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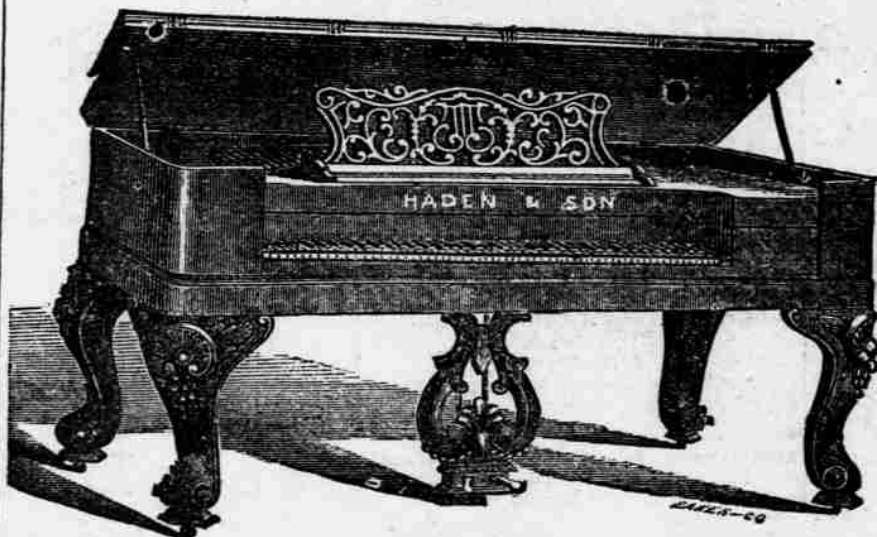
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NO. 29.

E. R. MERRIMAN, AGENT FOR THE WORLD-RENOVED



DECKER BROTHERS PIANOS,

Acknowledged now to be the best by all musicians, and used by the celebrated queen of players—Julie Rive-King—in preference to all others.

J. & C. FISCHER'S PIANO, The leading and best second-class Piano on the market.

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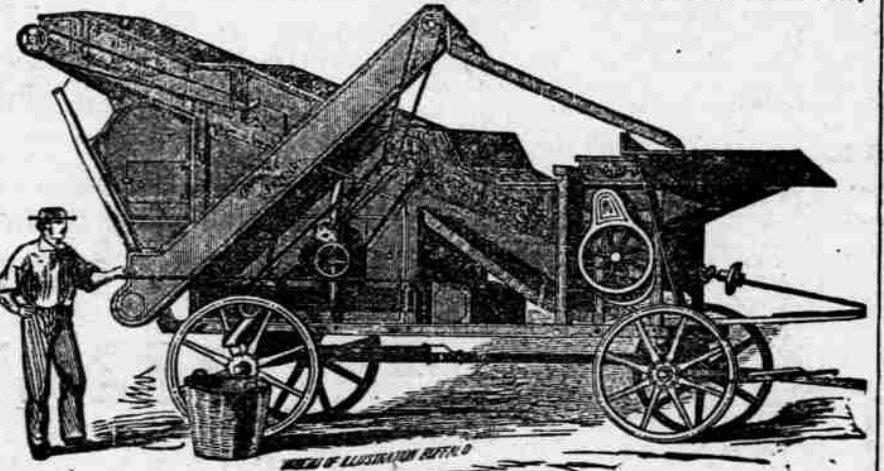
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On the Corner West of the Engine House CORVALLIS, - OREGON. Having secured the contract for carrying the

HAVING COMPLETED MY new and commodious BARN, I am better than ever prepared to keep the BEST OF TEAMS, BJSJES, CARRIAGES

SADDLE HORSES TO HIRE. At Reasonable Rates. For Particular attention given to Boarding Horses Bought and Sold or Exchanged.

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M'Cormick's Twine Binders, HODGE'S

GENUINE IMPROVED HEADERS, CHAMPION—AND—M'CORMICK

MOWERS,

Sulky Hay Rakes, and a full stock of the best Haying and Harvesting Tools, WITH A FULL LINE OF ALL EXTRAS FOR THE MACHINES WE SELL.

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As we import these direct from the factory, we can sell them nearly as cheap as China made. As a rule, one pair will wear three pair China made.

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BOOTS AND SHOES

Made and repaired to order.

BAKER OF OREGON.

A Tribute to a Noted Senator—The Recent Services at Ball's Bluff, where the Statesman Lost his Life—Hon. M. C. George on the Life and Services of This Noted Man.

Hon. M. C. George, of Oregon, who has just been re-elected to Congress, delivered the following tribute to the great orator of the Pacific coast, Senator Baker, of Oregon, at the recent Decoration Day services near Ball's Bluff, Va., where Baker lost his life. He said: Upon this national cemetery, this "once dark shadow of the valley of death," the fatal battle ground of Ball's Bluff, fell many a noble, gallant soldier. But among all the brave, true men who died upon these heights of Leesburg, none could have been braver, none could have been truer, than Edward Dickenson Baker. He was a Senator from my State. The first words he ever uttered in that august body, the American Senate, were inspired by the grandeur, the sublimity of the natural scenery of the wild West—that of the great chasm formed by the torrent of the Columbia breaking through the mountain range, the Cascades, between the everlasting snow-capped Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood, "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save her own dashing." For a time he had laid aside the robe of an American Senator for the sword of an American soldier, as once before he had gone from the halls of the lower House of Congress to serve in the war with Mexico.

HE HAD THE OFFER of a major-general's commission, but as its acceptance involved his resignation as a United States Senator, he declined to accept the high distinction and honor. From the very first, however, the presentiment of death was upon him. He felt, and so expressed himself, that he would never come from the struggle alive. And the dark wings of that dread messenger hovered o'er him, until, on this fatal battle ground, it dropped its fearful talons to bear aloft the immortal spirit of the soldier statesman.

THE LIPS THAT SPOKE the words of wisdom and courage were here sealed forever. The eyes that beamed with all gentleness and love were here closed in the dim, dull luster of death. The voice, which so often in most beautiful cadences wafted upon the air the brilliant word-paintings of the fervid imagination, or proclaimed in mighty strength the truths that live forever, was here stricken into the paralysis and silence of death. The true, warm heart that throbbled with patriotic devotion for the cause of liberty and humanity, poured forth upon this battle field its life-blood in defense of his life's principles. The great brain—the seat and organ of such subtle strength and power—whether striving with a Lincoln or a Logan in the tribunals of justice, with a Douglas or a Smith in the arena of political debate, or coping with the polished Breckenridge and the adroit Benjamin in the forum of the Senate—was here pierced and shattered forever by the deadly rifle ball.

HE DIED AT THE HEAD of his column, bravely cheering his men, and proclaiming that he would not ask them to go where he was not willing to lead. His noble, lifeless form was borne from this field redden with rifle bullets and bayonet wounds. Wrapped in a bloody shroud, with banners drooping above his paleless form; with melancholy dirge floating upon the despondent air; amid the sorrowing hearts of his countrymen drooping like the flowers upon the breast of the departed, he was borne from this consecrated ground to receive that "mournful tribute which the majesty of the American people offered to the unreplying dead."

HE NOW SLEEPS near the rolling billows of the far off Pacific. His body is interred in Lone Mountain cemetery near the Golden Gate, where, years before, on its dedication, in the spirit of fatal prophecy, as it were, he had exclaimed: "Hither shall come the pale maiden from the tearful abodes of sorrow. Hither shall be borne the stricken warrior from the bloody fields of freedom." With him all was a matter of principle interwoven with the very life and woof of his existence. His was the eye of faith, that, accepting the prophecy of a Seward, believed that some day—it might, for aught he knew, be infinitely far distant, so far that mortal man could not then foresee—slavery would be lost and absorbed in the superior blaze of freedom.

WHILE BELIEVING THIS, he trusted the people of this land, he felt that feverish sentiment would subside, and returning reason would resume its place, and that the constitution would remain safe, unshaken forever, until Wrapt in flames the remains of ether glow. And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below. His was the personification of the peaceful spirit of eloquence and the undaunted spirit of war. He was a wonderful man—one of those geniuses of nature which thwart across the sky of human existence. Of foreign birth, he laid down his life for the country of his adoption. We were proud of him. My State, the most distant on the golden Pacific, honored him with her highest trust. He was our Senator when he fell. We are proud of our soldier, our orator, our statesman, and our hero.

BAKER WAS PATRIOTIC and magnanimous. His was the clarion voice in the grand volume of invocation which everywhere rose to high heaven, "Spare us from the madness of disunion and civil war," and he was the last of the Senators to give up the hope that something might be done by conciliation and compromise. He hoped, he sympathized, he struggled to the last, but all in vain. At the final moment he nerved himself for the desperate encounter. In the Senate, in these words, he proclaimed his intention: "Now, I will not vote to lay down arms till, without treaty, the flag of the United States waves over every portion of its territory. Till then give the President a million men, give him the whole revenue of the government and the whole property of the government; do not refuse a single regiment; do not put a single sail; do not abate a single jot of all your embattled vigor till that hour shall come; do not make peace till

THE GLORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG shall be its own defense. Why, sir," he exclaimed, "I have heard it said that there was a time in Ireland when a virgin, alone, unguarded, could go through all its length and breadth with a crown upon her head and a golden vase in her hand, and no man disturb her honor or rob her of her treasure. I desire, before I make peace, to see the time when a volunteer drummer-boy shall be able to carry the flag of the United States in every city and in every wilderness where it has once floated, amid the enthusiasm, the submission, the profound reverence, of every man, woman and child who gazes upon its stars."

HE, LIKE CLAY AND WEBSTER and Jackson and Lincoln was for trying the strength of the Constitution. His soul became fired with military ardor at the attack on Sumpter's wall; and at a mass-meeting in Union Square, in New York, he delivered an address which thrilled the souls of all who heard it. He there pledged his personal service to his country as a soldier, and closed with these impressive and eloquent words, which were greeted with a thunder of applause: "And if from the far Pacific a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon your shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in this contest, that voice is yours to-day. And if a man whose hair is gray, who is well nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion as this, and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word,

WHEN AMID SHEETED FIRE and flame I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword never yet dishonored—no to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country

may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves there glory may pursue and freedom be established." IT IS A SAD COINCIDENT, in view of the eloquent oration delivered by Colonel Baker, in California, on the laying of the Atlantic cable, when he joyfully proclaimed that "thought had bridged the Atlantic and cleared its unfettered path across the sea, winged by the lightning and guarded by the billow," joining Europe and America, and calling, as he did, for another Field to scale the Sierra Nevadas as he had sounded the sea, until the Atlantic and Pacific had been linked together. That, singular as it may seem, the first message, a few years after, flashed across the complete link to the Pacific carried a current of sorrow to the people of the West in the announcement of the death of Colonel Baker.

BAKER WAS A MAN of wonderful eloquence. His flights of thought were like the graceful ascent of the eagle to the sublime heights among the grand mountain crags and cliffs above. I recall a beautiful illustration from his reply to Benjamin in the Senate when he paid this tribute to the liberty of the press: "Sir, the liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. Ours could not exist without it. It is with us, nay, with all men, like a great exulting and abounding river. It is fed by the dews of heaven that distill their sweetest drops to form it. It gushes from the rill as it breaks from the deep caverns of the earth. It is fed by a thousand affluents that dash from the mountain top to separate again into a thousand bounteous and irrigating rills around. On its broad bosom it bears a thousand bars. There genius spreads its purpling sail. There poetry

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DIPS ITS SILVERY OAR; there art, invention, discovery, science, morality, and religion may safely and securely float. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration wherever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Sir, upon its borders grow every flower of grace and every fruit of truth. I am not here to deny that that river sometimes oversteps its bounds. I am not here to deny that the stream sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent and destroys towns and cities upon its banks; but I am here to say that without it civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself, would return

TO ITS ANCIENT BARBARISM. Sir, if that were to be possible, or so thought for a moment, the fine conception of the great poet would be realized. If that were to be possible, though but for a moment, civilization itself would roll the wheels of its car backward two thousand years. Sir, if that were so, it would be true that—

'As one by one in dread Medea's train, Star after star fades off th' ethereal plane, Thus at her feet approach and secret might, Art after art goes out, and all is night. Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before, Sinks to her second cause, and is no more; Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires, And, unawares, mortally expires.'

HOW APPLICABLE NOW to himself are the eloquent words he uttered years ago over the dead body of his friend Broderick: "As in life no other voice so rang its trumpet upon the ears of freemen, so in death the echoes will ever reverberate amid our valleys until the truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart." Many years have rolled away since Edward D. Baker was stricken down. Dust has long since returned to dust and ashes to ashes. The silver cord has been loosed and the golden bowl broken. All that was mortal of the hero and statesman has perished from the eyes of men. But his record yet lives. The charming sentiments, the convincing arguments, the sublime thoughts, the grand truths which poured forth from his eloquent lips crystallized in classic mould and glittering in beautiful word-gems, yet live in the memory of his faithful countrymen. Though time is already laying its effecting hand upon the marbled tablet which casts its shadow over his grave, yet upon the tablets of the heart of every true American and upon the imperishable records of his country in living letters we may

read for all time to come how worthily he lived and how gloriously he died.

BRITISH SHIP-BUILDING.

In the earlier part of the year partial accounts appeared as to the amount of ship-building turned out in the various ports of the United Kingdom where this industry is carried on, but a return has just been issued by the Board of Trade on the subject, and it must, of course, be accepted as a complete authentic record. The tonnage built for home and the colonies was 501,184 tons, and for foreigners 101,694; in all 608,878 tons. This exceeded 1874 by 5000 tons, but it was far in advance of any other year. Leaving out of sight the vessels constructed on foreign account, we find that towards the home and colonial tonnage the Clyde was the largest contributor. Taking that river on both sides, from the reaches above Glasgow to Greenock as the ultimate point, it would appear that 169 vessels, consisting of 55 sailing ships and 114 steamers, were launched, the aggregate tonnage being 138,094 tons. Next in order came the Tyne ports, with 106 vessels of 91,915 tons, but it is deserving of note that the total 103 were steamers of 91,640 tons, the three sailing ships averaging only 90 tons each. In point of tonnage—76,927 tons—Switzerland follows, and the calibre of 70 vessels launched is conspicuous, inasmuch as four were sailing ships of 4869 tons, and 66 were steamers of 72,058 tons. Fourth on the list are the Harlepool, where 30 steamers of 32,383 tons were turned out. No business was done in sailing ships. The Mersey comes next in order, the number of vessels launched being 23 of 26,447 tons comprising 9 sailing ships of 12,051 tons, and 14 steamers of 33,397 tons. In this instance, the large capacity of the vessels as compared with their numbers is evident. Stockton follows with a total tonnage of 23,818 tons, contributed by 6 sailing vessels of 7248 tons and 15 steamers of 16,770 tons, the prevailing demand for large vessels being again exemplified. The same rule has been observed at several other ship-building centers, of which the principal may be noted, but as for the most part the sailing vessels built were limited both as regards number and capacity, details may be confined to steamers: Barrow had 11 steamers of 15,222 tons; Belfast 12, of 13,694 tons; Dundee 11, of 11,710 tons; Middlesborough 8, of 9231 tons; Hull 6, of 6873 tons; Whiteby 6, of 6586 tons. A contrast, however, has been presented in other districts to which reference has been made. At Southampton there were launched 11 sailing ships of 8424 tons, and 3 steamers of 2975 tons; at Leith 1 sailing ship of 901 tons, and 12 steamers of 3937 tons; at Whitehaven 2 sailing ships of 3847 and 5 steamers of 1899 tons; at Campbelltown 5 steamers of 1212 tons; at Bristol 1 sailing ship of 84 and 3 steamers of 349 tons; at London 46 sailing ships of 1963 and 18 steamers of 760 tons; at "other ports" 204 sailing ships of 14,106 and 39 steamers of 2508 tons. In all 845 vessels for home and colonial owners left the stocks last year, with an aggregate tonnage, as already said, of 501,184 tons, but the demand, on the whole, for vessels of larger capacity is made evident by the fact that whereas in 1877, and again in 1878, upward of 2000 were launched, the tonnage in each of those years was only about 430,000.

THINNING THE FRUIT.

Those who thinned peaches, pears and apples, soon after the fruit had set, thought at the time they were thinning severely, now that it has increased in size, are surprised at the abundance of fruit on their trees. It is rarely that even the experienced remove enough at the first thinning; novices never do, and it is often necessary to go over their trees again when the fruit is half grown or more. At this time we can see what is not manifest when it is small, an imperfection in the form of fruit. Pears, especially those which grow in clusters, will become one-sided by the crowding, and this should be kept in mind at the latter thinning, and the least perfect removed. In this, as well as all other operations on trees, some thoughts should be put into the work. Those who are intending to compete for premiums at the autumn shows, should not lose sight of the fact that thinning is a direct and legitimate means of producing "the best six" or "best twelve" specimens of pears or other fruit. Those who have an eye to the prizes offered for grapes should begin preparing for them now, and not let three clusters grow where a single one would be better.