

Albany Register.

U. S. Official Paper for Oregon.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1873.

Death of Prof. Agassiz.

By telegram from Boston, December 14th, the painful intelligence reaches us of the death of the great naturalist, Louis John Rudolph Agassiz. The fame of the great Professor is world-wide, and his death is mourned everywhere and by all peoples.

Prof. Agassiz was born in the little village of Mattier, Switzerland, on the 28th of May, 1807. His father was possessed of little of this world's goods, but was a man of more than ordinary culture, and pastor of the Protestant parish. To his mother, a woman of remarkable mental endowments and great energy of character, Agassiz owed, in a large degree, the after development of his great genius. In 1846 he came to Boston. In answer to the invitation of John A. Lowell, one of Massachusetts' most distinguished sons, where he has resided ever since. He has gone, but has left a name that will be honored by mankind as long as time shall last.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Jacksonville will have a ball on Christmas Eve.

Canyonville will celebrate Christmas with a shooting match during the day and a ball in the evening.

Ruth Rebekah Degree Lodge, No. 4 I. O. O. F., of Jacksonville, will give a grand ball on New Year's Eve.

The Oakland Champions of the Red Cross propose holding a festival on Christmas Eve. It will be a fine affair.

The grain fields near Rogue River and sheets of water in the valley are literally covered with wild geese, and hunting parties are continually after them.

The Plaindealer, of Roseburg, contains a card opposing in bitter terms a society organized in that city called the "Young Men's Club." We strongly suspect the writer is a young lady.

Odd Fellows of Oakland are canvassing among themselves the propriety of a public installation of officers at the beginning of next term soon to commence. A grand dinner is also talked of by the members of the order.

The late storm seems to have been severest in the Lake country, the snow having fallen to the depth of several inches and upward. From Alexander H. Miller, who had come in from the Klamath Agency, the Jacksonville Times learns that the snow fell two and a half feet deep at Fort Klamath and almost a foot at Linkville.

The hall of the Champions of the Red Cross, at Oakland, came near being destroyed by fire last week. From some cause not known, while the hall was closed, the cloth lining caught on fire and was entirely consumed. The fire and the damage done were not discovered until the last night of meeting of the order. Four or five days, perhaps, after all had occurred. It was a narrow escape.

The Oregon Sentinel says: Samuel Harkness, of Leland, Josephine County, Oregon, arrived in Jacksonville yesterday morning with a man named Baker, who was arrested by David Ransom, at Canyonville, charged with stealing \$50 in money and some clothing from Oliver Johnson, of Cayote Creek in Jackson County. He was delivered over to Deputy Sheriff Hyde, and is now lodged in the County Jail.

Kaiser William has decided to keep \$40,000,000 in gold coin on hand for any sudden war emergency which may arise. It is to be kept in the Julius Tower of the Citadel of Spandau, and will be guarded by a detachment of soldiery.

A man, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high." Like the parakeet in these days, he was suspended.

Richard Yates of Illinois.

The following article on the death of this noted and gifted man, is from the St. Louis Globe:

Washington Irving closes his very interesting biography of Oliver Goldsmith with the remark that after the reader has carefully pondered all the facts in the life of that eccentric man, he is very apt to close the volume with the exclamation: "Poor Goldsmith!" In a different sense from that intended for the author of the "Deserted Village," the exclamation most natural to follow the announcement of what heads this article is "Poor Yates!" We pity the man who cannot say this from the bottom of his heart, and from a feeling of genuine compassion, mingled with contempt.

Had the event which we record to-day occurred ten years ago, not the State of Illinois, and not the West alone, but the entire nation, would have felt an almost irreparable loss. The Yates of that day was not the Yates who died yesterday, except in name. He was the young, ardent and patriotic Governor, to whose sleepless energy and fierce devotion the country was every day indebted for new inspiration in its dreadful struggle against slavery and rebellion. He was the trusted friend of Lincoln and Grant—upholding the former in the Cabinet and the latter in the field, and defending both with his eloquent voice and trenchant pen. He was the warm-hearted encourager of every man whom he met on the battle-line of life. He had a kind word for everybody; nor did he let his word long forerun his deed, but ever held out a helping hand, and often to the unworthy. The number of men to whom Richard Yates stands to-day in the relation of benefactor is exceedingly large. He was liberal, generous and unselfish. He had qualities of head and heart which bespoke for him the highest honors of a great nation, and which would have achieved those honors for him had he not fallen a victim to what in his case, proved a demon of destruction in sad and earnest truth.

The world is a harsh critic. In its eyes one fault often obscures and destroys a thousand virtues. While preaching the good old Latin maxim "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," it is inclined, as to man's vices, to practice on the principle. "De mortuis nil nisi verum." And so when the truth is told of Richard Yates, it must be confessed that the last eight years of his life were a long debauch. Thus it will appear, at least, to those who had no knowledge of the struggles he made against the bad passion which had gradually mastered him so completely that it had become a malignant and incurable disease. At any time during the period referred to you could with as much reason have cursed the consumptive for his cough and his hectic flush as to have cursed Richard Yates for his intemperance. Speaking to the writer of this article one day, after he had recovered from one of his excesses, Mr. Yates said he looked upon himself as one of the victims of the war, as much as if he had fallen in battle. "Aye, more," said he, "for it has more than killed me." He went on to describe how the excitement incident to the early war scenes had first tempted him to drink; how the labors and anxieties of his responsible position had rendered the use of stimulants a necessity to him, and how, when the war closed, he found abstinence impossible, and intemperance inevitable. It is also a matter of knowledge to the present writer that Mr. Yates used all human effort to arrest his downward progress. In his lucid moments he knew of his own degradation, and he made a manly battle against it—but his fall was foreordained; and his sad end is to-day a more interesting study for the physiologist than for the moralist.

Others may remember only the drunken Senator and the drunken citizen. We use plain words because this was a plain case. But to our minds the cause of truth, as well as a cause of charity, can best be subserved by thinking of the great Governor, whose voice so stirred the hearts of patriots when the war was yet a young romance, and whose hand and heart so promptly responded to his country's call in the deadly earnestness of its later years. The name of Richard Yates is honorably inscribed on every page of the history of that struggle. Let us hope that in his case the dictum of the great poet will be reversed—that the evil he has done will not live after him, nor the good be all interred with his bones.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode: There they all lie in trembling hope repose, The bosom of his father and his God.

A French journal mentions an experiment in which it was ascertained that silk worms fed on vine leaves yielded silk of a red color; when they had lettuce alone they gave cocoons of an emerald green; nettle leaves produced violet silk, and it was also found that numerous combinations of colors were the result of a varied diet of mixed leaves fed during the last 20 days of the larva period. Yellow, red, green, and violet seem to be the colors most successfully produced.

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