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OLD FARMER BROWN.

INSCRIBED TO THE PATRONS OF THE SABBATHARY.

BY GEORGE J. HALL.

From the harvest field, old farmer Brown came home with a look of care. He threw his hat on the floor, and dropped in his old splint-bottomed chair. He wiped the sweat from his dripping brow, and pulled out his old jack-knife. He whittled away to himself, awhile, and called to his little wife. From her quaint and tidy kitchen, she came through the open door; with her sleeves pinned over her shoulders and her skirt plumed up before. She looked as faded, wrinkled and worn as the folds of her gingham gown. When she saw the haggard and hopeless look on the face of farmer Brown. Then, down in her rocking-chair she sunk, in a sort of a helpless way. Nor spoke one word, but looked and listened to hear what he might say.

"Hannah I'm sick a livin' here, an' a workin' from spring to fall. A rainin' taters an' corn to sell, that don't bring nothin' at all. Here we have worked together for forty years, like a pair of slaves. An' that old mortgage ain't lifted yet, that I owe to Gileon Graves. The judgment note o' deacon Dunn's will soon be a fallin' due. An' when the money's a coming from why, I can't tell, nor you. I'm kept in such a worry and fret, by all of these sort o' things. That I have to sell the stuff that I raise, rite off for what it brings. It costs so much for my taxes now, an' to keep the wolf away. That I haven't no chance to make a cent, an' that is what's to pay. Hannah, we've both on us grown old, an' our children all are gone. There is no one now that is left at home, for us to depend upon. I ain't as strong as I used to be, nor as able to work I know. But I've got to set these matters square, an' the farm'll have to go.

"Half o' the world lives idle, with plenty to eat an' wear. An' the ones who work the hardest have often the least to spare. The farmers work till their farms are bent, an' their hands are hard an' brown; The workmen delve in the dust an' smoke o' the workshops in the town; The sturdy sailors bring to our shores the wealth o' fore gn lands, An' the other half o' the world subsists by the work o' these hardened lands. An' this is one o' the reasons why I can't pay what I owe; While you an' I are a gettin' old, an' the farm'll have to go.

"I've worked in the woods in the winter time, I've plowed an' sowed in the spring. I've hoed an' dug through summer and fall, an' I haven't made a thing. Sometimes I lie awake all night, an' worry, an' fuss, an' fret. An' never a single wink o' sleep, nor a bit o' rest I get. I think o' our grown up children, an' the life they've just begun— They've got to hoe the same hard row, as you an' I have done. I think o' the politicians, an' the way that they rob an' steal, An' the more I think o' farmin', the poorer it makes me feel, The speculators buy up our cheese, our butter, our wool an' hay; An' they sell 'em again for more'n twice as much as they had to pay.

They bleed us in transportation, they fleece us everywhere: They cheat us on our provisions an' the very clothes we wear. They live in their lofty houses, on the best that can be found. Their wives wear dazilin' diamonds, an' their children loaf around. In the summer, they go to the seashore, an' the springs to make a show. An' that is the way our butter an' cheese an' our corn an' taters go. "We work in the sun all summer, raise turnips an' corn on shares. That the railroad an' politicians may cheat us an' put on airs. They carry the reins o' power, an' will till we fill our graves. They rule and ruin the markets, an' we are a pack o' slaves. What's to be done? God only knows. I've failed in many ways. In tryin' to lay a lectle by to ease my declinin' days. I never have been a shiftless man, I've figgered, I've worked an' tried. While the old farm's been a rummin' down, since the day that father died. I've borrowed money to pay my debts, an' I've watched the interest grow. Till its fairly got the start o' me, an' the farm'll have to go. Then the little wife of farmer Brown stood up upon the floor. And she looked at him in a kind of way that she had never before. The furrows fled from her shriveled cheeks and her face grew all aglow; "I never will sign the deed, John, an' the farm shall never go. There's jest one thing to be done as sure as yourn' I are horn. You must join the GRANGE an' vote, John, if you would sell your corn; Hope an' prayer are good, John, for the man who digs an' delves, But Heaven will never help us, John, unless we help ourselves. I ain't as chippy, an' smart, an' spry, nor as strong as I used to be. But I've got a heap o' spunk, John, when it's started up in me." Over the old man's furrowed face, the tears began to flow. He never had felt more proud and strong, since their wedding long ago. A golden gleam of heavenly hope illumed his son's despair. And, kneeling down on the time-worn floor, both bowed their heads in prayer.

ROUGH ON OLD "SUNSET."—In April last, while the Hon. S. S. Cox was making a fly'ing visit to the scenes of his boyhood in Ohio, he attended church, as all good Coxes do on Sunday, and he listened to a sermon from the following text: "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow."—Job, chapter 7, verse 2. The venerable preacher began by saying he had seen a picture illustrating the text, which represented a slave looking toward the west, waiting for the end of the day's work. It was entitled "Longing for Sunset." How he "improved" that text! He called on the worthies of both Testaments; pictured Jacob's longing for Joseph, and old Simeon's desire to go. "since his eyes were made glad." He impressed the thought that life was a struggle, and no man should desire to go. "Work was to be done. And yet we should look and long for sunset." When the heart breaks and sorrow is too painful, and suicide tempts, and the soul longs for sunset, we should remember that sunset is only the vestibule of sunrise. But how he perorated! "When the river is reached, the swollen flood passed, and heaven attained, there will be unshadowed joy, for there is no 'Sunset' in heaven!"

The editor of the *Missoulian* says his "lines have been cast in pleasant places," because somewhat sent him a lot of sauer kraut. It don't take much to make an editor "as happy as a big sun-flower." B. J. the *Missoulian* man thinks he can live on the smell of that kraut after its body has departed.

What Oregon Wants.

[From the Oregon Spectator, Oct. 13, 1866.]

"She wants a speedy settlement of the boundary question, and the immediate extension of the jurisdiction of the United States over her citizens and territory. She wants a development of her resources, only to establish the fact that she possesses within herself the means of wealth and greatness, in a most eminent degree. The steamer upon her magnificent rivers—the locomotive upon her productive plains—would be to her as blessings, and could not fail to afford a most gratifying return to the enterprising capitalist who would so establish them. The peculiar circumstances under which she labors at present, and has long continued to labor—her recent origin—her remoteness from the highly civilized and great commercial nations of the world—do not permit her to show her own capabilities to the extent that she so ardently desires. Is she blameable, then, in asking for aid, when her only capital is a few articles of her own production—when there are miles and miles of her own rich soil yet unbroken by her husbandmen—when there is scarcely competition enough in her markets to create an encouragement for labor? Under her mild skies, agreeable and healthy climate, and the numerous advantages which nature has lavished upon her, she still exerts herself and receives satisfaction from the feeling that her efforts will not go unrewarded. The garden is blooming in the waste and her noble forests bow before the will of her people.

Such are some of the pressing necessities of Oregon. Shall we close, however, without saying a word for education—the agent that opens to man the noblest and most extensive field of action, utility and goodness? Oh! immeasurably above and beyond all things, Oregon wants the means of keeping ignorance out of her borders—of giving her children that knowledge which is power in order that they may grow up in the full stature of manhood and perform their duties, maintain their rights, and be co-laborers in the great work of human improvement. Let the United States' donations to this territory be liberal for the successful establishment of public schools, and the gratitude of unborn ages will be their meed.

We may resume this subject again, when time and space will permit us to do it better service.

Rev. Gustavus Hines.

The *Statesman* of the 10th has the following notice of the late Rev. Gustavus Hines.

Rev. Gustavus Hines died yesterday at his residence in this city, after a lingering illness of two years. He was born in Wyoming county, New York, in 1808. He came to Oregon a missionary in 1832, when this country was a wilderness, and jointly occupied by the English and the United States Government. He remained here a faithful missionary until 1844, when he returned with his family home to New York by the way of China, making a voyage around the world. He removed to the western part of New York for eight years, doing the work of a Methodist itinerant minister. In 1853 he came back to Oregon with his family, making the tour across the plains. He arrived here in the autumn of 1853, where he has since remained in the active work of the ministry until a little more than two years ago, while stationed at Oregon City he was attacked with a disease of the lungs, which placed him on the superannuated list, and of which he died in great peace, December 9th. Mr. Hines had the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, especially those who knew him best. He had a reputation without reproach, and received the highest endorsement of his own church, by which he was delegated to the General Conference in 1868. He was a prudent man, safe counselor, a good preacher and most excellent citizen. He has left his impress upon the institutions of the Pacific Coast.

A Western paper says that Letty Hough will never lecture any more in public. She has made a permanent engagement. His name is Gregory. Letty lectured last winter on "Poppling the Question," telling how it ought to be done. Gregory did it. This illustrates the advantages of the scientific education of women.

In the Senate a joint resolution has been offered proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for the election of United States Senators by the people.

Martin Walker has been appointed United States Judge for the Northern District of Ohio, vice Charles L. Sherman, resigned.

TELEGRAPHIC.

John T. Irving, the self-accused Nathan murderer, has been sentenced to seven years and six months at Sing Sing on a charge of burglary.

The Commonwealth Life Insurance Company has decided to stop issuing policies. Policy-holders are informed that the company has sufficient assets to protect its present policy-holders, and has arrangements to transfer its business as far as practicable.

The Democrats of Manchester, N. H., elected the Mayor by 500 plurality on the 9th. Heretofore they carried but one ward.

Samuel O. Cobb, Democrat, but nominated by all parties except the Prohibitionists, was elected Mayor of Boston, on the 9th, by a majority of 18,323. Cushing, the Prohibitionist candidate, had but 533 votes. Four ladies were elected on the School Board.

H. E. Hasford, cashier for August, Wings & Co., brokers, New York, is missing, with some \$45,000 belonging to the firm. Hasford was formerly President of the Croton Bank.

The New Hampshire State Temperance Convention, on the 10th, adopted a strong prohibitory resolution and nominated Dr. Jno. Blackman and G. D. Heath for railroad commissioners.

Two babies were born in Portland, Maine, recently, joined together like the Siamese twins. Both died in a short time.

The friends of Gen. Sickles state that he will, on his return to Washington, formally tender his resignation as Minister to Madrid.

It is said Governor Burbank has sent to his resignation as Executive of Dakota.

M. W. Delshay, United States Judge of Kansas, has tendered his resignation. Charges of being a common drunkard had been preferred against him. Senator Crozier is induced to fill the vacancy.

Martin F. Conway has been indicted for assault with intent to kill ex-Senator Pomeroy.

From Paris, France, under date of the 9th, we have this: Proceedings in the Bazaine Court-martial to-day were unusually interesting. M. Lancharl, counsel for the defence, read letters from Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. The first read states that Marshal Bazaine never visited the Prince's headquarters during the siege, and that the Prince saw him the first time after capitulation. The second letter read expresses the highest esteem for Bazaine and praises him for the energy with which he prolonged the resistance to the Prussian army.

A telegram from Fort Bridger, Utah, on the 10th, says: A party of ladies and gentlemen who left Piedmont yesterday afternoon, to attend a dance here last night, were lost, and their team became exhausted. The party camped, and one of them—H. M. Mitchell, railroad agent and operator at Piedmont—started out to find the fort and get aid. He got lost and froze to death. The rest—among them the wife of the deceased—arrived safely this morning.

At Salt Lake, on the 10th, I. N. Whitney, a prominent mining operator, was arrested yesterday and taken East on a requisition from the Governor of Michigan, on a charge of fraud in the sale of Eureka and Tuttle mining stock. Requisitions are here from the Governors of other States for Utah mining swindlers.

A boiler at the candle factory at the foot of Fourteenth street, San Francisco, Cal., exploded on the 9th, killing one Chinaman and injuring others. Oscar P. Hale, the engineer, was thrown a distance of over twenty feet by the force of the explosion, and was probably fatally injured.

The three paragraphs below are from London, England, under date of Dec. 10th:

London is again enveloped in a dense fog. There were numerous accidents yesterday in the streets, and the inns, hotels and hospitals are filled. On the river three persons were killed.

A terrible railroad collision is reported near Birmingham this morning. Thirty passengers killed and injured. Heavy fog at the time. Birmingham is a great railroad centre. It is estimated as many as 300 trains pass through the town in a day.

At the election at Exter yesterday Arthur Mills (Conservative) was returned by 320 majority.

The fight between Redwood City and San Mateo for the county-seat of San Mateo county, Cal., resulted in favor of the former by eleven votes.

Besides the great consti-tory at Rome on the 23d inst., another important consti-tory will be held about Easter.

On the 4th, at Casper Mills, Mendocino county, Cal., a saw burst and struck J. P. Christianson on the side of the head, cutting his face nearly off. He died on the 12th.

Col. Pike, formerly of the *S. F. Chronicle*, will issue a new paper next week, to be called the *West Coast Star*, at Mendocino.

From Eureka, Nevada, we have this: Mrs. Goullite was snow-bound three days and nights in a valley this side of Thirty Mile Spring. Her teamster, who was moving her to Cherry Creek, while wallowing through the snow slipped under the wagon, crushing both feet, and was afterwards frozen and unable to proceed further. They camped there and remained three days and nights in the severest storm that has ever visited this section, with little to eat and no fire but what they kindled from boxes and pieces of furniture from the wagon. At last Mrs. Goullite bestripped one of the horses, made Thirty Mile Spring, after a hard struggle, making all day and far into the night. During all this time the teamster with his feet mangled, was lying helpless and alone by the roadside. The few blankets thrown around him afforded but little protection from the storm. As soon as Mrs. Goullite reported at the Spring, men at once started out to rescue the teamster, who was found alive and conveyed to the station.

When, on the 29th of November, the protocol was signed by Secretary Fish and Admiral Polo, the agreement was conclusive and required no endorsement of the Governments of the United States and Spain, as the basis had been previously settled by them. The stipulation of the time, manner and place for the surrender of the *Virginius* and the surviving passengers and crew, etc., is reserved in the protocol, which was signed on Monday. It is understood the men will be delivered to a United States vessel at Santiago de Cuba. The vessel will be delivered at some port other than Havana on Tuesday next.

The Tucson (Arizona) *Citizen* publishes a long list of murders and thefts committed by Apaches from Cuchise's Reservation upon Mexicans. It says that fourteen months since Cuchise's Indians treated with General Howard. Since that time almost constant tales have come from Sonora of the butchery of men, women and children, thefts of stock, and destruction of crops and other property. Agent Jeffords told the proprietor of the *Citizen* that he did not care how many Mexicans his people killed in Mexico; that the Mexicans deserved killing, etc. General Howard professed sympathy for negroes and Indians, but none for Mexicans.

Following appointments for the Pacific coast have been announced: Chaplain McAlister is ordered to Mare Island California. The President has nominated A. J. Smith as Surveyor General of Montana; William Stafford as Receiver of Public Moneys, Elko, Nevada; Ward C. Marcellus as United States Marshal for California, and Walter Van Dyke as United States Attorney for California. The Senate confirmed Nathan Kimball as Surveyor General of Washington Territory, and W. J. Wright Postmaster at Vallojo.

Passengers from the West, on the 9th, report the snow very deep on portions of the Central Pacific Railroad—requiring, in some sections, five engines to haul a single train. Still, as yet there is no delay in the connection of the Union Pacific at Ogden. Winter has commenced here in terrible earnest. The snow is six feet deep in the Wasatch mining canyons.

The Chief Justiceship.

This story comes from Washington in a dispatch dated December 4th. Doubtless it is idle gossip such as reporters get up when they can do no better:

The nomination of George H. Williams as Chief Justice was to-day referred to the Committee on Judiciary, but no further action was taken on the subject in Executive session. It is stated that the President tendered the appointment to Senator Conkling, who declined. He then wished to appoint Caleb Cushing, and retain Attorney General Williams in the Cabinet until near the expiration of his Presidential term, calculating that by that time Cushing would retire by reason of age, and in that event he would appoint Williams. The proposed appointment of Cushing was not considered expedient by the Cabinet, and the President then appointed Williams.