

WEEKLY OREGON STATESMAN.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1877

CORRESPONDENCE.

A great many people read the efforts and effusions from correspondents and conclude that the sentiments and ideas therein contained, are the ideas of the editor of the paper in which they are published. They could not shoot wider of the mark. The STATESMAN, as an example, is a people's paper, gives public expression to the feelings of all classes, allowing everybody to estimate the intrinsic value of what might be expressed. We invite correspondence, requiring only that something of general interest be communicated, and that in respectful language. Of course, we cannot agree to publish all such communications, but will favor our friends and the public with as much of such matter as we can afford to place in type; but in no case do we engage to endorse the sentiments expressed by any correspondent. Again, we are frequently imposed upon by correspondents who misrepresent affairs in the particular locality from which they emanate. This must not be regarded as any designed injury to any one on our part, but simply the result of misapprehending the surroundings in the case at issue. Correspondents should therefore, be careful to confine themselves to positive facts, and only indulge in speculation where it cannot injure any other person. We desire letters from friends in all parts of the State, descriptive of country, its mineral, agricultural and other resources, and such local news items as may be of general interest, giving figures concerning products in the various fields, but in no case any personal matter in which the general reader has no interest. The STATESMAN has attained a circulation not circumscribed by our State or national boundaries, and the subject matter of its several issues is expected to reach many thousands of people, not only in America but in various parts of Europe. We propose to make it a paper creditable to our whole people and desire correspondents to look carefully to the fact that their communications are read in all parts of the world.

POLITICAL OPINIONS.

It is understood that Judge Hayden, the war-horse of Democracy in Polk county, favors the appointment of Hon. Mr. Staats as successor to Senator Watkins as Superintendent of the Oregon Penitentiary.

Cronin's notoriety—not fame—ceased with his return to Oregon. The purchase money was paid, the amount of which he testified to, and that ends the political chapter with him for all time to come. *Rejoice in peace.*

The Portland Bee is still actively engaged in sticking Democratic corruptionists. It gives no quarter to the enemy, but is determined to fight the battle out on a straight Republican line.

State Senator Palmer, of Benton county, seems to be in doubt about accepting the appointment of Superintendent of the Penitentiary, because he is a "hold over Senator," and may be needed by the Democracy at the next session of the Legislature. He may as well accept, because the next Legislature will be overwhelmingly Republican. If there is any advantage in having possession of the little office for a brief period, now is the time for him to enjoy it.

Senator Watkins accepts the situation as gracefully as a French dancing master, and will doubtless step "down and out," in a few days, looking forward hopefully to better things. He may blow the ashes from living coals which will throw brilliant light upon Democratic rascality in years gone by, but will only be given the public in case of his failure to be promoted. In retiring to apparent private life, he meets his friends with that same smile, which is "child like and bland," and assures them that he has had enough of serving the public in official position.

A SINGULAR FACT.

It is very strange that the editorials of the Portland Standard and the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal should be almost the same, but the date of the former varying several days subsequent to the latter. Great writers like the editors of those two journals are liable to think the same thing at the same time, it is true, but the Standard, somehow, is several days behind in the publication of the articles to which we refer. It is a matter of little consequence when, how, or where such stuff is published, but it is a little curious that two such characters should arrive at the same conclusions so nearly the same time. Of course, we do not intend to intimate that the editorials of the Standard are stolen from the Courier-Journal.

When a person feels disposed to overestimate his own importance, let him remember that mankind got along very well before his birth, and in all probability they will get along very well after his death.

Pickles is the name of a man who attempted to kill his wife in New York on Wednesday. He had "soured" on her.

ABOUT CITY PRINTING.

The Mercury of last evening is on its ear and gives a garbled report of the Council proceedings of Tuesday evening in reference to the City Printing. It states:

Bids were submitted from the Mercury and STATESMAN, the former at 60 cents per square for the first week's publication and 30 cents for each subsequent week's insertion, the latter at 75 cents per square for the first week's insertion and 30 cents for each subsequent week's insertion.

Mr. Bristow in his report forgets (accidentally of course) to state that the Mercury's "squares," as stated in his bid, was ten lines long and one inch wide—while the STATESMAN'S "squares" were twelve lines in any kind of type, counting title and hanging lines as lines—not by measurement of space.

If Mr. Bristow could have got the Council to have given his apparent lowest bid the contract, he would have had the softest kind of a soft thing. He could have set all the city matter in long primer, (large type,) displayed it with advertising type, slugged it and checked in any amount of advertising and space rules, and measured with nonpareil (small type) measurement, and each notice would have cost the city a round sum. The thing was too thin, and as if fearful that his trick would be detected, Mr. B. also put in another bid, (which he fails to notice,) to do the work by the year.

The whole fact is, the STATESMAN'S bid was a straightforward one, and it made but one bid; and was as low, taking circulation and everything into consideration, than the Mercury's "smart aleck" bid, by at least 30 per cent. Mr. Bristow, that chicken won't fight.

A QUESTION OF PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.

Is it fair, for an attorney, after having failed to make out a case for his client, to turn around and say, he knew from the beginning that it was a fraud? If Hill, Thompson and Durham did all in their power to aid the Grover-Cronin steal, it looks like "going back" on their clients, for one of the firm to declare through the Oregonian, that Grover had no right to give a certificate to Cronin. But, if the Oregonian got the coin, then the law firm can afford to say, through its columns, whatever they desire.

Admitting that the \$3,000 was paid to the Oregonian, we hope its readers will not hold it responsible, as Tuesday's issue made the startling announcement that it would continue to be Republican in politics.

PARAGRAPHIC.

Moody has found a girl in Chicago, 16 years old, and ordinarily intelligent, who had never heard the name of Christ except in profanity, and who had no idea of who he was.

An Irish paper recently published the following item: "A deaf man named Traff was run down by a train and killed, on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

Geo. Francis Train has begun the publication of a paper at Philadelphia. He calls it "The largest and smallest paper ever published," and adds, "Live ideas in this Dead Age from the most sane man in this mad world."

While he was sitting on the wood-box and chewing the bitter cud of reflection, a man with a brass watch chain and a three-dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, and six of the women lifted their satchels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right, but they always will be done.

The Oregon and California Railroad Company will commence sinking a shaft on the coal vein near Comstock's mill, and will continue work until they find a vein sufficiently large to satisfy all demands. From this vein the Company hope to supply all Oregon.

"Talk about the horrors of the malestrum!" exclaimed an irate and illiterate old bachelor, meaning, of course, the malestrum—"Talk about the horrors of the malestrum! What's that in comparison with the horrors of hearing a Jew's stein on a piano, next door, till midnight, and you a tryin' your best to sleep! Don't tell me!"

The second night after the first husband died, she sat by the open window five hours waiting for the cots to begin fighting in the back yard. Said she: "This thing of going to sleep without a quarrel of some kind is so new to me, that I can't stand it. Let me alone till they begin, then I can do off gently."

Speaking of girls generally taking after their fathers, a Toledo girl took after hers the other day with a meat-axe, just because he suggested that ten o'clock was late enough to sit up at night with a feller in the front parlor.

An exchange does the Chicago people the justice to say the great majority of them are honest. You meet the great majority often, because circumstances require them to be constantly in motion.—Brooklyn Argus.

There seems to be a fatality among the supremely rich men this year. We are not feeling well, ourselves.—Washington National.

CONTEMPTIBLE.

The low, dirty filings at Senator Mitchell by the Oregonian, Standard, Mercury and other Democratic sheets should be beneath the dignity of journalists. If it is true that the proprietors of the Oregonian have, of late, attempted to restrain its editor from thus cowardly attacking the people's best friend, and have failed, he must have a hold on them that cannot be easily broken, otherwise they would inform him that his services were no longer required. It is well known by the people of Oregon that Mr. Mitchell has thus far served them, in the United States Senate, with credit to himself and honor to the State, and it is acknowledged by all, that he has accomplished more for this country than any Senator who has preceded him. While Mr. Mitchell is no more to us than any other good citizen of Oregon, we desire to accord to him what is right and just, and we do not hesitate to say that, from what we are able to learn from the people, Mr. Mitchell has erected to himself an everlasting political monument whose solid foundation the Democratic press and sheets of questionable paternity can never make, but whose proud summit will tower higher and higher, unheeding, as it were, the little parties hurled against it by those who have signally failed in establishing a name outside of their own precincts.

In Oregon, where gentility and good breeding is so cheap, even newspaper men ought to afford to deal in it instead of stooping to personalities when they are unable, otherwise, to make a point.

If the Oregonian is being used for the purpose of building up a law firm, then we predict that in a short term of years the law firm "will have the money and the Oregonian firm will have the experience."

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES IN CINCINNATI.

There is an ink famine in Cincinnati, and the editors have filled their horns with oil of vitriol. The Commercial has offered to take the Sheriff's printing for less than he wishes to pay the Enquirer. Whereupon the Enquirer intimates that Mr. Halstead is "a consummate liar," "a conscienceless, unprincipled, low-lived, beetle-cringing, fawning, merchantable self-seeker," "a man without a friend," "a filthy blackguard," "a mangy dog," "a poor, infirm, weak and despised old man," and "a traitor." The Commercial playfully retorts that "it is melancholy to behold a corn-fed child of nature losing the fine curvatures of youth while still in the twenties." The Gazette comes to the rescue of the young proprietor of the Enquirer by remarking that Mr. Halstead has found "what he has not before encountered, one who will come down to his own level in personal journalism, and use his own weapons upon him." The newspaper readers of Cincinnati are getting their money's worth nowadays, and are saved the trouble of buying a police or sporting paper on Sunday.

BANKING STATISTICS.

A financial publication has recently presented the statement that the number of national banks in existence in July, 1876, was 2,098, with a capital of \$595,000,000. The tremendous increase in the number and strength of these banks since their authorization by Congress in 1864, is remarkable. In October of that year, there were but sixty-six banks, with a capital of \$7,200,000. In 1875, the number had increased to 1,313, with \$293,000,000 capital. At the close of the last annual report, the shares of the banks footed up a total of \$3,565,930, divided among 208,486 holders, showing an average of 31 1/2 shares for each. The amount of losses during the fiscal year ending September, 1876, was \$19,719,086. The average dividend paid by the banks is ten per cent, in addition to which is the accumulation in surplus and undivided profits of about 2.7-10 per cent per annum. The average tax paid upon capital is 3 1/2 per cent. Being in the principal cities as follows: New York 5.1 per cent, Chicago, 4.8, Cincinnati, 4.9, St. Louis, 4, Baltimore, 3.3, and Philadelphia 2.8 per cent.

WIFE BEATERS.

W. F. Stewart has introduced a bill into the Nevada Senate to prevent cruelty to women. It provides that woman beaters shall be tied to a stone post erected for the purpose, wearing a placard on their breasts marked "Woman-beater" or "Wife-beater," as the case may be, and further punishment by imprisonment and fine.

An unusually intelligent justice of the peace in Tillamook county swore a Chinaman on a tea chest the other day, in default of the writings of Confucius.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AFFLICTED.

Two or more of the surgeons of the National Surgical Institute will visit Portland, Oregon, rooms at Cosmopolitan Hotel, February the 14th to 21st, inclusive, where they will be pleased to see their many old patients in Oregon and Washington Territory, and as many new ones as may feel it to their interests to avail themselves of this opportunity to be cured at home. This institution is unrivaled in the world, in the care of deformities, namely, in piles, fistula, &c. They will bring with them apparatus for all kinds of deformities. 12-2w.

REUNION OF A LARGE FAMILY.

The annual reunion of the Geer family, of Oregon, was held at the residence of Joseph C. Geer, at Butteville, Oregon, Feb. 5, 1877, to celebrate his 82 birthday.

There were present sixty-one of his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, and forty-eight invited guests, who partook of a bountiful dinner provided for the occasion. After all were gathered around the festive board, the venerable sire and his wife, and eight of his eleven living children with their consorts occupying one of the tables, Hon. R. V. Short read the following address, contributed by Willard H. Rees, for the occasion:

DEAR FATHER: It is with feelings of profound pleasure that your children and children's children, have gathered here to congratulate you on this your 82d birthday—we have come to greet you with kind acts and words, as the numerated head of a numerous line. Your posterity now living on the Pacific Coast, numbers more than one hundred souls, whom we are gratified to assure you, are blessed by the enjoyment of general good health and prosperity. One grandchild, whose accents filled this room one year ago to-day, on the occasion of the 81st anniversary of your birth, has passed to that genial clime where, in glory and honor, life is rehabilitated with the robes of immortality.

Dear Ella was here on your last natal day. In a clear, sweet voice pronounced an essay. Her chair is now vacant, but spirit hath fled. And her form now rests, with her kindred that's dead.

The Declaration of Independence had not reached the 13th anniversary of its birth, when for the first time, the bright orb of day shed his golden rays upon your infant form, while the Constitution which called into existence the present Government of the United States, is less than six years your senior. Thus, the stream of life bears us ever onward, and our joys and sorrows are alike left behind. The weight of four score and two years rest upon your venerable form; and your children are here to cheer you up, and pledge anew that comfort and support in your declining years which you so faithfully bestowed upon us in the time of our greater need; we are therefore proud, in availing this opportunity to express to you, our best wishes for the present and continued good health of yourself and family.

Permit us again to renew our promise made one year ago, ever to be guided in our intercourse with our fellow beings by that "Golden Rule," which has so beautifully adorned your long and eventful life. Kind parent, venerable in years, beloved by your descendants, honored alike by your children and friends, long may you be spared to direct them in the paths of wisdom, virtue and peace, in, dear father, the heartfelt prayer of all your children and friends.

Contributed by WILLIAM H. REES, for the occasion.

BUTTEVILLE, February 5th, 1877.

After the reading of the address, R. C. Geer arose and said that he felt called upon to make a statement in regard to the Geer family. It had been said in his hearing, on his way down here, that "there was going to be a reunion of the largest family in Oregon," which led him to investigate the subject, and that he found 141 children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of his fathers; all on this coast, and all but twenty of them in this State. Of the five brothers and five sisters that came to this State nearly 30 years ago, all but one sister is now living and enjoying good health, which speaks volumes for Oregon. That he had lately obtained the genealogy of the Geer family of the United States, and learn that they all spring from two brothers, George and James, who were sent to America, from England, by their uncle, who raised them in ignorance, and sent them away to get possession of their property; something less than 200 years ago, and as neither of them could write they had to sign their names with an X, which accounts for the different ways of spelling Geer; some spelling their names Geer, and others Gere, but the true way is Geer, which I find in the coat-of-arms of England. Said that he never met a Geer, no difference how he spelled his name, that did not trace his lineage back to either George or James Geer, and from the best information he was able to obtain there was now over ten thousand of their descendants in the United States. George lived to be 105 years old, and James 100. So, like the fellow that went courting, they have longevily to recommend them, if nothing else.

Dinner over and the day spent pleasantly, the evening was commenced with the lively strains of the violin and the trip of the light fantastico, and the whirl of the waltz, which was kept up all night by about 100 as jolly men and women, boys and girls, from 12 to 60 years of age, weighing from 80 to 240 pounds, as ever filled any dancing hall in Oregon; wit and humor flowing the whole time, enjoyed by all, from the oldest to the youngest. May the venerable parent live to enjoy many such days and nights. Is the wish of all his CHILDREN.

A large number of our merchants have figured up their business of last year, and find that, notwithstanding the unparalleled hard times and general depression of trade, they made—nothing.—Rockland Courier.

Alfred Tompason wears his hair long and natural. The first time he ever saw a comb, somebody sent him one for a Christmas present, and he thought it was something to scratch his back with.—Burlington Hawkeye.

FROM COQUILLE CITY.

January 30, 1877.

EDITOR STATESMAN: As I often see communications in your valuable paper from various parts of the State, I will make bold to send you a few items from Coquille. We have had a most beautiful winter so far, and it was not for the fact that it is the month of January one would almost be led to believe it was mid-summer, so pleasant has been the weather; and the farmers are taking advantage of it to plow and sow. A large portion of the crops are already sown, which is unusual for the Coquille, as there is but little sown till spring, generally, in this section of country.

Times are rather close at present, but still the country is settling up and improving at a very fair rate. There has been considerable improvement in Coquille City the past year, notwithstanding the hard times. The society of the place is keeping pace with the advancement of the country in other respects. There are three religious societies that have congregations in the place, and hold occasional religious services, viz: The Universalists, Methodist Episcopal South and Christian. There are also two Sabbath Schools maintained in the town—one by the Universalists, and the other is a Union Sabbath School. There is also a very good day school now going on, taught by Mr. Moore. The patrons of the school are well pleased with his management and system of teaching.

By the way, Mr. Editor, I saw a communication from this place signed "S," in which Mr. S. goes out of his way to have a fling at the Campbellites, as he calls them. He says: "I understand business was brisk baptizing the gullible part of the community, not otherwise engaged." If some of the community were gulled, which we indignantly deny, we are consoled by the fact that the gulling was not accomplished by soft soap and eggs. Nor was there a grand masquerade gotten up for the occasion, so as to cause a demand for costumes, much less a clam bake arranged, nothing of the kind; we did not even advertise a digger pow-wow, to draw custom.

As to S's unkind remarks, on the personal appearance of Mr. Morgan, we might retort in kind. But as we are enjoined in the Holy Scriptures, not to answer a fool according to his folly, we will not. We might call him a pop-eyed, latched-faced, stammering, would-be Hyas Tree, of Coquille, but in obedience to said injunction, we will not. So adieu to S. CAMPBELLITE.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Beautiful sentiment by a milkman: "While the ship of State is in danger, at every man be at the pumps."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

By the number of good resolutions about 1877 already adopted, one might suppose the year to be a defunct member of a gilded fire company.—Rome Sentinel.

People haven't yet begun to "Oh for St. Valentine's Day" much. There are so many who owe still for Christmas.—New York Graphic.

Said Jones sweepingly, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do;" and Johnson replied, "When you are in gin do as the Infjus do."—New York Herald.

The grave of the inventor of the accordion is unmarked by a stone. It ought to have an epitaph. "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound."—New York Graphic.

When a young man sets out in dead earnest to court a girl, the deferential manner in which he regards her big brother is truly remarkable.—Turner's Falls Reporter.

Business seems to be generally reviving. A man went around at the saloons one day last week, trying to trade three palm-leaf fans for ten cents worth of hot Scotch.—Rome Sentinel.

The leap year has passed, and that reminds us that it's a blamed sight easier to ask questions than to answer them, especially if you are good looking and ain't married.—Washington Nation.

The London Saturday Review says that "Girls are by nature more inclined to untruthfulness than boys." This assertion may be true as far as England is concerned, but in this country its falsity is proved by the fact that more boys than girls became editors of western newspapers.—Norristown Herald.

NOTICE TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.

To the Publishers of Newspapers in the State of Oregon and Territories of Washington and Idaho: The Oregon State Immigration Society, having been duly organized, and having opened an office in Portland for the purpose of imparting information and assisting immigrants in securing suitable locations, respectfully solicit your aid and co-operation, and with that object in view, respectfully ask you to furnish us, free of charge to the society, a regular file of your respective papers. They will be kept in our office for the purpose of giving all parties interested an idea of the importance of your respective towns and cities, and the advantages of all sections of the country embraced in the States and Territories mentioned, and will therefore be of more or less benefit to your respective communities. Respectfully, T. J. MARCOCK, Secretary.

Do Your Best.

The heart and mind of man and man Must differ it is true, And so the deed our neighbor does Perchance we ne'er could do; And thus, in climbing fortune's height, To reach the fane in store, If people only do their best, The world will ask no more.

Does then the little humming bird Its tender song forsake, Because the nightingale's sweet voice May softer music make? Or does the tiny, twinkling star, Repine because some kindred orb May chance to burn more bright?

And so through life we find that some Are clad in praise and fame, While others meekly plod along, With naught to gild their name; But when each life is reckoned up, Its doings counted o'er, If we can say, "I did my best," Our God will ask no more. —N. O. Peepshow.

From the Willamette Farmer. Woman's Sphere.

ED. FARMER: I have noticed with pleasure that your paper is being largely contributed to by ladies, giving and receiving information in regard to cooking and house keeping in general. The recipe given by Mrs. M. H. C., on making yeast, bread, etc., I think will be useful to many wives who are using such large quantities of soda, so very injurious to health. I have been making the above yeast for some time and find it a marked improvement on any I have ever tried before. Now I would beg leave to say a few words to our sisters.

Woman has been content to take household science very much as she finds it, that is, most of us have received our information in that line from our mothers or grandmothers. She thinks she has attained the highest perfection of art, who is capable of adopting most successfully the fancies of the cook-book; and it rather puts the crown to her accomplishments if she succeeds in making those who partake of her delicacies suffer all the horrors of a "dyspeptic." Have you ever noticed the recipes of the present time—how many varieties of spices and kneads it takes to serve up a separate dish? It would cost a fortune for one house to afford all the ingredients necessary to get up a fashionable dinner, and then perhaps cost a person his or her life to eat it. If we would give this subject more thought, and study the nature of our system as to what kind of food is most wholesome, and the proper way of preparing it to prolong life rather than shorten it, we would not only be improving this, but the future, generation. Our sons and daughters would have more cause to honor and praise us, than were we to hold the highest office of a nation.

It has got to be quite a popular subject for women, when they meet, to discuss politics, and many strongly advocate "Woman Suffrage," which I think is quite unbecoming to a lady. Dear sisters, we have a far better and nobler mission to fill. Ours is a position of which we ought to feel proud. Then let us cherish and maintain it, and keep within our sphere. When that right is extended to women, then is the time our family ties will be broken. Strife and confusion will visit the household, for when they have the right to vote there are some who are more ambitious who will want to hold office, than who is to fill her place at home? Who is there to meet your tired and care-worn husband and prepare the accustomed meal? Who will cheer and entertain him of an evening? Who is there to care for your girls who are growing up, and so much need the attention and advice from their parents? Who is there to fondle and caress that little boy or girl who comes toddling in expecting that smile which only a tender mother can give? Did I hear any one say a nurse or a governess has been obtained to take charge of them? No, it cannot be a family would be so broken for the sake of having our beloved country ruled by women. The fact is, there is waiting for us women a new science, second to none in importance, that will never be developed to any extent until we do it. There is room enough for the employment of all girls, and those women who are calling out for new spheres of action should turn their attention to this, and learn to do well what they have to do, before they ask for more.

As I have disapproved of the present system of cooking, I suppose it will be necessary that I should give more advice in the way of improvement; it would be to conform more to the hygienic line; to confine ourselves to coarser diet, such as rice, hominy, cracked wheat, oat-meal, graham, etc. You might need a little trimming at first, such as sugar or cream, but a little out-door exercise and labor would soon bring you an appetite; then you would relax it. It is true we like to prepare that which our husband and children most relish, and it is our chief delight to gratify their tastes, but a good motive often proves a fatal and ignorant kindness. A whole volume might be written on this subject, but owing to lack of space and time I will leave it for the present, and hope to hear from some one else more capable of doing the subject justice. Mrs. E. P.

Conversation near the marriage-license clerk's desk, between a preacher who had come to make a marriage return, and a middle-aged man waiting to see one of the clerks. Clergyman: "Good morning, my friend; where is that pair of boots you promised to make me instead of the fee which you had not the money to pay when I married you?" "Oh, I'll make them; the first chance I get; but I'll make two pairs if you'll unmarry me again."

Young women should set good examples for the young men are always following them.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks. The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.