

The Albany Register.

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CONVERSATIONAL CLUBS.—Are the latest fashion in New York. They meet once a week, and some one member, selected at a previous meeting, talks fifteen minutes on the subject assigned him when selected. After the chief talker of the evening has concluded, any member of the club may occupy five minutes, either in questioning the chief, who is supposed to be fully posted on the topic of the evening, or in giving his or her own views. A dozen or more persons may in this way give utterance to their ideas, in the course of the evening, and a great variety of thoughts will thus be brought out. We should think this was a most delightful way of spending an evening, and suggest that a Conversational Club be organized here. It will combine the benefits of a lecture and debating society, having the defects of neither. A half dozen ladies, with an equal number of gentlemen, is sufficient to start such a society.

PRINTERS.—So many eminent men have been practical printers that it seems to be thought that type setting has become very mysterious association with success. We shall never hear the last of Benjamin Franklin and his early struggles as a printer; of Horace Greeley coming to New York, a thin, haggard, friendless boy, with a small bundle in his hand and only tea dollars in his pocket; of Bayard Taylor leaving the case and making the tour of Europe on less than five hundred dollars; of Thurlow Weed, toiling up from a country type-setter to a great political power in the nation. They accomplished extraordinary things, not because they were printers, but in spite of it. Your genuine, born, temperamental printer, rarely quits his calling; or, if he does, returns to it or its cognate one of journalism as water returns to its level. This peculiar mortal is our theme. He defies classification, like the nondescript animal that could not live in water and died on land. He seldom achieves success, because he is indifferent to it, and because he wants to show the sham and the folly of all exertion, all purposes, all ambition.

GREATEST DOG FIGHT ON RECORD. *Wilke's Spirit* relates the following, which occurred at Logansville, Pennsylvania, the hero being old Jacob Karstetter, a man of wealth, who appears to have gone into the extraordinary fight for fun: He was rather rude to a dog owned by a sporting man, who told him he had better take care or the dog would bite him. The dog was a large bull, and uncommonly ferocious. The gentleman remarked, "he would bet five dollars he could get down on all fours, fight and whip the dog in dog fashion, and not touch the dog with his hands." The bet was taken at once. Down went Karstetter, who commenced a series of growls, and made a forward motion toward the dog. The dog, seconded and hissed on by its owner, at once opened the fight, neither intimidated by unearthly growls, shouts, snarls and exclamations of his antagonist; but seizing him by the left cheek, drew first blood in good style. After a moment Karstetter got the upper hold and changed his base. He actually got the dog by the ear, and shook him so severely that the dog cried out with terror, and after he was sufficiently punished, his tormentor let him go, and he made off as fast as his legs would carry him, howling with pain.

HONEST INDUSTRY.—Here is a beautiful paragraph which we find in one of our exchanges: "If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth, or won it by his honest industry. It is caskered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stained by no blood."

An Italian has published seven dances as illustrative of the seven cardinal sins. They are called: Pride Schottische, Avarice Mazourka, Luxury Waltz, Anger Gallop, Gluttony Quadrille, Envy Polka, and Lazy March.

The Alabama Claim.
The following is the closing paragraph in Sumner's recent great speech in the United States Senate, in regard to the conduct of the English Government toward the United States during the late rebellion, and the position of this Government on the Alabama claims:

"The truth must be told, not in anger, but in sadness. England has done to the United States an injury most difficult to measure. Considering when it was done, and in what complicity, it is unaccountable. At a great epoch of history, no less momentous than that of the French Revolution, or that of the Reformation, when civilization was fighting her last battle with slavery, England gave her name, her influence, her material resources, to the wicked cause, and flung a sword into the scale of slavery. Here was a portentous mistake. Strange that the land of Wilberforce, after expending millions for Emancipation; after proclaiming everywhere the truths of Liberty, and ascending to glorious primacy in the sublime movements for the universal abolition of Slavery, could do this thing! Like every departure from the rule of justice and good neighborhood, her conduct was pernicious in proportion to the scale of operations, affecting individuals, corporations, communities, and the nation itself. And yet, down to this day, there is no acknowledgment of this wrong—not a single word. Such a generous expression would be the beginning of a just settlement, and the best assurance of that harmony between two great and kindred nations which all must desire.

A NEW REMEDY.—Dr. Desmartris, of Bordeaux, France, has introduced into his practice an extraordinary medical remedy for the cure of certain diseases, which is attracting much attention. It is no other than the employment of certain stinging insects. His practice does not claim to be entirely new, as it has long been a tradition in medicine that leprosy can be cured by the poison of certain serpents; and it is well known that poisonous drugs are freely administered as powerful alternatives in certain diseases. Dr. Humboldt, nephew of the great naturalist, in his practice at Havana, found that the poison of the scorpion was a remedy for yellow fever. He inoculated over 2,000 men of the military and naval garrison; more than 600 were afterwards attacked with the fever, of whom not more than sixteen died. Dr. D. had been long afflicted with rheumatism, which was attended with great suffering. One day, while picking up a handful of weeds in his garden, he was stung by a wasp in the wrist. The arm swelled, but the rheumatism disappeared. Next day he applied a wasp to his leg that was suffering, with like results; and at length he has introduced this remedy extensively into his practice. It now seems probable that the time may come when the most acceptable gift of an afflicted friend will be a buzzing bee for a diseased eye, or a well developed wasp for rheumatism. Hymenoptera will rise in market value, and even despised wasps will fill a niche in the world's history.

A NEW INVENTION.—An ingenious English mechanic has perfected an invention for the detection of hidden defects in iron casting, wrought iron shafts, and other heavy iron casting. The invention is one of the most powerful, and at the same time useful of modern times. A small magnetic steel bar is so supported that, beside being able to turn in a horizontal plane, it can also turn in sectional planes. It points northward and downward with an inclination of seventy degrees. This needle traverses the shaft or bar, denoting the flaws or bad places by an irregularity in the top of the needle. The invention has been tested in every conceivable manner. In one instance a heavy shaft of iron was drilled, the hole was filled up with inferior iron, then plugged up, and turned off so smoothly that the plug could not be detected. The compass needle indicated the spot at which the strength of the shaft was not reliable.

POPULATION.—It is calculated that the population of the United States in 1870 will be more than 42,000,000.

A Kiss on the Wind.

When the bright stars shine
And the rippling sea
Throws back their silvery light,
Then the sparkling waves
Softly tell to me
Their message of the night.
None but lovers know
What the whisp'ring airs
Borne on the murr'ring deep;
Nor the twinkling light
Of the far off star.
That's read while others sleep!
Ah, they bear to me
Fond Affection's sigh,
Heart-branched by one afar,
And the sparkling light
Of a laughing eye
Beams from the distant star!
O, bear swiftly, wind,
To my own sweetheart,
This kiss, far o'er the sea:
She will know 'tis mine
By the magic art
That love has taught of thee.

A Cincinnati's Experiences in Chicago.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times relates his troubles during a late visit to Chicago:

AT HOME, February 6, 1869.
For the first time, strange to say, we—the subscribers—visited the evangelic city of Chicago last week, and "hung up our hat" with our esteemed friend, John B. Drake, Esq., of the Tremont House. We were courteously received, assigned a comfortable room, and, being somewhat fatigued, retired at an early hour Sunday evening to dream of suicides, divorces, and such little incidents for which the city of virtue is notorious. After considerable effort owing to the disturbed state of our mind, we succeeded in finding "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Arising at an early hour Monday morning ("the early bird catches the worm," and we were after it), we sallied forth for a morning walk, wending our way toward the lake shore—having heard of the efficacy of the lake breeze—and had proceeded but a few steps when we were accosted by a well-dressed individual who sported an elegant nose glass of pure gold so we thought—and carried in hand a huge bundle of apparently legal documents.

"Mornin', sir," exclaimed our legal friend, extending his hand.

"Good morning, sir; happy to meet you."

"Out early, sir, best time for business."

—opening a memorandum book—"suppose you have your points all arranged."

"Perhaps you are mistaken, sir. I am not in need of legal assistance at present."

"No necessity for being reticent, my friend. I'm ready to serve you, and can furnish your papers in a short time."

"What papers do you mean, sir? I know nothing of papers."

"Come, no foolishness; you are certainly the gentleman" (opening the memorandum) "gentleman from Ohio, stopping at the Tremont House, wants divorce."

"Divorce! the devil; I never thought of such a thing. What do you mean, sir?"

"Beg pardon, sir; no use getting excited over so light an affair. I assure you it's very singular—gentleman from Cincinnati; five feet seven, light complexioned, dark hair, sandy whiskers, and—"

—Expecting to hear our name called next, we endeavored to pass on, but were detained by the stranger, who seized our arm and exclaimed:

"Dang it, if you are not the man, you look like you wanted, or at least ought, to be divorced!"

We are disposed to be peaceable, having been raised in a Quaker neighborhood, but must admit that this last remark got our dander up, and before we could gain composure aimed a blow at our tormentor's nose, which he wisely dodged and permitted us to measure our length upon the sidewalk. Picking ourselves up, as best we could, we hurried on, thankful for our escape.

We had proceeded but a few steps from the scene of our adventure when we were again accosted, this time by a gentleman whom we took for a member of the tonorial profession.

"Pass right in this way, sir; you'll find everything all right."

A glance at our wardrobe suggested that a little attention was necessary in order to regain our former respectable appearance, and following, were led into a gorgeously furnished parlor, where sat half a dozen beautiful ladies, ranging in summers from sweet sixteen to thirty-five. We were immediately surrounded, when one, a bewitching, smiling, devilish little creature, who seemed to have been chosen as interrogatrix, addressed us affectionately:

"You have them properly made out, I presume?"

"What do you mean, my dear Miss? I do not understand you."

"Didn't you get your papers?"

"What papers?" I have ordered no papers."

"Just like all the Ohio people—don't want to acknowledge."

"I must confess, Miss, that this whole affair is a mystery to me; and, really, I would like an explanation."

"Well, well, that is funny, isn't it, girls?"

"Really laughable," exclaimed all present, pressing so close around us that we were perfectly hampered.

"Yes, it is laughable, but the laugh is all on your side," I exclaimed.

"Ain't you, or have you not been, a married man?"

"Most undoubtedly I am a married man, and, beside, am the father of numerous children."

"Well, haven't you applied for and obtained a divorce?"

Here I began to feel my temper rising again, but, being in the presence of ladies, suppressed my indignation and replied:

"No! and if I had, what has this array of good looking girls to do with the matter?"

"Why, sir, as is usually the case, we supposed that you would be an immediate candidate for matrimony, and have presented ourselves that you might, if agreeable, make a selection 'for better or for worse.'"

"This was a stunner, and it was with considerable difficulty that we were enabled to convince our mysteriously (they do things mysteriously in Chicago) made acquaintances that our domestic relations were all that could be desired, and that our mission to their sensational city was of an entirely different character."

We were politely bowed out, leaving an assurance that should we at any time obtain a divorce we should call again, and hurrying to our hotel partook of a hasty breakfast, rushed out, transacted our business, took the first train for home, and bade Chicago adieu, impressed with the idea that Chicago is the place to obtain a speedy divorce and a "brave new" (?) wife.

MIAMI.

MURDEROUS DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

A young lady of Munich, named Erminia Schlug, was recently detected in a singular crime. For some weeks the families inhabiting the hotel in which Miss Schlug lived had been subject to alarming, but exceedingly varied, attacks of illness.

After a long police investigation it was discovered that the young lady had a lover, a student named Von Beck, who was so enthusiastically devoted to physiology, toxicology, and similar branches of study, that he spared no one as a subject for his experiments. Much of his time was spent in devising or investigating the most subtle poisons, and the most difficult of detection, and his mistress aided him in these studies by administering his drugs to her fellow tenants. The trial revealed the fact that Von Beck and Erminia had spared themselves as little as other people, their bodies being marked with the scars of experiments which had involved a terrible amount of long continued pains, while the young lady boasted with triumph of the poisons and antidotes which she had swallowed. The pair escaped with a nominal punishment, and received a decided eulogy in the columns of the *Tagblatt* for their heroic, though mistaken, devotion to the cause of science.

TO GIRLS.—My pretty dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty; more breakfast and less bustle.

I like the buxom, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough; and with all her other accomplishments be a lady in the drawing room.

During a concert in the Boston Music Hall, recently, when the organist was exhibiting the full powers of the instrument, a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbor about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ. The organist made a sudden transition from "ff" to "pianissimo;" consequently the audience was somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, "We fried ours in butter!"

The Cuban Patriot.

A correspondent of the New York Sun gives the following sketch of Cespedes, the leader of the Cuban insurgents:

Carlos Manuel Cespedes was born about forty-five years ago, in the town of Bayamo, Cuba. The first twelve years of his life were spent with his parents, who resided on a plantation in the vicinity.

With them he only learned the first rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, while at the same time he indulged in those early employments and health-giving games which are consequent to a life in a country naturally mountainous and full of forests. His family having moved when he was twelve years of age to the town of Bayamo, Carlos Manuel was sent there to school for the first time.

A few days after the commencement of his studies there, he gave proofs of an extraordinary mental activity and intellectual talents, leaving behind him the most advanced of the scholars in the school, and being recognized by them as the head of the institution. When eighteen years of age he went to Havana, with the object of prosecuting his studies there for the law profession. His great intellectuality was further developed there, at the same time that numerous personal affairs gave him an opportunity to show his active, courageous, and tenacious disposition, giving an indication then that he would be as "great in war as in peace."

Graduating as attorney-at-law in Europe, where he went afterwards, and receiving the greatest university honors, he returned to Cuba and fixed his residence at Manzanillo. His powers of eloquence, energy, and his knowledge soon made him the most popular man in the vicinity, and entitled him to rank as the first lawyer in that part of the country. But of all traits in his character, generosity marks an important one, and will give a lustre to all his future actions. The fortune which he inherited from his father, the wealth which he amassed by his industrious exertions, and his future prospects of increasing it, would have secured him a life full of comfort and ease; but his patriotic heart could not support longer the sight of his country in chains, and the victims to the outrages of the tyrannical Spanish Government. Inspired by a heroic resolution, he gives freedom to all his slaves, abandons his sugar estates to the merciless fury of his Spanish foes, who burn them all in revenge, and sacrificing all on the altar of liberty and independence, with the noblest motives he inaugurates the revolution in Cuba at the head of one hundred patriots—a movement which now counts in its ranks the whole native population of the island.

To the present he has shown in all his acts the fullest energy and untiring constancy, and the greatest moderation in the exercise of the discretionary power conferred upon him by the unanimous accord of all Cubans. When we see men of this stamp, supported by all the natives of Cuba, and that they, without arms and ammunition of any consideration, and by their unaided efforts, not only have been able to withstand the advance of the Spanish foe, but have repeatedly defeated them and at last obtained possession of almost all the land, then it becomes impossible for us to doubt the final triumph of liberty, and the prevailing of American institutions at the gem of the Antilles.

Charles Hunt, in his way, is a success. A few months since he eloped with some one's wife from Boscobel, Wis. He finally arrived at Dubuque, Iowa, where he has been at work since, until the other day he left town with two women, one of whom was the eloping Badger, and the other a Dubuquer. Should he continue journeying westward, he will soon accommodate a sufficiently large family to admit of becoming a respectable deacon among the saints of Utah.

A girl who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

Four ladies are candidates for school directors in Malden, Mass.

Costly Breakfast to Cleopatra.

After having partaken of Cleopatra's necklace, Mark Antony determined to devise the costliest breakfast ever given.

After several days of gastronomical meditation, not having found what he was looking for, he summoned his cook to his presence, and told him that if he could get up a dainty breakfast for a lady, which should be composed of as few and as small dishes as possible, and at the same time be most costly, he would reward him accordingly. Several weeks afterwards the cook entered Mark Antony's study, and told him that he was ready to serve the dainty breakfast asked of him, and that it was composed of one olive only. At the appointed hour, the cook entered the dining-room, followed by one hundred men carrying the olive (in its artificial envelope) on their shoulders. They deposited it on a table made for the occasion, and fifty carvers were set to work on it. After several hours of hard work, the triumphant cook placed the olive before the Egyptian Queen, who looked at him with amazement, still with perfect delight. The olive had been prepared in the following way: After having been stoned, it was stuffed with a rich custard, then put inside of a boned canary, which was used to stuff an ortolan. The latter was placed inside of a boned oriole, which was used to stuff a thrush, which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A boned snipe was stuffed with a lark and placed inside of a robin, which was used to stuff a plover, and which latter bird filled a woodcock, the woodcock a partridge, the latter a grouse, the grouse a pheasant, the pheasant a chicken, the chicken a guinea-fowl, which was placed inside of a goose; the goose filled a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter an ostrich, which was used to stuff a sheep, the sheep a calf, the calf an antelope, the latter a pig, the pig a deer, the deer a bear, the bear a heifer, the latter an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippopotamus, the latter an elephant. The olive was then roasted in its envelope, which envelope was thrown away, and the olive only was served. Rare dish, wasn't it?

In London, recently, the Rev. C. J. LeGyt, a Ritualistic rector, issued the following singular announcement: "The incumbent begs to express the hope that strangers who have breakfasted and done the *Standard* or *Times*, will abstain from communing at the celebration of the festival."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Unmarried ladies with independent resources should husband them.

The pleasantest husbandry is the destroying of weeds—widow's weeds.

What fruit does a newly-married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

A "smile" that foretells sorrow.—The one that you take in the bar-room.

A gentleman of Carlisle offers to trot his American horse, the "Milwaukee," against any horse in Europe for 10,000 florins a side.

A philosopher once thanked a lady who had been singing to a party for an hour, by saying, "Madam, you have wasted our time charmingly."

Colorado has produced four cabbages weighing 180 pounds; twelve turnips that fill a barrel; fifty potatoes that also make a barrel; and a squash five and a half feet in circumference.

Cicero made the following wise remark: "As I approve of the youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth."

"You have lost some of your friends, I see," said a traveler to a negro whom he had met on the road.

"Yes, massa."

"Was it a near or distant relative?"

"Well purty distant—'bout twenty-four miles," was the reply.

A lawyer in a Tomb case, while cross-examining a burglar, asked him if he followed an honest profession.

"I guess not," said the burglar; "except the profession of your lawyers, I think ours is about the most dishonest one going."

The keeper of a groggery, in Hartford, killed his bar-tender because he used so loudly.