

The Albany Register.

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L.P. FISHER, ADVERTISING AGENT, HERRINGTON'S BUILDING, CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Affecting. AD ORIGIN AL. BY WHO?

Down at Seb, near the "Forks" Of old Lin's noblest river; Where Democracy "uncorks" In almost any kind of weather— Lived the slickest gal you ever Saw in your life; Ankle like a blue beach lever, Voice like a etc. A-I sat by her a "courtn", Calm and serene— With her apron she was sportin', Checked and clean. Mingled was our kash together: All day we sat, A chawin' gum in winter weather, Happy as fat. Long I stuck to her like tenails, Summer and fall, But she went off with the master, Ankle and all. Signed With my Own Blood. BY CAPTAIN HOWARD.

In the Spring of 1859 I entered the detective force. I will not here give the whys and wherefores for so doing, but leave the reader to conjecture. It is said that when a man becomes a detective—a man hunter—he is desperate. The saying was applicable to my step. But why did you do it, captain? asks an inquisitive reader. Perhaps, my dear friend, I had been jilted; perhaps a great commercial crash left me penniless; or, doubtless, I found the years of bachelorhood gathering around me, and I with no visible means of support. The last conjecture is most probable. Don't you think so?

But to the story—the leaf I pluck from detective life. I was seated one morning on the steps of W—house, waiting for breakfast, when little Dick, the errand boy of headquarters, ran up and whispered: "Captain, the chief wants you." "Is his business urgent, Dick?" I asked, for I did not relish a walk with empty stomach. "No; you can eat your breakfast," and the boy bounded away. After partaking of my morning's meal, consisting of coffee, ham and eggs—a dish I relish—I sauntered towards headquarters. As I entered Eighth street, I saw several groups of men talking excitedly, I knew that something important had lately taken place with which my summons to headquarters was connected. I quickened my step, and not long afterward stepped into the office.

"Take a chair, Howard," said Mat-sell. I seated myself, and he continued: "A murder was committed last night. Some person or persons assassinated Mr. Royston, the banker, in his chamber." "They did?" I exclaimed. "Yes; you will have to work out the case, as the rest of the force are engaged. A reward of five thousand dollars is offered for the arrest of his murderer." "I will do what I can to bring him to justice," I answered, "and will proceed at once to the scene of the midnight work."

I went directly to the banker's mansion, and was shown to the room where the body still lay as it had been found. An examination of it and the chamber gave me a clue by which I hoped to secure the villains, for I knew now that two persons were concerned in the tragedy. I went to work with success in the distance, and in a month felt the rogues within my grasp. But on the threshold of accomplishment I was thwarted. One night as I was standing by a lamppost, my head bowed upon my breast meditatively, a hand touched my arm, and looking up I confronted a rather richly clad female. Her face was covered by a veil, through which I caught a gleam of eyes—fiery eyes—like the flashes of lightning on an inky sky.

"Ha! I have found you at last, have I?" she exclaimed. "It seems so," I replied, "What do you want with me?" "Do you ever listen to death-bed confessions?" "Not often." "I have a friend who is nearing the portals of that undiscovered country. He has a secret—one which he has carried in his heart these many years—which he wishes to confide to you." "Why to me?" I asked. "There are ministers who will hear it, and soothe his dying moments with comforting thoughts." "He will confess to you alone, as his confession is about a case you worked on once. Will you go?" I hesitated. The woman might be sincere, or she might be a decoy to lead me into a net set by thieves and murderers, who wished to rid the world of me. But that case I had worked on! I started. Perhaps he knew about the great Martin mystery, upon which I was

engaged two years. Without answering the woman's question, I asked one. "Where is your friend?" "I will not tell you, sir. If you will go, say as much, or he will die with the secret untold." "What is his name, then?" "Ah! you doubt my sincerity. I will go." And she stepped away. I reflected a moment, and resolved to accompany her, let good or evil be the result.

I sprang forward, and touched her arm. "I will accompany you." "Thanks," she said, turning—"Allow me to bandage your eyes." And she produced her kerchief. I protested against such a proceeding, but finding her inexorable, I suffered myself to be blindfolded and led away. On, on we went. I tried to enter into conversation with my mysterious guide, but was unsuccessful. I gained no information save that the man to whom I was being conducted lay in a basement. After walking some distance, a mile or two, I should judge, we stopped. My guide knocked at a door, which was opened. Down a flight of steps I was led till another door was reached, which opened. I was pushed forward, the woman saying: "He is here."

I heard the door shut, the lock turn, and steps ascend the stairs. I tore the bandage from my eyes, and looked around. I was in a small room, evidently a cellar, in a poor portion of the city, for the apartment was very small. A lamp burned upon a rude table, upon which lay writing materials. But what attracted my attention most was two masked men, a few feet from me, directing two pistols at my breast. I had been deceived, and drawn into the murderer's net! Quick as thought my hand went to my revolver; but the ominous click, click, checked me. "Two can play at that game, Tom Howard," said one of the masks. "You know me, then?" "Of course we do, and take pleasure in informing you that your life is in our hands." "And you intend to deprive me of it?" I ventured to remark. "Well—no—yes. If you sign a certain instrument of writing, you live—if not, you die."

"I would like to know in whose presence I stand," said I, stepping forward. "The murderers of John Royston, the banker," replied the tallest mask. I recognized the voice instantly as belonging to a tall dark-faced fellow who for some months I had followed like a sleuth-hound. "Ha!" I cried, "it is you, my covey. Two days more, and your career of crime would have been ended." "You must catch a man before you hang him, my dear Howard," was the taunting rejoinder. "We'll see, sir." "A truce to this badinage, said one of the men, stepping up to the table, while his companion kept a pistol at my breast. "You must sign this paper if you value your life."

I went to the table and read the following oath, written in an uneven, but legible chirography: "I, Thomas Howard, a detective, do solemnly swear that I will desist from the pursuit of the murderers of John Royston, banker, for the period of one year, so help me God!" "Signed with my own blood, this the 12th of July, 185—"

I turned to the men after reading, and asked: "What does 'signed with my own blood' mean?" "Exactly what it says," was the unelucidating answer. "Then I refuse to sign." "You are rash, Tom Howard. The bond is good for one year only. Sign it and live." There was something so significant in his last sentence, that I changed my resolution. "I will sign," I said; "but at the end of the year mentioned in my bond, I will hunt you down and bring you before outraged justice." "No boasting, sir; make ready to have some blood spilled," and one of the assassins laid aside his pistol and produced a lancet. I bared my arm to the elbow; but he laughed, saying: "Not your arm, Howard; the blood must come nearest the heart. Bare your bosom." "Is this another Shylock affair?" "No, sir; we want no flesh—merely blood." I bared my breast; he made an incision directly over my heart, caught the blood in a spoon, dipped a pen into it, and placed it in my hand. I bent forward and signed the bond. The bandage was then replaced over my eyes, the woman who had brought me there appeared, and conducted me through several streets, when she suddenly left me.

I removed the kerchief, went to headquarters, and announced my intention of sticking to my oath. The Royston case was put in the hands of Dick Clay, while I was detailed to work up the burglary. Time passed, when, one morning, I was summoned to the city prison to hear the confession of a woman who had attempted suicide. She was dying, but a faint smile appeared on her hectic cheeks as I entered the cells.

"Mr. Howard," she said, "I have laid violent hands upon my life and am dying; I sent for you. Let me see, this is the—"

"Eleventh of July," I answered, seeing her hesitate. "One year ago, come-to-morrow night, you signed a bond to desist from pursuing the murderers of John Royston." "I did." "The bond is null and void to-morrow night, and then you are at liberty to pursue them."

"Which I intend doing." "Listen, then, to my confession: Last January two men entered John Royston's house and murdered him. I assisted them. We escaped detection until you got on our tracks. We intended to leave the city, but you remembered how you foiled us, and there was one course left by which we might escape. I deceived you into that cellar, where you gave bond not to follow us. "The men left the city; but I remained, as I did not fear Dick Clay. It was I who sent him to New Orleans on a false trail, from whence he returned discomfited, and I was arrested, but succeeded in clearing myself. The real murderers are in Paris."

"How will I find them in that great city? Can you give me a clue?" "They purchased a flower store with money taken from Royston's safe. There is a letter under my pillow. I received it from them a month ago. Its contents may throw some light upon their exact whereabouts. Their names are—bend nearer—are—"

"What?" I cried. "Ran—Ran— I'm gone!" and she fell back on the pillow dead! I got the letter she had spoken of, but it helped me not at all. It was dated at Paris, and contained two Y's in lieu of a signature. I went to Paris in the next vessel, and, arriving there, searched two weeks, but in vain. I was on the point of giving up when I encountered an American—a jeweler—who had resided in Paris some years. I inquired of him if he knew of any flower stores kept by Americans. Yes, he knew of but one, in the Rue Beppo. He believed it was owned by "Rauilic & Bro." That was the place I was hunting for; the names that the dying woman tried to pronounce began thus: "Ran"—the remainder was "lin." But the Rue Beppo was the last place on earth that I would have looked for a flower store. When I reached my hotel I set to work and removed the heavy beard and moustache which adorned my face, and repaired to the Rue Beppo. I entered the flower store, and a clerk awaited my pleasure. I desired to see the proprietors. They appeared, and I introduced myself as George Hall, of Galveston. They did not recognize me. I could hardly restrain myself when in the persons of the firm I recognized the murderers of the banker. "Gentlemen," said I, after talking awhile with them, "were you ever in New York?" "O, yes," said one, "we lived there several years." "Did you know one Annie Graham residing there?" Their lips grew ashy, and they arose to their feet. "What of her?" "She is dead." "Well." "And before she died she confessed." They stepped forward, shouting: "Who are you?" "Tom Howard, at your service!" And at the same time I drew a brace of revolvers and leveled them at their heads. "Gentlemen, the bond having expired, I have done what I said I would do that night. I have tracked you, and now you are my prisoners. Come with me."

Weak as lambs they followed, speaking not a word. At the door they were met by a squad of French police, whom I had stationed near as reinforcements in a case of necessity. The villains were locked up till a vessel sailed for the United States, and I had the pleasure of being their *compagnon du voyage*. When the ship reached this city, I delivered my prisoners over to the authorities, who tried them, found them guilty, and they expiated their crimes on the scaffold. The people were surprised when they learned of the detection of Royston's murderers after such a lapse of time. They did not know that I was under a bond for one year.

The Masonic Brotherhood

The following incident, illustrating the Masonic brotherhood, we extract from an oration delivered by Brother T. E. Garrett at the recent opening of the new hall at St. Louis: Much is said and surmised about the peculiar nature of our ties of brotherhood, which to the world, appear so mysterious, so enduring and so strong. To many their universality and binding force are inconceivable. They cannot be fully explained except within the secret recesses of the lodge; but I may be permitted to give a simple illustration of the true spirit of Masonic brotherhood which came under my personal notice not long ago.

Two men had been fast friends. In an evil hour they quarreled, and from violent words they came to daggers' point, but used no daggers. They did not speak, and did not spoken together for years. Mutual friends had tried the arts of reconciliation in vain. They were avowed enemies for life. The whole difficulty was purely personal, and the honor of either was not impeached either by the origin of the quarrel or subsequent circumstances. Probably they were equally to blame; possibly not. No matter; one of them became a Mason after the estrangement, and it happened the other remained ignorant of the fact. One evening he too, was admitted into the lodge. Almost the first voice he heard and certainly the first he saw, was that of his enemy, who presided over the ceremonies of initiation, and was obliged according to usage to address him as "brother." This was a most peculiar situation, and a severe ordeal for both.

After the lodge was closed, the apprentice sought the master, and without any preliminaries the following colloquy ensued, commenced by the newly-made Mason: "Are you a member of this lodge?" The reply was "I am." "Were you present when I was elected?" "I was." "May I ask if you voted?" "I did." "Now will you tell me how many votes it requires to reject, in a ballot for admission?" The Master answered "One." There was nothing more to say. The initiate extended his hand, which was warmly grasped by the other, and uttered with thrilling accents, deep emotion thrilling his voice: "Friend! Brother! You have taught me a lesson I shall never forget." This is a little ray of Masonic light. No language is so eloquent as the silent throbbing of a heart full of joyful tears. While this kind of comment is used in our moral edifice, should it not be enduring? Who can wonder that it is so strong?

A NEW HOTEL EXPERIMENT.—A citizen of Boston recently bought a house in one of the aristocratic streets of the city, and transformed it into a hotel. The proprietor designed making the building ten or fifteen stories high, but yielding to the advice of friends, contented himself with eight stories. The building has a steam elevator and two dumb waiters, the advantages of which are described by the proprietor: "My own bedroom is in the eighth story, 150 feet from the office. On going home to-day from dinner, I at once rode in the elevator to my own floor, and suggested to my wife that we should dine in our own parlor. Turning to the mouth of the speaking trumpet, I blew—ringing the bell in the office, which threw down a silver ball which indicated the number of my room. The clerk at once asked, 'what is wanted?' I replied that I would have such and such articles for my wife and self in fifteen minutes. The articles were put in a little portable cupboard with non-conducting sides, placed in one of the dumb waiters at the right time, and sent up to the eighth floor, giving notice to the waiter on that floor that my dinner was coming up. The waiter spread the table and left us in peace and quietness to dine at our leisure. No servant had ascended a single flight of stairs. If I had rang the bell on the eighth story of an ordinary hotel, I should have to wait fifteen minutes for the waiter to come, then I should have to wait half an hour for the food to come, with the waiter puffing as if he had been running a race. This would have been unsatisfactory to us all, and an additional expense as well."

Every tenant furnishes his own rooms; and the hotel is so arranged that the most absolute privacy is secured. The prices of suites of rooms range from \$300 to \$2,000; but the situation is in Beacon street, and although high for moderate incomes, these rooms are cheap for that aristocratic location. A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor, "I think folks ought to spend their munny for papers; my dad didn't, and every buddy says he was the intelligentest man in the hull country, and had the smartest family of boys that ever dugged taters."

WHITE PINE.—The Stockton Inde-

pendent publishes following extract from a letter written by Gen. George S. Evans, to his partner, dated Treasure City, January 18th: Everything sells at an exorbitant price. Wood is worth from thirty to fifty dollars a cord; lumber, three hundred and fifty dollars a thousand; water, ten cents a gallon or twenty-five cents a bucket, and everything else in proportion. Nevertheless, this, in my opinion, is bound to be the town. The mines are located all around it and they are unquestionably the richest in the world. All that has been said does not come up to the truth as to the richness and extent of the mines here. In this ore mountain, known as Treasure Mountain, I have visited the Hidden Treasure, Eberhardt, and other mines, and seen for myself and know of what I write. This is the richest country, and a large town will be built here; but the capitalists have got in and gobbled up everything that is good, and there is little show for men of limited means, except by staying here and making a scratch. Lots are held at San Francisco prices, and are valued at from one to five thousand dollars, according to location. The snow covers the whole country and it is difficult to prospect at present. There is no chance to get any goods here, without costing a fortune for transportation. It is very cold here now, the wind blowing furiously and the snow falling. Thermometer ranges at night from 10 to 15 degrees below zero; but, as a general thing, this country is not so cold and disagreeable as represented. But this has been an open winter, the snow not being at any time more than six or eight inches deep. This town is 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the air being light one can scarcely breathe at times when walking. Hamilton is at the base of Treasure Mountain, and on the north side, where the stages stop. Treasure City is on the south side, and still lower than Hamilton. The hidden Treasure Mine is on the north side of the hill, nearly at the top. Chloride Flat is on the south and west sides of Treasure City, and Eberhardt is south of the city and about half way down the hill. The Muzepa is still lower down, a newly discovered mine, which ranks among the richest. There are plenty more good claims that will be prospected in the Spring, when the snow goes off and prospecting can be prosecuted advantageously. Parties who located claims before the fall are now at work. Claims here differ from quartz claims, in that they have no croppings. The whole mountain is composed of limestone. It looks as though the lime and spar had been melted and poured over the surface that covers the basin of silver that lies underneath.

GEOGRAPHY.—"Class in geography stand up. How many divisions of the earth are there?" "Seven." "What are they?" "Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, America, Long Division, and the Division of the Democratic party." "Right. How many races are there?" "Eleventeen hundred." "Nonsense. Let's hear you name them." "White race, black race, Indian race, hoss race, wheelbarrow race, human race, race after a debt, foot race, mill race—" "Hold on! Guess you are right; but we can't stop all day. Now, then, what are the principal elements?" "Land, water, and the national debt." "Is the national debt one of the elements?" "Yes; one of the elements of discord." "What is your globe divided into?" "Land, water, and benzine." "How much is dry land?" "Saalon keepers can tell better than I can." "What is a mountain?" "You ain't?" "Ain't what?" "A mountain—too much." "You rascal, you will catch it for this."

ANOTHER CROSS.—The wife of Thomas Cross gave birth to a daughter, being the seventeenth time that Mrs. Cross has made her husband a happy father. Mrs. Cross's christened name is Amelia Jane—"this is not to be borne!" "But it is born, my dear," said the wife, meekly; "don't get angry, my love—we all have our little crosses to bear." Mr. Thomas Cross groaned in bitterness of spirit. "Amelia Jane, this thing has been going on long enough; if you have any more little crosses to bear, I shan't help to support them!"

The Chinese in San Francisco are great admirers of the *Alta*. The almost-eyes celestial clamor for it; they say it is "wally good lap up cloasay heap big." New York lawyers complain bitterly of dull business.

FROM WHITE PINE.—We are placed

in possession of a letter from H. C. Morse, written to a gentleman well known in Portland, in which is an extract from a letter written from White Pine by A. A. Wightman, and dated Feb. 10th. It says: "Everything is lively and all looks encouraging; prospects are good for lively times commencing in April. We have very rough weather here at present. Property is very high; also rents. You cannot procure a room of any size on the principal streets of the town, under \$100 to 200; and store rooms from \$200 to \$300 per month. Lots are selling at from \$2,000 to \$4,500. This is a good country; any poor man, if industrious, can make a stake here." "I have a piece of the White Pine ore, that is not half as big as your fist and I was offered \$5 for it. You can cut the silver in it with your knife—but that is nothing to the Eberhardt ore." [The former is rich enough.]—Commercial.

EXTRAORDINARY FECUNDITY.—A cow belonging to C. M. Blair, Co. Clerk of this county, has produced five calves in a little less than twenty-two months. The date of the births are as follows: April, 1867, one calf; February, 1868, twins—beifers; February 3, 1869, twins—bulls. The owner has named the latter "Nip" and "Tuck," the latter the senior of "Nip" by about fifteen minutes. The cow, with the four calves under one year of age, can be seen at Mr. Blair's stables, all alive and doing well. Can any "cow county" beat this?—Merced Herald.

WASHING MIXTURE.—The washerwomen of Berlin, Prussia, use a mixture of two ounces turpentine and one-fourth ounce spirits of sal amonia, well mixed together. This mixture is put into a bucket of warm water, in which half a pound of soap has been dissolved. The clothes are immersed over night in this mixture, and the next day washed. The most dirty cloth is said to be cleansed and free from the smell of turpentine. The cloth does not require so much rubbing, and linen fabrics are thus not so soon destroyed.

Toothache, according to the London Lancet, can be cured by the following preparation of carbolic acid: To one drachm of collodium add two drachms of Calvert's carbolic acid. A gelatinous mass is precipitated, small portions of which inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth, invariably gives immediate relief.

The old system of "shinning" for money seems to have been abolished in New York, and the novel method of buying and selling it in the open market has been adopted instead. Borrowers now simply resort to the Stock Exchange and Long Room, and there purchase what money they need. "I am a believer," says Dr. Cuyler, "in the moral and spiritual influence of an open fire. To make home attractive there must be some where in the house a common family rendezvous; and that ought to present a more radiant than a black hole in the floor, through which the hot air pours forth from a subterranean furnace. Men will fight for their altars and their firesides, but what orator ever invoked a burst of patriotism in behalf of steampipes and registers? I never cease to be thankful that I was brought up beside the hickory of a rural farm house.

During the attack on Fort Donelson, a Southern hardshell exhorter was holding forth in exalted strains, declaring repeatedly that the Lord fought on the side of the South, and Jehovah was encamped round about the Confederate army saying that it was impossible for the invading Yankees to conquer them. Just at the close of one of these sentences, a man dashed up to the door of the church on horseback, and yelled out: "The Yankees have captured Fort Donelson, and are coming up the river!" "Then, my brethren, save yourselves, for the Lord has got licked!" In Sterling, Ill., is a temperance society to which none are admitted except those who have been inebriated tipplers. The rank of the members is determined by the depth to which each has fallen. The President who has been chosen, has been the most abandoned drunkard of the society. The penalty for breaking the pledge is as many dips in the river as there are members in the club. "I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Malter. "I shan't stay a great while." "Oh, Mr. Malter, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Malter, with a lugubrious expression of face. "Because," continued he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I was passing away like a cloud before the rising sun." Mr. Malter verified his prophesy the next day by running away with a sympathizing sister.