland seas. The materials for this edifice are gathered out of all lands. The great body of its walls and dome are of white Anglo-Saxon marble, first found in the North sea. This is inlaid with a trifle of black marble from Africa. Then come the treasures from every country and city under the stars—the large-brained German with his industry; the long-headed, open-faced Scot, with his broad plan and enduring purposes; the sprightly, artistic Frenchman with his love of glory, the stolid enduring Slav, from awakening Russia; the witty, hopeful son of Erin; the free born, hardy, liberty-loving men from Scandinavia; the aspiring Japanese; the uncomplaining Chinaman; from all lands and from all isles of the sea, they come and are wrought into this temple of liberty. Up and down all its sides, and over all its wide arches, inwrought by the faith and patience of the saints of to-day, you can read the full gospel of the Son of God, while standing beneath its vast dome myriads shall sing "Liberty and righteousness." The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Brothers, it is an ambition worthy of the immortals to build our lives into such a structure which is not a tomb for the dead, but a temple for the living. Let us do our work at our best, bring to perfection whatever we have in our pattern, whether the name of the king himself on the great dome, or only some lily of the valley in an obscure corner, and we shall be rewarded by him who never overlooks even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple.

STATE AND TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Dull times on the Sound.

Cattle are assessed at $20 a head in Eastern Oregon.

Disappointed miners are filing out of the Cœur d'Alene.

The wheat in Wasco and Polk counties is three feet high.

Dick Lloyd was drowned in the Columbia opposite Hood river last Saturday.

Charles Romelli was run over by a train at The Dalles last Monday and received fatal injuries.

The Clarendon hotel at Portland, which was closed on an attachment last week, was totally destroyed by fire last Monday. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $20,000.

Steamer Days for May.

From Astoria.		From San Fran.	
State	4	Columbia	2
Columbia	8	Oregon	6
Oregon	12	State	10
State	16	Columbia	14
Columbia	20	Oregon	18
Oregon	24	State	22
State	28	Columbia	26
Columbia, June	1	Oregon	30
Oregon	5	State, June	3