

THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1866.

UNITED STATES SENATOR—WHO WILL BE ELECTED.—Several "prominent" names, and quite as many not so prominent, were talked of on the "outside" during the first week of the Session. As each successive candidate was brought forward and his "claims" canvassed, his chances grew "smaller and by degrees, beautifully less." The Democratic members, who, while they have it in their hands to defeat an election at all, are yet doubtful of their ability to elect any man who can be said to have represented the views now entertained by the great majority of the Democracy, for any considerable length of time. Though Mr. Nesmith's forces during this week of the Session were not as formidable as we had expected to have found them, his chances for election, from a combination of circumstances, were nevertheless better when we left the city than were those of any other candidate who had been spoken of, and who at the same time commanded any positive strength. We regard Messrs. Gibbs, Mitchel & Co., as being emphatically played out. In order to defeat them an election at all, will probably be defeated.

THE INCORPORATION PROJECT

We are told that a gentleman of this place started to Salem yesterday to oppose the Incorporation of the Town of Lafayette, and relied upon a remonstrance signed by a few ladies, to recommend him to the favorable consideration of the Legislative Assembly. The fact is, the citizens of this place are nearly unanimously in favor of incorporation; four fifths of them have signed petitions in this behalf, while there are others yet who will sign a petition for this purpose. The scheme is opposed by a few men only, in this place. Messrs. Adams, Watts, and we believe Martin—all of whom profess excessive morality—are in favor of every means and of every auxiliary for its promotion, and yet place themselves in the singular attitude of opposing an effective means of restraining boisterous and riotous conduct in the place. They can not any of them, have forgotten in so short a time, the conduct of a person in church, and during the offering of prayer by the minister, of this town, which boisterous and unseemly conduct well nigh broke up the services. Had there been a city Marshal at this place, said person would have been arrested for his conduct on the streets and have been disposed of—locked up before reaching the house of religious worship. The instance of ruffianly conduct in our place above noted, is not an isolated one. It is the duty of the Marshal to restrain all such. Enough has been said on this point. We are only surprised to find the men who are opposing the incorporation of the town, engaged in such business. We have expected at their hands a different course of conduct.

We have no misgivings as to the passage of our charter by the Legislature, and conclude that the organ of combativeness on the few that are opposing the measure must be extraordinarily well developed, on the ground of them essaying to assail such overwhelming odds, as are in this matter arrayed against them.

GE. L. WOODS.—In the face of the fact this gentleman obtained his seat as Governor through fraud and villainy the most flagrant, palpable, and premeditated, he nevertheless, after being declared Governor by the majority at Salem, essayed to put on airs that would have put a South Carolina Chief Justice to blush in the palmiest days of aristocracy. We would describe the manner in which he sat in the state at the bogus inauguration. We thus desist.

ON Friday last, Mr. [] arrived in Salem with the body of Mr. Mulholland of Eugene City, who had walked off the wharf in Portland while intoxicated, and drowned before assistance could be rendered.

SILETZ BAY.—Judge Steward, who, in company with a party of pleasure seekers, composed of ladies and gentlemen from this place, informs us that this point on the coast must become a famous and popular resort. A fine view of the coast is obtained here, with an open beach for 12 miles. Oysters, &c., abound. A good wagon road can be made to this place, and doubtless will ere long be constructed.

THE LAFAYETTE HOUSE.—The public is referred to the card of Messrs. Osborn & Rathbun, the new proprietors of this house. Messrs. O. & R. seem to be alive to the importance of guaranteeing to the guests of this hotel, as good accommodations as can be afforded at any house in the interior of Oregon. We bespeak for them a trial, and are sure that they will give satisfaction.

FIRE AT ALBANY.—On Monday night of last week, the large Hotel at Albany belonging to Mr. J. B. Sprenger, was entirely consumed by fire. The loss to Mr. Sprenger is almost beyond computation, as we were informed by parties direct from Albany on the morning succeeding fire that he was unable to save any article of value, so terrific was the conflagration.

A number of lodgers were compelled to jump to the ground from the third story windows, some of whom were badly hurt in the fall.

LIVELY TIMES AT THE CAPITOL.—Salem just now presents that din and buzz seldom witnessed in cities much larger. Both the Legislature and Supreme Court being in session, are the means of calling many thither on business connected with either, while swarms have collected there from every portion of the state looking after Senatorial and "other" interests. Business &c., in all its various branches, and particularly in one "etc" branch will be the recipient of a stirring and healthy impetus in Salem for "forty days and nights" to come.

BAD PRESS-WORK.—During our absence, a portion of the edition of last week, was work of badly. Amends in the future.

DEARTH OF READING MATTER.—In consequence of absence to the Capitol, for a few days, we must go to press with this issue containing a less amount of original and selected matter than usual.

The Oregonian publishes a statement concerning the arrest of Spencer, written by that gentleman, but has never essayed to explain the endorsement of the requisition for his arrest by Governor Gibbs.

When Portland was burned by the British in 1875, an infant but a few weeks old was removed from a house in Fore street, and taken out of town for safety. The house was burned down. During the conflagration on the Fourth, that same infant was removed from a house erected on the spot where stood the one burned by Mowatt from which ninety years ago she had been removed, and she was once more taken to a place of safety. It was the venerable Miss Hanna Thorle.

The following is a correct abstract of the amount that officers will receive under the act of Congress approved July 13, 1866, which provides three months extra pay to all volunteer officers below the rank of Brigadier-General who were in service on March 31, 1866, as officers, and whose resignations were offered and accepted, or who were otherwise honorably discharged after April 9th, 1866:—Colonel of cavalry \$813 50; Lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, 271 75; Major of cavalry, \$199 50; Adjutant of cavalry \$199 50; Lieutenant of cavalry, \$152; Colonel of infantry \$271 75; Lieutenant-colonel of infantry, \$228; Major of infantry, \$199 50; Captain of infantry, 171; Lieutenant of infantry, \$142 50; Second Lieutenant of infantry, \$128 5; Surgeon, \$228; Assistant Surgeon, \$152.

Firmness is as different from its mean substitute, obstinacy, as rashness is from true courage, prudence from virtue; and bigotry from religion.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle—the best ally if he can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but, if he turns about, he is the deadliest foe and tramples his master underneath his feet.

BILL ARP IS CALLED BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE—SUPPRESSED TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Record.

MR. EDITOR:—Murder will out, and so will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Destruction Committee, I have felt sort of slighted because no mention aint been made of mine. I suppose it has been suppressed, but I am not to be hid out in obscurity. Our country is the special jury, and by and by this business will go up fair and complete, and therefore I'll take occasion to make public what I swore to. I said a good deal more than I put down, Mr. Editor; and at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the better for their side, for it illustrated the rebellious spirit—I heard one of 'em say; "Let him go on—the railing passion strong in death. He's good State's evidence."

When I was put on the stand old Boutwell swore me most fiercely and solemnly to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and I observed that he was then entertaining about a quart of double rectified, and he looked like it had soured on his stomach. Old Blow was settin' off on one side with a memorandum book, gettin' ready to note down some "garbled extracts."

Old Iron works was chairman, and when he nodded his Republican head, old Boutwell says he: "Your name is Arp, I believe sir?"

"So called," says I.

"You reside in the State of Georgia, do you?"

"I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in Rome, right in the fork of two Indian rivers."

"In the State of Georgia?" says he fiercely.

"In a state of uncertainty about that," says I. "We don't know whether Georgia is a State or not. I would like for you to state yourself, if you know. The state of the country requires that this matter should be settled, and I will proceed to state."

"Never mind sir," says he. "How old are you Mr. Arp?"

"That depends on circumstances," says I. "I don't know whether to count the last five years or not. During the war your folks said that a State couldn't secede, but that while she was in a state of rebellion she ceased to exist. Now you say we got out, and we shan't get back again until 1870. A man's age has got something to do with his rigs—and if we are not to vote, I don't think we ought to count the time. That's about as near as I can come to my age, sir."

"Well, sir," says he, "are you familiar with the political sentiments of the citizens of your State?"

"Got no citizens yet, sir, that we know of. I will thank you to speak of us as people."

"Well, sir," says he, "I will humor your obstinacy. Are the people of your State?"

"Don't speak of it as a State, sir, if you please. I am on oath now, and you must excuse me for being particular: call it a section."

"Mr. Arp are the people of your section sufficiently humble and repentant to come back into the Union on such terms as we may think proper to impose?"

"Not Much they aint," says I. "I don't think they are prepared for it yet. They wouldn't voluntarily go blind against your hand. They say the deal wasn't fair, and you've marked the cards, and stole the trumps; but, at the same time, they don't care a damn what you do. They've become indifferent, and don't care nothing about your Guy Fawkes business. I am in no respect to you; gentlemen but I swear to tell the whole truth. Our people aint a notion you only out of curiosity. They don't expect anything decent or honorable, or noble from you, and they've gone to work digging and plowing, and plantin', and raisin' boy children."

Right here the man with a memorandum scrawled down a garbled extract, and "old Boutwell" says he; "What do you mean by that sir? What inference do you intend?"

"I'm statin' facts," says I. "You must draw your own inferences. They are raisin' boy children, any harm about that? Any treason? Can't a man raise boy children? Perhaps you'd like to amend the Constitution and stop it; Old Pharoah tried to stop it among the Israelites, but it didn't pay. He finally caught the dropsy in the Red Sea. We are raisin' boy children for the fun of it. They are a good thing to have in the house as Mrs. Toodles would say."

"Mr. Arp are not the feelings of your people very bitter towards the North?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you'll have to split the question, or else I'll have to spit the answer. Our people have a very high regard for honorable men, brave men, nobles, & men; and there's a heap of widows and orphans there we are sorry for but as for this here Radical party, they look upon 'em like they was bennas a scratchin' up the dead for a livin'. It's as natural to hate 'em as it is to kill a snake. It's utterly impossible for me to tell the strength, and length, and height, depth and breadth of their contempt for that party. They look upon a Radical as—as—as, well, as a beggar on a horseback."

"A buzzard sailin' round a dead eagle—a sucking dog creeping up to the tail of a dead lion. They talk about bish Brownlow to abuse 'em like he did a f— years ago when he ate against Payne. If they do hire Brownlow, he'll spatter 'em, he'll daub 'em all over, and slime 'em and slobber on 'em about right; and it will stick, for the pores are open, and their morals spongey. I'd like to stand off about ten rods and hear him spread himself."

"It would be worse than a squirt gun full of cow slop, and I have no doubt would give general satisfaction."

DRS. WHITE & WESTERFIELD, Physicians and Surgeons, Lafayette, Oregon. Office in the Drug store.

"That's sufficient, sir," says old Boutwell. "If it was in their power to do so, would your people renew the fight?"

"Not unless they should fight the Radicals all alone, and all the world agree to hands off. Even then there wouldn't be no fight, for we couldn't catch you."

"What do your people say upon the subject of negro equality?"

"They say it's a lie sir—it don't exist by nature, and never can in practice. Folks were not created free and equal. That may be a theoretical truth, but it's always been a practical lie. There's gradation of society everywhere. There's men I give the sidewalk to, and there's n— that gives it to me. There's men I vote for, and men that vote for me, and the grades go up, up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis, and Mr. Stephens, and General Lee, and Howell Cobb and Ben Hill and their sort; for they are the highest in the nation; and then again it goes from me down to the niggers and the Republicans and Radicals, and that's as low as they run. There ain't equality, and you can't make one. We'll vote the niggers certain. I'll vote Tip, and Tip's a head center. He'll vote about forty, and the first thing you know we'll elect seven big, black, greasy niggers to Congress. We'll do it certain—seven of 'em eighteen carats strong with African musk. The other rebel States will do the same thing, and you'll have about fifty of 'em to draw seats with, and you can all stick your legs upon yur desks together, and swap lies and vermin, and be shampooed at the same shop, and the fair ones can set together in the galleries, and mix odors and fan their scent about promiscuous. We'll give you a full benefit of your Civil Rights bill, see if we don't. You go on; play your cards. We are bidin' our time. We are payin' your taxes and your duties and back rations for 1864, and liege, and your internal revenue, and obeyin' your laws and havin' a hand in makin' em and we are cut off from pensions and public lands; and you sold a poor man's still in my country, the other day, because he couldn't pay the tax on some peach brandy he stillled for his neighbors two years ago; and soon you'll be sellin' the land for the land tax; and you're tryin' your best to play the devil generally; but you'll catch it in the long run. See if you don't talk about Fenians. When the good men of the North and the South all get together, they'll walk over the track so fast that you won't have time to get out of the way. You'll subside into obscurity, and your children will deny that their daddies ever belonged to such a party. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm a little excited. Five cents a pound on cotton will excite anybody that makes it. Tax on industry—no sweat, on toil. Protection tariffs for Pennsylvania, add five cents a pound tax on Southern cotton—half its average worth—and your folks will manage some way or other to steal the other half. My advice to you is to quit this foolishness, and begin to travel the only road to peace."

Old Blow couldn't keep up with his garbled extracts.

"What makes the President so popular at the South?"

"Contrast, sir—contrast. The more he aint like your party, the more popular he is. He would treat us about right, I reckon, if you would let him alone; but you bedevil him so that sometimes he don't understand himself. I don't think he knew for a while whether his Peace Proclamation restored the writ of habeas corpus or not. But do you go on impeach him, and that will bring matters to a focus. I'll bet you'd be in Fort Delaware in a week, and the Southern members, be herein their seals, and they'll look round at the political wreck, and ruin, and plunder, and striplings, that's been goin' on, and they might exclaim in the language of the poet,

"Who's bin here since I shan't gone?"

Mr. Arp suppose we should have a war with England or France, what would the rebels do?"

"They'd follow General Lee, and General Johnston, and Longstreet, and Bragg, and old Bory. My opinion is that General Lee would lead the Union army, and General Grant would be his chief of staff, and General Buell would rank mighty high, and—" "What would you do with General Sheridan?"

"Sorry you mentioned him. We'd have to have him, I reckon, as a camp fiddler and make him sing Hail Columbia by fire-light, as a warning to the boys how mean it is to burn cities and towns and make war upon defenceless women and children. No, sir; our boys wouldn't fight under no such." At this time the man with the memorandum put down some more garbled extra."

"Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the South should ever hold the balance of power, they would demand pay for their negroes?"

"I can't say, sir. But I don't think the South has lost anything that way. We got their labor before the war for their vittles and clothes and doctor's bills, and we get it now—or about the same. It's all settled down that way, and your Bureau couldn't help it. The only difference is in the distribution some of us doubt as many as we used to, but everybody has got a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote 'em in or turn 'em off. A nigger that wouldn't vote as I told him shouldn't black my boots."

At this time the Committee looked at one another seeming to be bothered and astonished. Garbled extracts were put down with a vim.

"Mr. Boutwell," says he, "Mr. Chairman, I think, we are about through with the wife. I think, sir, his testimony settles the question as to what we ought to do with Southern traitors?"

The chairman gave me a Republican nod, and remarked, "Yes, sir, I think we do. The scoundrels burnt my iron works."

Whereupon I retired, having given general satisfaction.

Yours truly, BILL ARP.

THE PULPIT.

Prior to the war and during its progress, no class of men contributed more to its cause or excited more of its savagery than a certain branch of the gospel ministry. We do not mean to designate by particular creeds or denominations. With few, if any exceptions, in every church there were found those who meddled in the war, though, perhaps, some were entirely free from participation in the troubles which brought it about.

It is, therefore, with some concern that the people watch the direction this disturbing element will take in the new conflict of political opinions now engaging the attention of the country. And this concern arises more from an apprehension of evil, than any hope of good effects from the influence this class of Preachers exerts.

Fearful indeed is the degeneracy of the church, when a free people look with dread upon those who minister at her altars. But there is no disguising the fact, that public confidence in the sincerity of their purpose has been so much shaken by their course for the past few years, that the church is fast losing its influence over the public mind and religion its hold upon the public heart. We need not mention names or point out instances of impropriety on their part to sustain our position.

A few plain questions fairly answered, suffice to establish it beyond the power of refutation. We ask our readers, who of the ministry fill to-day the greatest space in the public eye? Is it that venerable man of God who without ostentation journeys from chapel to chapel—house to house—burial to burial—imparting to others the purity of his own life, and supporting the grief-stricken mourner with the strength of his own faith? Not at all! He is considered behind the times—an ecclesiastical fossil—fit for the retired list, and unfit for the crowd. Is this not so? Do charitable deeds, a broken spirit and a contrite heart, claim the admiration of the world, or receive its rewards? Alas! for our country and humanity, they are now as pearls before swine. But who does command the attention of the multitude? Who has succeeded in arousing the congregations of to day in the presence of the alter the applause of the hustings? Whose name figures in the public press, calling from one portion of it the insincere approval of politicians, and from the other their invective and abuse? He is the man, the minister, the demagogue, into whose church rush a crowd of kindred spirits; from whose pockets he extra's his fat supplies. His name is on everybody's lips. He quits his pulpit and takes the stump. He leaves the dying in saecre office. He puts aside the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of his Lord and Master, and goes piffling round the public treasury. He abuses his trust, and corrupts other men's wives, and seduces other men's daughters. He forms politie plots, and practices political intrigue. But what is all this in view of his great party?

These shortcomings are treated as the weaknesses to which all mankind are subject, and the more proper matters for the forgiveness of Heaven than the censure of men. Now we do not state the fact too strongly when we say the nation looks with horror upon these creatures. And if, as we apprehend, they shall busy themselves in the new order of things, there is no telling the extent to which a people may be led astray or the degree to which the country is in danger. Every heresy destructive of our race, and of the Constitution, finds some advocate amongst them.

We hope, therefore, that the public scan will teach them reflection, decency and self-respect enough to induce them to let alone the government of the country, and to redeem themselves in the eyes of honest men by throwing off the mask of the imposter, and betaking themselves to honest pursuits. For our part, if it were a matter of choice, we would much prefer the penalty that is in store for the worst member of their congregation, than the fearful judgment. A worse class of men never infested a community—aviler breed of pests never sprang from the corruption of political decay. For them is reserved the darkest frown of heaven—for them will burn the fiercest flames of hell. It were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for one of these preachers to enter the kingdom of God.

A NEW SCHOOL.