

Funeral of Prof. Morse.

The funeral of Professor Morse took place in New York on the morning of the 6th inst. The funeral services were held in the Madison street Presbyterian Church. A great many failed to find standing room in the building. Among the delegations present were Gov. Hoffman and staff, a committee from the Legislature, Directors of the Western Union of New York and New Foundland Telegraphic Companies, representatives from the Academy of Design, Evangelical Alliance, New York Common Council, and other delegations of lesser note.

Prof. Samuel Finley Bruce Morse, was the eldest son of Jedediah Morse, D. D., and was born in Charleston, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. He was therefore eighty-one years old at the time of his death. He received his diploma from Yale College in 1810. He first conceived the idea of the electrical telegraph in 1832, while coming from France to the United States on the ship Sully. In 1835 and 1836 the first instrument was exhibited in successful operation in New York. Congress was applied to for assistance in 1838. In 1843 in the midnight hour of the expiring session, Congress granted him \$30,000; and in 1844 he saw the realization of his hopes in the perfect working of a wire forty miles long, constructed between Washington and Baltimore. Prof. Morse's invention is the simplest of all the electric telegraphs, requiring only a single wire, and is self-recording and self-printing. The alphabet is formed of a combination of short strokes and dots, marked by a steel prick on a sheet of paper, uncoiled beneath it by clock-work mechanism.

It has only been quite recently that the Era, and other Democratic journals, have become the admirers, apologists and upholders of Greeley. But a little while ago, no language was acrimonious enough, no words of vituperation were strong enough, to express their intense hatred and detestation of the man. Now, however, in the eyes of the Era, he is the "honest" man, and President Grant and all his supporters are "rogues." Why this change of feeling? Has the Republican party changed its principles? Has it departed from the grand and noble purposes upon which its existence was predicated, and in the pursuit of which it has achieved so great success? Never! It is the same party of progress, loyalty, and devotion to universal freedom, that it always has been. This party supports General Grant, not in the sense that "he does no wrong," as the Era charges, for Grant has made mistakes, but in the sense, or faith, that he is incorruptible, honest and capable in an eminent degree, and unchanged in his efforts, to carry out Republican measures. It is not so, however, in the case of Greeley. Actuated by personal motives, he has become a most bitter enemy of the President, and is now affiliating with the enemies of the Republican party, because of his feelings of hatred and repulsion towards Grant. Principle has nothing in common with such conduct. Honesty has no more appropriate application to Greeley in this case, than consistency has to the Era. If we were disposed to be acrimonious, we might say that it is not at all strange that traitors from the Republican ranks are regarded with special favor by the Democracy. It is not surprising that the looseness of in-

tegrity, that barrenness of political virtue, that reckless disregard of consistency which prompts men to attempt to ruin because they cannot rule, should be received with open arms and effusive eulogies by a party and party organs, whose past history and present position amply qualify them to appreciate. Honesty and dishonesty cannot go hand in hand very long, that is a fact; and while the great masses of honest Republicans in every State, are coming nearer and nearer together in the support of Gen. Grant, the traitors are being squeezed out, and readily find a home and sympathy in the bosom of Democracy, as is appropriate.

Land Grant Desired.

States, as well as individuals, should endeavor to pay as they go; but when debts have been contracted, they should be paid at the proper time by the proper persons. Virginia is heavily in debt, and her Legislature wants to lift the burden. With this object in view, it has been recently considering a memorial to Congress. That memorial asks "Uncle Sam" to grant to "Old Dominion" some fifty million acres of the public domain to be used in liquidating that obnoxious debt. The plea she urges in justification for this large grant, seems specious enough. The "Northwest Territory" which she originally ceded to the United States, was a magnificent and munificent donation, or cession, four or five times larger in point of acres, than she now asks to have given back, and then the benefits which the general Government has received from this "Northwest Territory" grant, have been very great. The claim of the Virginia Legislature seems plausible enough, we say, from this surface view; but, says the Portland Bulletin, "when we consider the fact that Virginia did not alone wrest the control of the 'Northwest' from foreign Powers, although it had been legally ceded to that Colony subject to the paramount right of the English Crown, the equity in favor of the thirteen Colonies merged into the United States, becomes even stronger than the legal claims of the State of Virginia."

Crawfish.

The Illinois Legislature has gone back on the new liquor law recently enacted in that State. This was done on the 21st of March last, by more than a two-thirds vote, the two political parties being about divided in voting for and against the repeal. Many in both parties who voted for the law in the first instance, must have voted for its repeal, as the law was enacted by a large majority, if we remember right. This action will be regretted by every man who loves integrity, consistency and moral reform. It is a clear case of demagoguery and moral cowardice.

The Oregonian says it is feared that the Democracy of Oregon will not have the assistance of Gov. Grover on the stump this year, for the reason that he can deliver nothing but demagogical harangues on the Chinaman, and that question is played out. The Governor might do like a Linn county Democratic stumper we wot of, draw the brains and body of a speech from one in print. Let him commit one of Stephen A's; they are popular in this neck of the woods.

Rhode Island Election.

Full returns from the State election of Rhode Island, give Paderford, Republican candidate for Governor, a majority of 1,176, and for Cutler, Democratic candidate for Lt. Governor, a majority of 140. The rest of the State ticket has gone Republican by 2,100 majority. "Little Rhoda" has conducted herself very well, indeed, except in the voting for Lieut. Governor. She always was just a little capricious, though.

Hay is \$10 per ton in Powder River Valley, says the Red Rock Democrat.

Mrs. Mark Twain's Shoe.

A SPICY DIALOGUE BETWEEN MARK AND HIS SPOUSE.

(Enter Mark Twain and his wife, talking.) Mrs. T.—Mr. Twain, I am surprised and grieved to— Mr. T.—Don't interrupt me, woman! I tell you it's absurd—you learn to skate! You'll be wanting to play fairy in the "Black Crook" next. I tell you skating is an accomplishment suited only to youth and coquetry of face and symmetry of figure. Nothing is so charming as to see a nice girl, in the coquettish costume of the finks, with cheeks rosy with excitement, skimming the ice like a bird—and swooping down upon a group of gentlemen, and pretending she can't stop herself, and landing in the very arms of the very young man her father don't allow her to know—and darting away again and falling on her head and exposing herself to remarks about her carelessness.

(Mrs. T. tries to speak, saying: "I—")

Mr. T.—Mama, hold your tongue! And always taking care to fall when that young man is close by to pick her up. Oh, it is charming! They look pretty, and interesting, too, when they are just learning—when they stand still a long time in one place, and then start one foot gingerly (shows how), and it makes a break for the other side of the pond, and leaves the balance of the girl sprawling on this side! But you! You look fat and awkward and dismal enough at any time; and when you are on skates you waddle off as stumpy, and stupid and as ungainly, as a buzzard that's had half a horse for dinner.

(Mrs. T. again tries to speak: "Oh—")

Mr. T.—I won't have it, madam! And you get under a little precious headway, and then, put your feet together and drift along stooping on your head and shoulders (shows how) and hold your arms out like you expected a church would fall on you; it aggravates the life out of me! And Tuesday, when I was ass enough to get on skates myself, and kicked the Irish Giant's eye out the first dash, and lit on my head and cracked the ice so that it looked like the sun with all its rays had dropped where I struck, and they fined me ninety dollars for minding the man's pond, I was terrified with the conviction that I had gone through to the inside of the world, because I saw the parallels of latitude glimmering all around me; and what was it but you in your awkwardness fetching up over me with your confounded "fillets" on! I can't stand the pew rent, and I will not.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Twain, I am surprised.

Mr. T.—Hold your chatter, I tell you, you shan't bring odium upon the family by your disgraceful attempts to skate, sprawling around with your big feet like a cow ploughing her way down hill in slippery weather. (Shows how.) Maybe you wouldn't be so handsomely displaying those feet of yours if you knew what occurred when I took your shoes down to get mended.

Mrs. T.—What was it? Tell me what it was this minute! I just know it's one of your lies!

Mr. T.—Oh! don't mind; it ain't of much consequence; go to bed.

Mrs. T.—But it is of consequence. You have got to tell me; you shan't aggravate me in this way; I won't go to bed till I know what it was.

Mr. T.—Oh! it wasn't anything! [Pinning away.]

Mrs. T.—Mr. Twain, I know better! You're just doing this to drive me to distraction. What did that shoemaker say about my shoe? What did he do? Quick! [Bridling up to him with clenched hands.]

Mr. T.—Well, if you must know, he—

Mr. T.—Well, he—took it and gazed upon it a long time in silence, and then put his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into tears. (Shows how.)

Mrs. T.—Why, you born fool! Twain, are you going stark, staring mad?

Mr. T.—He just stood there and wept as if his heart would break, poor devil! There, now, let's go to bed.

Mrs. T.—Bed, you lunatic! I'll never close my eyes till I know what that idiot was crying about—and you won't either, I can tell you that. Come?

Mr. T.—Oh, it don't matter.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Twain, if you say that again, I say I'll make you sorry for it. What was that numskull crying about?

Mr. T.—W-e-l-l, he—

Mrs. T.—W-e-l-l, he— Out with it. Do you want me to—to—Twain! I'll scratch them pet ear-loops off till the side of your head's as bald as the top of my hand.

Mr. T.—Well, he—poor fellow—he fairly doted on his grandmother—fairly doted on her. She had nursed him, you know, because his mother was so feeble, and so—well he came to this country some fifteen years ago, and first set up in the vegetable line, and got along pretty well, and was about to send to England for the old lady, when hard times came and he got broke. He went into fruit, and after that into milk—into all sorts of things, you know; but he got disappointed every time, till this present business fetched him all right, and he set off for the old woman. She landed here four weeks ago, but died the very same night. It was hard, very hard after all his waiting and toiling for fifteen years, to get her over here at last and have her die on his hands. He—well, he was disgusted. However, he laid her out, and he and his friends sat up with her, and by-and-by the memories of her virtues softened his bitterness and turned it to a tender grief—a settled melancholy that hung about his spirit like a pall for many days. However, by patient striving to keep and thoughts out of his mind, he was finally beginning to regain some of his old-time cheerfulness, when your shoe reminded him so painfully of his poor, sainted grandmother's coffin—

(Shows his shoe.) And you dare to come back here till I kick you out again. You degraded old ruffian! Out of the house with you! (Exit, leading Mark out by the ear.)

NEW TO-DAY. CASH! AND THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE will be paid for WOOL, delivered at SHEDD during "the season." A. WHEELER. March 23-29-30-31. Rouns, Woodcock & Co Proprietors & Manufacturers of HUNTER'S Grain Separator, JUNCTION CITY. Received the Diploma at the State Fair of 1871. PRICE REDUCED TO FIFTY DOLLARS! These Machines are warranted substantially made, and are not to be surpassed in cleaning Wheat for seed, and are equal to any other low running machines. Send in your orders, and we will warrant satisfaction. Address: ROUNDS, WOODCOCK & CO., Junction City, Or. Jan. 24, 1872-24-25

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN Groceries & Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON. HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCERY establishment on corner of Edsforth and 1st Street, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Canned Goods, Teas, Coffee, &c., to which he invites the attention of our citizens. In connection with the store he will keep a Bakery, and I will always have on hand a full supply of fresh bread, crackers, &c. Call and see me. February 16-21-24 JOHN SCHMEER.

Mrs. Bridgester WISHES TO INFORM THE LADIES of Albany and vicinity, that Mrs. M. M. JOHNSON has taken charge of her Millinery and Dress-Making Store. She is prepared to do all kinds of work in that line. CALL AND SEE. Albany, Jan. 19, 1872-20-21. HARDWARE for Builders, for Smiths, and for Farmers—sold by Wheeler, at SHEDD. 11-14

Willamette Transportation Company! FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL further notice, the Company will dispatch a boat from Albany to Corvallis on Tuesday and Friday of Each Week. Also, will dispatch a boat from Albany for Portland and intermediate places on same days, leaving Canastota & Co's wharf. Fare at Reduced Rates. J. D. BILES, Agent. Dec. 15, 1871-16

Improved Band SAWS, Woodworth Planer, Molding Machine, &c., and every description of Wood-working Machinery & Planing Mill supplies. Address: HEBBLY & PLACE, Machinery Depot, 106 1/2 California St., San Francisco.

U. S. MAIL! Tri-Weekly Stage Line! THE UNDERSIGNED is now running a tri-weekly stage from Lebanon to Albany, carrying the U. S. Mails, leaving Lebanon every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and returning, leave Albany at 4 o'clock P. M. of said days. Passengers called for in any part of the city. All orders should be left at the St. Charles Hotel, Albany, for passengers or freight for Lebanon. Packages and light freight punctually delivered at low rates. All business entrusted to me will be promptly attended to. W. B. DONACA. Lebanon, Feb. 16, 72-24-24

For Sale! 1,000 BUSHELS OF CHOICE WHITE CHILI CLUB WHEAT FOR SEED. CALL AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE undersigned, six miles south of Albany. MARTIN LUPPER. Jan. 6, 1872-18-25

JOB WAGON. HAVING PURCHASED THE INTEREST of G. W. Young in the Delivery Business, I am prepared to do any and all kinds of jobs, on short notice and with quick dispatch. Terms reasonable. Packages delivered to any part of the city. Look out for the BAY TEAM and JOB WAGON. 20-24 A. N. ARNOLD.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CORNER FIRST & BROADALBIN STS. ALBANY, OREGON, A. C. Layton, Proprietor.

I HAVE ALWAYS IN STORE A FULL and complete supply of STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES! PROVISIONS! Tobacco & Cigars, which I will sell for cash as low as the lowest, or exchange for all kinds of merchandise. COUNTRY PRODUCE! Received and in store a large quantity of ISLAND SALT, which I will sell cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

Blacksmithing AND General Repair Shop. THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING RETURNED to Albany, and taken his old shop on corner of Edsforth and Second streets, announces his readiness to attend to all kinds of BLACKSMITHING, MILL & MACHINE WORK, &c., &c. Also, has on hand and for sale, the COQUILLARD WAGON, Strayer Force-feed GRAIN DRILL, STAR MOLINE, C. STSSTEEL, and other FLOWS, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. GIVE ME A CALL. All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention, and be executed in the best possible manner, with good material. A share of public patronage is solicited. Shop on corner Edsforth and Second streets, opposite Pierce's Ferry. F. WOOD.

ALBANY Lard Oil & Soap MANUFACTORY. THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING COMPLETED and put in good running order Lard Oil and Soap Manufactory, in the city of Albany, are prepared to purchase, at the highest cash rates, all the Hogs, Rancid Butter, Soap-Grease, &c., delivered to them in this city. They are now manufacturing and have on hand Fancy Toilet and Common Soaps, in great variety, warranted equal to the best in market, which they offer to the trade at the most reasonable rates. Orders respectfully solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Parties having Hogs, Rancid Butter, or Grease of any kind, for sale, will do well to give us a call. CARTWRIGHT, WESTLAKE & MORRIS. Nov. 11, 1871-10-14