

# The Albany Register.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hon. Rufus Mallory entered upon the duties of U. S. District Attorney for Oregon on Tuesday.

The *Bulletin* is our authority for stating that the Indian Indemnity Bill, introduced by Senator Mitchell, does not limit the claims for losses suffered through the Modoc war, but extends to all losses suffered by Indian deprivations not heretofore adjusted.

A correspondent of an Ohio journal says that he has eaten nice, ripe tomatoes, about Christmas times. The plan of preserving them was to pull them before frost, and lay them away in a loft where they will not freeze, and the green ones will ripen. Try the experiment, some one, next fall.

The State Board of Examination convenes at Salem on Monday next, for the purpose of granting State certificates and life diplomas to those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity.

The report that Woods was to be removed from the Governorship of Utah created considerable excitement among the Gentiles at Salt Lake, who insist that such a removal at present would prove disastrous to the Territory.

It is still a mooted question whether Hon. George H. Williams is to be the next Chief Justice, but those who have the best chance to get at a knowledge of the true condition of the nomination, assert that Williams will certainly be confirmed by the Senate. It is to be hoped by all good and true men that the assertion may prove true.

On Wednesday last the *Oregonian* made a clean breast of it for once, and declared, in its leading article, that there was no further "inducement" for it to remain in the Republican party. Just so. As it has done all in its power, ever since the defeat of its chief for the Senatorship, to disrupt and destroy the party, this confession comes rather late. But honest and consistent Republicans who have so long clung to the *Oregonian*, hoping against hope that it would get over its little pet, and come back to the folds of the party, now see plainly the deep-laid scheme of this traitorous sheet, and will cast it from them. In its mad fury over the defeats which have met it in every attack upon the Republican party it has destroyed itself. Farewell to the corrupt and rotten wreck.

The expenses attendant upon calling the late special United States Grand Jury in Portland was about twenty-five hundred dollars! This Special Grand Jury, called to find indictments against parties for bribery at the recent election, found four indictments. Two of those indicted were acquitted outright, and the indictments against the other two were thrown out of Court, because the evidence to sustain them was insufficient. Thus ends this farce, and fully justifies the telegram of the Attorney General to Gibbs, that the proceeding was calculated to entail unusual and needless expense. It also adds more proof, if more were needed, of the utter depravity of the cat of soreheads in Portland. All their false swearing and bribery schemes have failed, and they stand before the people of Oregon today branded as men without honor or principle, who stand ready to do anything that will aid in the accomplishment of their malignant schemes of vengeance against the Republican party.

The Bishop of Lincoln is heralded as an anti-temperance man, having preached a sermon in his cathedral against the Temperance Pledge, denouncing it as unscriptural, and asserting that it "undermines the Godhead of Christ"—which, to say the least, is a curious figure.

How utterly powerless are the deep-laid schemes of the corrupt and vicious over truth and honesty, as witnessed in the failure of every scheme put forth by the little ring of soreheads in Portland to bring disgrace upon the party that has nursed and fed them, and given them all the prominence, and more, that their abilities, individually and collectively, would warrant. With the Court, Jury, District Attorney, perjured witnesses to swear to just such evidence as was wanted, and everything else in their favor, the sore-head ring succeeded in getting a Salem repeater, who voted for Nesmith, to plead guilty—a conviction which could and would have been reached by the next regular jury, without extra cost to the people—at a cost to the people of \$2,500, while they utterly failed to make good their sworn statements with regard to bribery and corruption in Portland. And now this ring of soreheads stand out before the people of Oregon, convicted as malignant and willful falsifiers on every count. Having sounded the lowest depths of infamy, their organ now announces that it sees no further "inducement" to train with the Republican party! and has "officially" gone over to Democracy. If Democracy can stand it, good; the Republican party is relieved of a grievous burden of sin by its withdrawal.

HOPE GRANGE NO. 24.—At an election, last Saturday, in this Grange, the former Master, G. F. Simpson, was elected Master; L. Smith, Overseer; A. S. Looney, Lecturer; John Needham, Steward; Isaac Needham, Asst. Steward; Jonathan Needham, Chaplain; M. Werts, Treasurer; John Millard, Secretary; John Elder, Gatekeeper; Miss Linna Nanny, Ceres; Mrs. Lucinda Smith, Pomona; Mrs. A. S. Powell, Flora; Miss Sarah Werts, Lady Assistant Steward.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society, in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master and man is the servant; and it is entirely according as society turns out a good or bad master, whether he turns out a bad or a good servant.

The sorehead organ asks "What of the Night?" It must present a terrible dark and gloomy prospect to a sheet whose only object is to vent its spleen on respectable people and secure the largest "inducements" therefor.

It is stated that Victor Hugo resembles Jubal A. Early. When Hugo learns the fact he will no doubt either become insane or commit suicide. Most anybody would do one or the other if he thought he looked like Early.

The following common-places from the Lynchburg (Tenn.) Pioneer of the 28th ult.: "The weather for the past few days has been splendid for killing hogs, and a great many have taken advantage of it."

How much will the Democratic party be gainer in the future by the aid of the *Oregonian*, and how long will it remain true to its new love? are the newest conundrums asked by Democrats hereabouts.

New Hampshire is proud of the product of "a single shoe factory." Most shoe factories turn out their wares in pairs; but perhaps, says the *World*, this particular one was established to supply the numerous New Hampshire volunteers who lost one leg in the war.

## REST.

Rest is not quitting.  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere,

'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife;  
Fleeing to ocean  
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The Highest and Best;  
'Tis onward unswerving!  
And that is true rest.

The *Oregonian* publishes approvingly, what purports to be the letter of a correspondent of the *Pittsburg Leader*, from Washington. This correspondent asserts that a prominent lawyer of Washington, whom he interviewed, told him that Williams "knows absolutely nothing of law," and that he cannot "write two consecutive words of English." Now every *Oregonian* knows these assertions to be bald-faced lies—utterly false. Yet this venial sheet publishes them here in Oregon approvingly, knowing them to be false, and at the same time pretending to be friendly to Williams! Look at the cool mendacity of the thing. The effrontery and cheekiness of the *Oregonian* is beyond all precedent—it is a regular what-you-may-call-it on wheels!

TOO BUSY.—A strong-minded woman in Detroit made the following gentle reply to a politician who had called at her house to get her husband to go to the polls and vote. "No, sir, he can't go. He's washing now, and he's got to iron to-morrow, and if he wasn't doing anything he couldn't go. I run this 'ere house, I do, and if anyone votes it'll be this same Mary Jane."

In Grass Valley hot whisky punches are made of water in which a salt mackerel has been boiled. Old toppers there declare that the "salt billed water" imparts a delicate, and aromatic and pungent flavor to the punch. Blige water would be a still better substitute. Try it.

## JOHN S. KINCAID.

The subject of this brief sketch died at his residence in this city this morning (December 27, 1873), at 4:45. He was taken sick Friday morning, December 19, and only lived one short week. He was born in Wapaloo county, Iowa, May 14, 1845, and was consequently nearly twenty-nine years of age at the time of his death. He removed from Iowa to this State with his parents in 1852, who settled near town, and for the greater portion of the time has lived with his parents in the city. Already his father and two sisters have preceded him to the land of unknown and unknowable mysteries, and their bodies repose in the quiet graveyard within sight of his home. With no fear in his heart, he met the dread conquerer and passed quietly and painlessly from the scenes of earth.

For several years he has been publisher and principal writer for the *Journal*. All who knew him know how steadfastly and earnestly he battled for what he conceived to be right, and with what strength and power, he opposed, from the purest motives, what was wrong. As kind as a brother to those in distress, none knew him well who did not love him as one. As a man, no one could meet him without being attracted by his inherent goodness. As a friend, he was one of the finest and truest we have ever known. He leaves a mother and brother in this city, a brother in Washington, and a sister in Olympia. Many relatives near town, and numerous friends who mourn his early departure from our midst.—*Eugene Journal*.

DISTRESSFUL.—There is consternation in the camp of the Bedrock Democracy. The sorehead gang begin to crowd in on them, and with characteristic modesty demand the right to "run" the Democratic party and hold the offices. It promises to be another experience like that of Sinbad, with the old man of the sea on his back.—*Bulletin*.

A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He rose to go away. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.

## The Democrats and Back Pay

It seems hardly credible that the Democratic Congressional caucus, which in a much larger sense than the corresponding machinery of the Republican organization is understood to make laws for the party, could have taken the position it did on Saturday night toward the act known as the Salary Grab and the men who supported it. We have seen the party commit some egregious blunders in the past dozen years, but never any so utterly stupid, so absolutely suicidal as this. The action of the last Congress in passing the Salary Grab bill was a blunder and a crime. The Republican majority, though a smaller portion of them than of Democrats voted for the bill, were held responsible for it. The indignation of the people was thoroughly aroused, as the late elections testify, against the outrage, and it is also testified by the same elections that their indignation was visited upon the party in power. Some of the Democratic leaders, indeed most of them, saw the opportunity, and in their conventions and on the stump made the most of it. Their newspaper organs were full of denunciations of the great swindle, their conventions condemned it by resolution in the most unmeasured terms, and their orators never tired of ringing the changes upon it. In every State where they made a canvass this was their leading topic; upon this peg they hung the weight of their opposition to the Administration. In Pennsylvania they repudiated a Salary Grabber who had long been one of the most prominent and influential of their leaders, and in this State they carried a clause in their resolutions of condemnation denouncing Democrats as well as Republicans who voted for it or who had not renounced their share in the plunder. It is not too much to say that whatever of success that party could claim in the late elections was attributable to its persistent charging of the responsibility for this unpopular measure upon the Republican majority in Congress, and its equally constant and earnest disclaimers on its own account and repudiation of all connection with its authors and abettors.

The Democratic party, it may be observed, is not so flush of capital that it can afford to throw away opportunities to take advantage of the mistakes of its opponents. There would have been, to be sure, good reason to doubt the sincerity of the party in denouncing a measure for which a majority of its representatives in Congress had voted, but this had already been done by its conventions in official utterances and by the party orators and organs in a sweeping and demonstrative way. They had carried elections on it. It was the first winning card they had played for a long time. But when the representatives of the party came together at Washington, they disclosed at once the hollowness of their ante-election professions and promises, and went back on the entire record. The reason for it is, of course, plain enough. A majority of them had voted for the bill and touched the plunder. What was the party to them, except as they could use it to secure office—and what was office but opportunity to get money out of the public treasury? It was not for them to make sacrifices for the party. If there was any sacrifice to be made they were quite ready to sacrifice the party to their own greed, and then take their chances before the people. And so they flung in the faces of all the Democratic Conventions that had denounced the Grab, the nomination of Fernando Wood, a chief Salary Grabber, for Speaker, and by that act saddled themselves with more of the responsibility for the measure than could with any show of reason be charged to their opponents. The New-Hampshire Democratic Congressman who stumped his district for re-election last spring on the ground of his opposition to the Grab, and immediately after election drew his plunder, was a fit forerunner of the caucus of last Saturday. He was an excellent specimen of his party.

The Administration party has been guilty of some great follies and great crimes. But to repudiate that party and set up in its place one that has no more consistency, sincerity or honesty than has been shown by the Democrats in this matter would be turning out blunderers to install thieves in their places. The truth is, and it is useless to undertake to disguise it, the Democratic party is hopeless. It has survived its principles, its sense of honor, its integrity, and its capacity for usefulness. It lags superfluous. The best service it can do the country is to disband.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

## The Maiden for Me.

Just fair enough to be pretty,  
Just gentle enough to be sweet,  
Just snappy enough to be witty,  
Just dainty enough to be neat,  
Just tall enough to be graceful,  
Just slight enough for a fay,  
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,  
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,  
Just sighs enough to be sad,  
Tones soft enough to remember,  
Your heart through their cadence made glad,  
Just meek enough for submission,  
Just bold enough to be brave,  
Just pride enough for ambition,  
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,  
Just mischief enough to tease,  
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,  
That put you at once at your ease,  
Disdain to put down presumption,  
Sarcasm to answer a fool,  
Cool contempt enough shown to consumption,  
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,  
Devotion to science full paid,  
Stuff of the sort of material  
That really good housewives are made,  
Generous enough and kind-hearted,  
Pure as the angels above—  
Oh! from her way I never be parted,  
For such is the maiden I love.

## Three Hundred Thousand Dollars a Day Income.

The late Consul-General of the United States at Cairo, George Butler, while in Washington recently, gave a correspondent some fresh and very interesting information in relation to the wealth and magnificence of the Pasha of Egypt:

Said Pasha is described as a person of culture, speaking French with ease, and English a little; fully educated at the Polytechnic school in Paris, and wearing the dress of Christian people. He is a shrewd and rich merchant, and not a soldier by propensity; and his income and the luxury of his court exceed the tales of Haroun al Raschid's splendor. He has an income of \$110,000,000 per annum, or more than half as much as the whole annual expense of the United States Government, inclusive of the cost of the public debt. To keep our 60,000 or 60,000 office-holders, our army, our navy, do the public printing, etc., requires \$17,000,000 a month. The Pasha, who has no more subjects than there are citizens of New York State, has, by Mr. Butler's careful estimation, between nine and ten millions a month, or more than three hundred thousand a day. He has twenty-seven palaces, all the corporate property—or that which with us would be controlled by corporation—in the country, and no law whatever but what he can think of or will from day to day. He has four wives and a vast harem, yet he is temperate and prudent, and still he is not happy. He wants to be a King; but the domination of Turkey sits upon his dreams like the gobbler upon the full boy after Christmas dinner.

As an indication of Said Pasha's wealth, it is related that the Empress of France said to him, in Paris: "Viceroy, I should like very much to visit your Pyramids, but I cannot ride on a camel, and I suppose I can not go there by any road."  
"Your Majesty can go there by either railway or highway, as you like," said the Viceroy.

When she went there at the opening of the Suez Canal, the Empress found a road made, twelve miles long, across the desert, lighted with gas, shaded all the way with transplanted trees; and half way on was a palace for her repose, with a second palace to entertain her at the Pyramids—all especially made for this one journey.

What part of a wagon does the husband frequently find too long? The tongue.

What part does the wife often find short? The sand box.

What part do the boys like best? The hounds.

Which do the girls like best? The fellows.

What part suits both boys and girls alike? The coupling.

What part suits the whole family best? The bed.

What part does not suit any of the family? The tire.

To what part does the wife oftener refer you? The husband.

With what part should the girls become better acquainted? The rhinoceros.

With what part should juveniles form an early acquaintance? The roll.