

# The Albany Register.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

NO. 12.

## The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
COLLINS VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.,  
OPPOSITE W. W. PARRISH & CO.'S STORE.

### TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One Year, Three Dollars  
Six Months, Two Dollars  
Single Copies, Ten Cents

### ADVERTISING RATES.

One Column, per Year, \$100; Half Column,  
\$60; Quarter Column, \$35.  
Transient advertisements per Square of ten  
lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent  
insertion, \$1.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

## ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-  
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vic-  
inity that he has taken charge of this establish-  
ment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying  
strict attention to business, expects to suit all  
those who may favor him with their patronage.  
Having heretofore carried on nothing but

**First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,**  
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.  
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and  
shampooed.  
JOSEPH WEBBER,  
proprietor.

### GEO. W. GRAY, D. D. S.

GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DEN-  
tal College, would have all persons desiring  
artificial teeth, and first-class dental operations,  
to give him a call.  
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold-plate  
linings, and other new styles of work, may be  
seen at his office, in Parrish & Co.'s brick, (up  
stairs) Albany, Oregon.  
Residence—Corner Second and Baker sts. 2

### D. B. RICE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN  
street,  
Albany, September 19, '68-24f

### E. H. Griffin,

SURGEON DENTIST, OF-  
fers his professional services to the inhabi-  
tants of Albany and vicinity in all the various and improved depart-  
ments of his profession. He has an experi-  
ence of sixteen years in his profession, fourteen  
of which have been in Oregon.  
Office over the Post-office.

### E. F. Russell,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.  
Office in Albany and Real Estate Agent.  
Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,  
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme  
Court of Oregon.

Office in Parrish's Block, second story, third  
door west of Ferry, north side of First st.  
Special attention given to the collection of  
claims at all points in the above named Districts.

### Powell & Flinn,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
and Solicitors in Chancery.  
(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)  
Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances  
promptly attended to.

W. J. HETTINGER, F. M. REDFIELD,  
Hittabid & Co.,

DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND CON-  
fections, Wood and Willow Ware, Proce-  
dure, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.  
Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany,  
Oregon.

W. W. PARRISH, J. C. Mendenhall,  
W. W. Parrish & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS  
in General Merchandise, Albany.  
The best goods at the lowest market prices. Mer-  
chantable Produce taken in exchange.

### E. A. Froeland,

DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF  
School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books,  
Sati-mery, Gold and Silver Pens, Ink, etc., Post-  
office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered  
from New York and San Francisco.

J. BARROWS, L. BLAIN, S. E. YOUNG,  
J. Barrows & Co.,

GENERAL AND COMMISSION MER-  
chandise. Dealers in Staple, Dry and Fancy  
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery,  
Shoes and Shoes; Albany, Oregon.  
Commodities solicited.

### C. Moxley & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS  
in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet  
Ware. First street, Albany.

Albany Weekly Register  
JOB PRINTING  
OFFICE,  
First street, (opposite Parrish & Co.'s store.)

Albany : : Oregon.

HAVING a very fair assortment of material  
we are prepared to execute, with neatness  
and dispatch, all kinds of

### PLAIN AND FANCY

### JOB PRINTING

such as  
Hand-bills,  
Programmes,  
Bill-heads,  
Cards,  
Ball Tickets,  
Pamphlets,  
Labels,  
Blanks

of all kinds,  
at as low figures as a due regard to taste and good  
work will allow. When you want anything in  
the printing line, call at the Register office.

## THANKSGIVING.

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE  
WHOLE COUNTRY APPOINTED BY THE  
PRESIDENT.

By the President of the United States of America:  
PROCLAMATION.

In the year which is now drawing to  
its end, the art, the skill and the labor  
of the people of the United States have  
been employed with great diligence and  
vigor, and on broader fields than ever  
before, and the fruits of the earth have  
been gathered into the granary and the  
storehouse in marvelous abundance. Our  
highways have been lengthened, and new  
and prolific regions have been occupied.  
We are permitted to hope that long pro-  
tracted political and sectional dissensions  
are, at no distant day, to give place to  
returning harmony and fraternal affection  
throughout the republic. Many foreign  
States have entered into liberal agree-  
ments with us, while nations which are  
far off, and which, heretofore, have been  
unsocial and exclusive, have become our  
friends. The annual period of rest which  
we have reached in health and tranqui-  
lity, and which is crowned with so many  
blessings, is, by universal consent, a con-  
venient and suitable one for cultivating  
personal piety, and practising public de-  
votion.

I, therefore, recommend that Thurs-  
day, the 26th day of November next, be  
set apart and observed by all people of  
the United States as a day of public  
praise, thanksgiving and prayer to the  
Almighty Creator and Divine Ruler of  
the Universe, by whose ever watchful,  
merciful and gracious Providence alone,  
States and Nations, no less than families  
and individual men, do live, and move,  
and have their being.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set  
my hand and caused the seal of the  
United States to be affixed. Done at  
the city of Washington, this twelfth  
day of October, in the year of our Lord,  
one thousand eight hundred and sixty-  
eight, and of the Independence of the  
United States the ninety-third.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:  
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

WEATHER TALK.—Well, these are  
autumn days, resembling the March  
weather of what was once called the  
Western, but are now more truly termed  
the Middle States. The morning opens  
bright and cheerful, and you are warm  
enough without a fire in the shop; by  
noon the sky is overcast with clouds, the  
“mist” falls, the atmosphere becomes  
chill, and fire is demanded. Some days  
the sun fails to rise, or when it deigns to  
show its face for a few moments, throws  
a listless glance, destitute of warmth,  
toward the earth, then rolls himself up  
in his cloud blankets and disappears just  
when he is the most wanted. Yes, an  
autumn weather—the days when felices  
mount the sheds, coil up in the corners  
of fences, to bask in the fitful sunshine,  
while rats and mice take a holiday; the  
days when the shady side of the street is  
to be shunned; the days when s oves are  
being put up and sun shades taken down;  
the days when the skies are like the eyes  
of a coquette—blue and calm and beau-  
tiful, but deceitful; the days when you  
roll grudgingly out of bed an hour later  
than usual and grumble because you  
were called so soon—and at night you  
curl up between the chilly sheets with  
a sneeze in lieu of a prayer; the days  
when it is too warm to keep a fire and  
too cold to do without one; the days  
when a “chest protector” is a bosom  
friend, and a ling coat is a thing to be  
sneezed at; the days when the shadows  
grow long early, and the wind that rustles  
the frightened leaves at twilight  
whispers mockingly of the still summer  
evenings that are gone, and mutters  
hoarsely of the long winter nights that  
are coming, and drows mysteriously over  
half-fainted deeds of its own doing—of  
angry waves and drowning men, and  
“wrecks far out at sea.” These are the  
days when that same treacherous wind  
loves to take you unawares, to spring  
upon you from around corners, to swoop  
down at you from high roofs, and snatch  
your hat from your head and bear it off  
down the street in triumph; the days  
when the leaves whisper together on the  
trees debating whether it would not be  
better to lie in that broad bank of sun-  
shine on the grass than to shiver any  
longer on their stems in the chill winds.  
These are the days that remind us of  
years gone by—of “things left undone,”  
which, ordered otherwise, would have  
made life's autumn all Indian summer.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had  
no ear-marks except a short tail; and it  
was a British magistrate who being told  
by a vagabond that he was not married,  
responded, “That's a good thing for your  
wife.”

## On Matrimony.

Married people will please read as written;  
single folks can read the first line, then the third,  
then the second, and finally the fourth line in  
each verse:

That man must lead a happy life  
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;  
Who is directed by a wife  
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,  
When Eve was given for a mate—  
Until he saw a woman's face,  
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears  
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,  
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,  
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold  
The falsehood that in woman dwells,  
The world in woman we behold  
Is almost imperceptible.

Corel is the man, I say,  
Who changes from his singleness;  
Who will not yield to woman's sway,  
Is sure of perfect bliss days.

## The Story of the Noses.

At Dewitz, in the neighborhood of  
Prague, there once lived a rich and  
whimsical old farmer, who had a beauti-  
ful daughter. The students of Prague,  
of whom there were at that time twenty-  
five thousand, often walked in the direc-  
tion of Dewitz, and more than one of  
them offered to follow the plow in the  
hopes of becoming the son-in-law of the  
farmer. The first condition that the  
cunning peasant set on each new servant  
was this: “I engage you,” he would  
say, “for a year; that is, till the cuckoo  
sings the return of spring; but if from  
now till then, you say once you are not  
satisfied, I will cut off the end of your  
nose. I give you the same right over  
me,” he added, laughing. And he did  
as he said. Prague was full of students  
with the ends of their noses glued on,  
which did not prevent ugly scars, and  
still less, bad jokes. To return from the  
farm disfigured and ridiculed was well  
calculated to cool the warmest passion.

A young man by the name of Coranda,  
somewhat ungainly in manner, but cool,  
adroit and cunning, which are not bad  
aids in making one's fortune, took it into  
his head to try the adventure. The  
farmer received him with his usual good  
nature, and the bargain made, sent him  
to the field to work. At breakfast time  
the other servants were called, but good  
care was taken to forget Coranda. At  
dinner it was the same. Coranda gave  
himself no trouble about it. He went to  
the house, and while the farmer's wife  
was feeding the chickens, unhooked an  
enormous ham from the kitchen rafters,  
took a huge loaf from the cupboard, and  
went back to the fields to dine and take a  
nap.

“Are you satisfied?” asked the farmer  
when he returned at night.

“Perfectly satisfied,” said Coranda;  
“I have dined better than you have.”

At that instant the farmer's wife came  
rushing in, crying that her ham was gone.  
Coranda laughed and the farmer turned  
pale.

“Are you not satisfied?” asked Co-  
randa.

“A ham is only a ham,” said the mas-  
ter. “Such trifles do not trouble me.”  
But after that time he took good care not  
to leave the student fasting.

Sunday came. The farmer and his  
wife seated themselves in the wagon to  
go to church, saying to Coranda, “It is  
your business to cook the dinner. Cut  
up the piece of meat you see yonder,  
with onions, carrots, leeks and parsley,  
and boil them all together in the great  
pot over the kitchen fire.”

“Very well,” answered Coranda.

There was a little pet dog at the farm-  
house, by the name of Parsley. Coranda  
killed him, cut him up with the meat  
and vegetables, and put the whole to boil  
over the kitchen fire. When the farmer's  
wife returned, she called her favorite;  
but, alas! she saw nothing but his bloody  
skin hanging by the window.

“What have you done?” said she to  
Coranda.

“What you ordered me, mistress. I  
have boiled the meat, onions, carrots and  
leeks, and Parsley in the bargain.”

“Wicked wretch!” cried the farmer;  
“had you the heart to kill the innocent  
creature that was the joy of the house?”

“Are you not satisfied?” said Coran-  
da, taking his knife from his pocket.

“I did not say that,” returned the  
farmer. “A dead dog is nothing but a  
dead dog.” But he sighed.

A few days after, the farmer and his  
wife went to market. Fearing their ter-  
rible servant, they said to him, “Stay at  
home and do exactly as you see others  
do.”

“Very well,” said Coranda.

There was an old shed in the yard, the  
roof of which was falling to pieces. The  
carpenters came to repair it, and began,  
as usual, by tearing down the roof. Co-  
randa took a ladder and mounted the roof  
of the house, which was quite new.  
Shingles, laths, nails and tiles flew—he  
tore off everything and scattered them all  
to the winds. When the farmer return-  
ed, the house was open to the sky.

“Villain!” said he, “what new trick  
have you played me?”

“I have obeyed you, master,” answered  
Coranda. “You told me to do exactly as  
I saw others do. Are you not satisfied?”  
And he took out his knife.

“Satisfied!” said the farmer; “why  
should I not be satisfied? A few shingles  
more or less will not ruin me.” But he  
sighed.

Night came; the farmer and his wife  
said to each other that it was high time  
to get rid of this incarnate demon. As  
is always the case with sensible people,  
they never did anything without consult-  
ing their daughter, it being the custom  
in Bohemia to think that children always  
have more wit than their parents.

“Father,” said Helen, “I will hide in  
the great pear tree early in the morning,  
and call like a cuckoo. You can tell  
Coranda that the year is up, since the  
cuckoo is singing; pay him and send him  
away.”

Early in the morning the plaintive cry  
of the cuckoo was heard through the  
fields. The farmer seemed surprised.  
“Well, my boy, spring has come,” said  
he. “Do you hear the cuckoo singing  
yonder? I will pay you, and we will  
part good friends.”

“A cuckoo!” said Coranda; “that is  
a bird that I have always wanted to get  
a sight at.”

He ran to the tree and shook it with  
all his might, when, behold! a young  
girl fell from the branches, fortunately  
more frightened than hurt.

“Villain!” cried the farmer.  
“Are you not satisfied?” said Coranda,  
opening his knife.

“Wretch! you kill my daughter, and  
you think I ought to be satisfied? I am  
furious. Begone, if you would not die  
by my hand!”

“I will go when I have cut off your  
nose,” said Coranda. “I have kept my  
word; do you keep yours?”

“Stop,” cried the farmer, putting his  
hand before his face; “you will surely  
let me redeem my nose?”

“It depends on what you offer,” said  
Coranda.

“Will you take ten sheep for it?”

“No.”

“Ten cows?”

“No; I would rather cut off your  
nose.” And he sharpened his knife on  
the doorstep.

“Father,” said Helen, “the fault is  
mine; it belongs to me to repair it.  
Coranda, will you take my hand instead  
of my father's nose?”

“Yes,” replied Coranda.

“I make one condition,” said the  
young girl. “We will make the same  
bargain; the first one of us who is not  
satisfied after marriage shall have his or  
her nose cut off by the other.”

“Good,” replied Coranda. “I would  
rather it was the tongue, but that shall  
come next.”

Never was such a wedding seen at  
Prague, and never was there a happier  
household. Coranda and the beautiful  
Helen were a model pair. The husband  
and wife were never heard to complain  
of each other; they loved with drawn  
swords, and, thanks to their ingenious  
bargain, they kept for long years both  
their love and their noses.

Leon Gozlan used to say that a French  
woman will love her husband if he is  
either witty or chivalrous; a German  
woman, if he is constant and faithful;  
a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb  
her ease and comfort too much; a Span-  
ish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on  
those who incur his displeasure; an Ital-  
ian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical;  
a Danish woman, if he thinks that her  
native country is the brightest and hap-  
piest on earth; a Russian woman, if he  
despises all Westerners as miserable bar-  
barians; an English woman, if he suc-  
ceeds in ingratiating himself with the  
Courts and the aristocracy; an Ameri-  
can woman, if— he has plenty of mon-  
ey.

Castles in the air have for their tim-  
bers moonbeams.

## A Pen and Ink Sketch of Queen Isabella.

[Correspondence of New York World.]

PARIS, Sept. 23.  
I am sure you will read with interest  
a pen and ink portrait of the last Bour-  
bon that sits on an European throne. It  
was contributed above four weeks since  
to a French newspaper:

Spain requires at this moment a great  
King, or a great statesman, or lacking  
the latter, a great people. But it has  
only Generals, who conspire, Princes who  
are excited, a Queen delivered over to  
every contradiction, and to the protection  
of all the saints in heaven.

The Queen of Spain is only thirty-  
eight years old; she looks older. She  
has the common characteristic of the  
whole Bourbon family, caused either by  
regimen or excessive appetite, or both  
these causes together, namely, all the  
family go from early youth to middle age  
without any other transition than rapid  
obesity and premature wrinkles. The  
portraits of Isabella II, Louis XVI,  
Louis XVIII, Ferdinand VII, and of  
Louis Philippe, represent all of them  
young and brilliant in their youth, or  
thickened by maturity, and almost sud-  
denly old.

Queen Isabella's face is round, her  
features are strongly marked, her nose is  
slightly turned her eyes are small and  
blue, her hair chestnut, her complexion  
highly colored. Fortunately for her,  
nature repudiated from her parental in-  
heritance the enormous, and unusual nose  
of her father, but, unfortunately, she  
does not possess the enchanting grace of  
her mother, Queen Christine; she has  
nothing which reminds one of her pa-  
rents, she has nothing which reminds one  
of Spain. The radiation of thought is  
lost or belied on that unmeditative face.  
Her voice is strong, slightly hoarse,  
slightly masculine. Her manners are  
those of a shopkeeper's wife, familiar and  
without originality. Louis XVI, an ex-  
cellent locksmith; Charles IV., a good  
furniture maker; Christine, a zealous  
amateur of painting, and possesses a rare  
skill in embroidery! Queen Isabella has  
no taste whatever for letters or the  
fine arts, or for the manual arts. She  
dresses richly, as becomes a queen,  
but she looks like a queen in Sunday  
finery, and not like a woman who adds  
the coquetry of her sex to the attraction  
of her office.

While her mother reigned she gave her  
name to a color, “Christine Blue.” No  
cloth, no ornament, no color has ever in  
Spain borne Isabella's name. Her way  
of life is convenient, but not exactly in  
accordance with the laws of hygiene.  
She sleeps longer than is reasonable.  
She breakfasts gluttonously, as Louis  
XVI ate, between one and two o'clock.  
She very often hears mass at four o'clock  
P. M., which makes the post of Count  
Almoner very dangerous for the health.  
According to the doctrine of the Church  
of Rome no priest can celebrate mass ex-  
cept fasting, no morsel of food shall pass  
his lips until mass shall have been cele-  
brated. To fast from the previous mid-  
night until 4 o'clock P. M., must tell on  
the health.

Toward evening the Queen takes a  
drive in the retired portion of Retiro,  
and sometimes in the most frequented  
avenues of the favorite Madrid drive.  
Saturday she goes to Atocha church to  
pray. Whenever she publicly leaves the  
palace she goes out in a stage coach with  
six horses, escorted by cavalry, and fol-  
lowed by four or six immense coaches  
drawn by mules—such coaches as those  
cardinals at Rome ride in.

At nightfall the Queen returns to the  
palace and eats with as much appetite  
as in the morning. She is sometimes  
seen at the performances of the Theater  
Royal and of the Opera and although the  
theater is only gunshot from the palace,  
she goes there with the inevitable pro-  
cession of cavalry horses, mules, coaches,  
and lackeys wearing flesh-colored stock-  
ings and those immense hats worn by the  
grooms of the Pontifical court. After  
the performance, the queen presides over  
the Council of Ministers, and the secret  
camarilla, after which she is free and  
disappears.

There is nothing purer than honesty,  
nothing sweeter than charity, nothing  
warmer than love, nothing brighter than  
virtue, and nothing more steadfast than  
faith. These united in one mind, form  
the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the  
brightest, the holiest and most steadfast  
happiness.

## The Insulted Pig.

Old Billy Bump, white on a lark,  
Was in a gutter laid;

Near by, a swine, with visage dark,  
His lumber couch had made.

Some one passed by, and with a groan  
This peaceful pair espied;

He glanced, and, with a solemn tone,  
This ditty forth he sighed:

“How fitly matched! each calm and free  
With heavy breathing sleeps;

And each to know, you only see,  
What company he keeps!”

The man slept on, his giddy brain  
Of sober thought bereft;

But still the slur produced a pain—  
The hog got up and left.

## To be Read Between Meals.

A few years ago, at the conclusion of  
a sermon, the preacher requested some  
one to pass around the hat and “take up  
a collection.” A young man jumped up  
and commenced “circulating the hat”  
in such away as to finish the job at the  
door and pass out with the proceeds  
the preacher, eyeing him as he went  
out, observed: “If that young man  
runs away with that money, he'll be  
damned.” A deacon sitting by the win-  
dow, seeing him make off down the street,  
responded: “And if he hasn't run  
away with that money I'll be d—d.”

During the recent Saratoga races, the  
following singular wager was won. In  
the bar room of the Union Hotel a num-  
ber of the sportsmen fraternity were as-  
sembled, and in the course of miscellane-  
ous conversation carried on, an official  
of New York city declared his ability to eat  
the corks that had been drawn from every  
bottle of wine that had been drank by  
the company during the evening. A  
congressman in the crowd offered to bet  
\$100 on each cork that he couldn't do it.  
The bet was accepted, and the believer  
in “light diet” immediately set to work  
and in a few minutes won \$2,500, having  
masticated and swallowed that number of  
corks. The “corkist” two days after-  
wards, declared that he had not suffered  
the least inconvenience from his unsavory  
supper.

The junior class of Hamilton College,  
in 1859, to avoid a morning recitation,  
pledged, on the night preceding, a cow in  
the recitation room. Next morning, as  
usual, after prayers, the class filed out of  
the chapel, their faces wearing a smile  
that said, “We have him now,” and  
marched to the door of the recitation  
room, and there stopped. The genial  
professor soon made his appearance at  
the top of the stairs. Immediately a  
dozen voices commenced bellowing out,  
“A cow! a cow in the recitation room!”  
“Yes, yes,” replied the Professor, “I  
see; that accounts for the number of  
calves around the door!”

The Sultan of Bunu, Central Africa,  
has received several valuable presents  
recently from the King of Prussia—  
among them is a carriage which had to  
be taken to pieces and refitted after the  
journey. The workmen sent for this  
purpose were amused at the manner in  
which the vehicle is used. On gala  
occasions the carriage is drawn by the  
grandees of the Court, and the Sultan in  
person walks by its side.

PAYING HIS TITHING.—The Salt  
Lake Reporter is responsible for the fol-  
lowing:

While in conversation a few days ago  
with an old “apostate,” who was disfel-  
lowshipped a few years ago for not pay-  
ing tithes, we asked what he thought of  
that system; to which, elevating the eye-  
brow and leaning his head thoughtfully  
to one side he thus replied in brief:  
“You see, I was always very particular  
about payin' up for a long time arter I  
got here. Finally it came a fall when I  
had 10 very fine hogs. Well, to do the  
square thing I drove one of them up to  
the tithing yard and butchered, the rest,  
and set into cuttin' 'em up. Well, sir,  
about the time I got it done, here come  
one o' Brigham's clerks and took one-  
tenth of the hams, one-tenth of the  
shoulders, one-tenth of the lard and so  
on clear through. Soon after, here come  
the Bishop, and insisted on a donation  
for such a purpose, and not long after  
somebody for something else, and, sir,  
when I got through I found I had the  
meat o' just one hog left. Well, I went  
up to see the President about it, and  
what do you think he said, “Just go  
home and ask the Lord about it, and see  
if he don't tell you bro'er Brigham's  
mathematics are right, that you've only  
given the Lord his share.” Well, I went  
home and didn't say much but I thought  
the Lord was d—d fond o' pork!”

It is often warmer than her wrongs  
that needs to be redressed.