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FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1880.

GARFIELD AND LINCOLN.

A Triumph of Eloquence—The Words that Controlled a Mob.

The following reminiscence of General Garfield's power during the greatest crisis the country ever passed through has been furnished us by a distinguished gentleman who was present, and shows the intellectual and moral power of the Republican nominated for the Presidency over a surging and maddened crowd: "I shall never forget the first time I saw General Garfield. It was the morning after President Lincoln's assassination. The country was excited to its utmost tension, and New York City seemed ready for the scenes of the French revolution. The intelligence of Lincoln's murder had been flashed by the wires over the whole land. The newspaper headlines of the transaction were set up in the largest type, and the high crime was on every one's tongue. Fear took possession of men's minds as to the fate of the government, for in a few hours the news came out that Seward's throat was cut, and that attempts had been made upon the lives of others of the government officers. Posters were stuck up everywhere, in

GREAT BLACK LETTERS.

calling upon the loyal citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and neighboring places to meet around the Wall Street Exchange and give expression to their sentiments. It was a dark and terrible hour. What might come next no one could tell, and men spoke with bated breath. The wrath of the workmen was simply uncontrollable, and revolvers and knives were in the hands of thousands of Lincoln's friends, ready, at the first opportunity, to take the law into their own hands, and avenge the death of the martyred President upon any and all who dared to utter a word against him. 11 o'clock a. m. was the hour set for the rendezvous. Fifty thousand people crowded around the Exchange building, craning and jamming the streets, and wedged in tight as men could stand together. With a few to whom a special favor was extended I went over from Brooklyn at 9 a. m., and, even then, with the utmost difficulty, found way to the reception-room for the speakers in the front of the Exchange building, and looking out onto the high and massive balcony whose front was protected by a heavy iron railing. We sat in solemnity and silence, waiting for General Butler, who, it was announced, had started from Washington and was either already in the city or expected every moment. Nearly a hundred generals, judges, statesmen, lawyers, editors, clergymen, and others were in that room.

WAITING BUTLER'S ARRIVAL.

We stepped out to the balcony to watch the fearfully solemn and swaying mass of people. Not a hurrah was heard, but for the most part dead silence, or a deep, ominous muttering ran like a rising wave up the street towards Broadway, and again down towards the river on the right. At length the batons of the police were seen swinging in the air, far up on the left, parting the crowd and pressing it back to make way for a carriage that moved slowly, and with difficult jogs, through the compact multitude. Suddenly the silence was broken, and the cry of 'Butler!' 'Butler!' 'Butler!' rang out with tremendous and thrilling effect, and was taken up by the people. Not a hurrah! Not once! It was the cry of a great people, asking to know how their President died. The blood bounded in our veins, and the tears ran like streams down our faces. How it was done I forget, but Butler was pulled through, and pulled up, and entered the room, where we had just yanked back to meet him. A broad craze, a yard long, hung from his left arm—terrible contrast with the countless flags that were waving the nation's victory in the breeze. We first realized that the truth of the sad news that Lincoln was dead. When Butler entered the room we shook hands. Some spoke, some couldn't. All were in tears. The only word Butler had for us all, at the first break of the silence, was: 'General, he died in the fullness of his days.' and as he spoke it his lips quiver-

ered, and the tears ran fast down his cheeks. Then after a few moments came the speaking. And you can imagine the effect as the

CRAZE FLUTTERED IN THE WIND, while his arm was uplifted. Dickenson, of New York State, was fairly wild. The old man leaped over the iron railing of the balcony and stood on the very edge, overhanging the crowd, gesticulating in the most vehement manner, and next thing to bidding the crowd 'burn up the rebel seed, root and branch,' while a bystander held on to his coat tails to keep him from falling over. By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one side of the street, the one dead, the other dying; one on the pavement, the other other lying in the gutter. They had said a moment before that 'Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!' They were not allowed to say it again! Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendant from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while 'Vengeance' was the cry. On the right, suddenly, the shout rose, 'the World!' 'the World!' 'the office of the World!' 'World!' and a movement of perhaps 8,000 or 10,000 turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police and military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram had just been read from Washington, 'Seward is dying.' Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand and beckoned to the crowd. 'Another telegram from Washington!' And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment,

A RIGHT ARM WAS LIFTED SKYWARD, and a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: 'Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!' The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea, when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Evarts, Seward never reached it. Demosthenes never equaled it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, 'it is General Garfield, of Ohio.'

German Papers on William H. English.

The Indianapolis Deutch Tribune does not speak in very flattering terms of its townsman, William H. English. It says: "No doubt English is personally known to the most of our readers. He represents the 'barrel' on the democratic ticket. He is rich and in the place where other decent people's hearts are he has a money bag. He is notorious as an unremitting, flint hearted Shylock. His money bags have too often been moistened by the tears of women and children of his debtors whom he has driven from house and home. Such a man is nowadays called a good financier. Besides he is a sharp and shrewd politician; but as a man he causes only aversion and disgust. He is avarice and egotism personified; and the democratic party has the impudence to appear with such a man before the people as the candidate for the vice presidency. With such a man as one of its leaders the democratic party pretends to protect the laborer against the 'ormorants' and the 'commune.' This is very 'commune' (mean) indeed."

To This the Cincinnati Freix Presse adds:

This judgment passed by the Indianapolis Tribune is crushing, which becomes of more importance when we consider that it is based upon its personal observation and knowledge of the antecedents and qualifications of character of William H. English. The salary grab bill passed March 3, 1878. Garfield covered his back pay into the treasury April 2, 1878—just thirty days afterwards. His name stands fourth on the list of congressmen who so restored the back pay.

Why he was Sent.

Mr. Hendricks told the democratic Indianapolis, on Monday evening, that General Hancock was sent to Louisiana and Texas during the reign of King Johnson, "to further oppress, subjugate, and ruin a portion of the South." Gen. Hancock was not sent to take command in Louisiana and Texas for any such purpose. He was sent there by Andrew Johnson for the purpose of rendering certain acts of congress nugatory and thwarting the will of the victorious part of the American people, and executing the will of a president who was the most misrepresentative of the people that ever occupied the White house. That was the purpose for which Gen. Hancock was sent to take command in Louisiana and Texas, and his success in accomplishing that purpose is what endears him to the hearts of the shotgun Democracy.—Chicago Times.

A Respectable Figure-Head, That's All.

The ticket nominated by the Democratic convention has fallen like a wave of cold water on the rank and file of the party. Hancock is, of course, a respectable figure-head; no one disputes that, but he has never been seriously thought of in connection with the presidency or with a great popular movement. He may be an estimable gentleman, and all that sort of thing, but he is not a man who in any sense appeals to the sympathies of the voters who contribute to democratic majorities. He is not a Democrat. All his tendencies are aristocratic and most exclusive. The peculiar and not altogether agreeable air of the West Point graduate still clings to him.—N. Y. Times.

Crow Driven with Spurs.

The brass bound and copper bottomed Indiana democrat, who sympathizes with the south in trouble and looked the other way when he heard the war drums, may consent to take his crow, if it comes as a game-cock dressed with the spurs on, but he must take it seasoned with a bank and real estate speculator who has scraped the bones of the state, and joins to great wealth the reputation of a strict economist, he may be inspired by a superhuman sense of loyalty to the party, force the full dose into his stomach, but he will not hanker for it; and he will not, thus nourished, insist upon getting up in the morning at 2 o'clock to march upon the work of the enemy. There is waiting on the Wabash—not a roar of sentiment, loud and high, challenging the nation to witness the woe of the faithful who are hanging their harps on the willows and will seek to pay the war debt in corn-stalks no more, but the plaintive cry that comes from the sorrows of the south.—Cincinnati Commercial, Ind.

Too Much Superb Soldier.

We have seen evidences of a disposition to parade before our people the times and places when General Hancock, in command of the federal forces, overthrew the confederate forces. We hope this will be discontinued. Our people have no hankering for crow, however it may be dished. The victories that General Hancock gained over our soldiers constitutes no ground for appealing to them to vote for him. We were in earnest in that war, and its memories are sacred to us.—Richmond Commonwealth, Dem.

A colored banker, much alarmed by the failure of several other banks in his neighborhood, closed his own establishment. A man knocked at the barred door. "Who's dar?" cried the banker. "Open the door?" called the man. "Dis bank' closed," remarked the banker. Don't care whether the bank's closed or not," cried the stranger, "I left a pair of new boots here yesterday and I want them." Presently the door was thrust partly open and one boot pushed out, with the remark: "We is only paying' fifty cents on the dollar to-day."

M. A. McPherson, president of the Kansas colony bound for eastern Washington, has written under date of June 15th, as follows: "A portion of the colony, some 410 in number, have started for Washington territory for the purpose of settlement. They are an intelligent body of people, and will make a desirable addition to your country. About 500 more will start by the 20th of July. I have no doubt but what 10,000 persons will leave Kansas for the territory this summer."

Prince Gortschakoff is reported to have made a marvelous recovery, and is at Baden full of health and spirits. He will spend the summer there and next winter in Paris. Before he left St. Petersburg he published a newspaper card offering the assurance of his "heartfelt gratitude" to those who had given him "tokens of their affectionate sympathy."

The census superintendent reports the total for Chicago to be 502,845. The only change in this total will be made by possible discoveries of error in the footing of enumerators and bureau officials, and probably will not make a difference of over a hundred sitl

Amorakantums.

The Boston Herald tells the story of an enthusiastic veteran who, upon getting his pension papers entitling him to \$1630 arrears, remarked as he left the City Hall. "By George, if I could meet the dastardly rebel that shot me, I would treat him."

"It this coffee is gotten up in boarding-house style again to-morrow morning, I think I shall have good grounds for divorce," said a cross husband the other morning. "I don't want any of your saucer," retorted his wife, "and what I've sediment."

The length of time that that Suitkins girl will spend over a five-cent plate of ice cream when in company with her Charles Augustus, while at home she'll go through two complete editions of pork and beans in half that period, is a subject worthy of scientific investigation.

The number of one armed young men seen driving out with young ladies these summer evenings is truly appalling. An old soldier at our elbow says that one arm is invariably lost during an engagement.—Lockport Union.

We admire oleek; but when a paper comes to us with a blue-penciled-marked joke which was originally copied from the caneform writings of an Assyrian ruin, then do we cry with Cain: "This is greater than we can bear!"

Propriety: Light-minded young thing—"Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water?" Aunt M.—"Indeed I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."

Lotta is to be married, it is said, and has gone into training for the ceremony. She thinks that with a few months' practice she can learn to walk from the vestibule to the charnel without kicking more than five times.

A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by her that he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.

"When a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee," says an exchange, "but thinks better of it and goes back again, that's what they call a relapse." Correct, but when the head of the family happens to witness this "collapse" it is generally followed by a "collapse." At least that's what we heard say—we don't speak from experience on this subject.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who returned from a walk at 10 o'clock. "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not allow me out later than 7 o'clock." "Oh, you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."

Exchange Friend—Whenever you want my advice don't hesitate to ask for it. Newspaper man—Thanks; I would like some advice just now.

"All right; I shall only be too happy."

"Can you tell me how in the world I can induce you to leave without hurting your feelings?"

"I don't think you need much advice on that subject."

He retires in indignation and with most of the exchanges.

Men make the laws, women make the customs.

When big trees begin to sloat it's about time for little bushes to leave.

Nan, the famous New York news-boy, has been appointed a policeman, for diverse reasons.

The acrobat in the circus is really the man who introduces the spring styles. Why are the supporters of General Weaver similar to the supporters of Courtney? Cause they are green-backers.

The blind man should be the most contented man in the world because he can have everything he sees.

A Boston physician says that high-heeled shoes ruin the eyesight. He may save his eyes by turning them in another direction.

No woman was ever known to marry a man whose first remark on being introduced to her was about the weather.

At the end of a funeral notice published in an Indiana paper appears: "N. B.—this funeral not to be postponed on account of bad weather."

There will be no difficulty to get along in Japan. Fans are so cheap in that blessed country that nobody can find any difficulty in raising the wind. "If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back."

"Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

This is the season of the year when the small boy goeth to the barber and winketh at him and saith, "cut off the ends of my hair." And behold, the barber cutteth off the hair and leaveth the ends.

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