THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES, AND TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF OUR BROW

WHOLE NO. 499. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

F. R. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,

Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, over Crain's Jewelry Store.

OUR ONLY

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Advertisements inserted as follows:

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A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

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LON. CLEAVER,

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ROOMS OVER MRS. JACKSON'S Millinery Store,

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DR. F. WELSH

HAS OPENED

DENTAL ROOMS

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at Residence, EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

DRS. NICKLIN & SHIELDS,

HAVING ASSOCIATED IN THE practice of Medicine, offer their professional services to the citizens of Eugene City and the surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to their care. Bills due when the service is rendered.

Offices on Ninth street and at the residence of Dr. Nicklin on Willamette street, between Ninth and Tenth streets. se2

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OPPOSITION

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SLOAN BROTHERS

WILL DO WORK CHEAPER than any other shop in town.

HORSES SHOD FOR $1 50,

With new material, all round. Resetting old shoes 5 Cents.

All warranted to give satisfaction.

Shop on Eighth st., opposite Humphrey's Stable.

NEW STOCK OF HATS—The best and largest ever brought to Eugene, at FRIENDLY'S.

VAS BENDER HENSHPECKED?

Any shentleman vot vill go round pehint your face, und talk in front of your pack apout sometings, vas a shvindler. I heard dot Brown says veek pefore next apout me I vas a henshpecked huspand. Dot vas a lie! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings. I am married twenty year already, und I vas yet not pald headed. I don't vas oonder some pettgoat gofernments; shtill I tinks in vas petter if a feller will insult mit his vife tind got her advices apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans don't know sometings nefer about his huspant's peeshess, und vhen dem harr times comes, tind not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not much tifference mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull pack in de front hoop skirt pettygoats, mit every kind ob trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankrupted all to pieces. Dey send for de Doctor; und vhen de doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas obliged to marry mit anoder mans vot she doh't maype like mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first vife already, und possobably vone or two mudders-by-law—vone second-handed, und de oder a a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little."

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tifference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maype himseif. His vife goes mit de peesness on shust like noting has happened to somepody.

American vomans and Cherman vomans vas a tifferent kind of peobles. For inshstinct, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in de pucher peesness togeder. He vas American man—so vas his vife. Vell, many time vhen efery peobles has got be panic pooty bad, dat voman comes to her huspant and says she moost have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriage.

Vonce on a time Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henshpecked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he never vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst! My vife she makes sausages, und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter she vorks py the shtore und makes head-sheeses, und your vife vas going out riding all de times mit de horse car, und a patent-tied-pack-cardinal sthriped sthockings. Now your vife moost go vork in de shtore und cut peefsteaks, und make sauerkrout, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell Brown goes home und he tells his vife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundershtanding apout sometings, in vich eferypody took a bart, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a policesmans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown was broken up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown go mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses cars, und efery nights she vas by de theater.

Vot's de gonsequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown, he goes round dot shtreet mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

The Springfield Republican thinks there is great danger in the suggestion to cut down the army to 5,000, get along with the money still unexpended and so avoid the necessity of an extra session. The reason is: "If the country found out that it could get along safely and even happily for six months without an army, or with one of only 4,000 or 5,000 men, it might insist that Congress should form the habit of omitting the Army Appropriation Bill every year, and so save twenty or thirty millions to the tax-payers."

Having adopted Democratic doctrines the present head of the Radical party would gladly seize upon the Democratic organization. But Democrats will remember that it was through their organization that those doctrines were impressed upon the people until their enforcement became a matter of necessity, and will deem it their duty to preserve such a useful organization intact for fear of accidents.

A locomotive engineer, just discharged, revenged himself by saying that it was about time he left the company, anyhow, for the sake of his life, for "there was nothing left of the track but two streaks of rust and the right of way."

TITLE EQUALLY BAD.

And now comes little George Gorham, and remarks "that the election of Packard was as clear as that of the Hayes electors of Louisiana." No one will dispute with little Georgy about that matter. For once in his life he is right. Packard has as good a title as Hayes. The trouble is, that Hayes had none at all. It must be horribly galling to little Georgy and the rest of his tribe, including the celebrated "eight," to find that after six months of outrageous and persistent lying crowned by the perjury of the "eight," that the man who has reaped the benefit of that rascality, by his acts shows that the whole proceeding was an infamous fraud. No wonder that Blain's excessive anger palsies his tongue, no wonder that old Ben Wade blurts out all sorts of incoherent splutterings, no wonder that Wendell Phillips rants and Cameron sneers, while Chandler is fairly beside himself with mortification and rage. They all have reason to be incensed. The whole pack of them, one and all, from Stearns and J. Maddison Wells to Chandler and Morton, lied and lied and lied again.

The Returning Boards lied and the Congressmen and Senators and Supreme Court Judges lied, all for the purpose of not only lying Hayes into the Presidential Chair, but of maintaining the "bloody shirt" infamy and the carpet-baggers in office. Yet in spite of this Niagara of mendacity, the man who profited by it, calmly and sweetly though tacitly admits that all his kind friends were to say the least of it—mistaken. That, as Mr. Craggs says, "is putting a very fine point on it." But they are justly served. No punishment is too severe, no humiliation too galling for them. They have incurred the reprobation of every good citizen, on account of the ineffable disgrace they brought on the American name; on account of the imminent peril in which they placed the most sacred institutions of the country. It is good to see them defeated, disappointed and disgusted.

That the country safely passed through the terrible danger to which it was exposed by their villainy, was not owing to their efforts. That was effected by the good sense of the mass of the people, the magnanimous forbearance of the Democratic party, and the heroic self-denial of the citizens of that section, who for nearly ten years have been the victims of every wrong and oppression which the malicious hate and malignant ingenuity of the Radical leaders could inspire and invent.—*S. F. Examiner.*

"CARPET-BAGGERS."

The application of this term is localized in the South. At the close of the rebellion, when the Administration was doubtful about whom it could trust, most of the Federal appointments for the South were from among Northern loyalists. Then there was a class of Northern men, having status for patriotism during the war, who went South, and, ingratiating themselves with the colored voters, obtained elective position. This latter class had little to lose and all to gain. "Make hay while the sun shines," was their motto, and in many instances they used their offices for purposes of the most shameless robbery. No wonder that they became objects of suspicion and dislike with those whom they helped to impoverish. In South Carolina and Louisiana they were particularly odious, and it is because their power is now broken that these States are given up to such wild joy. A few figures from Louisiana will show the extent of their misrule.

At the close of the war the debt of the State was $4,000,000. Under the provisional government to 1867 it ran up to $10,000,000. From this figure it grew to $22,430,000. Of this increase of $12,500,000, added between 1867 and 1874, a correspondent of the New York Tribune says: According to the statements of eminent bankers of both parties, about $6,000,000 was stolen." A people thus robbed could not be otherwise than restive, nor have other feeling for the "carpet-bagger" than hatred and contempt.

Agriculture, said Socrates, is an employment the most worthy the application of man; the most ancient and the most suitable to his nature. It is the common nurse of all persons in every age and condition of life; it is the source of health, strength, plenty, and richness; and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and in short, of all the virtues, civil and military.

In the village of Harbottle, Northumberland, England, no child has died during the last twenty years; a farmer and his three shepherds have between them forty-seven children, and during the past thirty years not a death has occurred in their families.

The Disgrace of the Supreme Court.

Nothing can better illustrate the present degradation of our politics, remarks the New York Sun, than the fact that the vacancy on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States is sought after by the partisan methods and machinery which would be used in seeking a place of messenger in one of the Departments.

Recommendations for at least 25 aspirants, including several Judges of the Circuit and District Courts, have actually been filed in the office of the Attorney-General at Washington. Many others have applied for the place through their friends in Congress; and several Senators have modestly advocated their own "claims."

Now, of all our public offices, this is the one which should seek the man who from character, ability, and general qualification is most fit to fill it. The Court has declined enormously in public estimation. The shameful bargain by which Bradley and Strong were appointed to sustain the legal tenders by upsetting a former decision of the Court and thus saving to the Pennsylvania and other railroad corporations the difference between gold and paper on their outstanding contracts, struck a blow at the integrity of the tribunal. Followed by the flagrant violation of the Constitution in the appointment of the Electoral Tribunal, and by the indecent action of the same two men in that body, the Court staggers under a burden and a reproach which may yet render necessary its total re-organization.

And now when another vacanty occurs, by which an opportunity is offered to restore the Court so far as the appointment of one honorable and capable man might contribute to its purification, it is huckstered in the market like a piece of merchandise, and under the system of bargain and sale which Mr. Hayes calls his "policy," it is likely to be sold to the highest political bidder!—Examiner.

TOO MUCH MONEY.—The Argonaut recently contained a list of over one hundred names, all citizens of San Francisco, which it claims own $1,000,000 and upwards each. Among the list are a large who get $10,000,000. The Argonaut insists that they all take that paper, but pays them the following parting compliments:

We could name a hundred jolly Bohemians who enjoy life much better than these toilers in the mill financial. We could pick out many a pinched and sordid soul from among these millionaires with whom we would not oarself exchange either our capacities for enjoyments in this world or our hope for salvation in the world to come. They can't eat more nor sleep longer than we do. Their digestion is not better than our own; their clothes are not as good, and old Charon will only find under their tongues the same six pence that will pay to ferry us across the black river of death.

A GOOD CEMENT.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune gives the following receipt for making a good cement:

A good cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any other coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, &c. I have filled holes an inch in diameter in kettles and used the same for years in boiling water and feed. It may also be used to fasten on lamp tops to tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many others. In all cases the article mended should not be used till the cement has hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

When you see a young man sitting in a parlor with the ugliest six year old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror clambering over his knees, jerking his white tie out of knot, mussing his white vest, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for nickles, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture and bijouterie, calling him names at the top of his fiendish lungs, and yelling incessantly for him to come out in the yard and play, while the unresisting victim smiles all the time like the cover of a comic almanac, you may safely bet, although there isn't the sign of a girl apparent in a radius of 10,000 miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that howling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not twenty feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

[SPECIAL.]

Testimony taken at the Coroner's Inquest over the body of Scott Osburn, on Friday, February 2d, 1877.

J. M. Dick testified as follows: My name is Jeremiah M. Dick; my age is 58 years; residence, Lane county; occupation, minister and farmer and sometimes a surveyor.

Yesterday morning, Feb. 1st. 1877, I was over at the foot of this hill on my way home. I heard some one call, at the time James Stormant overtook me, and stated that he thought Mr. Osburn was shot. He had passed him across the river, and had heard a shot, and at the same time heard Mr. Osburn's voice say, my God. I came back and sent for Mr. Coffman; then four of us went over the river, went to the cabin and found Mr. Osburn there. He stated that he was shot. We examined the place where the ball went in. He stated he thought Jack Cogswell shot him, but he was not sure. There was two guns pointed out the crack of the house, and one of them was fired; he fell, and the dog came from behind the house at him, and he shot at the dog. I was with him from about nine o'clock in the morning until he died about three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. He requested us to move him. We made preparations to move him, and as soon as we got a wagon there, we carried him from the cabin to the bank of the river, where he died. He died in about fifteen minutes after we got there. The cabin is about 200 yards from the river. We did not see any person at the cabin but Osburn; he was lying in the bed. I examined the wound, found he was shot through the abdomen. He told me that morning he was going over to his claim to burn down some trees and make a fence. He says he told them to get out of the cabin or he would cut a tree on it. The cabin is on the land that Mr. Osburn claimed; he has claimed the land since 1869; his pre-emption papers are dated then. I found the ax and his hat and blood by the tree where he said he fell. He told me he took off his pistol and scabbard and laid them on a log behind him. I found the scabbard on the leg. J. M. DICK.

John Coffman testified as follows: My name is John Coffman; my residence with Mr. Millican; age, 43; occupation, farmer.

I went over the river with Mr. Dick and Stormant. We went to the cabin, found Mr. Osburn lying on the bed. We turned the clothes off of him, and found where the ball shot him, and also were it came out. I asked Mr. Osburn, and he stated to me that he went there and commenced chopping on a tree, and he told them he would chop the tree down if they did not get out the cabin. I suppose from the looks of the tree he had struck about a dozen licks on the tree, and he saw two rifles pointed out of the crack, and he aimed to step behind the tree to screen himself, and they were too quick for him—shot him—and he supposed it was Cogswell shot him. He says the dog came out or around the cabin, and he shot at the dog. Cogswell then came out and offered to give him a blanket. He said he did not want it, but wanted some water, and Cogswell fetched him some water. He said Cogswell took the pistol from off the ground where it was lying, and took it off. The cabin is on the place Mr. Osburn claimed. The tree about six paces from the corner of the place where they shot out.

JOHN COFFMAN.

Joseph W. Woods testified as follows: My name is Joseph W. Wood; age, 40; residence, Lane county; occupation, farmer.

In the first place, we heard of the shooting through Mr. Cogswell. He wanted us—me and my brother—to go up and look after Osburn; he was in a pretty bad fix; that Kanoff had shot him. We started up and we met Harvy Kanoff just below his brother's. My brother asked Mr. Kanoff where we would find Osburn? he said near the cabin lying by a tree. We went and found Mr. Dick and Mr. Coffman there. My brother asked Mr. Osburn about the shooting. He stated and related the same as the other witnesses have testified. I was personally acquainted with Mr. Osburn, and the corpse is the body of the man that went by the name of Scott Osburn, and is the person who made the statement. JOSEPH W. WOOD.

James Stormant testified as follows: J. T. Stormant; age, 23; occupation, farmer; went over with Mr. Osburn to work—help him fence. When we went across the river, he went about two hundred yards, and said he would go up and tell Mr. Kanoff that he'd better take his things out before the road was closed; and he had not been gone from me more than ten or fifteen minutes, until a gun fired, and he also hollowed. He hollowed, oh! God, and then there was another gun fired. I knew there was some of them hurt. I came home and got Mr. J. M. Dick, my brother and Coffman, and went over there. When we got over there he was lying in the bed. He wanted me to go after the doctor, and I went after the doctor. Could not tell exactly whether it was Osburn's voice or not. I did not hear Osburn say that he would hold the ranch if it took powder and balls to do so. I heard a part of Coffman's testimony. Osburn's hat was lying off by a tree, could not say how far. I understood Osburn to say that they both shot him. I might have been mistaken. I started immediately after the doctor. Osburn had a pistol—a Colts' revolver—and a knife—a butcher knife. I was about two or three hundred yards from the cabin when the shots were fired—there were two shots fired. I heard Osburn say that Kanoff had built a cabin on his place. If Kanoff held the place he should not keep anything on it—any improvements. J. T. STORMANT.

Augustus Hendricks testified as follows: Augustus Hendricks; age, 23; occupation, farmer. The first I heard of it, Mr. Kanoff came down the river and come into the shop where I was at work, shook hands with me and my brother, and I asked him if Osburn had put him in the river yet. He said no, that he (Osburn) had better be in the river or any other place, than be in the condition he is in. He started down the road. I said, you and him have had some words, have you? He said, well I don't know, and went on. Cogswell says Osburn wants you to come up there, and asked where is your father? said tell him, (your father) come out here quick. Said Harvey has shot Osburn, and Osburn wants him to come up there as quick as he could get there. Said Osburn was not dead. He left water and a blanket for him, and offered to take him in the cabin, and he would not go. I heard Mr. Osburn say that he would have Kanoff off of there if he had to drag him off. AUGUSTUS HENDRICKS.

John Cogswell testified as follows: Name John Cogswell; age, 58; occupation, farmer. Day before yesterday afternoon I told my wife I would go and get some venison if Harvy had killed any. About a mile and a half above Hendrick's, saw Hendricks watching for a deer. Said the dogs were out and he hailed me as I was going up. Stepped out into the trail and said he would hate to hear of any body being killed in this neighborhood. Said I, so would I, what is up. Said something about Osburn making threats, and said I to him, he wanted to borrow a gun of you some time ago to blow my head off, and he said he did, that it was no secret, he did not tell me to keep it. It was Cas. Hendricks, the ferryman. About a mile above that I met Kanoff coming down. I asked him if he had killed any deer. He said yes, he had killed two yesterday. What is the news, said I? When I came in from hunting yesterday, there was a tree across my house, and the roof was off and my bed and blankets were wet. Said he had cut the tree off and fixed it up again, and after he got it fixed Osburn came there and told him that was his land and he must leave, and he said he was the one that cut the tree on his house. Said that Osburn called me a d—m black s—b, and said I must leave. Kanoff stepped back and got his gun and told Osburn he could not call him that again and live. Osburn said shoot, and Kanoff said call me that again and I will. Osburn told him that there was land enough for them, and if he would trade two forties for two that I had, he would satisfy him well for it. Told Osburn that Ware had told him that the land was vacant, and he would go down to Ware. If Ware said the land belonged to Osburn, he would go off of it. He would not assent to go at first, but after which he did, said he would go down the next day, draw his school money, pay his —— and would meet him at Ware's office at 1 o'clock to-day. We went back to the cabin to get the deer. It was late and stayed all night. In the morning after breakfast we heard something at the corner of the house. As I looked up Mr. Osburn stepped in front of the door with his pistol in his hand, and said something I did not understand distinctly, and said get out of the house d—m you or I'll shoot you. At that time Kanoff stepped into the door, I reached and got my pistol. Said Osburn to Kanoff, I agreed to meet you down at Ware's, but I have a posse of men out here to back me and you have got to get now in fifteen minutes. Said Cogswell had got him up there, had hired him. Says he, he is present and he is in here and you can ask him. And Osburn turned around, had his ax and pistol in his hand and said I will mash you and your house all together, and went to chopping on a tree, a leaning tree, leaning over the cabin, about four or five steps. As he went to cut the tree he hollowed, struck a lick or two and gave another hollow. By this time Kanoff got a board knocked off so we could see him, had his gun in his hand and I said Kanoff don't shoot. Osburn had his pistol down by the side of him. When I stepped out of the house right at the corner, some six or seven steps from Osburn, just as I stepped to the corner he grabbed his pistol. I said look out he'll shoot, think I said this twice. About the time the last words were out of my mouth, I heard a gun crack and another one. I stopped a second, stepped back and met Kanoff going out facing me. Says I, don't go out if he has his pistol in his hands he'll shoot you. Kanoff said he had shot him. Then I looked out of the crack and saw Osburn's foot lying over a pole by the side of the tree. Said I, don't go out until you know he is dead or has not got his pistol. Said I don't see him, after looking out of the crack. Says I, you watch on that side and I will watch on this side. He knocked off another board. At that time Osburn threw his hand out from behind the tree, and says I he is hurt. Then Osburn called me and said Mr. Cogswell come here. I stepped out of the cabin at the corner, and as I was going, I thought of the pistol. Said throw your pistol away. Says he, I can't shoot, you have killed me. Says I it was not me that shot you. Says he, it was that other fellow then? yes, says I, it was that other fellow. Then he repeated for me to come out there, and threw his pistol so he could reach it handily. Says I, throw your pistol further than that if you want me to come, for I understand that you threatened my life again, no longer than yesterday, and I do not mean to give you a chance. He reached and got his pistol and threw it about three steps, I think. I went up between him and the pistol and picked the pitol up—then asked him what I could do for him. He said get him some water, for I wont live. I got him the water, then I took my mule that was standing near, put my saddle on and tied the venison on, and then went back to him and asked him what I could do for him; said he wanted to talk; say I, this is no time for talking, I want to, let somebody know the circumstances. Says he that is just what I want you to do, and go quick. Said I will go as quick as I can; says, what else can I do before I go. Said, get me some more water and set it so I can get it. Asked him if I had not better help him in the cabin. He said no don't stir me. Then I got a blanket and doubled it and put it over him, and then started and went out in the trail, met Joddy Whitney and went on, told Hendricks' boys, and told them to go up as quick as they could, and went to Woods and told them to go up as quick as they could. I took the pistol home and found one ball out and the hammer turned on the next cap. Kanoff was in the cabin the most of the time; did not see Kanoff shoot him; did not see either one; Kanoff had cartridge rifle; no other person present that I know of. I could not tell which shot first—could not see them. There was two shots fired about together, think one inside came first. One report of a gun came from where Osburn stood. My dog was there and went up, when I took the water, and smelt and called my attention to the blood; did not see the dog until I took the water. When I met Kanoff the day before, Kanoff told me that Osburn said one of them must go over his dead body.

JOHN COGSWELL.

HIS POLICY.—Beverly Tucker says: Why, sir, Hayes' Southern policy, as they call it, is the Democratic platform of last November. It is the utterances and principles of the party for the past ten years being carried into effect. How long do you suppose Chamberlin and Packard would have remained if Tilden had received his rights? Not a day, sir. No, not even until the inauguration. It has been just a hope that they could carry on the old game that induced them to hold out as long as they have.

When Chinamen part they say "chin-chin," which means good-bye. That is just the way with our girls; they chin chin about half an hour before they can get apart.