

Communicated.

ED. ALBANY REGISTER:—A man is known by his company. The above extract is our text for this article.

Honice Greeley has made himself ridiculous, totally, by fusing with the Red Rock Democracy. In vain may he rail at slavery, secession and rebellion; in vain pretend to total abstinence, universal freedom and equal rights! He is recognized now as the champion standard bearer of the scum and tallow of the Republican party, and the Jeff Davis wing, or scoundrel rebels and copperheads, in the United States. In this heterogeneous mass of incongruous materials may be found every shade of fallen men, of the worst type in our Union. To suppose that the ring leaders of the purest Greeley-Brown faction are loyal, or that they intend to accept the "situation," and abide by it, is nonsense! The spirit of slavery and rebellion is as strong in the hearts of the Greeley leaders, as it was twelve years ago. A total and full revolution of our Government is their aim; and they can affect this in a more popular way, by first obtaining possession of the old Government, through the ballot box, when they would have the army and navy and the United States treasury at their command, than to attempt a revolution by violence. I refer general readers to the columns of the monthlies of the rebel Democracy, *Powers's Democrat*, for years past. And in Oregon we have a small fry of newspaper publishers of the very same stripe, Greeley's new quondam friends embrace nine-tenths of the whisky ring and their victims, and nearly every shade of infidels. There is not a "Christian Church" in the United States that endorses the Greeley-Brown ticket. It is true that the M. E. Church South, and perhaps a few others, which throw their whole influence on the side of the Southern Confederacy, during the American Conflict, that will hurray for the Greeley ticket. Of course Tammany, as in duty bound, "will ever pray," etc., will go the whole hog for the so called Liberals. France and England would glory in our downfall, and the uprising of the Southern Confederacy, as the de facto Government of the United States. Then would Confederate bonds and treasury notes rise to the surface! Then would the M. E. Church and other loyal churches, and all bedrock Republicans feel the whip of the "lost cause" Democracy. The pretended self-abnegation and loss of the talsmanic word, "Democracy," which has held such power over millions for forty years past in our Union, is *in all a ruse*, and a mere subterfuge to catch the unwary. Will two and a half million of Democratic voters go over to one-third of a million of some head Republicans? or would they not swallow up the soreheads as soon as their ends should be accomplished? Very many of the *bolters* have been turned out of office for incompetency or bad conduct in office; but they are not as thin and starved for public pay, as the lords and love-power gentry, who have not had the treasury tear in their mouths for these twelve years past. And the scramble would be so great for office, under Uncle Horace, if elected, that the more hungry and lean aspirants would, of course, receive all the offices and spoils of victory, instead of the *scare heads*. Christians and all temperance people in the United States should powder well on the "impending crisis" near at hand. The government of the United States, or the people upon whose shoulders it rests, has never been in as much danger, since 1776, as it is now! Dark clouds are hovering over our horizon. I fear that the friends of the Administration and of freedom, law, religion and temperance, are not sufficiently roused up to the importance of the victory to be obtained at the ballot box in November, in the election of Grant and Wilson. We must not, by our apishness, suffer the enemies of our Government and all orderly people to triumph over us. They would conquer to destroy. We would conquer to save.

Why are not Grant and Wilson sides formed all over the United States? Why are not precinct and county, city and town meetings held everywhere, and able speakers procured to rouse up the voters everywhere to zeal and energy? The nation slumbered and slept from 1853 to 1860, while the traitors were industriously preparing to take the life of the nation. The same wretches are scheming and plotting the destruction of the Government now! And shall we lie at ease? Wake up Oregonians! Shout the "battle cry of freedom." Let Grant and Wilson be our Watchword!

AN OLD MAN.

August, 1872.

From Soda Springs.

HENSLEY'S RANCH, August 7th, 1872.

ED. REGISTER:—I have concluded to tell you "what I know" about going to the Soda Springs.

I mounted my black mustang (which, by the way, is more docile than Mark Twain's), at 1:30 o'clock P. M., on Monday the 5th inst. and started. The weather was delightful, a cool breeze blowing from the north, so we jogged along, making pretty good time, to our old friend, "F. A. Biggs," when mounted outright. Left next morning at 7:30, and arrived at

SODA SPRINGS

at 2:30 P. M., our horse given out and myself about as tired. Here we took dinner and had our horse fed, and, feeling some better, we started for a look around camp. Quite a number are yet in camp though a great many have gone out on account of sickness, among whom we may mention G. B. Hays and wife, with their son, Wm. Cyrus, who has the "palpitation of the heart;" Mrs. Howard, of the "Belknap Settlement," in Benton county, who came here about five weeks since, scarcely able to get around without assistance, and now she can climb around over the mountains almost as well as any of them—and all the result of drinking soda water. Miss Lizzie Mulkey, of Corvallis, is also here, quite feeble, though in good spirits, and thinks she is feeling better than when in the valley. These are the principal invalids, though there are some others "complaining" some. Mr. Finley may make this a very attractive place when he gets his house finished, but just now the accommodations, for sick people especially, are not very good. As we did not come particularly for soda, we moved on up the river about a mile and a half, to Mr. Hensley's. He is one of those unfortunate "old bachelors," but still he tries to make you "at home," and one very soon gets to feeling that way.

I have not had much time to try my hand at angling, but shall before I leave here. However, I went out yesterday evening and caught two fish, each about four inches long.

I feel much better this morning, and have no doubt when I get thoroughly rested up, with the one drink of soda I took yesterday, I shall feel very "hefy."

I think going to the "Soda Springs" is delightful, but would advise all contemplating such a trip to provide themselves with some transportation other than horseback. But my breakfast is ready, the messenger is ready to start, and I shall have to send this letter unfinished. Yours, muchly, J. M. SHELLEY.

John Day Valley.

JOHN DAY VALLEY, Aug. 1st, 1872.

DEAR REGISTER:—Your humble correspondent from this part of Uncle Sam's rather extensive dominions, since writing you last, has been waiting patiently for something to turn up that might be of interest to you. But everything has glided along in the most provoking quiet manner possible. True, we cleaned the Democrats, last June, to the bedrock, as I predicted in my last, but you found that out long before a letter of mine could possibly have reached you. Then we had the Fourth of July up here, too, and we celebrated it in the good old-fashioned style. And we have likewise had our share of neighborhood tattle, and occasionally a nice bit of scandal, but then we are very modest, and don't like to have everything we do and say paraded in the papers, for every body to see. Then the mail robbery, near Antelope Valley, waked up some of our citizens rather unpleasantly, as they find themselves some \$1,000 or more poorer by the thieving rascals than they were before that event.

We are pretty well through laying, and we have plenty of it and of good quality. Our grain crops are not as good as common, but think we will have a great plenty for all purposes.

Our gardens look just splendid, notwithstanding we had quite a little frost yesterday morning that, in some localities, used some of the tomato and other vines most too severe for their health and comfort.

The health of our county is excellent. Since last April a year, I have heard of three deaths; one of them succided, one drowned, and one died of inflammatory rheumatism.

Yours as ever, W. T. S.

From Lapwai Agency.

LAPWAI INDIAN RESERVATION, LAPWAI, Idaho, August 1st, 1872.

FRIEND VAN:—I wrote you last from Lewiston, immediately on my arrival at that place, and same day I came out here, and having seen considerable of this part of the country, thought I would attempt a description of it, however poorly it may be done.

This Agency or Reservation, as you are aware, is under control of Jno. B. Monteth as Agent, Dr. Rice attends to the sick, Rev. H. H. Spaulding is the missionary, Rev. Mr. Fee and his daughter are the school teachers. The carpenterwork is managed by I. S. Waldrip, formerly of Albany; the saw mill by Mr. Piper, formerly from near Turner's Station, in Marion county; the sawing mill by Mr. Nicholson, from Corvallis. Blacksmithing is done by Mr. Sherwin; wagon making by Mr. Underwood, and farming by our teutonic friend "Loney."

This is one of the oldest Reservations in this country. The Reserve is about seventy miles long by forty wide, and embraces some splendid land; but most of it comprises big "hills" (here called "hills," but in Oregon would be honored by the title of "mountains"), and gulches, over and across which it would seem impossible for any one to travel even on foot. But these Indians ride up and down hills that seem almost perpendicular with their ponies, going full speed. Once in a while a pony pitches his rider some hundred or so feet, but it is very seldom that this happens, as the horses are generally very surefooted, and the Indians splendid riders. Here an Indian counts his riches by the number of horses he owns. No matter how old, broken down, blinded, or no account a horse is, with an Indian it "counts" the same as a ten thousand dollar horse would with Bonner or Jerome. An old chief that died here some time ago, owned over 5,000 of these animals, some of them not worth the powder that it would take to kill them.

There are generally about 3,000 Indians on the Reservation, but lately most of them have been off to the "Camas" grounds gathering their winter's supply of that article, but at present they are beginning to return to the Reservation for the purpose of harvesting their grain, &c. These Indians are the most enlightened and best disposed of any tribe west of the Mississippi—most of them having regular houses, and having their farms fenced off in good style; and to ride around among the farms a person would think of things generally, that he was riding through an old settled and "civilized" country.

The country around here is very broken indeed, and most of the land barren and good for nothing for agricultural purposes, on account of the great scarcity of water, though along the bottom of the "Clearwater" and "Lapwai"—two streams that course down just the Agency—the land is splendid, and big crops can be raised on it.

The Clearwater (very appropriately named), is about the size of the Willamette at Albany, and the Lapwai about the size of the Calapoia, though perhaps not quite so much water at this time of the year. There is not a well on the Reservation, water for all purposes being obtained from springs and the river—water is cold like ice nearly the whole year.

Before I came up here, I thought there were some mountains in Oregon, but since I have been over this part of the country I find they would only be good sized "hills" here.

About 3 miles south of this Reservation is a government fort, known as "Fort Lapwai," where there are stationed two companies of soldiers, one of infantry and one of cavalry. The garrison is under command of Col. Sanford, a splendid soldier and a perfect gentleman.

I have just returned from a two day's trip to "the lakes," situated about twenty miles from here, and some distance from Lewiston. The road we traveled over going to and returning from the lakes is a most wonderful wagon road which was built by a few farmers living near the lakes, for the purpose of hauling out firewood, fence rails, and ice.

The lakes, after you get to them, are both wonders. The largest, or upper lake, is about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide. The lower or smaller lake, being about half a mile in diameter, forms nearly a perfect circle. But what is most singular about both lakes is the fact that there is neither inlet nor outlet—though the general impression is (and I think correct), that there is an underground connection between the two, and a short distance below the lower lake a splendid spring bursts forth, and forms a large sized creek or "branch"—it is cold—and I think the spring comes from the lakes. The water in both of the lakes is very deep. Dr. Greenleaf (Surgeon at Fort Lapwai), on a previous visit, let down a leadcord of usual length, and could not begin to "touch bottom" even then.

Both lakes are full of splendid sized mountain trout, and on the upper or larger lake are two skills for the accommodation of visitors; and I almost forgot to mention, there is also a large two-story ice-house, full of splendid ice, that "tourists" have a "free ticket" to help themselves to at any and all times, when so disposed.

For irrigation purposes a ditch or canal is taken from the large springs near the "lakes," and carried down the country some ten miles, passing and being used at several farms, and wherever the water is used, I never saw better crops raised anywhere. Our party named the lakes "Winn Lake."

About ten miles north of Lapwai, and some distance from Lewiston, commences the new valley that is now being settled, known as the "Palouse valley," through which the Northern Pacific R. R. will run, "grade stakes" being now set. This valley is highly spoken of, and praised as being a long and extensive valley of rich agricultural land. The climate is a great deal colder than Webfoot, however.

Hamilton Evans and Frank M. Redfield, formerly of Albany, have both purchased "ranches" or farms in this valley, about 12 miles north of Lapwai and some distance from Lewiston—and are now making the necessary improvements on their places before moving their families on to them. Their families are now and have been stopping in Lewiston. I start for Webfoot again on Thursday, Aug. 8th, highly pleased, take it altogether, with my trip, and would say to those who cared, to go and do likewise. Yours truly,

LIGHTNING STRIKER.

The Disputed Pumpkin Vine.

A few years since, the Jeffersonian Society in Petaluma, Cal., had under discussion the following question: "If A's pumpkin vine runs through B's fence and has a pumpkin on it, resolved that the pumpkin belongs to A."

Mr. M. V. Chapman being present, arose and actually made the following speech:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It gives me the greatest pleasure to meet you again. The question for discussion to-night appears to be a case of litigation between Mr. A. and B. A. planted once a pumpkin seed, and set his heart upon it. It grew, and running through B's fence, it had a pumpkin on it. A question now arises, as every one will see, to whom the thing belongs, to Mr. A. or B. I'll make no dull apologies, but lastly will join this legal windy conflict about the pumpkin-vine. I hope, sir, now to show you, and show this audience, that the disputed pumpkin that crossed the fatal fence, although it left its owner and tried to run away, it yet may be reclaimed, sir, and still belongs to A.; to me 'tis very strange, and I surely can not see how any one can argue that it belongs to B.; it is certain that 'twas planted by the fostering hand of A.; he weeded, plowed and hoed it until 'twas run away. That he had the total burden of its culture all can see; yet these worthy gent's would nuzzle you and give it all to B.

Again about possession they have no much to say, they say it's in B's corn field, hence can not belong to A.; now the thing of mere possession can not be grounds enough, and I will try and show you that this is only stuff.

Suppose that A.'s old shaggy hen should do as this has done; should cross the fence and build her nest, and hatch and rear her young, can any Judge or President, with justice, sir, decide that the hen belongs to B., and the chickens, sir, beside? I think that justice would decide the matter, in this way, although the hen sly-n-gled, she still belongs to A.

Again, suppose A.'s old gray horse should try to cut a dash, and run right through the fatal fence, and tear it all to smash, and put on airs in B's corn field, it is a thing of course, that A. can go at any time and prove and take the horse. No one upon this floor will claim that the horse belongs to B. If A. can chain the hen and horse, why, in a legal suit, if his vine should clamber through the fence, he then can chain the fruit.

If B. should see for trespass, then A. the bill must pay, but as soon as he has shelled it out, he can take his horse away. If he could take the hen and horse, why not the fruit as well? for any one can see the case is strictly parallel.

All the laws of jurisprudence, every legal book will say, that in the present instance the thing belongs to A.

Now B. has had no trouble, sir, in cultivating it; he neither planted, plowed nor hoed, nor stirred the ground a bit; then do not outrage justice, sir, upon a seamy plea, nor strain your reputation by giving it to B. Now, sir, before I close, let me urge a final plea; I full and equal justice in all things want to see; justice is a jewel, so decide the question wisely, and give the thing to A.

If not, they'll surely bore you whom e'er you chance to meet; the very dogs will bark at you as you parade the street, the cows will below at you, the calves will run and bawl, and as you pass the chicken-house the hens will raise the squall.

The very swine will mock you with wild and frightful screams, and the ghost of a murdered pumpkin will haunt you in your dreams; the noisy geese will gabble at the way the decision went, and the evening winds will utter a wail of discontent.

If you decide against us and pass our speeches by, don't again be guilty of eating pumpkin pie.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, REAL ESTATE DEALER, No. 64 Front Street, Portland, Or.

REAL ESTATE in this CITY and EAST PORTLAND, in the most desirable localities, consisting of LOTS, HALF BLOCKS, and BLOCKS, HOUSES and STORES; also,

IMPROVED FARMS, and valuable unimproved LANDS, located in ALL parts of the STATE for SALE.

REAL ESTATE, and other property, purchased for correspondents, in this CITY and throughout the STATE and TERRITORIES, with great care and on the most ADVANTAGEOUS TERMS.

HOUSES and STORES, LOTS, LOANS, BROKERSHIP, and CLAIMS of ALL DESCRIPTIONS PROMPTLY COLLECTED; and a general FINANCIAL and AGENCY BUSINESS transacted.

AGENTS of this OFFICE, in all the CITIES and TOWNS in the STATE, will receive descriptions of FARM PROPERTY and forward the same to the above address.

A. WHEELER, SHELDON, OREGON, Forwarding & Commission Merchant.

Agent for the sale of the celebrated BAIN WAGONS, and all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY. Consignments solicited. TOWN LOTS, in the town of Sheldon, for sale.

MRS. H. D. CODLEY, FIRST STREET, ALBANY, CONTEMPLATES ENLARGING HER business the coming season, and in order to make room will

Sell at Cost for Thirty Days! Her entire stock of

Millinery Goods! Consisting of

BONNETS, HATS, FLOWERS, RIB LACES, EMBROIDERIES, JACONS, BARRED MUSLINS, and a variety of other goods to be found in a

First Class Millinery Store! Please call and examine. July 12-Gmt

JOHN SCHMEER, DEALER IN—

Groceries & Provisions, ALBANY, OREGON.

HAS JUST OPENED HIS NEW GROCER establishment on corner of Ellsworth and First streets, with a fresh stock of Groceries, Provisions, Candles, Clams, Tobacco, &c., to which he invites the attention of our citizens.

In connection with the store he will keep a bakery, and will always have on hand a full supply of fresh bread, crackers, &c.

Call and see me. February 16-24

JOHN SCHMEER.

JOB WAGON. HAVING PURCHASED THE INTEREST of G. W. Young in the Delivery Business,

I am prepared to do any and all kinds of job, on short notice and with quick dispatch. Terms reasonable. Packages delivered to any part of the city. Look out for the WAGON and JOB WAGON. A. N. ARNOLD.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."

"TIME IS MONEY."

SAVE YOUR TIME,

And Accumulate WEALTH,

BY BUYING YOUR DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

NOTIONS,

Clothing!

CROCKERY,

HATS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

PILLS,

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PAINTS,

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ALMOST ANYTHING YOU MAY HAVE OCCASION TO USE.

UNDER ONE ROOF.

READY PAY,

PROMPT PAYING

SHORT-TIME CUSTOMERS,

WILL FIND, AS HERETOFORE,

—AT THE—

STORE OF THE SUBSCRIBER,

At all Times,

A Good Assortment of the

BEST GOODS

—at the—

LOWEST PRICES!

—OF—

ALL KINDS

—OF—

Merchantable Produce!

BOUGHT.

A. WHEELER.

Sheldon, Oregon, April 5, 1872

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CORNER FIRST & BROAD ALBANY STS., ALBANY, OREGON, A. C. LAYTON, Proprietor.

I HAVE ALWAYS IN STOCK 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 ISALD SALT, which I will sell cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

I extend a general invitation to all people in this and adjoining counties, to call and examine my low quality and prices of goods, as I feel that my constant supply of goods will be a great benefit to you.

RECEIVED AND IN STORE A LARGE QUANTITY OF ISALD SALT, which I will sell cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

BLACKSMITHING! General Repair Shop.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING RETURNED to Albany, and taken his old shop on corner of Ellsworth and Second streets, announces his readiness to attend to all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING, MILL & MACHINE WORKING, ETC. Also, has on hand and for sale, the

COQUILLARD WAGON, Strayer Force-feed GRAIN DRILL, STAR MOLINE, and other FLOWS

WOOD'S RELPER & MOWER, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. HORSE SHOEING—All round, \$2; Resetting, \$1.

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 Ellsworth and Second streets, opposite Pierce's Ferry. F. WOOD.

A BIG VICTORY! FOR THE

New Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine!

IT WILL DELIGHT THE MANY friends of the NEW Wilson Improved Sewing Machine,

To know that in the stubborn contest for superiority in samples of work, at the great Northern Ohio Fair, their favorite has carried off the two great premiums—the Medal for best six specimens machine work, and the Diploma for best embroidery. At the great competition was in those two classes, it will be seen that the Wilson's victory is complete. We knew this would be so; it could not be otherwise. There is no talking down the fact that the New Wilson is the best Family Sewing Machine now manufactured—capable of doing the best work on any kind of goods, under all circumstances.

This award of the highest premium should and will silence the talk of that large class of sewing machine men who have made this machine the object of their special enmity, simply because it is a most-acute force-feed machine and undersells their expensive ones.

Go and see the Premium New-Wilson Sewing Machine, the best in the world, now on exhibition at Siro's & Ross Art Gallery, 72 First Street, Portland, Oregon, and remember you can buy this premium machine for \$50.

Agents wanted. MIXER & FRANKS, July 15, 72-46