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Give Us the Postal Telegraphy.

The postal Telegraph question is being discussed quite freely by the press of the country. Like all questions bearing upon the business interests of the nation, it is full of importance. Every person who desires exemption from the present monopoly espionage, partiality and excessive charges, is interested in the solution of this question. The telegraphs of the country are principally under the control of three companies: The Franklin, Western Union and Atlantic Pacific. These are powerful monopolies, absolutely controlling the business and social telegraphy of the country. Every Government transaction passes under the scrutiny of their numerous agents; every commercial and business correspondence is brought to their inspection. These they are not slow to take advantage of for speculating purposes. It is said a set of favored stock gamblers, operating in Wall street, New York, have access to every message of political, commercial and social intercourse. This gives to these unscrupulous men a power over the political and financial interests of the nation, which cannot be otherwise than detrimental to them. The Government should own these lines. The objection that it would be placing a dangerous power in the control of the Government, is met by the practical fact, that postal matters in the hands of the Government have resulted in nothing worse than benefit, uniform and steady and increasing, to the whole people. This system is now in operation in England, and succeeding admirably. Here, as there, it would secure secrecy, as well as prompt, safe and correct delivery of messages; it would be done for lower and uniform charges; it would subsidize no newspapers, but admit all to its favors on an equal footing. Like letter and paper postage, the price of transmission would be fixed by law, and open to all alike. The people demand this. The people have no objection for the Government to exercise the Constitutional powers, of making and enforcing law; of coining money and issuing greenbacks; of declaring war and making treaties; of controlling postal affairs, etc. These and all other powers possessed, are properly located in the Government; and to lodge the exclusive power of managing the telegraphy of the country in the hands of the Government, would be no more dangerous to the liberties of the people than to leave it in the hands of a Board of unscrupulous stock gamblers. Presses throughout the country, so strenuously opposed to the proposed change, have been subsidized by being granted special rates and immunities. This is the secret of their opposition. They cry out because they are bought; because it pays, though it enslaves them. Let the Government have control, and fair and honest enterprise will then be open to all newspapers alike; the people will be free in a measure from a ring espionage; rates will be cheaper, transmissions will be surer and more prompt, and the country will be sated from having got rid of an unscrupulous monopoly. Let us have it.

Hon. Charles Sumner.

We have recently read in one of our exchanges a very extravagant and fulsome laudation of Charles Sumner. His wisdom, and genius, and patriotism, and firmness, and purity, and eloquence, are represented as unequalled. In the estimation of this eulogist, Sumner is the luminary of the political solar system, brilliant, clear, without even a spot upon his shining disk, while his contemporaries are all planets, opaque, dark as Erebus, especially so if they oppose him. The recent heart-disease illness of the distinguished statesman, the sympathetic outgrowth of a spinal trouble which has been a thorn in his flesh for years, becomes the subject to this critic of much attempted pathos. Those who have seen proper to refuse to follow, and who have criticised in plain language the selfish and destructive policy which Sumner's rule-or-ruin spirit lead him to pursue, are denominated a "yelling mob," "profligate politicians," etc., and his recent dangerous illness is thought to be principally the result of their denunciations and blows. Sumner, the supposed great shining orb of unapproachable luminousness, the inhaler and exhaler of unparalleled volumes of divine afflatus, the mortal approximation nearest to divinity, is set forth by this fulsome admirer, as a martyr to the injustice, abuse and cruelty of a depraved public sentiment, all being profligate who in the least doubt his perfection. Greatness in its best estate is not inseparable from mistake, or folly, neither is virtue from inconsistency; and Sumner is certainly no exception to either. The old maxim says, "None but a fool is always right," and Sumner is not that fool. He may come up to the description which says: "The truly great seek to gain the approbation of God, and their own conscience," but in the effort much egotism, vanity, dictation and selfishness stick out like horns. A petted child will estimate all opposition as abuse; and a man, well pleased with himself, sees but little to admire outside of himself. His faults and vanities and inconsistencies become virtues, and opposition to them, persecution. Failing to control President Grant in filling certain foreign offices, the vanity of this wonderful statesman was touched; his arrogant pride was probed, and actuated by a burning desire to be revenged on Grant, and allay the pangs of thwarted ambition, he bared his arm in opposition to the party which had so long honored him, and sought by affiliation in spirit at least with the enemy, to hurl it from power, and destroy it. The people, plainly seeing the motive by which he was actuated, and much preferring to see him, with all his vanity, go under, rather than the party and its principles, left him to an ignominious failure. Thwarted in his revengeful measures at every point, like a headstrong, peevish child, he frets himself sick, and this journal would have it that he is a martyr! A man is said to have drowned by making a bridge of his own shadow. In this sense is Sumner a martyr, though he is only politically drowned. Narcissus is said to have pined away and died because he could not kiss and embrace himself, having seen a reflection of himself in the water and fallen in love with it. Sumner is on the pine, but not yet dead. We do not wish him

dead. We honor him for what he has done, and hope he may live long enough to see the error of his way, and do his first works over again. But we have no patience with maudlin attempts at pathos over his physical and political condition, the last at least being entirely the result of his own folly.

The Siletz Indians.

The following from the *Statesman*, in regard to the affairs at the Siletz Agency, will be read with interest:

In a conversation with General Palmer a day or two since, we learned several interesting particulars concerning the domestic affairs and management of the Indians, which exhibit something of the general line of reform attempted among them. Gen. Palmer has organized a sort of

JUDICIAL SYSTEM

Among the Indians, by which they are enabled and encouraged to settle their own differences. For some time he has held weekly councils with the head men of the tribes, for the purpose of establishing a code of procedure, and determining more definitely what practices among the Indians shall be held lawful or unlawful. Among other things agreed upon as unlawful, is the practice of putting away wives at pleasure and taking new ones. The other day an offense of this kind was tried by the Indian court, and the offender being found guilty was sentenced to pay a fine of \$40, and to put away his new wife and take back the old one.

THE INDIAN COURT

Consists of five chiefs elected by the Indians. Proceedings before it are commenced by a complaint to the Agent who judges whether it is of sufficient importance to be worth a trial. If so, he convenes the court, presides at the opening, lays the case before them, and then leaves them to try it, taking care that the proceedings are orderly and regular. The Agent reserves the right to set aside a verdict. There is also a court of appeals, consisting of seven chiefs or head men drawn by lot from the whole number. Parties aggrieved by the judgment of the court below have the right to take the matter before this court of appeals in case where the Agent declines to set aside a verdict. The Indians have a Sheriff who executes the orders of these courts. General Palmer says the Indians are greatly pleased with this judicial system, and he finds that by its adoption, his authority is greatly supported by the most influential men of the several tribes, all controversies are settled more entirely to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. Proceedings in the courts are generally conducted with gravity and decorum.

An English paper has the following pen-sketch of Von Moltke, the great German General:

While going to church I noticed near me the new uniform of a General officer—some one who impressed me at first as the youngest, blandest and slenderest General officer I ever saw, and I tried to divine how promotion could have been so rapid in an army where everything is regular. I looked again, and the quick, elastic step, the slender, almost womanly waist, contrasted strangely with his rank, which I noticed to be that of a full General. On looking into his face I was still more surprised to recognize General Von Moltke. We continued on to the chapel door together. He is a man of few words, of a singularly youthful expression of countenance and eye; and although one knows he is 70 years of age, and heavy time-lines mark his face, it is hard to shake off the idea that he is a boy. He has a light and nearly transparent complexion, a clear blue eye, flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and no beard.

Columbus, Ohio, had something like an earthquake last Saturday night.

PROFESSIONAL PECULIARITIES.—A Texas paper has been studying what it calls professional peculiarities, or the tendency of a man to identify himself with his business, and gives some interesting results. A New York lawyer is instanced who, in his zeal to use old Weller's pet legal weapon, an alibi, roared, "We can prove that at the very time we are accused of perpetrating this dreadful deed we were serving out a term of imprisonment in the Tombs for larceny." In "Pelham" the same trait is noticed in the fashionable tailor, who remarked to his customer, "We are a little narrow here; we must be padded there," &c., while an equally fashionable boot-maker says, "We have a bun-ion on the great, and we also have a corn on the little, toe." The queerest fish, however, is an undertaker. He is called in a hurry, and his coffin happens to be little short. "We will settle," he cries, "during the night so as to fit the coffin; it is astonishing how we settle sometimes; we have been known to settle three inches in a single night!" The same man was given to dallying lovingly with his subjects, and was proud when they look well. Once he said, "Don't we look natural? This neckcloth needs a little fixing, and we'll do." And another time, "Will our friends be kind enough to take a last look at us?" And on still another occasion, on receiving a body from a distance, he said: "Here we are, eleven days from New Orleans and sweet as a nut!"

"KISS ME, MAMMA."—"Kiss me, mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boon, and yet how soothing to the supplicant is that soft, gentle kiss! The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close and the rosy lip is reveling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence. Yes, kiss it, mamma, for that good night kiss will linger in memory when the giver lies mouldering in the grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illuminate his desolate heart; for remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, many a rugged path to climb, with thorns to pierce, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering, with no marring care to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again as recollection bears to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is a magic power in that kiss which will endure to the end of life.

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The Count de Tendilla, while besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to buy his soldiers, who began to murmur, the necessities of life from the country people. In this dilemma, says the historian, what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribed various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. "These he gave to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. How, will you say, are soldiers to be paid with little scraps of paper? Even so, and well paid too, for the good Count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon subscribed, promising to redeem them, at a future day, in silver and gold. Thus, by subtle and miraculous alchemy, did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold, and his late impoverished army abound in money." The historian adds: "The Count de Tendilla redeemed his promises like a royal knight, and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since spread throughout the civilized world the most unbounded opulence."

The San Francisco Mint has twenty-six ladies employed.

Pat's Pity.

Pat was an idle boy. One day he was suddenly called up and the question propounded by the pedagogue:

"How many Gods are there?"

Pat was not a distinguished theologian, but quickly answered:

"Three, sir."

"Take your seat," thundered the master, "and if you don't answer in five minutes, I will welt you."

The probationary passed, and Pat, taking the floor, hesitatingly stated the number to be "five, sir."

He received the promised welting, and returned to his seat ten minutes for consideration.

Ten minutes up, Pat was up too, and satisfied that he had not fixed the number sufficiently high before, shouted out:

"There's ten, sir."

He saw the ferule descending, and breaking for the door, he cleared a five-railed fence and ran like a quarter-horse across the meadow. Panting with exhaustion, he met a lad with a look of one in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, he asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To school, yonder," was the reply.

"How many Gods are there?"

"One," answered the boy.

"Well, you'd better not go there.

You'll have a good time with your one God. I just left there with ten, and that wasn't enough to save me the darndest licking you ever heard of."

HURONOUS.

The early bird can secure the worm without any trouble by buying a few chestnuts of any street-dealer.

Bobby was saying his prayers at his mother's knees: "Give us this day our daily bread," when he broke off, saying: "Mamma, I know why we pray to God every day for bread; it is so that we may have it fresh."

There are two reasons why some people never mind their own business. One is they haven't any business, and the second is that they have no mind.

A sailor, looking serious in a Boston chapel, was asked if he felt any change. "Not a cent," said Jack.

A western editor says of a contemporary that "he has his ears under such perfect control that he can fan himself with them."

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired the keeper of a menagerie. "No," said the visitor, "who did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

A western paper begs an item briefly thus—"Mrs. John Baggs, of Omaha, has left Mr. John Baggs, taking the money bags, and leaving John to hold the little empty Baggs."

A witty son of St. Patrick was in charge of a ferry boat. A lady passenger, being frightened by the waves asked him, "Are people ever lost by this boat?" He gave her the very encouraging reply, "Not often, ma'am; we generally find them after by dragging the river."

Mrs. Stanton is lecturing on the "Coming Girl." The *St. Louis Times* wants to know, you know, how does she know what it will be? Another paper suggests that if she expects such an addition she had better be at home making up a supply of small clothes rather than be traveling over the country bragging about the expectations.

It is inelegant to ask your sweet heart if she is "hot." It is much prettier to say: "Euphrosia, darling, does the excessive closeness of the atmosphere cause a perspirative affection to overcome the angelic physicality?" Such being the case the fair one must not say: "You bet, old boss!" but she may gasp a little gasp, and softly sibilate: "Alphonso, dearest, your solicitude for comfort has led you to divine the exact nature of my present situation." After this the blamed fools may do as they please. We can't be giving advice all the time.