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HOMI-COMING.

When brothers leave the old hearthstone,
And go, each one, a separate way,
Along our pathways, day by day,
Of olden scenes and faces, oh, how much,
Of loving hands and hearts, once more,
The dear, old voices ringing out,
As in that happy time of yore,
Ere life had caught a part of doubt.
If you should please against your ear
The shyness whispered from these, down
In his hidden heart you hear
A low and tender melody,
A murmur of the restless sea,
A yearning born of memory,
And, though his longings be denied,
The shell heaves sighing of the sea,
And sometimes when old memories
Through the chambers of our soul,
We feel the yearning, deep and strong,
A longing we cannot control,
To lay our heads and hearts on
And seek the old familiar ways,
And cross home's threshold, and sit
Down, with comrades of our early days.

For, though our paths are sundered wide,
We feel that we are brothers yet,
And, though we have not met,
From hazy care and worldly fret,
And each one wanders back to meet
His brother by the shining sea,
I think the meeting is most sweet,
Because so far and wide we roam,
We cross the lengthening bridge of years,
Meet out-stretched hands and faces
And
The silent eloquence of tears
Speaks welcome that no words could
do.
Hush, the meeting holds regret!
Of hazy days, of hazy years,
Of close-faded and perchance faded
Of eyes that smiled in our
Of faces that smiled in our
A sweeter sleep was never known
Than theirs, beneath the grave's
A tender thought for them to-night,
A thought from memory,
Beneath their eyelids, dream
Sweet may their dreamless slumber
be.

State vs. Nation.

The *Seventeen*, a man of the Brewers' Association of the United States, published at Washington city, makes a very significant statement relative to the trial of the fourteen German restaurant keepers in Worcester, Massachusetts, which has just concluded. It states that these fourteen Germans, every one of whom was in possession of a license, for which he had paid the United States Government the sum of \$20, have been fined in Worcester and sent to the House of Correction for six months, and ordered to find \$1,000 bail not to violate the anti-beer law for one year, because they have sold fermented liquors. The *Seventeen* says that Massachusetts takes the fourth rank in the manufacture of fermented liquors among the States, and is only exceeded by New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. That Massachusetts paid the fine, year to the Federal Government \$59,289 as a tax on malt liquors, and for the last nine months of the present fiscal year \$474,531, against \$101,599 for the same time last year. The Government of the United States has received for every barrel of beer taxed, seized or destroyed the sum of \$1. The Government officials have continued to collect the federal tax, and thus indirectly to encourage the manufacturer to break the law. The question now arises: What is the Federal Government going to do in Massachusetts? Is it unlawful in Massachusetts to manufacture and sell beer? The Government cannot legally collect taxes, and the money forced out of brewers by federal agents must be returned to them. If it is proper and just to ruin manufacturers and dealers of fermented liquors, confiscate their hard-earned property, it must also be right to do the same with those engaged in the manufacture and sale of whiskey, rum, brandy and any other article. If the Federal Government quietly submits to be despoiled of her revenue in Massachusetts, let it be despoiled of the same elsewhere—in fact, be starved out.

How to Make a Mustard Plaster.—How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred, at the most, perhaps, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe their application never telling anybody how to make them for the simple reason that they themselves do not know as a rule. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour, but such a plaster as that makes it misapprehensible. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now a mustard plaster should never make a blister at all. A plaster is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard for the purpose. When you make a mustard plaster, then, use no water whatsoever, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, will not produce a blister, and upon the skin of an infant, any matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part. For this we have the word of an old eminent physician, as well as our own experience.—*Exchange.*

Looking After Virginia.—As the Virginia State election comes off this Fall, the administration is already making preparations to carry the State if possible. Work is being redoubled at the Norfolk navy yard, all repairs, in order to get as many workmen as possible in that yard, who will, of course, be required to vote the Radical ticket.

Their True Protection.

From the San Francisco Examiner.
The most cursory examination of the history of legislation in the United States must convince our farmer friends that no discriminations were made against their interests except during those periods when the Democratic party were unfortunately out of power. It is a general principle of the Democratic party to protect the agriculturists, and to afford them the only protection from special legislation of any sort. All the farmers demand is full liberty to pursue their industry unimpeded by restrictions of any kind whatsoever. It is since the advent of the Radical party that the grievances of the agriculturists have begun to multiply, and they have been constantly increased until their burdens have become so great as to be past longer unresisted endurance. It was unnecessary for the farming community to enter into self-protective combinations or alliances, if the policy of the Democracy had been pursued; and it is much their own fault that they have been obliged to do so to render inevitable their present attitude. They have been led by blind credulity and by some mischievous and unscrupulous party to support a party that was organized and has been maintained solely for the purpose of building up enormous special monopolies, under the specious pretense that it was necessary to protect the interests of the agriculturists, otherwise incapable of existing in competition with the products and manufactures of foreign countries, where material and labor were cheaper than in our land. The farmers have experienced a process of reasoning that the best exercise of common sense should have dictated as fallacious, and injurious to their prospects. They would not have, however, except by experience, been able to see the error of their way, had they not been loaded with more experience of the folly of their support. And yet they are still in the same error, and are trying to get the car of the farmers, would persuade them to keep clear of the self-alienation and have them waste their force and strength upon mere incidental and unimportant matters, instead of going to the root of the whole evil, and tearing up and casting into the fire the fundamental trunk of the firm and growth of the present tariff.

The farmer's true protection, as we have already said, is to be found in the support of the party which has the most direct interest in the assessments upon their land and its produce, exorbitant charges for transportation, and the like. It is not a true market for his products, and the privilege of buying what he most needs at the lowest rates, and to be able to sell his own produce at the highest prices, and to be able to raise or manufacture into materials for his farm or clothing and household articles, and his household. When we give the American farmer the only protection he desires and needs, we are giving to every branch of American industry the only protection it really needs. Any farmer who is not satisfied with this time, after so many years of this system, fully weaned and capable of standing by itself, has no right to stand or fall on his own merits, and to try his own strength. If it fails, it is his own fault, and not the fault of the party which has nursed him to the point of all other industries, and to the detriment of the general good of the country.

The protection of the agriculturists of this country is obvious enough. He should be allowed to buy what he needs at the lowest rates, whether in his home or in a foreign market. The farmer should be protected from the tax which he at present pays, say a hundred millions a year, to maintain a tariff which is not only unnecessary, but which is a burden upon the people, and which is a source of revenue to the Government. The farmer wants only to be left alone, and to be permitted to retain the fruits of his own industry, and to be compelled to yield a large portion of them to the enemies who are now in possession of his land, and who are now engaged in the manufacture of the most vicious and inhuman devices of the Peninsular and Massachusetts manufacturers. The farmer should be allowed to protect himself, and to be able to defend or apologize for the present tariff, or any similar system, he should be allowed to do as he pleases, and to be able to overcome the present advantage of the protectionists and monopolists.

No industry should be contemplated in the councils of the farmers. When a man rises in a grange or combination of agriculturists, and seeks to defend or apologize for the present tariff, or any similar system, he should be allowed to do as he pleases, and to be able to overcome the present advantage of the protectionists and monopolists. When a man rises in a grange or combination of agriculturists, and seeks to defend or apologize for the present tariff, or any similar system, he should be allowed to do as he pleases, and to be able to overcome the present advantage of the protectionists and monopolists. When a man rises in a grange or combination of agriculturists, and seeks to defend or apologize for the present tariff, or any similar system, he should be allowed to do as he pleases, and to be able to overcome the present advantage of the protectionists and monopolists.

THE WHITE HOUSE "RING."

Babeock-Shepherd-Evans-Mullett-Grant.

Washington Correspondence N. Y. Sun.
GRANT'S REAL ESTATE OPERATIONS.
It is only natural, however, that Babeock should play tender to this man Shepherd, who showed him how he could make a fortune. Here we find them speculating conjointly in real estate; building blocks of houses together, and agreeing how the "improvements around Government property" shall be directed so as to increase the value of property they are themselves interested in.

It is generally believed here in Washington that President Grant's money is in these real estate speculations, that Babeock is only his shadow, and hence the President's endorsement of whatever Shepherd does. No sensible man believes for a moment that the President of the United States would hold the intimate social relations he does with this man Shepherd, unless he were not so speculating. During the war Shepherd contented himself with winning and dining quarters, masters, disbursing officers, and such as had good, profitable jobs to give out. Now he entertains the President himself.

THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION existing between John Babeock, Shepherd, and one John O. Evans, the most favored contractor of the inside "ring," is made exceedingly profitable. This man Evans has grown suddenly rich, drives about like a nabob, outside fine houses, speculates largely in real estate, and gets all the fat jobs, jobs and flagging jobs Babeock has to give out. He is a genius of the carpet-bag order, talks and acts as if Grant and Babeock were on his staff, and all he had to do was to run his finger when he wanted a monopoly of Government contracts. This man

JOHN O. EVANS is President of the Washington Asphalt Company, in which Shepherd feels a great interest, which accounts for so many fat contracts for "concrete pavements" being given to the concern. Its profits are known to have been larger than those of the Metropolitan Paving Company which puts down wood only. Both these companies are run by the same "ring" Shepherd, like the President, has a number of brothers-in-law. These come very handy. It is the brothers-in-law who ostensibly hold interests in the paving companies. There is something suggestive of the ostrich in the way of the President, when it was himself, and so does Shepherd. John O. Evans beats the bush and Babeock, Grant, and Shepherd pick up the plums.

The people have a very decided opinion in regard to these matters, and naturally they involuntarily give Babeock's name in connection with numerous scandals.

They know that neither Shepherd nor Evans (both vulgar illiterates) are fit associates for the President, or proper men to let loose upon the Treasury of the United States. They want to see Gen. Babeock attend personally to his public duties as other Commissioners of Public Grounds and Buildings have done. If Gen. Grant, they say, must have some one to accompany him in his wanderings, let the family baggage, why does he not employ some poor and needy gentleman who would not feel above accepting a gratuity now and then from his master's guests, nor consider the service too menial? Those innocent persons who naturally say that an officer of the regular army or major of engineers, drawing the pay and emoluments of such, and honored with so many other offices, ought to stay at home and make some return to the country for his pay. If he will not do this; if he prefers to indulge a weakness for pleasure, let him at least show

A DECENT RESPECT FOR HIS PROFESSION by resigning. I give here the number of offices held by this remarkable official, Gen. Babeock, so that the public may see with what propriety he can go wandering over the country with his master:

1. Major of Engineers with pay and emoluments.
2. Commissioner of Public Grounds and Buildings.
3. Illegal private secretary to the President.
4. Engineer-in-chief of the Washington Aqueduct.
5. Member of the Advisory Board of Engineers to the Board of Public Works.
6. President of the Columbia Lyceum.

One would think these were offices enough, and involving duties enough to occupy the whole time and attention of any officer, and yet Gen. Babeock prefers to fill away his master's money in the most wasteful manner. Could the force of bad example be more strikingly illustrated?

A Money King.

VANDERBILT'S VAST AGGREGATION OF MONEY AND POWER.

[From Harper's Weekly.]
Mr. Vanderbilt controls 2,150 miles of railway, constituting the main line between the West and the seaboard, and the chief outlet of such cities as Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Schenectady, Troy, Albany, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, and other river-side towns. The property which he thus administers is represented on the Stock Exchange by securities equal to \$215,000,000, and his income under last year was not less than \$45,000,000—more than the whole income of the United States Government a few years ago.

It is impossible to contemplate this vast aggregation of money power and commercial control in the hands of one man without feeling concern for the result. Neither military, nor political, nor commercial supremacy can be pushed beyond certain limits without danger. It would seem as though the limit in this case had been reached. Yet, not content with the mastery of 2,150 miles of railway, involving in a large degree the internal trade of the State of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and New York, it is well understood that in October next, at the annual election of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the commodore will enter into possession of the great property likewise, and will control the whole of miles of wire, its forty millions of capital and its eight or nine millions of revenue. When this occurs, not only will the commerce of the four chief States of the North be subjected to the arbitrary will of such feeble restrictions as our Legislature may impose—but the whole telegraphic correspondence of the country will obey his law. He may prescribe not only what shall be the price of a barrel of flour in New York, but also when, how and at what cost citizens may communicate with each other by telegraph.

Of course, he will be subject to legislative control. What that will be, is a question for the future. The Legislature in this State has ever dared to bear him. He will be a bold man, indeed, who will attempt to do so now, when his resources are so unbounded and his power so far-reaching. The President, like the late James Fisk, Jr., who controlled the paltry 450 miles of Erie, running through a half-settled country, could on an emergency, bring 25,000 votes into the field. How many votes, then, can we reckon the master of 2,150 miles of railway, through a thickly settled country, and 75,000 miles of telegraph? It is, moreover, one thing to pass laws, and quite another to execute them against a man who wears his garter below his knee, and is more than able to obstruct, obstruct in combat, and in-exhaustible in purse.

Here is something from the *Book of Beauty* that is strictly local here or anywhere else. Women should read it.

A handsome leg is a rarity, we had almost said an impossibility, among American women. The reason of this is the place where they wear the garters. No Frenchwoman, no English woman of cultivation, then, can we reckon the master of 2,150 miles of railway, through a thickly settled country, and 75,000 miles of telegraph? It is, moreover, one thing to pass laws, and quite another to execute them against a man who wears his garter below his knee, and is more than able to obstruct, obstruct in combat, and in-exhaustible in purse.

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear sparkling laugh, like the heart that bears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now there, now gone, now found? We have and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn reaching for it, and in a moment we are away the evil spirit of mind. How much we owe to poetry; it flings sunshine to flowers, over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more than the image of death, but is consumed by that light that are the shadows of immortality.

The Patrons of Husbandry.

JUST FINDING IT OUT.

The great advantages to be derived from combinations are well enough understood and appreciated at the present day, and rapid growth of the society known as Patrons of Husbandry, only illustrates the want that has been felt for protection against the peculiar species of tyranny from which those who have enrolled themselves together have suffered.

The leading ideas of the organization are based upon self interest, upon the determination to throw off, not only the tyranny of railroad corporations, but to get rid of the extortion of Middle men, who now reap the lion's share of the profits of the farmer. This is proposed to be done by the appointment of special agents in the towns, or points of shipment, upon whom the concentration of their whole patronage, and to whom they entrust, not only the sales of their grain, etc., but also the purchase of their supplies of iron, sugar, salt, etc.

These, so far as can be seen, are the objects of the organization, and it is difficult to see that these objects will be capable of producing great effects in the future, remembering the quite prodigious proportions which the movement has already assumed. The order claims to be altogether non-political, and it is admitted that it may be of vast benefit to the country in carrying out its peculiar object, and championing the farmers, and with them society at large, against the domination of rings.

At the present day, the tendency of business is to concentrate all operations in the hands of a few, the consequence of which is to place everything at the mercy of combinations, yet loose nothing, the farmers will argue, that such monopolies as the sewing-machine and mower and reaper "ring" can and must make still further reductions. If boots, blankets, plows, cultivators, and calico are enhanced in cost by the protective system, which takes much money out of the popular pockets but puts little or none into the public treasury, they will insist on the abolition of that legalized spoliation. The farmers are just now finding out what has placed mortgagors on their farms and threadbare coats on their backs. The Radicals have succeeded to some extent in keeping popular discussion out of the hands of the great monopolies, wherein they have been so far benefited by such partial elimination of vexed questions of the highest importance to the agricultural community.

EXTRAORDINARY ANSWERS.—A pupil of Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers: "What is gratitude?" "The memory of the heart." "What is hope?" "The blossom of happiness." "What is the difference between hope and desire?" "Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, enjoyment is a tree in fruit." "What is eternity?" "A day without yesterday or tomorrow—a line that has no end." "What is God?" "The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the merchant of mercy, the eye of justice, the heart of the universe, and the soul of the world." "Does God reason?" "Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates, he decides. God is omniscient; he never doubts. He therefore never reasons."

The Democratic Party.

PERIODICALLY, says an exchange, the Republican press preaches funeral sermons over the dead body of the Democratic party and ceremoniously lays it away in the tomb of the Capulets; but scarcely has the corps returned to mother earth and the flowers of a fragrant memory been taught to grow above until the body that was supposed to be sleeping its last sleep—its mission done and its record made up—suddenly appears to "revisit the glimpses of the moon" and, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, "sears the eyeballs" of the party that has given it its supposed quietus.

It is really astonishing how often the Democratic party has been killed and buried. Yet a cat, with its proverbial nine lives, has less vitality than the uneasy manes of this ubiquitous Democratic party. The funeral sermons that have been preached over it would not match the volume that would put to shame the tomes of the *Congressional Globe*. It would no doubt be edifying read to our Radical friends, if the corpse were laid to rest in a dignified manner, and did not interfere with the household affairs of the Republican party.

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There is a great deal of talk about the Grangers, Reform society, &c., as "Simply Democracy"—nothing more and nothing less, call it by whatever name you may, and to-day it comprises a majority of the voters and tax-payers of the United States. Its various elements are being solidified and are all inspired with the same opposition to the Republican party of "Reconstruction" and "Back-pay Grabbers" and high tariff monopolies, and all are inspired with the same opposition to the Republican party of "Reconstruction" and "Back-pay Grabbers" and high tariff monopolies, and all are inspired with the same opposition to the Republican party of "Reconstruction" and "Back-pay Grabbers" and high tariff monopolies.

TWAS A PIECE OF MY MOTHER'S DRESS.—A company of poor children, who had been gathered out for the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the west. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys, who had been set aside from the others, apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The Superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patch lining. It proved to be the pocket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come Johnny, come! said the Superintendent, 'what are you going to do with that piece of calico?'" "Pleas sir," said Johnny "I am cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it will help me to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and of the death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.—Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the fatherless and the motherless in all great cities.

NO CURE.—Not a single member of the Bender family, the atrocious Kansas murderers, has been captured. It is believed that they made their way into Texas, through the Indian Territory. The failure to capture them does not speak well for the Kansas detectives. That a whole family of murderers, two men and two women, should escape after assassinating ten or twelve persons, looks rather singular.

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