

# The Albany Register.

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ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

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**MONEY.**—Precious metals as money are older than history. Two thousand years before Christ, Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, whose children have never lost their faith, nor his thrift through a hundred and fourteen generations, have returned from Egypt, "very rich in cattle, in silver and gold." Afterwards, says the biblical record, "he bought the cave of Macpelah—where his bones rest beside those of Sarah the wife of his youth—for four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." The Catholic has it "common current money." The shekel was about sixty cents of our money. It was weighed, not counted, for there were no mints in those days.

Herodotus asserts that coinage originated with the Lydians. The world's coin since have been like leaves of autumn. Most are extinct, but the British Museum preserves more than 120,000 varieties. The Paris collection is still greater, and increased by two or three thousand every year. Our country has no large public accumulation, but the cabinet of the Philadelphia mint contains many worth studying its medallion memorials of Washington number 216; but not one represents him in battle. It embraces many antique specimens. Here are the coins which pious ancients placed between the cold lips of their dead to pay old Charon for ferriage over the Styx. Here is that very image and subscription of Caesar which the Judean carpenter pointed out to the fisherman and tent-makers following him. Here are faces of rulers and captains down to our own day, from Alexander of Macedon, and the mightiest Julius, who bestrode this narrow world like a Colossus.

**A MIXTURE.**—The following laughable mixture—one concerning a preacher the other about the freaks of a mad dog—occurred in a paper the other day: "Rev. James Thompson, rector of St. Andrew's Church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physician advised him to cross the Atlantic for his health. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the conclusion of a prayer took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Trinity street to the College. At this stage of the proceedings he was seized by a couple of boys, who tied a tin kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of running and confusion. After a long race he was finally shot by a policeman."

**STRANGE FREAK OF A MAN OF GENIUS.**—A few years ago Laurence Oliphant, who went to England as Secretary of the Japanese mission, made a deep impression on the fashionable and political world by his brilliant talents. He was comparatively unknown, but in a few months took all hearts by storm. He obtained a seat in Parliament, moved in the highest circles of society and was the universal favorite of the world of fashion. He once was seen sauntering into the Travelers' Club with two men leaning on his arms—one His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the other His Majesty the King of Denmark! Such a future as that which lay before this handsome, clever, fascinating young diplomatist, says an English paper, any man might have envied. Suddenly, however, Laurence Oliphant was missed from his place in society—from club, and "House," and opera. Where he had gone none could tell. Even his constituents at Stirling were unable to get any accurate information concerning him, and as he made no appearance at the recent election, another man was chosen in his place. He has at last been discovered, however, in a semi-religious, semi-socialistic community at Ercotou, on the borders of Lake Erie, where the once-idolized star of Belgravia now follows the plow and wears homespun.

General Stoneman has been ordered to the Pacific Coast with his regiment.

## Telegraphic Summary.

Eastern telegrams up to April 22nd. The order for the withdrawal of the British troops from Canada in May next, is said to be withheld for a while.

The demand by the United States on the British Government for an explanation of the Mary Lovell affair is looked upon as another speck of war.

Large numbers of French Canadians are emigrating to the United States.

The annexation question continues to be agitated with spirit.

The fire in the mines at Gold Hill, Nevada, still burns. Great efforts are being made to extinguish it by the injection of steam. The fire throws out of employment about 500 laborers.

San Francisco telegrams are to April 25.

Overland telegraph wires still down; hence no late eastern news.

The Steamship Japan from Hong Kong and Yokohama, arrived April 24th, and reports that civil war has again broken out with considerable violence in Japan. No important news from China. The steamer brought 124 Chinese, of whom fifty were females.

Mining stocks are reported firm, on account of developments made in the Savage mine.

The town of You Bet was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of the 24th.

The chamber of Commerce is endeavoring to prevent any changes being made in the San Francisco Bank Mint.

North Carolina has ratified the suffrage amendment.

Robert M. Douglas, son of the late Senator Douglas, has been appointed assistant private secretary to President Grant.

Col. Sam. Pike, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Ohio House of Representatives, has been connected with 27 different newspapers.

A lady in Lowell, Mass., who has kept craps on the knob of her house door since the assassination of President Lincoln, removed it on the day Grant was inaugurated.

The Democrats in the Ohio Legislature have a scheme for redistricting the State, so as to wipe out the Republicans so far as possible, and give to the opposition at least eleven of the nineteen Congressmen.

Gen. Hancock is talked of as the next Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania the present year, with the view, in case of his success, of running him for President in 1872.

The Louisiana Sugar-growers are prosperous, and decline to ask for any increase in the present duties on that article. Hence there is little probability that Congress will make such a change, to please the refiners of Philadelphia and New York.

A young gentleman, in a certain business house, having tarried much longer at his boarding house than was thought necessary for the morning meal, was asked on his return, in a joking way, "what he had for breakfast?" He replied, candidly, "a cup of coffee, a mutton chop, and some mystery!" "Mystery!" said the employer, "What's that?" not having been thoroughly enlightened in all the "mysteries" of boarding house fare. "Why," answered the other, "that's hash."

The "local" of a Southern paper thus introduced a police item: There was a sound of revelry by night, and Locust alley had gathered there her beauty and her chivalry; and bright the gaslight shone over lost women and fast men; and when the music arose with its voluptuous swell bleared eyes looked to eyes which sent back blood-shot glances, and all went merry as a marriage bell, Lizzie Valentine dressed in boys clothes, rushed into the alley and was "nabbed" by a policeman.

An American writer says: A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like an opossum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is one fastened on a fellow it sticks like glue and treacle in a bushy head of hair.

**THE GLORIOUS WEST.**—The following amusing burlesques of the style of journalism prevalent in the far West were copied recently into an English paper, with severe comments upon the shocking condition of the American barbarians of the Plains:

A little bit of romance has just transpired to relieve the monotony of our metropolitan life. Old Sam Chiggins, whom the editor of this paper has so often publicly thrashed, has returned from Mud Springs with a young wife. He is said to be very fond of her, and the way he got her was this: Sometime ago we courted her, but finding she was on the make, threw her off, after shooting her brother and two cousins. She vowed revenge, and promised to marry any man who would horsewhip us. This, Sam agreed to undertake, and she married him on that promise. We shall call on Sam to-morrow with our new shot-gun, and present our congratulations in our usual form.—*Hungtown Glibet.*

A stranger, wearing a stovepipe hat and a boiled shirt, arrived in town yesterday, and put up at the Nugget House. The boys are having a good time with that hat this morning. The funeral will take place at two o'clock. Dog Rancho is unhealthy for swells.—*Dog Rancho Weekly Hoop.*

A painful accident occurred in Frog Guich, which has cast a wet blanket of gloom over a hitherto joyous, whisky-loving community. Dave Sprigger—or, as he is familiarly called, Murderer Dave—got drunk at his usual hour yesterday, and, as is his custom, took down his gun and started after the fellow who went home with his girl the night before. He found him at breakfast with his wife and 13 children. After killing them he started out to return, but being weary stumbled and broke his leg. Dr. Bill found him in that condition, and having no wagon at hand to convey him to town, shot him to put him out of his misery. Dave was dearly loved by all who knew him, and his loss is a Democratic gain. He never disagreed with any but Democrats, and would have materially reduced the vote of that party had he not been so untimely cut off.—*Siskiyou Knock Down.*

A child of Whisky Ben had an altercation with the Methodist preacher over at Michigan Gully last Sunday, and ended the discussion by carving in his Abolition hand. The boy was presented with a new revolver by the Cumberland Presbyterians.—*Stars and Stripes.*

The scoundrel who tipped over our office last month will be hung to-morrow, and no paper will be issued next day.—*Calaveras Shrieker.*

Four babies who had been put into the cage at Hell Shaft, yesterday, while their mothers played a game of draw, climbed over the side. We did not learn who won the last pot.—*Nigger Hill Patriot.*

There is a man in town who claims to be the man who killed Sheriff White some months ago. We consider him an impostor, seeking admission into society above his level, and we hope people will stop inviting him to their houses.—*Frog Spring Herald.*

How tame Gen. Grant's "Let us have peace" appears beside this exuberance of a Georgia editor on the morning after the Presidential election: "The harmony is whispered upon the Everglades of Florida, and watted in fragrance as sweet as the orange breath across the country to where the everlasting snow-crag upon the hills of Oregon stand as white sentinels fronting the peace that is in our country. May they utter the word jubilate, and with one accord award unto the Creator a thanksgiving for the peace he was vouchsafed us. We have peace—that peace which passeth all understanding."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son. I have been on the way there for eighteen years." "Well, goodbye, old fellow! If you have been traveling toward heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

Methuselah did not live so long as he might have done had he attended to good advice; for it is written that he was sleeping on the ground when well stricken in years, when an angel came and told him that if he would rise up and build himself a house to lie in, he would live five hundred years more. Methuselah made answer that it was not worth while to take a house for so short a term! And so he died before he was a thousand years old.

There are only twenty-six missionaries among all the Indians of our country, while they number between three and four hundred thousand.

## The Actor's Stratagem.

Many old theatre-goers of the west will remember James Wills, a favorite comedian, well known in that section.

When the Texas excitement was at fever heat, he one day found himself in a condition to which actors are often subject—"dead broke."

While standing on the wharf of a growing city on the Mississippi, with his solemn visage extended, planning how he could get down the river without money, he heard the sound of a drum and fife.

He saw a small party of half-uniformed soldiers, bearing a Texas banner, and about to embark for New Orleans. A thought struck him.

The next day Wills sent his trunk on board the first boat to start. Then, just as the captain struck the bell for the last time, he stepped on board, dragged his box into an unoccupied state-room, took from his theatrical wardrobe a soldier's coat with a buff breast and three rows of buttons, a cocked-hat with an immense plume, a red sash, and a pair of false whiskers. By the time the boat got underway, Jim was fully equipped, with a stage sword hanging gracefully at his side. Drawing on his white gloves, he hesitated a moment, but relying on his own peculiar powers, he opened the door into the cabin, which was filled with passengers.

In an instant all eyes were turned toward him, but he walked up to the steamer's bar, and drank a glass of brandy and water.

In the meanwhile all was bustle and confusion to find out who the officer was.

A general rush was made for the register, but he had not yet put down his name. The captain was consulted, but did not know anything. At length, however, feeling a little curious himself, he walked up to him, bowed politely, and said: "Sir,"

"Sir, to you," said Jim, touching his *chapeau*, and saluting a *la militaire*.

"Will you do me the favor to register your name, so that I can provide a suitable state-room for you?" said the captain.

"Oh, with pleasure," responded Jim, and walking up to the register, he flourished in round text:

"Chas. P. Edwards, Major, Texas Army."

The crowd passed around the table; they read the name; universal enthusiasm prevailed, and three tremendous cheers were given for Texas and liberty.

Jim took off his shako, acknowledged the compliment with a bow and a very few patriotic remarks.

It is almost needless to say that from that time the *soldier* Major became a "lion." Every one sought his acquaintance. The ladies opened the cabin door to get a peep at him. He was placed at the head of the table, and at night was liberally treated with champagne.

Next day Jim was promenadeing the hurricane deck, linked arm-in-arm with the captain and a warm southerner, who resided in Vicksburg.

"Major," said the southerner, "I know you have been on a mission to collect arms, ammunition and recruits; but on this subject you must, of course, keep mum, in consequence of the treaty between Mexico and the United States. For my part, though, I could see every yaller-skinned rascal hung like a dog, on a tree."

"Whatever my business may have been, I find that I have exhausted my means in the cause. In fact, I fear that I shall not be able to pay my passage until I get to New Orleans," said the artful Jim.

"Don't mention it," cried the captain. "I could not for one moment think of taking anything from you."

"I have it!" exclaimed the southerner. "Come along with me."

The trio adjourned to the clerk's office, where a stirring appeal for aid to Texas was written.

The southern gentleman carried it among the passengers, and soon collected a hundred and fifty dollars, which was handed over to Wills.

Then a grand supper was given, at which speeches were made and toasts were

drank. The cabin was decorated with the flag of the lone star of Texas, manufactured for the occasion by the ladies, out of certain of their red and white garments.

At twelve o'clock the company commenced singing, and at length the Major was called on to favor them. He complied by giving them his favorite song of "Billy Barlow."

"Bravo!" said one.

"Excellent!" cried another.

"Capital!" said a third.

"I could do a deuced sight better," said Jim, who was fast approaching the fourth stage of intoxication, "if I had the proper togs on."

After giving three faint huzzas for Texas, the party broke up.

Next morning the clerk went into Jim's state-room to call him to breakfast.

Imagine his surprise when he discovered that the Major had "turned in" all standing, with his boots, shako and sword on, and his feet snugly laid upon the pillow. He was a Texan Major, and of course no fault was found.

Thus things went on, and Wills reached New Orleans in triumph. There he doffed his uniform, and returned to Vicksburg, where he obtained an engagement at the theatre.

He became a great favorite, and when he was at the zenith of his glory, the southern gentleman whom he had met on the boat went one evening to see the play.

Between the pieces Wills sang "Billy Barlow." The old southerner was bewildered.

The after-piece came on, and Jim appeared in the identical suit in which he had enacted the Texan Major.

After the play was over the southerner sought an interview with him.

"You infernal rascal!" said he, "I ought to shoot you; but the trick was so clever that I forgive you. So shake hands; let's take a drink, and say no more about it."

Jim looked at him a moment with a grave and serious expression of countenance, then replied:

"One man in his time plays many parts."

**COURTSHIP IN SCOTLAND.**—A "Royal Commission" has developed some curious facts with reference to the manner in which courtship is carried on among the Scotch peasants. For a young man to call on a young woman in the daytime, or to talk with her in the presence of other people, even though they may be her nearest relatives, is a grave offense against the conventionalities. The time for such intercourse is midnight. The lad comes under the lassie's window and whistles or in some other way informs her of his presence. She thereupon lets him into the house, or, oftener goes out to him. The call lasts two or three hours. Curiously enough, attempts to persuade grown people from so absurd and otherwise objectionable a practice, have thus far proved futile.

**IN THE WAY.**—A mother who was preparing some flour to make into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death bed while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was in your way mother; you had no room for little Mary; and will I be in the angels' way? Will there be room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt that no sacrifice could have been too great could she have saved her child.

There is a lucky farmer near Dubuque, Iowa. One Monday night of last month two of his sheep became the mothers of seven lambs, one producing three and the other four; one of his cows had a calf; a sow had a litter of seventeen pigs, and his wife presented him with two bouncing boys.

So gross is the present dramatic literature in France, that there is scarcely a theatre in Paris to which a man could, with propriety, take his wife or daughter.

## Sayings by Josh Billings.

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind to become a rascal, that he wood examine himself closely, and see if he ain't better konstituted for a phool.

I argy this way: If a man is right, he kant be too radikal; if he is rong, he kant be too konservatif.

When you pra, pra right at the bulls eye.

"Tell the truth and shame the devil." I kno lots of people who can shame the devil easy enuff, but the tother thing bothers them.

It is a very delikit job tew forgive a man without lowering him in his own estimashun, and yorze too.

As a general thing, when a woman wares the britches, she has a good rite to them.

It is admitted now bi everybody, that the Man who kin git plat on berlony assage has got a good deal of dorg in him.

Wooman's infloenze is powerful—espeshially when she wants ennything.

Sticking your noze don't prove ennything, for a soap biler, when he is aw frum hiz hum, smells ennything.

No man luvves tew git beat, but it is better to be bored with a inch orger than a gimblet.

"Be sure you are rite, then go ahead;" but in case you aint rite, go ahead enny wa.

Wooman will sometimes confess her sins; but I never knue wuz to confess her faults.

Don't mistaik arrogance fur wisdom; menny people thought tha wuz wize wen they wuz only windy.

Men aint apt to be kicked out uv good society for being ritch.

The road to Ruin is always kept in good repair, and the taverns pay the expenses of it.

If a man begins life bi bein a fast Lieutenant in his familie, he need never look for promoshun.

The unla prophit there is in keeping more than one dorg, is wat you can make on his board.

Young man, study Defference; it is the best card in the pack.

Honesty is the poor man's poark and the rich man's pudding.

There is a luxury in sometimes feeling lonesum.

There is onla one advantage that I kin see, in goin tew the devil, and that is the rode iz eza and you are sure to git there.

Lastla—I am violently opposed to ardent speerits as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes a leetle of it tastes good.

**A LUCKY OLD LADY.**—An old woman of the middle class recently appeared in a jeweler's shop in Paris, and produced a bag of old gold and silver coins, which she desired to have made into buttons for a birthday present for her daughter.

"I hear," said she, "that such things are worn now-a-days, and I am determined that *petite* shall have as fine buttons as anybody."

"But madame, perhaps, does not know the value of these," replied the jeweler, who was both honest and learned in coins.

"Indeed I do," said the old dame. "Folks wanted me to believe they were rusty copper, and of no account, but I know they're good gold. They couldn't cheat me."

"But they have an additional value as curiosities," persisted the good man. And he explained to her, of which she had no idea, that some coins were worth twenty times their intrinsic value. Hearing this, the good woman produced a large number of brooches or clasps, and other ornaments, which her father had disinterred from Morruvian graves in Burgundy, and which he had not hitherto dared to sell, from a current belief that they belonged to the Government. The collection, which was of incredible value, was purchased from her at a fair price, and now adorns the museum of a French nobleman.

**SHEEP AT FIVE CENTS PER HEAD.**—In Cleveland, O., recently, J. Harsh sold to Case and Sholl, packers, five thousand two hundred and fifty sheep for five cents per head, the seller retaining the hides and the purchaser slaughtering the animals. The Cleveland Leader says:

"Mutton is exceedingly cheap at present. Large quantities of sheep are being slaughtered, as, on account of fodder, they will not pay for wintering. Crosses are sold in the market for from forty to sixty cents each."—*Memphis O. Bulletin.*

*Ed. P. Fisher*