

Albany Register.

U. S. Official Paper for Oregon.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.

The Reason.

The reason Democratic journals scarcely ever discuss principles, but substitute personal abuse in their stead, is because they have no principles of uniform acceptance to advocate; and that has been their fix for a long while. Hence the ridiculousness of their charging one who has left their ranks, with betrayal of "honor," "manhood," and other good virtues which consistency to established principles alone recognizes. To become a good Democrat, now-a-days, all the individual has to do is to begin to slander and abuse the Republican party, or some of its leaders. The more glibly he can do this—the greater his ability to command the most comprehensive words of slanderous import and vituperative emphasis, the nearer he approaches the model of a perfect modern Democrat. Even in this, however, care must be taken by such person lest he inadvertently departs from the line of "glittering generalities," as too much specificity in dwelling upon any one crime, no matter what that crime is, would be sure to hit some fraction of the party—for no inconsistency, known under heaven, have they failed to resort to, and the crimes the party has been guilty of exhausts the who's calendar.

No Hope of It.

The Salem Mercury speaking relative to the kind of platform its party should make at the coming State Convention, thinks it should contain no "equivocal terms." It would be a new thing for a modern Democratic State Convention to draw up a platform containing no ambiguity, no words susceptible of double signification, no hypocrisy, no equivocation. Democratic Conventions in these days have sought, as did the Grecian oracles, to give to their utterances a wording susceptible of any interpretation. By such dishonest trimming, they have driven many men, who have frankness and truth and manly candor, from its folds, and brought upon the party repeatedly overwhelming defeat at the polls. We would be glad if the coming Convention would be specific and truly honest in its declaration of principles. It would be an evidence that the party is in a state of genuine repentance for its past deceptions and sins, besides it would enlighten the world as to what modern Democrats do believe. But scarcely a shadow of such a hope need be indulged. The evil of deception is too finely knit in Democratic habit to permit it, and the days of miracles have passed.

A dispatch from Khiva says a decree was issued by the Khan on the 24th of June abolishing slavery throughout his dominion. All persons held in bondage are to be made citizens or return to their native countries. So much for the Russian army invasion.

Judge Bonham held court in Tillamook county a few weeks ago. Miller's warehouse was used as the court room. Tillamook was there in best bib and tucker. Everything passed off in apple-pie order.

The Shah of Persia.

The papers contain numerous items about the Shah of Persia who is on a European tour. While in Queen Vic's dominions, everything he did—in fact, almost every breath of that foggy country he took in, was chronicled. Fetes, excursions, reviews, displays, etc., were arranged days in advance, and the hitherto ease-consulting Shah was hustled around until he scarcely knew whether he was the "King of Kings," or otherwise. Correspondents could have omitted the statement that "he was egregiously bored." He went to see and enjoy at his own royal pleasure, and not to be taken in hand by practical England and made to conform to stipulated events and specific times. In one instance His disgusted Highness was hurried off so fast he lost his breakfast, and doubtless he was ravenously hungry before he got anything to eat. In another, His Arbitrariness wanted to go and see the bear at the Zoo, but the programme had him down for another place. He talks English but little, but as that is of the most emphatic kind, His Profaneless frequently brought into use while he was being rushed around. His choice expletive starts out with a d, and ends with an n, thus d—n. It was not expected that his manners and habits would reach any higher than that of a Prince of Ind. About half-civilized, is the English estimate of his. His gallantry for the ladies of rank, consists in letting them take care of themselves. So he treated the Princess of Wales on one occasion, helping himself into a carriage first, and leaving the Princess to get in as best she could. Then he eats with his fingers, and when anything he doesn't like gets into his mouth, he takes it out with his fingers and slings it on the ladies dress who sits next to him. When introduced to a lady, instead of looking at her face, he directs his eyes critically towards her feet and then her waist. He approves of the nudeness of the ballet, and wanted the Prince of Wales to join him in a romp with some of the dancing girls of Covent Garden, and asked the Prince to issue a ukase ordering the cantatrices who sang to him at Floral Hall, to dine with him at his private table. His d—n's were unusually emphatic against English morals, which the Prince urged would not sanction such proceeding. Like all semi-barbarous potentates, he glitters in jewels and diamonds wherever he appears. It is said his depraved habits improve as he goes along. It is to be hoped so, certainly; for he has been entirely without shame or restraint in his expressions of disregard for morality, and many of his acts have been highly indecent.

Because the Eugene Guard doesn't like our sentiments relative to Senator Mitchell, it calls us an "unmitigated ass." An organ of a party that has no head, should be more modest. Its language determines the foul beginning of its ideas, certainly.

Second Lieutenant, M. Frank Gallagher, Second Infantry, recently tried before a Court-Martial at Columbia, S. C., for killing John McAnely, a discharged soldier, in Spartanburg, S. C., has been dismissed from the service and the sentence has been approved by the President. The civil authorities will next take cognizance of the murder.

Not Quite Inducted.

The Albany REGISTER says anybody who does not believe in adultery and bigamy is a Democrat.—Oregonian.

If there is any wit in the above, Mr. Oregonian, it is of that kind which depends on a falsehood for its nib. We never talk that way. You were probably poverty-stricken for an idea when you invented that statement. If you ever pray, doubtless the first devotion you indulged in after that, contained an urgent plea for the Lord to forgive you for breaking the commandment about "bearing false witness." Look at it: The party that fought the rebellion in defense of negro slavery, the practical working of which was to perpetuate the most corrupt and cruel form of adultery, and substantially to uphold the most degrading bigamy of which modern examples give any account; that we would say the above of that party? No, no, Mr. Oregonian; that party's slavery history, and its many unprincipled departures since, endorsing anything and everything which held out a hope of enabling it to regain power, would rise up and condemn us were we to make the above statement. What has not that party believed, is the question. Since you have been coasting along the shores of Democracy, the lesson of mistating the position of one whom you oppose, you have mastered well; but when you become thoroughly inducted into the fold, your statements will be less specific and more general—in other words, you will become more artistic in your fabrications.

An Eloquent Paragraph.

On the Fourth of July, at the ceremonies conducted at Philadelphia on the grounds selected for the Centennial Exposition in 1876, Attorney General Williams was among the speakers. He said:

Our meeting here in 1876 is not only to be a National Anniversary but an exposition of the world's progress. In common with those from other quarters, products from the shores of the Baltic and the Mediterranean, from the banks of the Thames and the Rhine, from the sunny lands on the Caribbean and from the gorgeous East are expected here upon that occasion; and they will be welcomed by the people of the United States. This will be the neutral ground for all countries; nation may contend here with nation in bloodless strife for the triumph of peace. Different forms of government, no doubt, will continue to exist, and countries will differ in their language, their laws and their customs, but intellectual and physical labor have in view but one end, and the exhibition of their achievements here in 1876 will, as we hope and believe, benefit and honor the industries of the whole world. (Prolonged enthusiasm.)

HAD HIM THERE.—A gentleman who was riding in a railroad car was asked by the conductor of the train to show his ticket. "My face is my ticket," he answered. "Very well," replied the conductor, "I am authorized by the company to punch all tickets. But who are you, anyway?" he added. "I am a director of this road, sir," returned the gentleman, "and am also authorized by the company to keep all conductors from knocking down."

A Peoria editor on his way home the other evening had the misfortune to lose a sum of money which he had been saving up to invest in real estate. The amount lost, including the value of the pocket-book and some articles of jewelry, was sixty-four cents.

THE SOUND.

A correspondent of the S. F. Chronicle gives the following interesting account of matters and things on Puget Sound and Victoria:

At Olympia in Washington Territory, there is the dullest kind of dullness. The railroad is passing the place fifteen miles away, and real estate and business have had a great decline during the past twelve months.

Seattle is as dull as it can be and live. An attempt to make it a moral place almost ruined it forever. It had grown lively on its retail liquor business, and particularly the sale of liquor on Sunday; and then came

THE TEMPERANCE FEVER,

Which caused each retailer's license to be placed at \$400 per annum—and next followed the Sunday law. This last was the feather which broke the camel's back. It ruined the famous death-den, known as the "Collar and Elbow," and John Pennel's celebrated "Mad House" closed for repairs. The men in the logging camps and neighboring mills, who receive their pay on each Saturday night and who were wont to visit Seattle and get broke on Sunday, had now no inducement, and a great "want of change" was noticed by the Seattle saloon-keepers. Added to this the Puget Sound Banking Company failed, and several other failures of importance had already preceded it.

All the mills on the Sound are running light, and there is not so much logging in the pines as in former years. The shipments of lumber to Harry Meiggs in Peru, has almost ceased, owing to something being the matter financially.

At Victoria, B. C., the times are as dull as the dullest. From being once a city of 10,000 it has settled down to a modest 4,000, and the contraction gave it a hurt that will be felt for many years to come. On many of the outside sidewalks I found the grass growing luxuriantly through the boards beneath my feet and actually found herds of cattle grazing quietly in the streets in a most the heart of the city. The harbor at Victoria is very small, and the Canadian Pacific Overland Railroad Company have selected the harbor of Esquimalt, three miles distant, where a rival and more lively town may spring up hereafter. Wells, Fargo & Co. close their express and banking business at Victoria on the 15th instant, but it is said that their agent here will continue a similar business in the old place, thus keeping up the connection.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

Before leaving Cape Flattery, I visited and circumnavigated Wada Island, six miles eastward from the Cape Lighthouse, and in doing so made the discovery of a singular fall of water, and one which has hitherto remained unnoticed and unknown, lost in the mazy wonders of the place. This fall is caused by the flowing of the surf upon the rocky shores of the island and receding again alternately over the same ledge of rocks. So remarkable is the formation of the place that the water falls to a depth of about ten feet on the side next the island, and instantly reverses and falls to the same depth toward the straits. The water falls in this manner alternately as often as twelve times a minute, and is altogether a most curious affair. Its width is about forty-five feet, and its distance from the solid shore of the island is about one hundred and fifty feet. The process of this fall has been continuing so long that on each of its sides the rock is perceptibly worn away by its action, and the geologists will there find the chronicles of time marked for more than a thousand years. After making this discovery, I called the attention of Rev. C. H. Hodges, who accompanied me and who was not far distant, to the circumstance, and then there, by right of discovery, named it "Chronicle Falls," in honor of the newspaper which I represented. Therefore, know ye

all the world, that I, a Chronicle correspondent, have discovered and named this fall of salt water, which, I believe, exists without a parallel on the face of the earth; and that the same is an alternating double fall, ten feet in height, situated on the northern shore of Wada Island, near the mouth of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, in north latitude 48 deg. 20 min. and west longitude 47 deg. 40 min.

TACOMA.

The following description of Tacoma, the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, will be read with interest by those who have never visited the coming big city:

Tacoma is a small town, located midway between Olympia and Seattle, and near the head of Puyallup Bay. It is but thirty miles from Mount Rainier, and takes its name from that mountain, which in the Indian language is Tacoma, or grand. The town is but two years old, and has only two hundred and fifty inhabitants. It has a fine steam saw-mill, with surrounding docks and wharves. This mill is owned by Hansen, Ackerson & Co., of San Francisco, and cost over \$130,000. It has a capacity for sawing 75,000 feet of lumber per day, and from one to three ships are constantly loading for the southern markets. The town is naturally a great commercial point, being really at the head of ship navigation on the Sound. All ships proceeding further up the Sound, toward Olympia are compelled to take steam or make long and slow passages. Tacoma being the terminus, would also accommodate, by steamships, the trade of the west side of the Sound en route to Victoria. It would make tributary the great milling points of Port Blakely, Port Madison, Port Gamble and Port Ludlow, and also the port of entry—Port Townsend. The first four of the above are the largest and heaviest mill points on the Sound.

THE PRESS.

The correspondence winds up with a description of "the press" of Puget Sound, which is too rich and racy to be left out, and we therefore give it in full, sparing comments:

Puget Sound may, of itself, be regarded as a large scattering town, and the news from one of its bays or mills is just as interesting as from another. Therefore, a newspaper, if published in an uninhabited island, or away on top of Mount Rainier, could get up a circulation and eke out a precarious existence just as well as if published in Olympia, where there are now no less than two dailies and five weeklies—and but 1,800 inhabitants. The morning paper at Olympia is the Courier, Republican in politics, owned and edited by two young men named Bagley and Harned. It is on this little paper that Theoballs, formerly of the extinct San Francisco Times, would dish up a three-column editorial without a paragraph on the condition of affairs in Spain, to the extreme amazement of the people of this Territory; who were far more interested in the price of beans and pine boards. The Olympia Evening Tribune is published by Thomas D. Prosh, who once wielded the quill on your neighbor, the "Morning Grandmother." In the matter of existing he is a success, but how he does it those who "know him well, Horatio," cannot understand. Tom is given much to talk of his past experience with the press, and as an editor in San Francisco and New York; and those who have listened assert most positively that his dates and events makes him out to be at least 250 years of age. The Weekly Olympia Standard, a Democratic paper, is conducted by a persistent Italian named John Miller Murphy. The Weekly Olympia Transcript is owned by politicians and edited by E. T. Gunn. The Olympia Echo, a temperance paper, is managed by J. H. Munson.

The Steilacoom Weekly Express is owned by Julius Dickens, a Sunday School teacher. He has the