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EDITORIAL NOTES.

David A Gage, who was elected on the reform ticket as Chicago's City Treasurer, pledged not only to keep honest ward and watch over the cash, but to give to the city the large fees which the law gave to the Treasurer over and above his big salary, not only failed to keep his promise, but has actually defaulted to the tune of \$482,203 23. This kind of "reform" will not be relished by Chicagoans, as a general rule. We are glad to learn, however, that Gage is not without the consolation of religion in this the darkest hour of his distress—at the discovery of his rascality. It is asserted by the best authority, that he has long been a prominent member of a leading church in the great city of the Lakes, and that his donations in aid of the work of saving grace were so heavy that he was compelled, as it were, to dabble in the city's funds—to steal a few hundred thousands. In Gage's case we have at least the consolation of knowing that the vanished dollars, or part of them—probably a very small part—have been used to strengthen the hands of laborers in the vineyard, and bringing precious souls to the knowledge of the truth.

Since the withdrawal of the name of Attorney General Williams for the office of Chief Justice, Caleb Cushing, who had been nominated and confirmed as Minister to Spain, has been nominated for the office of Chief Justice by the President. The name of Caleb Cushing is rather familiar to the American people. He started out, we believe, as a Democrat. During the Mexican war, nearly thirty years ago, he was commissioned as a Brigadier General. He is now seventy-four years of age, and we suppose it would be exceedingly difficult for anybody to tell how he stands politically for twenty-four hours. As he has never been troubled with very severe political preferences, each Administration in turn has received the benefit of his great knowledge and acumen. His life has been spent, principally in looking after the interests and building up Caleb Cushing. He is a man of undoubted intellect, possessing a quick and active mind, which by hard study, assisted by a splendid memory, is stored with law, history, legislation and legal precedent that entitle him to hold position and command the respect of our great thinkers. Possessing all these qualities he has always failed to command confidence. All his life he has been looked upon as uncertain; and while his value as an adviser upon points of law has always been acknowledged and his ability to fill the position of Minister to Spain unquestioned, the propriety of his nomination for the office of Chief Justice, at the age of seventy-four, may very properly be questioned.

Upon reading the article headed "Judge Williams' Defeat," in the *Oregonian* of the 10th, we can think of no one who will so well compare with the writer of said article, than that certain individual of whom the Bible speaks as meeting the Master in the garden and kissing him for the purpose of betraying him. To carry out the full text, Hill should now go and hang himself, as did the man whose character he so well represents.

Benjamin R. Curtis, the person now spoken of as likely to be the next aspirant for the honors of Chief Justice, is a lawyer of eminence of Massachusetts, and was once a Justice of the Supreme Court, and held the position from 1851 to 1857, when he resigned. He defended President Johnson in the impeachment trial. He is sixty-four years of age.

In Jersey City, on the 14th, Joseph Freeman shot and killed his mother, because, in reply to his demand for \$25,000, she said she had not that much money. He is supposed to be insane.

The President has withdrawn Caleb Cushing's name for the office of Chief Justice.

George B. Crook has been confirmed as a Brigadier General. Good—no man better deserves the promotion.

The Legislature of Wisconsin met on the 14th. The Republicans organized the Senate, having one majority. The Reformers organized the House, having 17 majority. Gabriel Boucke elected Speaker.

Mixon, the Nevada highwayman, who was convicted at Austin on the 12th, as soon as the fact of conviction was made known, tried to hang himself with his socks. He didn't succeed.

It is suggested that the Republican farmers of Oregon attend the primaries and elect and send to the county conventions farmers, who in turn may select delegates to attend the State Convention. There are among the Republican farmers of Oregon as able men as are to be found in any other of the walks of life, and if they think that the different State offices in the hands of farmers will be for the better interests of the State, so be it—let us have a farmer's ticket out and out. Let the farmers of the State take hold of the matter in earnest; attend the conventions and see that good and true men, tillers of the soil, are sent to headquarters to make nominations. The Patrons of Husbandry have started in right—have already reformed some abuses; now let them take hold of the big horn—strike at the fountain head. Let them send men to the Legislature who can not be bought—who can not be bribed—who can not be deceived by wily propositions or schemes by wily politicians—men who will go to the Legislature to enact needed laws for the benefit of the whole State—men of action, of deeds and not of words. Let us have farmers up for office, and then let the farmers see who are their friends.

At San Francisco, about 11 o'clock on the night of the 15th instant, Mrs. Lulu Torrence, wife of John S. Torrence, of the California Theatre company, and daughter-in-law of Mrs. Judah, shot herself through the heart, on Washington street, near the Plaza. She had been separated from her husband, and was an actress at the Bella Union. Domestic troubles evidently drove her to despair and desperation. She leaves two children.

Did You Ever Think of It.

It will not be disputed, we suppose, that, as a general rule, the interests of all producers are anti-social; that is to say, society desires abundance, but the producer desires scarcity. The wheat grower desires bad crops for his neighbor, or at least for those countries with which he is brought into competition; and he reads, with the liveliest satisfaction, accounts of failures, frosts and drouths in those competing districts or countries. The same may be said of the manufacturer of iron—he rejoices when he notes the advance of prices in Belgium, Great Britain and Sweden; and our wine-makers wear a broad smile of happiness when the news reaches us of disease amongst the vines of the Rhine country. Let murrain or other disease attack the sheep in the wool-growing countries, and the cupidity of our wool-growers at once is excited. A tariff so high as to exclude the productions of the looms of Europe, is at once heralded as a blessing by the mill-owners of Massachusetts. And we might go on enumerating class after class, and showing wherein each can be truthfully accused of being anti-social. Each trade looks to improving its condition by the misfortunes of others, and has no sympathy whatever with the sacrifices the masses are compelled to make through the advance in prices. We are not condemn-

ing this state of things, or pronouncing it unnatural or wrong—we only say that it is so. And here we leave the subject.

WHAT DEFEATED CUSHING.—The following letter, dated Washington, March 21st, 1861, is what defeated Cushing for the Chief Justiceship:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: This will introduce to you my friend, Abraham Powers, who has been a clerk in one of the Departments here for six or seven years. He leaves the service here on account of his opinions, and, being a Southern man by birth and education, is devoted to what he regards as his country (the Confederacy). He has been a contributor to *De Bow's Review*, and is fully acquainted with the questions which undermined and have now broken up the American Union. I commend him to your favorable notice, as a man who is worthy of your confidence.

"CALEB CUSHING."

This letter was written to Jeff Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. After reading this letter in Republican caucus, the nomination soured on Caleb.

Made to "See It."

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "No person reads all these little advertisements. It's preposterous to think it."

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?"

"Yes."

"And if there's anything you particularly want you look for it?"

"Certainly."

"Well; among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I do assure you that printer's ink is the true open sesame to all business success. That is certain."

And still Buffer couldn't see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those little crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the most common things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough; and you may have it jammed into any out-of-the-way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions of only two lines. Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it. And he selected the place where he would have it published—crowded in under the head of "WANTS." And he waited and saw a proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows:

WANTED—A Good House Dog. Apply to J. Buffer 575 Fowler street, between the hours of 6 and 9 p. m.

Buffer went away smiling and nodding. On the following morning he opened his paper, and after a deal of hunting found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of items, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew. Finally it glared at him from the closely printed page. But that was because he was the person particularly interested. Of course it would appear conspicuous to him. But it could not be so to others.

That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain, old-fashioned man, and took tea at six) when his door bell was rung, and the servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him I don't want one."

Six times was Mr. Buffer interrupted while taking tea, by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot in and he must take it out manfully. The 23d applicant was a small boy, with a girl in company, who had a ragged, dirty poodle for sale. Buffer bought the dog of the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off.

To the next applicant he was enabled truthfully to answer: "Don't want any more, I've bought one."

The stream of callers continued till near ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas.

On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. There were about thirty men and boys, each of whom had a dog in tow. There were dogs of every grade, size and color, and dogs of every quality of white, yelp, bark, growl and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude and informed them that he had purchased a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertisement for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over

his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home.

Never mind the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement of "wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place and in glaring type he advertised that he didn't want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home and pasted upon his door, "gone into the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property; and then he locked up and went away with his family.

From that day Josephus Buffer has never been heard to express doubts of the efficiency of printer's ink; nor has asked, "Who reads the advertisements in a paper?"

Eleven Dollar Bill.

Thirty-seven years ago I was clerk in a shoe-store located in the first story of the American House, directly north of the main entrance to the hotel. The store was kept by Thomas Hunt, an eccentric old bachelor, who will be remembered probably by many old Bostonians. One day he came into the store on a broad grin, and said—

"J—(referring to another dealer on Court street) had a hard joke played upon him this morning. He has a green lad from the country tending for him, who has been with him only five or six weeks. Well, J—went down town this morning, and told the boy to sell all he could. He was away about an hour, and when he went into the store, said—

"Well, John, what luck? Sold anything?"

"Yes," said John, with great gusto, "sold a pair of five dollar boots!"

"Good!" says J—; "not bad for a wet morning."

"Shortly after J— went to the money drawer, when he exclaimed, sharply—

"John, where's the money?"

"Why," said John, "it's all there."

"Why, no," says J—, "only two dollars here, and I left a five and a one here. What has become of it?"

"Why," replied John, "there's an eleven-dollar bill there. The man paid me that eleven dollar bill for the boots, and I gave him back six! A'n't that right?"

"The dickens!" exclaimed J—

"The poor lad had taken a two-dollar bill of the old stereotype plate on the Suffolk Bank, where in the corners, instead of the figure '2,' there were the '11' for 2. So Mr. J— is out a pair of five-dollar boots and four dollars in money."

And Hunt laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

An old man named Mills, who lives a few miles below Portland, all alone by himself, though well off, lately had a fit, to which he is subject, and fell into the fire. He was fearfully burned before he came to himself, his face being terribly scorched and his shirt consumed about the neck; but he managed to dress himself and his wounds, and made his way to the road when he fell exhausted and was rescued and cared for. It is doubtful if he can survive.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—Take a quantity of common Irish potatoes, wash them until they are thoroughly clean, place them in a large vessel and boil them until done. Drain off carefully the water that they were cooked in, straining it, if necessary, in order to remove every particle of the potato. Then put this potato water in a jug or keg, which set near the stove, or in some place where it will be kept warm, and add about one pound of sugar to about two and one-half gallons of the water, some hop yeast, or a small portion of whisky. Let it stand three or four weeks, and you will have excellent vinegar, at a cost of six or seven cents per gallon.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

A Peoria naturalist, in attempting to warm the ears of a frozen wasp over a gas-jet discovered that the tail of the insect thawed out first and worked with a rapidity that was as astonishing as the hideous profanity of the naturalist, who held the insect by the tail while thus experimenting.

A dandy asked an old sexton if the ringing of the bell didn't put him in mind of his latter end. "No," replied the grim grave digger, "but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

An Illinois paper speaks of the "Independent anti-monopoly democratic reform-farmer's movement party."

A Clerk's Triumph.

A DIGNIFIED MAN AND POSTOFFICE CLERK.

The human heart, says an exchange, in all its expansive, limitless capacity for enjoyment, takes greater pleasure in nothing more than witnessing a portly, solemn-visaged man, the embodiment of natural dignity, importance in clothes, administer a scathing rebuke to some "smart" petty official. This morning just such a personification of innate dignity loomed up at the stamp-window of the Post office and glared in gloomy and majestic displeasure at the busy clerk registering a letter, before he sprang to the window and asked the stately customer what he wished. The great man did not answer for several moments. He gazed steadily and impressively over the clerk's head, and then asked, in pious tones:

"Is there any one here-r-r-e who attends to business?"

The embarrassed clerk blushed, faltered for a moment, then recovering his composure, and with characteristic and national cheerfulness, becoming an official of the republic:

"I will see, sir."

And he disappeared. He went into the other department, tortured a carrier with an original conundrum, heard a good story in the mailing room, and came back.

"Yes, sir," he said to the great one, "there are, in addition to myself, three clerks in the letter department, one in the mailing room, four carriers, three route agents, the mail driver and one janitor."

"Ah-h-h? I am glad there are so many. I may, in all that number, find one who is at his post."

And then he looked as impressive as a special agent, and was silent for three minutes, while the impassive clerk awaited his orders, and impatient men behind him fidgeted and grumbled. Finally the great man said, with deep solemnity:

"I wish one three-cent stamp!"

The clerk tore off the stamp and held it, waiting for the consideration. The great man made a somewhat longer pause than usual; he felt in his various vest pockets, he gradually lost his look of impressive rebuke, his chest caved in, and he assumed the aspect of an ordinary frail mortal, and he said:

"Ah—the fact is—I'm sure—ah—in short, I find that I've carelessly left my purse at home. Can you kindly—"

The impassive clerk, with the faintest suggestion of triumph in his eyes, waved the great man aside with—

"Sorry for you, sir; but the clerk who sells on credit is not in. What does the next man want?"

And the great man again swelled up, passed out of the door with a scowl so dark and blighting that it cast black shadows on the wall, and we felt so good to see how that clerk was taken down by that dignified man that we went away and laughed for a week.

TO MEND LAMP CHIMNEYS.—Housekeepers not too fastidious of course, and of the "equinoctial" order, may lengthen out the mortal existence of a lamp chimney by keeping a small vial of carriage varnish and applying a little with a feather or soft stick to a crack, then burning it upon the lamp several evenings before washing it. The heat makes it very hard and durable, though it discolors the chimney a little; but will save much in this item of expense—broken chimneys. This recipe does not apply to the five hundred dollars' worth said to have been made by the Pittsburg nian expressly for breaking—and filling his pockets. These are past recovery by any human means we know of, and will linger long in the memory of housekeepers last winter as among their most trying experiences.

The biographer of Edward Payson says: "He was often known to weep under the preaching of the Gospel when only three years old." One of the critics suggested that little Edward wanted to go home.

A life insurance man in St. Louis is in the habit of getting himself on to juries in doubtful cases, when business in his line is dull. Then he "hangs" the jury until every man of the eleven is insured in his company.

The Virginias, it is said, belonged to a William Patterson of New York, and was bought by him for the Cubans. In compelling this vessel to strike, therefore, Spain struck Billy Patterson. Thus a more perplexing riddle is solved.