

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

A Republican State Convention for the State of Oregon will be held at the city of Portland, at 11 A. M., on Wednesday, the 20th day of March, 1872, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for member of Congress; six delegates to the National Republican Convention to be held at Philadelphia, June, 1872; three Presidential Electors; and for the transaction of such other business as may be thought proper.

The several counties will be entitled to Delegates in such Convention as follows:

Table listing delegates by county: Baker County (8), Benton County (11), Clackamas County (14), Clatsop County (4), Coos County (5), Curry County (3), Columbia County (2), Douglas County (13), Grant County (6), Jackson County (10), Josephine County (3), Lane County (13), Linn County (17), Marion County (24), Multnomah County (24), Polk County (11), Tillamook County (2), Umatilla County (5), Union County (5), Wasco County (7), Washington County (9), Yamhill County (12).

Total Number of Delegates, 208.

The State Central Committee recommends that the several counties hold their primary elections on Saturday, March 2d, and their County Conventions for selection of Delegates to the State Convention on Saturday, March 9, 1872.

T. B. ODENEAL, Chm. C. P. CRANDALL, Sec'y. Salem, February 1, 1872.

County Republican Conventions.

The Republican County Convention for the county of Linn will be held at the Court House in Albany at 1 o'clock P. M. on Saturday, the 9th of March, 1872, for the purpose of electing 17 delegates to the Republican State Convention to be held in Portland on the 24th of March, 1872.

The primary elections in the several precincts will be held on Saturday, March 2d, 1872, at the usual places of voting in said precincts, beginning at the hour of 1 P. M. of said day. The several precincts will be entitled to delegates in such County Convention as follows:

Table listing delegates by precinct: Albany (10), Orleans (4), Peoria (2), Hartburg (4), Brownsville (3), Brush Creek (2), Center (3), Syracuse (1), Waterloo (1), Santiam (2), Franklin Butte (1), Scio (4), Sweet Home (1), Lebanon (4).

Total, 42.

By order of J. F. BACKENSTO, Chr. Cent. Com.

Our Public Schools.

There cannot be too much interest felt and encouragement given in the direction of perfecting the plan and securing an efficient development of our common school system. As public enlightenment or education is the basis upon which rests the corner stone of Republican government, no effort should be spared by our Government and State authorities to bring the opportunities for obtaining a good education within the reach of every child. Every township in the State should be organized into one or more, as the population is great or small, school districts; and in each of these a comfortable school house should be built, having an eye in its location to the accommodation of the greatest number of patrons. Then a teacher holding a certificate of qualification from the County Superintendent should be employed in each school for a period of at least six months in each year, and no tuition should be charged for attendance. They should be wholly free. The whole expense of building school houses, hiring teachers, etc., should be raised by taxation. A public school system is an imperfection and largely a failure, so long as tuition is charged. That class of the rising generation which the system should be the most ready to favor, the most anxious to embrace, the

children of the poor, are debarred from its benefits so long as tuition is required. The rich and those in comfortable circumstances can well afford to be taxed, in order that the children of the poor may receive the civilizing benefits of educational culture on an equal footing with their own. In proportion as this is accomplished, or as the whole people are enlightened, the bands which unite civil society into symmetry, compactness and stability are strengthened. The laws are more faithfully administered because more thoroughly understood and appreciated; property becomes more secure because the tenure by which it is held is more generally comprehended and respected; society is more peaceful and happy because the morals of society have advanced in a ratio parallel with the progress of scientific culture. Let our public schools, then, be free. Let the tuition be thrown off from our public schools here in Albany. Let the orphan and the fatherless have an equal chance with the children of the more favored in the race to secure an education. Let our school rooms be ample in accommodation. Let them be comfortably seated, warmed, ventilated and provided with all necessary appurtenances of blackboard, maps, charts, etc., so necessary to facilitate the teaching art. Then let the patrons and friends of the school make occasional visits, and by their presence and interest give encouragement to teacher and pupils, and thus elevate the standard of effort and emulation.

How Some of Them Whine.

Quite recently some of the leading Democratic journals have set up a most piteous whine, so peculiar in its boobyishness, that one knows not whether to laugh or to feel indignant. In their burning desire to injure the Republican party and bring its leader into disgrace, they have gone so far in the use of the faculty of invention, as to exhaust their extensive vocabulary of falsehood and misrepresentation, and now, having discovered the utter futility of these efforts to bring about the result desired, and being met upon every hand by truthful pictures of their own inconsistencies and misdeeds from Republican pens, they show their weakness and impotency by wringing up their sickly-looking countenances and uttering in doleful tones that they are being misrepresented and placed in a false light before the people. Like Carl Shurz in his malevolent criticism on the President. He hesitated not to indulge the most freely in spleenish diatribes and falsehoods in that direction, but the moment the finger of criticism began to point out the stains of selfishness, malignity, greed and dishonesty which mottled his political character and record like spots upon the back of a zebra, he wilted down and began to complain that he was being persecuted. The same spirit, not of cowardice, but of self-abnegation from censure or molestation, was shown by the the Democrats of the South in their efforts to break up the government. After they had exhausted the national treasury, dismantled our Northern forts, sent our navy on long voyages to foreign ports, removed most of our soldiers to southern camps and defenses, had passed their articles of secession, assembled their militia and fired upon the flag of the nation at Fort Sumpter, their appeal to the nation was: "all we ask of you is, let us alone." A fraction of a party that arrogates to itself so high an endowment of superiority over its brethren in other States, in point of integrity, wisdom and inconsistency, as is the case with the Democracy in this State, should show a degree of dignity and self-respect commensurate with its inflated claims, and not fling a cowardly bully, get down on its knees and whine every time it meets with stern resistance.

A few fellows, who mistake a globe for a ball, and a hemisphere for a piece of pie, are endeavoring to stick an advertisement on the moon.

Letting Down Easily.

Our Democratic neighbor across the street is modulating his martial tone somewhat. A few weeks ago his voice rang out fierce and loud in opposition to any coalition with disaffected Republicans. His calls upon the Democracy of Linn county to once more "kindle the Democratic watch fires," and "marshal the Democratic Klans," or something of that sort, were "fierce and sanguinary" in their fixedness of uncompromising determination not to be swerved one jot nor tittle from the plumb line of pure, unadulterated Democracy. "Old Hickory" could not have shown a straighter backbone of determination, or knit his brows with a fiercer look of invincible resolve, than our neighbor presented in the bristling editorials of by-gone weeks. A change, however, seems to be coming over the spirit of his mind. His backbone is beginning to bend. Fortuitous circumstances, the logic of destiny, slow but irresistible in its impulsion, is drifting him gradually, surely, from the assumed position of impregnable into the dead sea of passivity. In an article headed "Our Sentiments," in the Democrat of last week, is a quotation from the Sacramento Reporter, which contains the following: "A temporary coalition with the anti-Grant Republicans in order to rid the country of the curse of Grantism would not alarm us, but dishonourment is not to be thought of." Our neighbor says the whole quotation reflects his sentiments to a dot—this sentiment, of course, with the rest. The idea intended to be conveyed here is: we will consent to join with these anti-Grant fellows for the purpose of defeating Grant, but after that is accomplished, we will go back to the Democratic organization again. This, of course, is only a subterfuge. The Democrat knows full well that if the Democracy coalesces with this anti-Grant movement, it can never be rallied as a distinct organization again. Its future polity will be under the guidance and manipulation of these same anti-Grant Republican minds, who are now precipitating its disorganization. The editor of the Sacramento Reporter, forecasting with unerring precision the sequel of coming events, was simply smoothing his way down to the adoption of the Passive scheme. Our neighbor, similarly impressed, is beginning to slide in the same groove. Other Democratic editors in the State will not be long in discovering a way. We cannot blame them for desiring to come down from the mountain top of invincibility to the gloomy valley of nonentity, after the boasts they have made, very, very gradually; but then they must come. The little end of the horn must be reached. They have marched up hill with loud sounding music and lofty martial tread, and now, forsooth, they must turn around and slink down. It will not be long now until our neighbor will be shouting out through a footling horn given him by the anti-Grant Republican leaders, to "kindle the" Passive "watch fires" and "marshal the" Possum "klans."

Our Great National Park.

A few years ago letters were published by parties who had penetrated into the Territory of Montana, giving descriptions of the most wonderful discoveries in natural scenery made by them, and recommending that the region in which these curiosities were found be set apart by the General Government as a National Park. Scientific men have since visited this section of the country and have added their testimony in corroboration of the first descriptions, and have fully approved of the recommendation. The idea of setting apart this portion of our wide domain, where nature has been the most wildly grand in her lavish displays, was not only approved, but in many instances urged with enthusiasm by prominent journals in the country. During our present session of Congress, the project has taken shape in the form

of a bill appropriating some two thousand five hundred square miles of this region, including the lake and falls of the Yellowstone, the immense canyon, great geyser, mineral springs, etc., to be permanently held as a great National Park. The bill has at this writing passed both branches of Congress, and will doubtless soon receive the President's signature. The project is a noble one, worthy of our ample domain and liberal ideas. In size, the Park will be nearly twice as large as the State of Rhode Island, and some three hundred and eighty square miles larger than Delaware. It will not be very long now, until tourists from all parts of the country will be spending their holiday seasons in exploring the natural wonders to be found in our great National Park.

Total Abstinence.

A young lady of Massachusetts, and who was an ardent admirer of Wendell Phillips and a firm advocate of prohibition, when riding from her father's country seat to a neighboring village, met a young man on foot, who was carrying a suspicious-looking jug. She at once reigned in her horse and asked him what he had in his jug.

Looking up with a comical leer, simply winked with one eye and smacked his lips to indicate that it contained something good.

The young lady supposing he meant alcohol, immediately began to talk temperance, but her auditor requested the privilege of asking her a question.

"What is it?" said she.

"It is this," he replied. "Why is my jug like you saddle?"

She could not tell.

"It's because it holds a gal-on," said he.

"What trifling!" exclaimed the indignant young lady, and then continued: "Young man, do you not perceive?"

"Just one more question," interrupted her auditor, and then I am done."

"Why is my jug also like the assembly room of a female seminary at roll call?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was her reply.

"Well, its because its full o'lasser," said the auditor.

The fair lecturer touched her spirited horse with the whip and she was soon out of hearing of the rude young man.

Scott and Duvall.

The following anecdote on Gov. James F. Robinson, of Scott and Judge Duvall, which has been long current in the circle of his friends, but we believe has never been in print before:

"The Government is a relic of the old regime of Virginia gentleman, stately, courteous, and punctilious in exercising the rites of hospitality. One day he had invited Judge Duvall to ride with him. Arriving at a toll-gate, the Judge was about to pay the toll, when Gov. Robinson interposed, saying: 'Duvall, I have been trying for years to make a gentleman of you, but have not succeeded. When a gentleman asks you to ride he does not expect you to pay expenses.' At this serio-comic address from his old friend, the Judge laughed quietly, and returned his pocket-book to his place. A part of their route lay through farms, with seven gates to open. Reaching the first gate, Duvall sat still while the Governor waited for him to descend and open the gate. After waiting a minute, during which neither spoke a word, Duvall said, with a merry chuckle in his voice: 'I would get down and open that gate, but I suppose that when one is asked by a gentleman to take a ride, he is not expected to work his way.' The Governor silently and solemnly descended and opened the gate.—Kentucky People.

A good story is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which the children took an uncommon interest. She told them that the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who came next, and was readily answered by one boy "Man," she felt encouraged to ask:

"What comes next to man?"

And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under a defeat in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competitors, by promptly shouting:

"His undershirt, ma'am!"

A story is told of a man in Connecticut who fell from the roof of a five-story building to the sidewalk, but when he struck, on the thick soles of his rubber shoes, he bounced back within a quarter of an inch of the roof, and so continued to bounce, the distance was then decreasing by only a quarter of an inch each journey. He continued on back, enclosed in rubber balls, which he managed to catch on the bounce, and at the end of a month he was stopped and restored to his family.

A beautiful young man was escorting a beautiful young lady, when she said, exultingly, "Jabez, don't tell anybody you kissed me home." "Don't be afraid," replied he, "I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

A LUDICROUS SPECTACLE.—An English traveler, written many years ago, describes as follows a spectacle called the "Creation," which he saw performed in Baulburg (Germany) in 1783:

Young priests had wings of geese tied on their shoulders to personate wings. Adam appeared on the scene in a big curled wig and a broadcrowned morning gown. Among the animals that passed before him to receive their names was a well-shod horse, pigs with rings in their noses, and a mastiff with a brass collar. A cow's rib bone had been provided for the formation of Eve, but the mastiff spied it out, grabbed it and carried it off. The angels tried to whistle him back, but not succeeding, they chased him, gave him a kicking and recovered the bone, which they placed under a trap door by the side of the sleeping Adam, where there soon emerged a lanky priest, in a loose robe, to personate Eve.

MORE AWELL THAN THE JUDGMENT.

A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terror of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the judge himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this excitement the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries; he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled; the remembrance of the fearful truths which excite them will vanish; you will return to your carnal occupations or sinful pleasures with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard as a tale that is told."

DISCOURTEOUS SPEECHES.—

"Time enough!—but where's your seat?" We comprehended the cue instantly. The well-dressed woman who uttered the remark was the wife of the well-dressed gentleman to whom it was addressed. He had been too slow in entering the car, and had probably left full the unfortunate words: "Time enough." Finding the car fast filling up, she was vexed. She was angry. She made an exceedingly ungenerous speech. The comfort of the next hour, perhaps of the remainder of the day, was spoiled by it; for it made both unhappy. The case was not half so singular as it ought to be. Most people reserve their discourteous speeches for more private occasions. But why make them at all? They do not promote human happiness. They are the cause of half of life's misery.—Congregationalist.

THE CHINESE WAY.—

When the celebrated Manager Bunn took his star company to Hongkong for the first time he had a little trouble with an actor. On the opening night his leading tragedian got drunk, as leading tragedians will and interrupted the performance. Manager Bunn stepped to the footlights, which were Chinese lanterns, and beckoned in the efficient police. When the difficulty was explained through an interpreter, to Manager Bunn's intense astonishment the drunken tragedian was thrown down and his head saved off in about two minutes. Bunn writing home about the affair, expressed his regret that he did not know the customs of the country so that he could have put this thrilling incident in the bills and so secured an overflowing house.

A WISE FATHER.—The following anecdote is told of the famous Prince of Conde. He left his son aged nine years, fifty louis d'or to spend while he, himself was absent in Paris. On his return the boy came to him triumphantly, saying "Papa, here is all the money safe; I have never touched it once."

The Prince, without making any reply, took his son to the window, and quietly emptied all the money into the street. Then he said: "If you have neither virtue enough to give your money, nor spirit to spend it, always do this for the future, that the poor may have a chance of it."

If a man will only start with a fixed and honorable purpose in life, and strictly and persistently attempt to carry it out to the best of his ability, undismayed by failure or delay, the time may be long in coming, but come it will, when that purpose will be achieved.

A distinguished civilian was lately explaining to his son, who was quite a boy, the outlines of Italy, and remarked as usual, that they resembled in form a man's boot. "Well," said the little fellow, "if I live to be a man; I'll put my foot in it!"

They have an absolute Prohibitory Law in the State of Maine, and it is so well enforced that there are fewer cases of drunkenness in that State than there are cases of horse-stealing and pocket-picking in Pennsylvania.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper; if he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

There is no rule of health more important than "keep the feet dry and warm, and the head cool." An old story, but one worthy of being oft repeated.

Be careful not to trust the person who comes and tells you what so-and-so says about you. It is an old saying that "they who fetch will also carry."

John Gregg, an old resident of Trinity, better known as "Old Hannes," recently perished in the snow between Minersville and Trinity Center.

A woman of twenty is said to be as mature in her ideas and manners as a man of twenty-five or thirty.

DRY GOODS.

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