

The Albany Register.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

Our Salem Correspondent.

SALEM, April 17, 1869.

EDITOR REGISTER:

The "item" business has been remarkably dull for the past two days, owing to the rainy weather.

SKELLS.

where they are played right, are sometimes very ridiculous. A few days ago, it was reported that a stranger had entered "Bascom's Confederate X Roads" saloon in this city, and that he had fell down, apparently dead. The physicians that were called succeeded in restoring him to life again, but that the man was badly paralyzed and had not spoke, ate or drank anything for several days. Of course such a thing would attract considerable attention, some of the physicians and a good many citizens calling in to see the man. The callers were introduced to a wooden man which "Bascom" used for a sign. Of course after being "sold" they would keep mum and let others have the benefit of it. It went on in this way for several days, then a scene ensued that it is better imagined than described.

THE SPRING TERM

of the literary department of the Willamette University commences next [19th] Monday.

RETURNED.

Dr. L. S. Skiff, who has been traveling and away from Salem for some time, returned day before yesterday. Says he saw no place like Salem, in all respects.

GOODS.

To judge from the large stocks of goods that our merchants are bringing on, it would certainly give the impression that times are not so very "hard."

TRAVEL.

seems to be starting up now. The several stage lines to and from this city are crowded with passengers.

GOOD TIME COMING

for the I. O. O. F., on the 26th. Preparations are now being made for the grand anniversary ball, to be held at the "Wigwam" in this city, at the same time.

TO SMOKERS.—Children of smoking fathers often have their brains and nervous system entirely impregnated with the poison of nicotine in the helpless age of infancy. A couple came to a country place entirely for the health of their only boy, a feeble infant. The child was pale and sickly, constantly. The parents had but one room, in which they lived with him, and which was every evening blue with tobacco smoke. Every evening that helpless creature took into his lungs as much tobacco as if he had smoked a cigarette. Still more than this—the mother who was nursing that infant did what was equivalent to smoking one cigar every evening, she breathed her husband's smoke. Now, if your baby smokes cigars, you will find, by and by, when he comes to need brains, that this brain-power will not be found. He will be stary, fitful, morbid, full of nervous kinks and cranks, one of those wretched human beings who live a life like that described by Hawthorne in his story of "Feathertop," only capable of existence and efficiency while he is smoking, but sinking into dimness and stupidity when he stops.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, the popular lecturer on spiritualism, was divorced from her husband Fletcher Cuppy, in the District Court of El Dorado county, on Tuesday of last week, and on Thursday following she was again married, this time to W. W. Smith, formerly of Sacramento. This, we believe is her third husband.

GROWTH OF MISSOURI.—Missouri has grown in population fifty per cent. in four years; in property, two hundred millions of dollars in eight years. It has paid in three years over \$23,000,000 of its debt and overdue interest. That is a pretty good State to emigrate to. Such are some of the results of the abolition of slavery.

Louisville prosecutes saloon keepers for permitting boys to play billiards.

A Beautiful Devil on Skates.

Beautiful devils about everywhere—at the theatre, the park, in the ball-room, on Broadway, and in nearly every gathering where both sexes are represented. At this season of the year they infest the different skating parks, where their devilry and ingenuity have full and excellent play.

The last incident that has transpired was enacted on Central Park pond, New York, and made quite a little sensation for a few moments. The particulars are briefly these:

A nice young man, residing in the city of churches, visited the above popular resort last Monday evening, for the purpose of enjoying numerous turns on the slippery element, and showing off the exquisite proportions of his captivating person.

Clara Denning was also there for like purposes, so far as the admiring crowd knew. Clara is superbly beautiful and captivating. She was dressed in the height of fashion, with a dress so artistically curled that it displayed a pair of ankles so exquisitely rounded and tapering that the beholder became utterly dazzled as he contemplated them.

And what was more, all these charms appeared to be alone upon the ice. There seemed to be no one to whom she could cling in the emergency of a loosened skate, or an accidental bump; in fact, she was as gushing as a Peri, with no one to gush up to. Mr. Softy (for so we will call him, since he has already paid quite dear for his amorous whistle), saw her as she glided along in the uncertain manner usual to new beginners, and, like hundreds of others, he was severely smitten. The weather was exceedingly cold, but Softy felt now like throwing off his overcoat, since this divinity on "rockers" had awakened such a flame in his bosom. He fairly glowed.

He is constitutionally a bashful man, but seeing how the beautiful divinity labored to bring out the poetry of her motion, he glided bashfully to her side and volunteered his assistance. She smiled thankfully on him, and the result was an instantaneous and fevered thumping of the principal blood-vessel under his vest. But she accepted his proffered escort, and together they swung dreamily over the slippery element, growing rapidly more communicative and social, and to all appearances more apparently in love.

Before half an hour had passed they seemed to be on the very best of terms, and had partaken of refreshments, including wine, of which she drank fashionably. And then they very naturally sought those portions of the ice where the crowd was the rarest, and where an anxious throng could not note the very frequent glances of passionate love which passed between them, or make observations on the location of his fond arm, which every now and then stole investigatively around her shapely waist; or, if one did chance to note the amorous attitude, they could but acknowledge that both parties seemed perfectly satisfied with the situation.

By-and-by her skate became loosened, and—would he be so kind as to tighten it? Tighten it! wouldn't he, though? But Clara was coy and rather non-committal, save on the point of love; on that she acknowledged herself rather spooney.

Again they swung gracefully over the ice, and again his fond arm stole lovingly around her, and all the world seemed to swim before his intoxicated vision. His timidity seemed to have taken leave of him, and he, watching his opportunity, actually stole one or two draughts of nectar from her ripe, ruby lips.

It was not long before another accident befel her skate; he had tightened it too much; it was bruising her sweet little foot—would he not relieve it? To hear with him was only to obey, and again he knelt before her and took that pedestal of Venus in his willing lap, and again he lingered fondly over the unloosing. By this time he had become bolder in his love, and lingering now became toying with the very points of excellence he had so lately dared only to admire.

While in this attitude, a man with

huge frame and monster devil in his savage look, pounced upon them with a drawn revolver in the grasp of his huge fist.

"Dog!" he hissed, as he presented the weapon to the head of the kneeling victim, who at first glance was frightened into immobility.

"My husband!" exclaimed the beautiful devil.

"Husband!" gasped the kneeling gallant, attempting to regain his feet.

"Yes, an injured, outraged husband!" again growled the man in a stentorian undertone. "But I will have the villain's blood!"

"No, no!" cried the apparently frightened girl, acting her part with perfection, "spare him; he is not guilty!"

"Base woman, have I not seen you all the evening. But on second thought, I will not risk my liberty by killing him, but will have him arrested; I—" and he glided quickly through the crowd.

"Oh, Heaven! he has gone to get an officer to have you arrested! But stay; he has probably got parties here to arrest you. Follow him and settle it the best you can. I must go home to my parents."

Softy sought the "injured husband," and after considerable talk about wounded honor and desecrated hearth on the part of the husband, Softy appeased him by the payment of three hundred dollars. Immediately after Softy's eyes opened to the fact that he had been seriously sold by a beautiful devil on skates. But it was too late. The game had been soon set up, the he and she accomplices had won, and the curtain dropped on another play of "Money."

MRS. GRANT'S SHOEMAKER.—Mrs. Grant, by the verdict of all the ladies, is the daintiest-footed lady in the city perhaps in the nation. I was passing a shoe store in Georgetown—Vermilye's was the place—and seeing a great throng of ladies, I entered to speak to an acquaintance.

"Is it opening day here?"

"Oh! no. This is Mrs. Grant's shoemaker."

"And has she an extraordinary shoe?"

"Here it is. Look at it!"

A tiny little shoe, the size one-and-a-half was placed in my hand.

"Good gracious!"

"Her little daughter's is quite as large. She patronizes this place, and here, therefore, the entire patronage of Washington comes!"

"Driving a mile and a half to see if by getting shoes of Mrs. Grant's shoemaker they cannot buy as presentable feet! Oh! naughty world!"—Washington correspondence Chicago Tribune.

The curious people called the Lapps, in the north of Europe, drink a little coffee, and consider it a great luxury; occasionally they get flat brod or barley cakes. They drink a great deal of flannel a horrible spirit which is very strong, and almost takes away the breath of those who taste it for the first time. It is distilled from corn or potatoes, and is flavored with caraway seeds. They appear, however, to thrive well on their peculiar diet, and are singularly free from disease. They live to a good old age, and the patriarchs of the race are noted for their extreme ugliness. In choosing the parts of the reindeer, they give the preference to the saddle, which has plenty of fat; they sell the other portions of the animal to their Norwegian neighbors.

STRATEGY MY BOY.—The President nominated General Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, as Minister to Chili believing the Senate would confirm the appointment, and his spite against General Kilpatrick would be gratified. The Senate, however, will refuse to confirm and Gen. Kilpatrick will remain Minister to Chile.

The Virginia Enterprise says another silverado has been discovered in Nevada. The editor tells how much bullion it has produced the last year—\$12,000,000—and then adds: "Having described the district, we cannot now do less than give its name and location. Its name is Virginia and Gold Hill, and its principal deposit is the Comstock."

Tomson is an inveterate smoker.

From the Fat Contributor.

GRANT GIVES SOME OPINIONS ON CELEBRITIES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.

I have just had an interview with Gen. Grant, and obtained some of his ideas on public men, not given in the opinion published in the N. Y. World, which I herewith send you:

Ben Franklin is unquestionably a rapid type-sticker, and his enterprise in collecting the latest news, renders him invaluable to an almanac, but he is visionary. His theory about lightning rods protecting houses and barns during a thunder storm, is one of the most absurd things I ever heard of.

Old Parr is a young man of brilliant talents and ambitions, but he ought to take better care of himself. I fear he is hastening to an early life.

Washington is an efficient General of militia, and one of our most civil engineers. Many have censured him for that little affair with his father's cherry tree, but it is time for us to bury the hatchet. I have never seen Webster yet, though I have read his dictionary. It is not surprising to me that a man of so many words couldn't be President.

George Francis Train is one of our most noble women. His appeals in behalf of her sex are both powerful and convincing. No one can read her speeches without being convinced he ought to vote.

Brick Pomeroy is the modern Alexander the Great, weeping because there are no more Worlds to conquer. What profiteth it a man though he gain the whole World and lose both his daily and weekly circulation?

I have no idea of removing "Nasby" from the Postoffice. He must be a substantial addition to the revenue of the Department, for his "letters" pass thro' every postoffice in the United States.

Brigham Young is a multitudinous husband and a numerous father, who has certainly done a great deal for Utah. How far he is going to be allowed to "do" the U. S. remains to be seen.

"J. N." is not as crazy as he might be. I am not sure that he would make a good Secretary of the Treasury. He is in favor of decedding all the land back to the Indians, and let the Indians assume the national debt. This would certainly be an easy and rapid solution of our financial difficulties.

Peabody is a well meaning man, of much principles upon which he has realized a great deal of interest. His princely gift to the London poor, I fear, is working harm. Men who were in comfortable circumstances before that donation was made, reduced themselves to abject beggary for the purpose of getting a portion of the legacy, thereby setting a very bad example indeed.

Fisk is a well meaning man—towards Fisk. He has great versatility of talent, and can run a big railroad, an opera house and the Springfield Republican all at once. He is not a temperance man exactly, but he don't take his Bowls so much as he did.

There is a great deal of useless talk about Morrissey having been in the "ring." A member of Congress who is not in some sort of a "ring" nowadays is very rare, indeed; and there are few of those "rings" as respectable as the prize ring. Big men have helped Morrissey to fortune. His Club house is said to be the house that Vanderbuilt.

Garibaldi recently said to a visitor: "I do not suffer much, but I feel I am growing old. I am a weather-beaten hull, which has made many voyages; a plank is at one time wanting, at another a nail—always something; but earnest will supplies all deficiencies, and when my country may need the last timber of the old bark I shall willingly make the sacrifice."

The Boston State House contains a statue of Washington, which a bold critic, without the fear of Boston before his eyes, says it "Conveys to one who looks upon it for the first time the anæsthetic impression that it represents a man getting up in his night shirt and attempting to light the gas."

Singular Results.

The Dabuque (Iowa) Times has the following in relation to a simple accident and its singular results which was related to the editor by a reliable party:

A woman of this city—we purposely withhold her name—who earned her living by going out to do the washing of families, sometime last summer in doing the washing of a certain citizen she chanced to break off a portion of a needle which was in the garment in the wash, in the palm of her hand, near the wrist. She endeavored to extricate it at the time, but failing, completed her day's work. No very serious inconvenience being felt on the following day from the piece of needle and the wound, the patient turned her attention to the abatement of the inflammation. In a short time this was abated, and the accident was for a time forgotten. A month or more after, a pricking sensation was felt in the region of the upper forearm, and believing it was created by this fraction of a needle, a consultation was had with a physician, confirmed it. An effort was made by him to reach and extract it, but without avail. From time to time, since then, the pricking sensation has been felt in different portions of the arm, until it run the entire length, even to the shoulder, and now it has turned down and is making its way through her breast. It is pronounced beyond the reach of an ordinary operation, and the woman, with or without cause, is apprehensive of the final result. This circumstance is one of the most singular occurrences of the kind we have ever heard of, and no doubt will strike our readers as something peculiar. We have heard of needles working their way through certain portions of the tissues of the body, but we never read or heard of a needle making such a race-course of human flesh as this one.

Madame Olympe Adoudar, who spent a few weeks in this country at the close of the last year is lecturing in Paris on the Mormons, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Railroad, the Indians, and other objects of interest which may be seen in New York, where she passed her time.

A Missouri farmer who did not like the postmaster of the town where he lived, visited Hannibal the other day to petition the express agent there for the removal of the obnoxious officer. He could not be persuaded that the express agent had not full jurisdiction in the case.

It is proposed in Philadelphia to bring the remains of William Penn from England to Pennsylvania, and to erect a splendid monument over them. They were buried in a leaden coffin and their transportation to America will not be difficult.

An American ex-Brigadier General is giving drawing lessons in Heidelberg; and a poor French Count, the descendant of one of the oldest French Legitimist families, is the most fashionable dancing-master in the same city.

The Columbus (Ga.) Sun genially says: "We take it that Edwards, the idiotic and inebriated vagrant who represents this district has enjoyed a lucid interval. We are in receipt of a report on finance, bearing his frank."

The people of Buffalo are discussing the question whether to build a bridge over Buffalo River or dig a tunnel under it following Chicago's example. A tunnel would cost about \$300,000.

Among the solid men of Pennsylvania are Asa Packer, a prominent Democratic politician, worth \$20,000,000, and A. Pardee of Hazletown, whose property is estimated at \$25,000,000.

A young fellow with but one leg, and fully developed arm, hopped a mile in 10 minutes at Plymouth, Ind., the other day for a small purse. He makes his living in that way.

A few days since a clergyman who resides in Decatur, Ill., exchanged satchels with a fellow traveler by mistake. Upon opening it he discovered \$80,000 in greenbacks in the bag.

A sewing machine, driven by electricity, is on exhibition in Paris.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

An eminent physician says that the Wall street stock jobbers produce more lunatics than any other class of people in the country.

Milwaukeeans annually drink \$4,000,000 worth of intoxicating drinks. It is an awful distinction to be known as "the thirstiest man in Milwaukee."

The literary editor of a southwestern paper judges from the criticism bestowed upon a forthcoming novel that it will be "very bifalutin and fopsided."

A boy in Brentwood, England, recently snapped a pistol at the head of a woman. It was not loaded, but the woman fell dead—killed by imagination.

Madame Demorest, the celebrated New York modiste, learned the millinery business at Lansingburgh, where she was only plain and pretty Miss Curtis.

A young fellow, fond of talking, remarked, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself nor to any one else."

A tombstone in Maine, erected to the memory of a wife bears the inscription: "Tears cannot restore her; therefore do I weep."

Some one called Richard Steele the "vilest of mankind." He retorted with proud humility. "It would be a glorious world if I were."

A Michigan has perfected a machine to put on lath, which, in the same time, will do the work of three men.

Wigfall, of Texas, has been practicing predatory lawfare outside of the English Courts since the close of the war.

Mr. Emerson says that in buying a small farm he secured an unlooked for bargain in blue-birds and bob-o'-links.

At Saratoga hotels no charge is made if a waiter frowns on you. If he smiles you are expected to give him 25c.

The wife of Sir Roderick Macdonald died in London at the age of 81. She was a naturalist of some merit.

They have a "bootie" in Buffalo, who is at work on a two-hundred dollar pair of boots for General Grant.

"What Blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he received the fees for christening them.

On the 10th of April it will be 50 years since the present Pope was ordained a priest.

There is an attempt in New York to revive the old proposition that ladies shall dress in black when attending church.

Kate Fisher's flying steed, which snorted so fiercely in Mazeppa, is now a hack-horse in Pittsburgh.

Ammonia injected into the veins is pronounced a certain antidote for the bite of poisonous snakes.

One of the men employed on the Sandy Hook light ship has not been on shore for 10 years.

A bill is before the Legislature of Kentucky prohibiting the marriage of first cousins.

"The Mysterious Widow of Long Branch" is the title of a new comedy in New York.

Sir John Fox writes his opinion that the Mercy can be tunneled for about £100,000.

The "School of Design," the chief one in which women study. Or men either.

Question: "What is faith?" Answer: "Drinking over a New York bar."

Five New Yorkers have wagered \$160,150 they will velocipede to Chicago.

It is said that the tea most in favor among unmarried ladies, is loose leaf.

A lawful fence in North Carolina must be "horse high, bull strong and pig tight."

An effort is again being made to open the Boston Public Library on Sunday. Montreal has over two millions of dollars in United States silver coin.

Gladstone's daughter is soon to be Mrs. Parker.

The mud of Paris is sold for \$120,000 a year.

Austria is fortifying the northeast frontier of Hungary.

A single artesian well supplies all the water used at Fond-du-Lac, Wis.

The election for members of the Kansas Corps Legislatif commences May 20th.