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Grover and his apologists are feeling and looking more woebegone as the day of election approaches. There was a slight hope, on the part of Grover at least, that through his mild manner and seeming truthfulness on the stump, he might persuade the taxpayers into the belief that the charges of corruption and venality brought against him and his administration of the affairs of State as Governor, were at least overdrawn if not entirely without foundation. And right here is where he made his greatest mistake. The proofs of his wrongdoing, of his downright rascality as the first officer of the State, have been so strong, clear and convincing, that it has been impossible for Mr. Grover to create a disbelief of their truthfulness in the public mind. The time was when Democrats would not have hearkened to the truth, however plain and unvarnished; but that day has passed to return no more forever, and hereafter the man who is a candidate for the high position of Governor of Oregon, must come before the people with an unblemished character, undoubted capacity, and with a record for honesty, integrity and sobriety, in public as well as private life, that will entitle him to the suffrages of a free and Independent People. The party lash has done its last work. Men have rebelled and will no more violate their self-respect by voting, in obedience to the demands of party leaders—these "leaders" oftentimes the most corrupt and venal men in the community—for the "nominee of the party." These "good old times" when a nomination was equivalent to an election, no matter how unfit the candidate for the office, have passed away, and a new and better order of things has been ushered in.

Yes, Grover is dejected; he feels that all his scheming, all the dirty work he has done and caused to be done during the last four years, for the sake of keeping himself in power, has only resulted in showing to the people his entire lack of principle and honor, and still deeper damned the party that placed him in power. We are inclined to believe that Grover has the ability to make a very fair Executive, were he not notably deficient in judgment, entirely wanting in backbone, and so unscrupulously dishonest. And no man ever stood upon the rostrum in America, and with solemn visage and upturned eyes, told more downright falsehoods in a given time, yet covering them up with such adroitness that they passed with the masses for truths, than this same L. F. Grover. And herein lays all there is of Grover. But we do not wish to speak too harshly of the dead. As a trickster, a time server, a political mendicant he will be known in the political history of Oregon. May we not hope that Oregon may never again be cursed with such an Executive.

Woodhull & Claflin, once the noted female bankers of New York, it is reported, are about to open a broker's office on Market street, San Francisco, California.

Owyhee Mines.
From the *Idaho Statesman* we clip the following about the mines in that section: Geo. W. Gilmore, from Silver City, informs us that they expect lively times over there this Summer, and that money will be more plenty than ever before. The Empire, South Chariot, Silver Cord, Ward Eagle and Red Jacket have opened new shafts during the Winter, and taken out rich rock. Very rich pay rock has also been taken out of the Golden Chariot. They have good prospects on Judge Hays' mine. The Bell Peck is turning out well, with good prospects for the Summer. The Rose-dale, owned by Mr. Henry Martin, and the Illinois Central, owned by Mr. Sands, have good prospects. They are working hard on the Ida Elmore, and expect something big this Summer. Mr. Gilmore also informs us that several other claims will be opened during the Summer that will pay well; and that more work will be done in that camp this season than at any previous time.

On the 23d inst. the friends of the Independent cause in Marion and Polk counties held a grand picnic at Salem, in Marion Park. The immense crowd assembled there on that occasion, variously estimated at from 750 to 1,500, had a very pleasant and enjoyable time, the greatest enthusiasm prevailing. Judge Boise and P. C. Sullivan made excellent, well-timed speeches. It was a glorious occasion, and was productive of the best results, as will be shown by the returns after the election on Monday next.

The Sheriff of Multnomah county gets within a few dollars of forty thousand a year for his services as Sheriff; the County Clerk over twenty-one thousand dollars. The demand of the taxpayers for retrenchment and reform comes none too soon. No wonder taxes are enormously high when two county officers alone get away with over sixty thousand dollars a year. Let these princely salaries be at once reduced, and the heavy burdens of taxation will at once be lightened.

The wedding of Nellie Grant to Mr. Sartoris transpired at Washington on the 21st, Rev. Dr. Tiffany performing the ceremony. The East Room of the Presidential mansion, in which the ceremony was performed, was elaborately decorated with flowers, evergreens, etc., the central piece being a large marriage bell composed of the choicest white blossoms. A platform was arranged at one end of the room, on which the bridal party stood consisting only of the bridegroom, bride, Col. Fred. Grant, the only groomsmen, and seven bridesmaids.

NO SPEAKING.—Hon. Ben Hayden, announced to speak in this city on Monday night last, as we are informed, although here, failed to make a speech because of sickness. The outlook for Democracy, even in Linn county, is bad enough to make even the average Democrat sick; and as the day of election approaches matters get worse and worse.

Last Saturday in Cincinnati, Ohio, forty-three women, crusaders, were arrested for obstructing the sidewalks. They were dismissed the next day, with the admonition that on the next occasion they will be punished. They marched immediately to church and prayer-meeting. What their future action will be remains to be seen.

Kate Leubach, a young and beautiful daughter of a widow lady in New York, was murdered at Summit Hill on the evening of the 19th. She was enticed into the woods just outside of the city, where she was ravished and then murdered, as is supposed, to hide the first crime.

Irwin is said to have determined to return home next month, and as he has in his possession receipts and vouchers for the \$500.00 spent at Washington to secure the China Mail subsidy, a slight warming up of some of the "waiters" in and about Washington may be expected.

The following described sinful little little game was indulged in at Atlanta, Georgia. A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter, it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, and the first one he caught should pay the bill. He hasn't caught any of them yet.

Late dates from Brownsville, Texas, says a terrible state of affairs is existing on the border. The Mexicans are raiding on cattle and firing on the people. Companies have been formed for defense. In Corpus Christi some Mexicans attempted, unsuccessfully, to rescue some of their countrymen who are confined there for murder. They swear they will rob and burn the city. Mr. Smith living twelve miles from Fort Davis, was attacked by four Indians and slightly wounded, and ten of his cattle killed.

The last steamer from San Francisco to China, in the Pacific Mail line, carried freight at 40c per ton—\$7 and \$10 per ton was the figure but a short time since. This is the result of opposition. Chinamen are now charged \$12 per head against \$40 heretofore.

A Vermont paper in the rural districts charges for first class marriage notices, 15 pounds of dried apples; with poetry appended, 12 pounds of onions, in addition to the dried apples. Biz is biz in Vermont.

One-quarter of Forest City, Ark., was destroyed by fire on the 22d. Loss, \$40,000. On the 23d, another fire destroyed about half what was left by the fire the day before. Further loss, \$50,000.

The murderer and noted bandit of California, Vasquez, published a card appealing to the charitable for funds to enable him to employ legal advice in his coming trial. What next.

Gen. Frank P. Blair, Jr., has joined a Presbyterian church in St. Louis. "As long as the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return."

The other day a performing monkey in Troy, N. Y., shot a boy.

Miscellaneous.

Friendship.

A thin, slender, silken thread
Is friendship, and we make it
Bind hearts and lives to hearts and lives
But a 'yea' a breath may shake it,
And oft it takes but one wee word—
But one wee word—to break it!

It draws the lips in smiling shape,
It draws the look of pleasure
From eye to eye when hands touched
And
When two hearts beat one measure;
And draw a meaning from a word
Which makes that word a treasure.

Like string of tuneful harp or lute
Between glad souls 'tis holden,
And love's fond fingers on the throat
Make music rare and golden—
Make music such as tender hearts
Could live, and ne'er grow old in.

But if a breath may shake it, let
That breath come near it never;
And never spoken be that word
Which friendship's tie might sever;
But let the cord grow stronger till
The dawning of Forever.

Fun on the Plains.

Westward, westward, westward
We have been riding all day over
The Kansas Pacific. From Kansas
City the road runs straight up the
river bottom and along Smoky Hill
and the buffalo country to Denver.
On the train are Grangers from
Carson and Hugo, and killers and
stabbers from Wild Horse and
Eagle Tail.

As we near Salina, Kansas, Conductor Cheney comes along to collect the fare. Touching a long-haired gentleman on the back he looks down and says:

"Tickets?"
"Hain't got none," says the passenger, holding his gun with one hand and scowling out from under his black slouch hat.
"But you must pay your fare sir!" expostulated the conductor.
"Now jes look a-here, stranger! mebbe you'er a doing' your duty, but I hain't never paid yet going through this country, and—"

Just then a slouchy old frontiersman who had been compelled to pay his fare in the car, stepped up in the front of the mulish passenger, and, pointing a six-shooter at him, said:

"See here, Long Bill, you jes pay yer fare. I've paid mine, and they don't anybody ride on this train free if I don't—if they do damme!"
"All right, you've got the drop on me, old boy, so put up yer shooter an' I'll settle," said the passenger, going into his pockets for the money.

"Do these incidents often happen?" I asked the conductor a little while afterwards.
"Well, yes, but not so often as they used to in '63 and '70, Mr. Perkins. The other day," continued the conductor, "some three card monte men came on the train and swindled a drover out of \$150. He said his cattle got so cheap during the Eastern 'bust' that he had to just 'peel 'em' and sell their hides in Kansas City—and this was all the money he had. A half dozen miners from Denver overheard the talk, and, coming up they 'drew a bead' on the monte men and told 'em to pay what money back."

"Just you count that money back, conductor," they said, "and after I had done it," continued the conductor, "one of the head miners said—"

"Now, conductor, you jes stop the train, an' we'll hang these three card fillers to the telegraph pole!"
But the monte men flew out of the door too quick for 'em.
To illustrate the value of human life in this country, Mr. Locke, manager of the Kansas City Opera House, tells me this story:
Two years ago the James

Brothers, the same two desperadoes who sacked the Express car, and "went through" the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, at Gad's Hill, stole the money box at the Kansas State Fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking to the bank with the receipts of the day, about \$2,000, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box, and galloped off. This was done in broad daylight in the midst of a great crowd.

Well, some time afterwards one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen's record. A few night since afterwards the James Brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office, and calling the reporter out, presented him a handsome watch and chain. The article touched them on the tender spot and they desired to show their gratitude.

"But I don't feel at liberty to take this watch," said the reporter.
"But do it to gratify us. We didn't steal this watch; we bought and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperadoes.
"No; you must excuse me," continued the reporter.
"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied the James Brothers regretfully, "perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed."

It has never been ascertained to the satisfaction of the public who the man in the Iron mask was, but generations to come will know about Dick Palmer, of Macob street who got inside of something worse than a mask Saturday. His mother sent him after a brass kettle which one of her neighbors had borrowed and on the way home the boy turned the kettle upside down and put it on his head. Another boy gave it a blow, and it slat down over Dick's face as closely as a clam in a shell one of the boys digging into the boy's head behind, and the other pressing on his nose. The victim shouted and jumped and clawed at the kettle, but he couldn't budge it. A man came along and lifted at it, but Dick's nose began to come out by the roots, and the man had to stop. A crowd ran out from the corner grocery; Dick's mother was sent for, and the boy danced up and down and cried "Oh, golly!" without ceasing. One boy said they would have to take a cold chisel and drill Dick out of the kettle, and another said they'd have to melt the kettle off, while everybody rapped on it to see how solid it was on. Then they tried to lift it off, but Dick roared "murder!" till they stopped. Some said grease his head, and some said grease the kettle, while the boy's mother sat down on the curbstone and sobbed out—"Oh, Richard! why did you do this?" The crowd took it coolly; it wasn't their funeral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't to be seen every day. Tears fell from the kettle—"I'll never do it again." Finally they laid Richard on the side walk, and while one man sat on his legs, and another on his stomach, a third compressed the kettle between his hands and knees and the boy crawled out, his nose all scratched and twisted out of shape, a hole in his head and a bump on his forehead. His mother wildly embraced him, and all the boys cried "Hoop ha!" and little Richard was led home to loaf around on the lounge, and have toast and fried eggs for a week.

Dashury.
It was believed on the 21st, at Ottawa, Canada, that the Pacific Railroad Bill would pass the Dominion Parliament.