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May Day.

BY H. P. CHORLEY.

The sun, already from the skies  
Above the beffy gleaming,  
Peeps in at many a maid's eyes,  
And laughs her from her dreaming.  
The wind, that all the night was low  
Among the chestnuts on the brow,  
Begin to carol gay, and merrily to say,  
"Ye boys and girls, who love the spring,  
Troop out, troop out to dance and sing,  
Ye should not be so slow,  
On glad May Day."

The hall must lay its grandeur by,  
The hamlet cease its labor,  
As squires and blades agree to try  
The worth of pipe and tabor.  
E'en helpless age, in elbow chair,  
Sits by and looks his thin gray hair,  
To hear the music play, and merrily to say,  
"The nimblest dancer on the green,  
Is far less brisk than he hath been,  
When he the sport did share  
Of glad May Day."

There's no one here, who, grave and stern,  
Our revel would be scolding,  
Save owl grim, who needs must turn  
From mirth, and song, and dancing.  
The more the cares our hearts have known  
The sorer 'tis we lay them down,  
When spring-time points the way:  
Then merrily while ye may,  
Let all who love to dance and sing,  
Go round and round in blithe ring,  
And make at least your own  
One glad May Day.

A Fearful Adventure.

The prairies in certain parts of the Southwest, during a drought, sometimes become as dry and parched as a tinder, and a fire once started among them flies with the fleetness of the wind and the fury of the volcano. Woe to the man or beast caught in its path without the means of escape.

Some twenty odd years since, a party of three hunters were encamped in a small grove in the far Southwest. They were on their return from Santa Fe; but having had a sharp running fight with a party of Apaches, they had been driven far out of their course, and had now paused to rest their weary animals.

They were all expert marksmen and when the red skins turned back from the fruitless pursuit, it was with such a loss of numbers as effectually crippled them and made the hunters feel safe from disturbance.

Two of the trappers were brothers, George and Ned Williams, whilst the third was a life-long companion by the name of Parker.

They had kindled a small fire, and having cooked a goodly sized piece of buffalo meat which they had carried with them, they were now smoking their pipes and chatting, and resting themselves.

"Do you know," remarked Parker, after several minutes' chat on other matters, "that we've drifted into a part of the country where water is mighty scarce?"

"No. Have you ever been here before?"

"I was here ten years ago, and had just about the worst time you ever heard of. For the best part of three days I hunted for water without finding a drop. My poor horse moaned and staggered until he fell down and gave up the ghost and I kneeled over and concluded that Tom Parker had his last hunt and got thrown at last. But just then, as the good Providence willed it, I was found by a party of traders, and they poured about a quart of whiskey down my throat and soon put me on my legs again."

"That was during a dry season, I suppose?"

"Just about such a season as this—not a bit dryer, and its my opinion that we had best get back on the regular trail as soon as we can. Have any of you seen any signs of water since we commenced that race with the Apaches?"

"I believe you're right," replied the elder Williams; "we are indeed in a bad part of the prairie, and I believe the only fluid among us is a pint of whiskey."

"That stuff will do for the men, but the animals would make rather hard work with it," laughed Ned.

"Yes; a man and a hog, I believe are the only creatures that you get to take the stuff."

Sometime after this Parker rose to his feet and began snuffing the air.

"Seems to me there is something that smells strange," he remarked; "haven't you noticed it?"

"Yes," replied George; "I thought it came from our fire."

Parker shook his head.

"It isn't that; I believe that the prairie is on fire. His companions started involuntarily, for they understood too well the meaning of such a calamity. If such prove the case, they could save themselves by the common resort of fighting fire by fire; but the desolate blackened prairie, and the charred corpses of buffaloes and wild horses and the barren waste that would be left were sights which they had no desire to witness, and necessitated an experience on their part which they all dreaded.

The three now walked out from their grove to take a look at the horizon. They scanned every portion of it in quest of the dreaded element. At first they could see nothing alarming, but Parker was sure that away to the northwest there was an unusual appearance of the sky. It had a faint redness and glow which is witnessed when we look toward a distant conflagration, and the smoky appearance was more perceptible than ever.

"The infernal Apaches have set the prairie on fire," said Parker; "there is no need of being mistaken about it."

"How far away?"

"A good distance off. Our horses and ourselves need a good rest, and we can lay down until daylight without fear. It was now quite late in the evening and as the hunters were very much exhausted, they stretched themselves in their blankets and were soon lost in slumber.

Parker was the first to awake, and when he did so, the first thing he noticed was that the heavy smoky smell noticed during the night was more intensified. At the same time he heard the horses neighing, stamping and giving evidence of an unusual alarm.

"Quickly, boys!" he shouted. There is no time to lose—the prairie is on fire!"

Several miles to the northwest they could see fully a fourth of the horizon one mass of seething, roaring flame. Great arrowy points of fire shot upward, swaying swiftly with a serpentine motion, while vast volumes of thick, heavy smoke rolled overhead, and millions of sparks filled the air.

It was a fearful sight, one well calculated to strike terror in the strongest heart.

"Shall we set fire to the grass?" inquired the brothers.

"It seems sparse and thin hereabouts," replied Parker. "Yonder is a creek, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, is broad enough to stop the fire in this direction. That will be a better plan than to undertake to fire the grass, which may burn too slow. But the brothers objected to this course, as the creek or river referred to was quite distant, and after what Parker had said about the lack of water in this region, they had strong doubts of its existence; and besides, their horses had not yet recovered from their severe exertion of the day before to make them equal to a rapid ride, even if only a few miles in extent.

"You may try it if you wish," added George Williams, "but we ain't quite such fools as that."

Parker felt somewhat touched at this, and was driven into what he would hardly have done had he taken time to deliberate.

Mounting his horse, he turned his head toward the southwest, and bidding them good-by, started off at a gallop. The last glimpse he had of his friends was to see them gathering tufts of grass preparatory to setting them on fire, when he turned about and attended to his own safety.

"Now, Jack," said he cheerily, addressing his horse, "you have need of all your speed. Bear me to the creek as fast as you can. It is the only water in this section, and we need it."

The noble animal seemed as if he understood what his master said; but he had gone scarcely half a mile when his rider made a most alarming discovery. The creek, whose borders were marked by a line of trees, was considerably further than he imagined, and the labored progress of his horse showed him that he

would give out before reaching his destination.

The hunter glanced anxiously back to where he had left his friends, and was half-resolved to turn about and join them; but pride prevented, and moreover, he still saw them darting hither and thither busy at work, but as yet they had failed to set the prairie on fire. Their danger was equal if not greater than his own.

About this time, also, he saw that thousands of buffaloes and wild horses were thundering frantically over the prairie in a direction which would lead them into the grove.

His friends could not wait much longer before they would be compelled to take to the trees to avoid being trampled to death, and by the time this danger was passed the other would be upon them.

With a shudder, Parker turned back and urged his horse to its utmost speed.

The great desire of the hunter was to get out of the path of this surging mass of animals. He was riding at right angles to their course, and if he could reach that portion of the creek toward which he was aiming, there was no fear of being overwhelmed by this panicked army of dumb animals.

Striking his heels against his horse's sides, he bent all his faculties and energies into the one great idea of escape.

It will be seen that two great dangers threatened the hunter—that of the burning prairie, and that from the stampeding animals. Were it not for the latter, he could have dismounted in the tall, dry grass, and by means of the flash of his rifle started a flame that would have speedily given him safe ground to gravel upon. But there was no time for this, and he had no thoughts of making the attempt.

The horse did his best, panting and toiling as he had never done before; but swiftly as he went, it seemed to the impatient rider that the distance between them increased rather than diminished. But on, on he sped, impelled by his terrible peril, while that terrible swarm of bellowing buffaloes and snorting horses thundered tumultuously onward. A few hundred yards from the creek stood a large solitary tree, its trunk and large limbs already glowing with the reflected light from the glowing volume of flame. Toward this Parker directed his horse's head, and the brute strained every nerve. On, on he sped, gasping and panting. A few minutes later he was beneath the tree, he staggered and fell upon his side, while his rider had barely time to free his foot from the stirrup.

The trapper had fallen off in the haste of his flight, and as he involuntarily threw out his hand he felt the warmth of the fire upon it. His horse flung up his head and neighed piteously, as if imploring his master not to leave him.

"God help you," exclaimed the latter, his heart full of pity, "but I can do you no good, and must leave you." Tears streamed down the hardy hunter's cheeks as, with rifle strapped to his back, he started on a full run for the creek. He had not a moment to lose. He was just beyond the line of fleeing animals, but he was still in danger from the near approaching fire, and he did not pause to look behind him although, in that moment of frenzy and despair he fancied he heard the tread of some animal close in his rear. A few minutes later he was on the bank of the creek. To his delight he saw that it was wide and deep. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang in, sinking several feet below the surface before he touched bottom. As he came up a mass of smoke rolled over the water, almost suffocating him, but he struck out boldly, and shortly after touched land, where he crawled out and rested himself.

As he gazed back, to his surprise, he saw that his horse had struggled after him, and was already swimming the stream. He shouted and encouraged him, and the brute pressed forward until he fell exhausted at his feet.

"Noble Jack," exclaimed the trapper, affectionately patting his neck. "You are saved, and here we will rest."

The fire swept furiously onward, and

by this time had reached the stream. Fortunately, the wind blew parallel with the current, so that there was little fear. Had it blown across the creek it would have communicated to the grass upon the other side, and made the situation of the hunter uncomfortable, if not absolutely perilous.

The sun was past the meridian before the fire had subsided enough to make it safe for the hunter to cross. By that time his horse had secured a good rest, and his bath had refreshed him not a little. But his master swam back with him, and upon reaching land did not remount him. Taking his bridle in his hand he led him with a sad and foreboding heart to the grove where he had parted with his friends. The prairie was almost as black as ink, while here and there were stretched the smoking carcasses of the animals which had been overtaken and burned in their desperate attempts to escape.

His fears were too sadly realized. In the grove were found the charred bodies of his friends and horses, while fully a hundred buffaloes and prairie wolves were scattered among them. It looked as if they had persisted in their attempts to fire the prairie until trampled under foot by the rushing animals many of whom fell exhausted, when they all perished together. It was a fearful sight, and while mourning the loss of his comrades Parker could but be thankful at his own Providential escape.

CHANGED HER MIND.—Dicky was poor; Katy had a rich mother. Katy's mother was "down" on the measure, and Dicky was forbid the premises. Notes were exchanged through a knot-hole in the high board fence which inclosed the yard. One day the old lady went out "calling," and Dicky being duly informed of the fact, called on Katy, but remained too long. The old lady returned suddenly, and there being no chance for him to escape, at the instance of Katy, Dicky popped into a closet. The old lady saw that Katy felt confused, and guessed that Dicky had been about; she supposed, of course, that he had made good his escape, and thinking that the young couple had agreed, perhaps, to elope together, determined to be too smart for them; so she shut Katy up in the same closet where Dicky was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night. She didn't see Dicky.

The next morning she went to the closet to let Katy out.

"Oh, Lord!" she screamed, and could hardly get her breath for a moment. Finally:

"Ahem! Dicky, is that you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Dicky, you must stay to breakfast."

"Couldn't, ma'am."

"Oh, but you must."

Dicky concluded to stay.

At the breakfast table the old lady spoke up and said:

"Dicky, I've been thinking a great deal about you lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am—very lately."

"You are industrious and honest, I hear."

"I never brag, ma'am."

"Well, now, upon the whole, Dicky, I think you and Katy had better get married."

USE OF LEMONS.—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greater part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it down slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases, from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most remarkable benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at bedtime, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of Summer, would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep and an awakening appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea for supper, or relish and cake, and berries or peaches and cream.—*Journal of Health.*

Whom Do Great Men Marry?

Charles B. Stevens, in the March number of the *Phrenological Journal*, answers this question as follows:

Women, of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is seen in the lower ranks, and on the whole make worse mistakes. They, however, generally show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether it be good or bad.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take no for an answer, and they were married, and lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

Shakespeare loved and wed a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affection on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Milbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow field. He, too, was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but he lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting literary recluse; while she was a rosy, romping country lass, that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, and so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed and sincere affection existed.

Washington married a widow with two children. It is enough to say of her that she was worthy of him, and that they lived as married folks should, in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

Thomas Jefferson married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a childless widow, but she brought him a large fortune in real estate. After the ceremony, she mounted the horse behind him, and they rode home together. It was late in the evening, and they found the fire out. But the great statesman bustled around and rebuilt it, while she seized the broom, and soon put things to rights. It is needless to say that they were happy. Jefferson died a poor man on account of his extreme liberality and hospitality.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood at her father's door and laughed at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with rolls of bread under his arms and his pockets filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children were neither distressed nor idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "States Rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for his wife. She is now insane.

Gen. Sam. Houston lived happily with a squaw wife, while Gen. Butler was divorced from an accomplished lady.

Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian,

married a beautiful actress, from whom he was divorced.

General Fremont married the daughter of Thomas H. Benton against the latter's wish, which obliged him to elope with her on a stormy night. The union proved a happy one in spite of the squally beginning.

Horace Greeley married a school mistress whose beauty was questionable, but whose sense and goodness satisfied one of the greatest men of his time.

General Sherman married the daughter of Thomas Ewing of Ohio, who was a member of Gen. Taylor's cabinet. This alone would have been a good start in life for any young man.

General Grant married a Miss Dent of St. Louis. She apparently has more sense than show, and is therefore fit for a President's wife.

A writer writes: "Putting up the hair of children in curling papers breaks it and checks its growth; often pulls it out by the roots. Curling irons are fatal to the hair to both children and grown persons. The heat saps up the juice out of the fibers as effectually as fire or frost saps the vitality of a green branch, leaving but a dry withered skeleton. The practice which hair dressers have of frizzing out the hair with a comb, to make the most of it, is one of the most cruel injuries that can be inflicted on the living hair. The comb cuts it in the act of frizzing it. You can test the truth of this by combing out the hair after it has been dressed. The hair sometimes comes out by the handfuls; and further, this process tangles up the hair, and a great deal of it is broken and pulled out in trying to comb it straight again."

A spring wagon has been invented by a gentleman in Mayslick, Ky., which he proposes to run without any kind of an animal or steam power. He has already perfected a small model, which runs up or down hill very rapidly. The power is received from an immense coiled steel spring, which will run for half an hour without being wound up. In going up hill the spring exhausts itself, but in going down hill it winds itself up. The inventor claims that he can carry very heavy loads over any ordinary road.

During the present year there will be two eclipses of the sun. The first will take place on the 23d of July, but will be only partial, and invisible in this country. On August 7th, a total eclipse of the sun occurs. This will be the most interesting that has been witnessed in the United States for years, and will not happen again until the last of the century. The shadow of the earth will commence crossing the sun's disc about half past four in the afternoon, and will not entirely pass over it until half past six.

The *New York Journal of Medicine* says that Dr. Hickman, Demonstrator of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, has met with a case of complete transposition of the internal organs in the dissecting room of the University. The apex of the heart is on the right side; in fact, every organ occupies exactly the opposite side from what is natural. This may be cited as a good case of total (physical) depravity.

A tall Eastern girl, named Short, loved a certain big Mr. Little, while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before Long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query—Did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long?

A little girl was very fond of preaching to her dolls. She reproved one the other day for being so wicked. "O, you naughty, sinful child," she said, shaking the waxen limbs, "you will go to that lake of brimstone and molasses, and you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle!"

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived till next Friday, she would have been dead about two weeks. Notings is possible with the Almighty. As de tree falls, so musht it stand."

The Emperor of Russia gets \$25,000 salary a day; the Sultan 18,000; Napoleon 14,219; the Emperor of Austria \$10,000; the King of Prussia \$210; Victor Emanuel \$6,840; Victoria \$6,270; Leopold of Belgium \$1,643; and President Grant \$68 50.

The members of the Illinois Legislature have invented a new way of increasing their salaries, which is simply drawing \$800 each for "room rent."

Three of Grant's Cabinet appointees are of foreign birth.

Ed. P. Fisher