

LOCAL MATTERS.

Refutation Meeting at Portland on Saturday.

The following reaches us by telegraph from Portland:

PORTLAND, June 6.—The Republicans of this county will have a grand torch light procession and meeting in this city, on Saturday evening next, to rejoice over the glorious victory we have just achieved in the State, to ratify the nominations of the National Republican Convention. A cordial invitation is extended to the Republicans of your county and throughout the State to participate. Please extend the invitation. Arrangements have been made with the Oregon & California R. R., Oregon & Central R. R., and W. T. Co., to carry passengers at half rates.

J. S. MCCORMICK,  
J. N. DOLPH,  
O. N. DENNY.

REPORTED.—As the poll-books will not be opened until to-day (Friday) and the vote of this county canvassed, we are only able to give reported majorities. Burnett is claimed to have carried Lin county by from 220 to 215; Shaw leads Humphrey 180 votes; the Democratic Legislative ticket is claimed by 200 majority; the balance of the Democratic ticket is probably elected by majorities ranging from 110 to 251. The official vote, which we will publish next week, may make a different showing as to the majorities, but that we are beat, and badly beat, there is no denying. We only hope that the newly elected officers will so conduct the county business as to cause the people to regret for their selection.

QUIET.—The election in this municipality, on Monday last, passed off very quietly—hardly a rifle disturbed the severe quiet of the day. The nearest approach to a breeze was when an anti-Tandy Democrat told a pro-Tandy Democrat that he was a stinking liar; but as the latter gentleman seemed to acknowledge the corn by immediately shutting his rattlesnake and going home, we are really unable to record any of the usual occurrences on election day. Vat are we comin' to!

NEW MUSIC.—We are indebted to J. L. Peters, 509 Broadway, New York, for the following new pieces of music: *Darling, weep no more*; *Only for you*; *Don't forget to write to me, darling*; *Under the walnut tree*; *We won't leave the farm*; *Stars of the Summer night*; *Sensation waltz*; *Freddie's galop*; *Awakening of the birds*; *Drops of dew*. Mr. Peters will send all of the above music to any address, on receipt of 30cts in the June number of *Peter's Musical Monthly*.

THOSE LOCKS.—Among the first acts of the next Legislature, will be the repeal of the obnoxious Lignite Law and Swamp Land Swindle. The Lock and Dam Swindle Company will be compelled to finish up their job as closely and in as complete a manner as the contract given out by a Democratic Legislature will allow. It is to the interest of the State that this improvement shall be completed, and in a substantial manner, and the Republican Legislature elect will see to it that they are so completed.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.—For June, still keeps up its reputation as the cheapest dollar periodical in the world. Its popularity is extending and widening every day. The publishers offer great inducements to persons who will get up clubs. One of the prizes offered is a No. 1 organ, price \$125, for one hundred and twenty-five subscribers. Here is a chance for a Sunday School or church to get a fine organ for nothing. To those wishing to raise clubs for the magazine, the May and June numbers will be furnished free. Address S. S. Wood & Co., Newburg, N. Y.

GAY EXPRESS WAGON.—Our energetic and accommodating citizen, Mr. A. N. Arnold, has shown a commendable taste and enterprise by having a new Express Wagon fixed up in the most approved style. The body is painted black with lettering in gold on the sides, while the remainder of the vehicle is red, striped with black. Bully for Arnold.

CHANGE OF FIRM.—The style of the late firm of W. H. McFarland & Co., dealers in stoves, linware, force and lift pumps, etc., corner Washington and First streets, Albany, has been changed to M. M. Harvey & Co., and new additions made to the stock. Call and see the new stock.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.—We have received this valuable work for 1872, fresh from the press of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, New York. It is especially valuable to business men, who should not fail to order a copy.

PERSONAL.—Dr. Ballard, of Lebanon, was in the city on Thursday.

Letter from Waitsburg, W. T.

WAITSBURG, May 20, 1872.

FRIEND VAN CLEVELAND: I have just learned that a young man by the name of Marian Fox (I believe his name is Marian), whose father lives about four miles from Brownsville in your county, died from the effects of a wound received from a shot-gun loaded with buckshot. It appears that some ten or twelve days since he, with some companions, were up on the head of the bluff looking for water, and becoming tired, sat down to rest on the brow of a precipitous bluff. The young man was in the range of a shot-gun, which had been laid down carelessly, when one of the boys rolled a stone off the bluff or mountain, which coming in contact with the hammer of the gun exploded it, the whole charge entering the leg of young Fox, shattering and maiming it in a terrible manner. It seems that, owing to some misunderstanding, the leg was not amputated till four or five days after the accident, when it had become so mortified that he survived the operation only some four or five days. These are the facts as near as I can learn them, as the accident occurred some eighteen miles from this place. Yours Truly,

WM. N. SMITH.

WEATHER RECORD.—For the month of May last, kept by J. R. Smith:

May	Morn.	N'n.	N't.	Ther.	Wthr.	W.L.
1	45	26	73	69	clear	n
2	58	30	64	47	e	n
3	59	38	50	32	cl	n
4	42	28	49	47	e	n
5	49	30	66	53	cl	n
6	41	25	58	55	e	n
7	43	35	34	30	s	n
8	57	61	64	52	e	n
9	44	32	60	53	cl	nw
10	50	32	56	57	e	n
11	48	28	42	36	e	n
12	47	24	48	38	e	n
13	46	26	52	35	s	nw
14	46	29	60	57	e	nw
15	49	35	72	59	cl	nw
16	50	38	74	62	e	n
17	52	39	70	67	e	n
18	44	22	64	63	e	s
19	53	47	58	63	e	n
20	44	21	65	60	e	n
21	47	24	72	61	e	n
22	54	31	72	69	e	n
23	52	38	64	55	s	n
24	54	44	59	59	s	n
25	53	54	58	58	s	n
26	47	38	64	69	cl	n
27	52	43	60	58	e	sw
28	44	38	64	59	cl	n
29	44	39	65	62	cl	n
30	52	48	57	59	e	nw
31	52	46	65	61	e	n

Mean temperature for the month, 58.26 degrees. Highest temperature on the 21, 72; lowest on the 11th, 21. Highest temperature during the month, on the 21, 72; lowest on the 11th, 21. Clear days 15; cloudy 9; showery 3, rain 1. Wind south 4 days, northwest 3, southwest 1, north 21.

MAJORITYS.—The whole Republican ticket in this city, with the exception of H. M. Brown, candidate for Sheriff, got away with good majorities. Capt. N. B. Humphrey, candidate for Prosecuting attorney, led off with 120 majority, followed by Rev. S. G. Irvine, candidate for County Judge, with 50. Jos. G. Wilson counted up 40. For the Legislature, N. H. Cranor led the Democratic ticket, having 216 votes, while the average was but 208; M. C. George, on the Republican ticket, had 251 votes, while the average was 247. The vote shows a good working Republican majority in this precinct of thirty.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Wm. Morgan, aged about 20 years, youngest son of Miller Morgan, who resides at Saddle Butte in this county, on Thursday morning was thrown from a horse, and one of his legs broken between the knee and ankle, the bone protruding through the skin. The accident was caused by the breaking of the bridle. We are unable to say whether amputation will be necessary, as the physician has not returned as we go to press.

READ THIS.—Mrs. Bridgefarmer calls special attention to the fact that she is anxious to close out her stock of millinery goods, hats, bonnets, etc., and to do this, will sell her entire stock of late style goods at cost. Here is a chance for bargains that our lady readers will not fail to seize upon. Go at once, if you wish the first say.

ATTENTION.—The stockholders of the Albany & Santiam Canal and Ditch Company, are requested to meet at the Court House, on Saturday, June 8th, 1872, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of effecting an organization—electing officers, etc. By order of the incorporators.

FIREMEN'S ELECTION.—Following is the list of officers elected at the regular meeting (June 4th) of the Albany Fire Company No. 1, for the ensuing year: Foreman, Joseph Webster; First Assistant, Wm. Richter; Second Assistant, A. N. Arnold; Secretary, A. F. Wheeler; Treasurer, Henry Myers.

ACCIDENT.—A little son of Mr. Hart, agent for O. & C. R. R. at this place, fell and ran the line of a fork into his hip on Tuesday. In the attempt to pull it out, the line broke in the hip. Dr. Jones was called in, and succeeded in cutting it out, and the little rooster is all right at present.

SERENADE.—We are under obligations to the friends who executed such sweet music under our window Tuesday morning. Many thanks for remembering us.

NEW TO-DAY.—See card of Mr. J. M. Beach, asking those indebted to him, either by note or book account, to come forward and make immediate payment. Notes and accounts are placed in the hands of Messrs. Beach, Montell & Co., of City Mills, to whom payments should be made.

STRAWBERRIES.—For a basket of large time strawberries, the first of the season, we are indebted to Mr. John Millard. They were luscious, smooth, in cream, and we bow our acknowledgments to Mr. Millard for his kindly remembrance of us.

CLAIMS.—Our County Clerk, A. C. Jones, Esq., hands us the following figures as the claimed Democratic majorities in this county: Burnett, 257; Shaw, 184; Legislative ticket, 224.

RELIGIOUS.—The Rev. D. S. Onks will preach at the Baptist church on Sunday next, morning and evening. A general invitation is extended. Rev. Mr. Babcock, Protestant Episcopal Church, will preach at the Court House on Sunday, June 17th, at 1 o'clock P. M. All are invited.

CIGARS.—Mr. J. Z. Cronan, knowing our weakness for a good cigar, made us a present, the other day, of a box of six good cigars as we ever dropped a lip over. Of course we shall remember him kindly, you bet.

DEAD.—The friends of Mr. Christopher Starr will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred at his residence at or near Seio, on the 5th. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his early decease.

PRESIDENT OFFICERS.—Following named gentlemen were elected in Albany precinct, all Republicans: Justices of the Peace, Messrs. M. L. Crothers and G. W. Vernon; Constables, Messrs. Geo. Weller and Elias Fanning.

THE GENERAL RESULT.—Here's how the election foots up from latest advices:

Jackson county elects two Republicans to the Legislature, certain, and in all probability the third is elected.

Douglas sends three members and one Senator, with the probabilities in favor of the election of the Joint Senator.

Lane sends three members and the Senator.

Benton sends two members.

Polk sends three members, with a good show for Senator.

Marion sends her full quota of five members.

Clatsop gets away with three members and the Senator.

Yamhill puts up two members and the Senator.

Multnomah has no trouble whatever in electing four members and a Senator.

Washington keeps up her reputation with two members and a Senator.

Other portions of the State are reported to foot up:

Grant, two members; Wasco, one member and the Senator; Clatsop, one member and the joint member for Tillamook and Clatsop, and also the joint member for Coos and Curry.

Further returns are likely to increase rather than diminish the Republican majority in the Legislature, and while we are absolutely assured of a good, healthy working majority in the House, we confidently believe there will be a two-thirds majority. How's that for high! The Senate is ours by at least one vote, and further returns may give us three majority.

While we feel deeply humiliated over the fact that, through bad management, Lin county has thrown her vote against us, we rejoice that better counsels and wiser heads prepared the way for victory in other parts of the State. We may be compelled to burn powder, yet, over the result.

MARKETS.—No change in market prices. We quote:

Butter—Per pound 20c.

Eggs—Per dozen 20c to 25c.

Bacon—Sides, buying, 12½¢; selling 14c. Shoulders, buying, 10c; selling 12½c. Hams, buying, 10c; selling, 18c.

Chickens—From \$2 50 to \$3 75 dozen.

Wheat—Millers paying 75c per bushel.

Oats—Still quoted at 50¢ per bushel. Business tolerable fair. Weather pleasant. Crops look splendid.

EXTENSION.—To-morrow a number of our young folks go to Peterson's Butte on a pleasure excursion.

COUNTY COURT.—In session Thursday.

MARION COUNTY.—We have not yet received the official vote, but have enough to know that Wilson's majority will be about 350. All the other candidates on the Republican ticket, with the exception of J. J. Murphy, who was running for county clerk, were elected. Murphy was beaten by a considerable majority.

In walking always turn your toes outward, and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling into cellars, and the latter from falling into iniquity.

H. G.

TABLE TALK.—Should the bland blasphemer of Champaign be elected to the Presidency, says the Chicago Post, a veto message couched in the following words—may be expected:

AN ACE to raise revenue by imposing a duty of ten cents a ton on Guano. COMMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—I return this obnoxious measure without any approval. The man who introduced it is an ass; the men who voted for it are schooling British agents, and the men who say this is not the case are liars and horse-thieves. I judge that on the average, every man, woman and child in America uses a ton of guano a year in some shape or other, whether as the farmer in New York, Louisiana, Colorado, Paduk, etc., in agriculture or as Charles Dana, for editorial articles. We thus consume, in round figures, 40,000,000 tons annually. The arbitrary and revolutionary Act which veto-to-day would thus impose a tax of \$4,000,000 a year on our people. With what effect? It would not stimulate the production of American guano. American birds could not compete with the pauper labor of birds in Belgium and priest-ridden Central America. I am not quite sure as to what I mean or why it is not so, or what I wish, but the man who speaks contrary is a half-breed and misled by British gold.

H. G.—As the following poem was recently found pinned to a tree on Greeley's farm, it is supposed to have been written by that gentleman. It certainly has the Horatian tinge: An elephant sat in a swallow's nest, Drinking a cup of tea, And watching a delicate hen that sang From the top of a neighboring tree. The Boston Traveler's post has not missed in vain on the situation, and adds to the general fund the following effort:

DR. WATTS' OINTMENT FOR THE CINCINNATI SORE.

How doth the busy Homage G. Improve each shining hair;

And look for olive every day

In every party's bowery.

How skillfully he builds his salls,

How neat he spreads the soap;

And when pig iron will not avail

Takes free trade as his hope.

The Oakland News tells this story, as illustrating the cheerful alacrity with which the Democracy take to Greeley: A party of miners inhabiting a cabin agreed that the worst member in the crowd should do the cooking. A cross-grained old cuss had collected a long time, but growing tired of his office, he laid out to distribute the general satisfaction which seemed to prevail among the others, and by provoking some complaint secure a successor. So he mixed up a batch of dough, half flour and half salt, baked it, and set the bread on the table. One rusty old fellow seized a biscuit, bit out a mouthful, and after passing a little and making a hideous grimace, observed: "Well, if that ain't the d-d-d-d, saltiest bread I ever did strike—let it's good though!"

A leading Democrat in the West is a little doubtful about going Greeley, and expresses himself thus: "I would stoop so great a way to conquer; but to stoop so far and get licked after all, wouldn't be agreeable."

Forecast to leave the *Tribune's* easy chair Greeley retires to his lamellar hair. Laying aside his wrath-dipensing pen,

To vent his curses on the festive hen,

Who, after all he can do or say,

Declines to lay a dozen eggs a day—

To feed on furo cheeks the lambkin lean

That it may thrive and gambol on the green"

To pluck his geese and leave them but a "feather"

That they, consistently, may "flock together"

To graft the peach tree with Italian loes,

That "peach and honey" may be sought with ease—

To milk with patient hand the gentle steer,

And while his left ear cursing lager beer—

To feed himself on most nutritious meat,

Obtaining thus a broader "country seat"—

In short, to give full rein to all his fancies,

Let elsewhere he should ruin Liberal chances.

Here is a letter that some unprincipled people say Mr. Greeley wrote: "I understand you sell large quantities of bolts and nuts, and that the latter are of a superior quality. If you will send me a bushel or two of your best nuts in time for spring planting, I will by return mail tell you what I know about bolts, which is a good deal. Truly, H. G."

One of the compositors in his office once went to Mr. Greeley to ask his influence for an appointment at Washington. Said Mr. Greeley: "Can you saw wood?" "Yes, sir." "Then stay away from Washington." Good enough advice, perhaps, but our friend in the composing room now teeters to Mr. Greeley the advice, to "stay away from Washington," no matter whether he can saw wood or not.

Still the trouble exists as to which is the proper color for Greeley tickets. The great agriculturist is truly the philosopher of *Champaign County*!

The *Louisville Courier Journal* significantly remarks: "The gray-jacket who is not for Horace Greeley deserves a straight-jacket."

Greeley contemplates a grand politico-agricultural flop. He is going up as a *pony* and next fall will come down *equus*.

"Greeley butter" is offered to the public by a Kansas City grocer, who takes that delicate way of intimating that it is not strong.

A careful review of the one hundred and forty odd German papers published in the United States, show that only two weeklies and four out of the fifty dailies have thus far given in their adhesion to the Cincinnati ticket.

Greeley gives it as his deliberate opinion that cube roots ought to be watered frequently.

Greeley once wrote an article headed "Michael Angelo," but the printer set it up "Wicked Angels," whereupon Horace d-d-d the optics of every typo in Christendom.

The Convict Author.

There is a convict in the Massachusetts State Penitentiary who is likely to become famous as an author. Since his confinement he has written one of the most eloquent and remarkable descriptions of the life of Christ which has yet appeared. It is a book of 300 pages and the following extract from the chapter on the Resurrection, gives but a partial idea of some of the beautiful pen-sketches it contains:

The dawning of the third day after the crucifixion was looked for with fervent and hopeful solicitude by the apostles. The time dragged slowly and heavily as they watched for the last prophesy of Christ: "After three days I shall rise again." Twice had the sun gone down on earth, and all as yet was quiet as the sepulchre. Death held its scepter over the son of God. Still and silent the hours wore on; the Roman guards still stood by their posts, while the moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears. The enemies of Christ existed in their swarms; the hearts of his followers were sunk in despondency and sorrow, all unconscious of the angels of Heaven hovering near to behold the approaching event. At length the morning star, rising in the east, announced the approach of light. The third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden the earth trembled to its center, the powers of Heaven were shaken, and an angel of God descended to the holy sepulcher. The guards shrank back in terror at his presence, and fell prostrate to the ground. "His countenance was like lightning, his raiment was white as snow." He rolled away the stone from the door and sat upon it. But who is this that comes from the tomb, from the bed of death—he that is so glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength?

It is thy Prince, oh Zion! Christian! It is thy Lord who rises from the grave a conqueror, to meet the morning's resurrection. He returns from the world of spirits, bringing salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious. Let it be proclaimed the jubilee of the universe; let the earth and that is within it, all nations and all people shout for joy! Ye clouds with juring banners, ye pouring billows, lend your voices! Wake ye soaring throngs and feathered warblers, whose glittering wings are tipped with gold; time your voices to mate with the angelic hosts in a sublime Hosanna to the Highest! Swell the inspiring theme, till Heaven's arch angels break the sound—Hosanna in the highest.

HURONIS.

If your neighbor's lens are troublesome, and steal across the way, don't let your angry passions rise; fix a place for 'em to lay!

The only amusement of the citizens of Calhoun, Ga., is that of tying tinware to the tails of the village dogs.

The dogs are so well trained that whenever one of them sees an oyster can in the street he backs up and waits for some one to tie it on.

A testimonial to the skill of a chiropractor, published in an English paper, testifies that "four or five years ago he successfully extracted several corns from my feet without pain, as also a member of my family, which have not returned since that time."

A venerable country gentleman in Pittsburg, said to a news boy the other day: "Boy, I want to go to the Monongahela house." "Very well," replied the boy, "you may go if you'll promise not to be gone long."

An exchange says a "maso pito" is a public singer, who draws well, but fails to give perfect satisfaction. "Still he never fails to "make his mark."

Dr. Hall says that for a period of a month before marriage, and after death, men regard their wives as angels.

A disgusted youth in Nashville advertises his girl as a liar, because she broke the engagement.

It is a curious fact that while the *banes* are permitted to go in the way they are bent, the *bates* are expected to go in the way they are told.

A celebrated clergyman once said that he had found more bad in good people, and more good in bad people than he ever expected.

"I yielded to his earnest persuasions," as the young widow said, after angling two years to catch an old bachelor.

"Why, my friend," said Roger, "I brought the suit to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed! how so?" Why, to oblige you to pay."

A female Justice of the Peace of Wyoming has kept herself in pin money for some time past by fining her husband, in her official capacity, whenever he committed a domestic contempt of court.

"Somebody wrote to H. G., says the *Lowell Courier*, inquiring the best method of preserving farm tools. The philosopher advised the best loaf sugar, pound for pound, and boil one hour."

"H. G.'s recipe for preserving peaches. Cut in strips not less than fifteen inches long; spread them out on the grass to bleach for three days, and finally sprinkle with cinnamon, and pack in air-tight jars filled with saw-dust."

The people of a village in Kansas, called Grasshopper Falls, not thinking the name sufficiently high sounding, had it changed to Sautrella. The dwellers thereon, unaccustomed to such outlandish appellations, corrupted the new name into "Snow Tail," and the village is known only by that title. The humiliated villagers have just appealed to the Legislature to change the name of their village back to Grasshopper Falls.

Our celestial chart indicates that the comet which is to strike the earth at 5 o'clock August 12th, P. M., will collide with our planet 2 degrees and 7 minutes west of Mexico, and do no further damage than to sink that empire under the sea, with the northern end of South America, thus opening a channel for commerce.

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