

# The Albany Register.

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ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

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One week's "baby crop" in New York city, amounted to 1,124.

Two Indians were burned to death one day last week, in a cabin at Seattle. W. T. Both were drunk.

Paper collars have been patented in London. They are said to be air and water tight, and a great improvement.

Japan thinks the young fellows whom it sent out to be educated know enough, and has called them all home.

Steam and the telegraph, says a California journal, are bringing the nations almost too close together for comfort.

A native of Sitka is spoken of who ate ten pounds of butter at one meal and lived. He finished his repast with a castor oil cocktail.

The time-table of the Central Pacific Railroad has been so changed that the time between Sacramento and Omaha, on the Missouri river, is now only four days and three hours.

Chas. Crocker, who went East in his private railroad car, took with him a variety of blooming flowers, to show the Eastern people what this coast can produce in that line.

The Nashville *Banner* tells of a county Superintendent who has received over five thousand dollars and established but two schools—and a large country dry goods store.

The Stockton *Independent*, speaking of Geo. Francis Train, suggests the beautiful State edifice in the suburbs of Stockton as his appropriate headquarters.

The San Jose (Cal.) *Mercury* states that the wheat growing on the Salinas plains is totally ruined by rust. Many fields have been abandoned as not worth harvesting.

A ten mile trotting race is announced to come off over the San Jose course, on the 6th of July, between George H. Jefferson's black mare, Lady S., and Thos. Reed's veteran trotter, Bob Cole. The match is for \$500 a side.

Just at present there is an immense immigration from the Canadas to the States. From Nova Scotia and New Brunswick every steamer comes loaded with passengers.

Isaac Lustig, a man 60 years of age, was convicted of perjury in San Francisco, May 21st, and recommended to the mercy of the Court. He is worth forty thousand dollars, and perjured himself to escape payment of a debt of \$08.

RAILROAD SURVEY.—It is given as a report, in the Yreka (Cal.) *Journal* of the 3d inst., that a railroad surveying party of thirty persons is on the road to Shasta Valley, and will soon arrive in Siskiyou county, to take observations as to the most practicable route to reach the Oregon line.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—A young lady of sweet sixteen, named Miss Coffman, in April last, was followed by a large lion for a distance through the woods near Gilroy, California. She eyed the beast and steadily retreated towards a neighbor's house about a mile and a half distant. At times the lion was so close to her that she could place her hand on him. Brave girl.

Baer, a German oculist, says that blue eyes are far less liable to cataracts and other imperfections than black eyes. He does not find one person in ten with black eyes that is perfectly satisfied with them.

—Exchange.  
Why, all the boys are dying for black-eyed lasses, and the girl that is not satisfied must entertain a prejudice against color.

Pope Pius IX celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of Popedom on the 11th of April. From the earliest ages of the christian church down to the present day, there have been only twelve like occasions. They occurred in the cases of John XXII, Gregory XII, Calixtus III, Paul III, Paul IV, Innocent X, Clement X, Innocent XII, Benedict XIV, Pius VI, Pius VII, and Gregory XVI.

### Crops in California.

An article under the above heading which we find in the *Occupation* of the present week, says that the united testimony of the press in all the agricultural portions of the State of California is that the crops this season will not be so large as expected. The *Martinez Express* is quoted as saying:

The cry of great surplus of wheat from the new crop, so loudly heralded in the early part of the year, seems to have been rather premature, reports from different portions of the State going to show that such expectations will not be realized. If a rather lively shipping abroad and wheat are being constantly exported—the market will be comparatively bare of good wheat when the new crop commences to come in. This being so, and the new crop not turning out near as great as anticipated, we cannot see why our farmers may not obtain at least good living prices, unless their circumstances force them hurriedly into the market at the complete mercy of buyers.

The editor of the *Visalia Delta*, after a tour through several counties in the State, gives his observations as follows: From all quarters of the State information comes to us that the grain yield will be but little more than half to the acre of that of last year. During our absence we traveled over the counties of Solano, Yuba, Sacramento, a part of Amador, Placer and Yuba, as well as the Gilroy and Santa Clara valleys, and in not one of these localities did we find the crops looking so well as in our own valley. In many places that we passed over farmers will be compelled to make hay of much of their grain.

This partial failure of crops in California may give the farmers of Oregon a better price for their grain than is now offered, but it is yet too early in the season to predict with any certainty what the effect will be.

PAY FOR BEING WHIPPED.—A Democratic paper says the "United States is the only Government in the world that ran behind over two thousand millions of dollars in the short space of four years." The Nevada *Gazette*, in noticing the above quotation, gets in the following crusher:

This is all very true, and no wonder Democrats grumble about it. Every dollar of it was piled up in compelling Democrats to keep peace and obey the laws; and now that they have got to help pay the expense of the whipping, it is perfectly natural that they should growl. However, they have the proud satisfaction of knowing that the job, although costly, has been thoroughly done, and with the exception of a little switching occasionally, will never have to be repeated. The Democrats have cost the country a pile of money, but the people—the great Republican party—are compelling them to work out a considerable portion of it.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The Corinne (Utah) *Reporter*, May 16th, relates the following:

On the 12th inst., Mr. A. Johnson, of Corinne, entered the busy little town of Elko, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, and had not proceeded far when he espied the objects of his search, two horses in the possession of three men. Mr. Johnson claimed the animals as belonging to him, and informed the men he would immediately secure the services of the Sheriff to obtain his property. He started to look up the Sheriff, when the men called upon him to stop or they would kill him. Not heeding their summons, the men drew their revolvers and fired thirteen shots at Johnson, five of which struck him in various places. Johnson immediately drew his revolver and fired at the attacking party, killing two of them instantly, and mortally wounding the third, who only survived his two other companions ten minutes, when he also expired. Johnson was arrested, but the evidence adduced showing that he was justified in killing the three men, he was released. Although he received five wounds, he was about town the next day. Johnson had the dead men decently buried at his own expense. The names of the deceased were Charles Wright, John Hester, and Henry Burns, all from Corinne.

JUAREZ, the Mexican President, is 63 years old, but does not look to be over 40. He has one son and six daughters.

THE Empress of Austria kissed over 100 babies while journeying through Croatia, and smiled upon their mothers.

In England clergymen may be transported for fourteen years for marrying people after 12 M without special license.

### Giving the Devil his Due.

Said they John to his calling wife, As staggering home at night, "O' come by the night of beer and gin, He came in a woful plight; "Don't be so hard in your charges, love, I'm a little to blame, 'tis true, But give the devil his due, my love, Or give the devil his due."

His help-mate gazed on his wavering form, As vainly he essayed To retain his seat in a treacherous chair, And faintly answer made: "To give the devil his due, my love, Is perfectly right, 'tis true; But what would become of you, my love, O, what would become of you?"

### Japanese Peculiarities.

The Japanese have two temples: In the Suito, the sun goddess is worshipped, which is the oldest religion of the country, and was the national religion as long ago as when Moses was leading the children of Israel to the promised land. All Suito temples are distinguished by a stone structure across the path leading to the courts of the edifice—two pillars, with a cross piece, fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and beneath which the worshipper passes. Buddhism was introduced from China a few centuries after the Mosala era, and its ceremonies are not very different from the Suito worship—beating a drum, tolling a bell, chanting a prayer, offering of fruit, grain, and money. The courts and grounds of the temples are in excellent order, neat and clean; and the flowers upon the altar before the idols are fresh and blooming.

The food of the Japanese consists of a great variety of vegetables—sea-weeds not excepted—of game, poultry, and fish, which last is the standing dish of every Japanese table. Flesh meat, except venison, is very seldom eaten by them. Rice is used instead of bread, and tea is taken at every meal. Fruits and sweetmeats are also much used. The food is cut up into small pieces, and then served up in basins of porcelain, or jupanned wood, on a small wooden salver, a part to each. They use chopsticks, like the Chinese. Soup they generally drink directly out of the bowl, though occasionally a porcelain spoon is used. The place of honor among them is the *left* hand, because the swords are worn on that side.

The Japanese are noted for their hospitality. Not content with inviting guests to a grand dinner, they expect them to bring servants with them, that they may carry off with them what they are unable to eat at table! They astonished our admiral and his officers by taking away all that was left of the feast which he gave on board his flagship, and by sending on board all that was left of the feast which they gave to him and his officers on shore.

### MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS A CENTURY AGO.—Other advertisements tell how certain gentlemen were married to certain ladies, one to "an agreeable young Gentlewoman with a Fortune of one thousand pounds;" another to "a beautiful young Lady with a great Fortune and fine Accomplishments;" a third to "a young Lady of Great Merit with a Fortune of ten thousand pounds;" a fourth gets "a young Lady endowed with every qualification that can render the Marriage State happy;" while Miss M. E., a "country young Woman with good Health and tolerable Person, brought up in an honest and plain Way, about Twenty years of age, and whose Father, she thinks, will give her five thousand pounds down if she marries with his consent, offers herself for a Wife to any sober, good-tempered, well-looking young Man between Twenty and Thirty, who is settled in a good Trade in Birmingham or that Neighborhood, in which she promises to give every assistance in her Power." If things are settled to her satisfaction, she promises to make an obedient and good wife. And then comes a postscript: "My Father says Trade is better than the Farming Business."

NAUTICAL DESCRIPTION OF A QUADRILLE.—A sailor while explaining the third figure of a quadrille to his messmate, thus describes it: "You first heave ahead," said he "and pass your adversary's yard arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station with your partner in line, back and fill, and then fall on your keel, and bring up with your partner; she then maneuvers ahead, off along side of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line, make a stern board, cast her off to shift for herself, regain your place the best way you can, and let go your anchor."

### Kicked by a Mule.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the owner of such an animal, but there was something quite peculiar about the mule. He (the mule) could kick harder on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any mule on record. One morning riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him cordially:

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning." "Hearty, squire," replied Jim—"Beautiful weather; fine mule you have there. Will he do to bet on?" "Bet on! Guess he will, that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the finest trick mule in the country. Paid five hundred dollars for him." "Great smash! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him to town for betting purposes. I bet that he can kick a fly off from any man without its hurting him." "Now look here, squire," said Jim, "I'm not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself." "Jim there's no use; don't you bet. I really don't want to win your money, Jim."

"Don't be alarmed, squire. I take such bets as them every time." "Well, if you are determined to bet I'll risk you a small stake; say five dollars."

"All right, squire, you're my man; but who'll he kick the fly off? There's no one here but you and I. You try it." "No," says Jake, "I have to stand at the mule's head to order him."

"Oh, yass," says Jim, "then probably I'm the man. Wa'ad, I'll do it, but you bet ten against my five if I risk it." "All right," quoth squire, "now there's a fly on your shoulder, stand still, and Jake adjusted his mule. "Whist Jarvey," said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Mr. Boggs rose into the air like a bird, flew through a briar hedge, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against the fence.

Rising in a towering rage he exclaimed: "Yass, that is h—!! I knew your darn'd mule couldn't do it. You had that all put up. I wouldn't a been kicked that way for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them stakes for it, any way."

"Not so fast Jim; Jarvey did just the thing I said he could, that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule isn't injured by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try again as often as you wish."

"Devil take your grammar sketches," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me once than let that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it," and Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself; "Sold by thunder! and kicked by a mule!"

### Corry O'Lanus on the Velocipede.

Managing the velocipede is just as easy as skating, when you know how to do it.

It takes you a little time to learn how.

All you have got to do is to keep the velocipede up and keep it going.

You can't do either of these separately, and have to do them both at once.

Which makes it difficult.

Because if the velocipede stops it falls down.

At the same time if it falls down it will stop.

The first law of velocipedestrianism is motion.

On the beautiful philosophical principle that necessitates the perpetual motion of the planetary bodies, comets, eclipses, meteors, aurora borealis, and things which are continually going on.

Or like a man's credit, the moment it stops running he goes up.

Only in the case of the velocipede he goes down.

The next thing after driving and steering is to learn to manage the brake. The brake is very useful, and must be looked after.

It is necessary in order to keep the hind wheel from running faster than the front wheel, and putting the machine out.

A painful accident happened recently at Chicago through a neglect of the brake.

A man was running a race on time, and was going at the rate of three miles a minute.

The hind wheel kept gaining on the front wheel and in the attempt to pass it made the velocipede turn a somersault.

The rider was thrown ahead, the velocipede went over him.

I would advise you not to buy a velocipede till you have learned to ride.

You can get lessons with the use of a velocipede for twenty dollars a quarter.

A robust and daring rider can knock twenty dollars' worth of damage out of a velocipede in a week.

To say nothing of personal damage to his own anatomy, which is at his own risk.

But don't be discouraged by such trifles as a bruised ankle or a dislocated shoulder.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Borrowing.

"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband one morning, "that meal which you borrowed from Mrs. Black a few days ago is almost out, and we must bake to-morrow."

"Well," said her husband, "send and borrow a half bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago from the widow Grey?"

"No," said the husband, gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. Sam, do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask him to lend me his ax to chop some wood this forenoon; ours is dull, and I saw him grind his last night. And Jim, do you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammer; and do you hear? you might as well borrow a few nails while you are about it."

A little boy enters and says, "Father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not done with it yet; but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast. "O mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, "there is not a parcel of butter in the house. Si, run over to Mrs. Notable's—she always has excellent butter in her dairy—and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes, Si returns: "Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent seventy-nine platefuls, which are scored on the dairy door."

"Seventy-nine platefuls," exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both hands. "It is no such thing; I never had half that quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful? I should never think of keeping an account of such a trifling affair; I declare I have mind never to borrow anything of that mean creature again as long as I live."

HINTS.—The London *Horse Book* furnishes the following hints, which owners of horses would do well to heed:

"Many horses are made vicious from cruel treatment."

"More horses fall from weariness than from any other cause."

"When a horse falls, he is more frightened than his rider."

"A frightened animal cannot use its senses aright; it must first be reassured by gentle treatment."

"It is speed that kills the horse."

"Never strike an animal upon the head."

"Careless application of the whip has blinded many horses."

"More horses are lamed from bad shoeing than from all other causes together."

"Never kick nor scream at a horse, nor jerk the bit in his mouth."

PRESERVED EGGS.—Eggs are naturally designed to last as long as the hen requires to get her brood, and the life-germ can be preserved a few weeks—seven or eight—but no longer. The egg itself may be kept in a preserved state for two years by greasing with butter, oil or lard, but from the time it is put up to the end of two years it will daily lose its albumen by transpiration, and while its carbonic acid escapes to a certain extent, the egg-meat will be reduced fully two-thirds, and will shake. However, for culinary purposes, they will do very well.

One hundred tons of strawberries were recently received in one day at San Francisco—one and one-half pounds to every man, woman and child of that city.

### NEWS PARAGRAPHS

Eugenic and son will be present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal next fall.

The Poles declare that rather than use Russian tobacco they will give up smoking.

The French Government has ordered 100,000 Remington rifles from the United States.

At eighty-eight years of age, M. Thiers has commenced the study of botany.

Seven Judges of the Mexican Supreme Court have been indicted for corruption.

The creosotes below New Orleans are increasing and doing great damage.

An eminent Swiss naturalist says that without birds successful agriculture is impossible.

The Atlantic Cable is said to be growing more perfect in its insulation month by month.

The wolves have hunted deer in large numbers out of the forests of Canada into Vermont.

An Englishman is going to start a weekly newspaper in Jerusalem.

It is the fashion in Paris to engrave the dying words of the dead on their tombstones.

Only fourteen members of Napoleon's grand army are now living.

Kentucky, in her existence of seventy-six years, has not lost a cent by the defalcation of any State officer.

A Brazilian savant has discovered that men were on the banks of the Amazon twenty thousand golden years ago.

Joseph Mazzini, now residing in Switzerland, has been requested by the Government to leave the country.

New York papers propose a National celebration of the completion of the Pacific Railroad on July 4th next.

CHEAP PLEASURE.—Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a nod, a word or a smile does the work. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children. Send them a peck of sweet apples and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—all the world to him—and he mourns sadly, help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play over his sober face. A boy has done as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him, for a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or slightly injured a piece of work. Say "you scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try and do better. You employ a man; pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. Pleasure is cheap.

Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers, all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No; rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded marts where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do so?

Of all the Democratic editors and publishers in the State, only one pays an income tax. The rest all exempt and probably don't pay an aggregate Federal and State tax in any shape, directly or indirectly, to the amount of twenty dollars a year each—unless the tax on whisky catches some of them for more than this sum. Yet these are the gentlemen who spend all their time in crying out against the national debt and exclaiming in indignant tones that, "Our taxes are greater than we can bear!"—Oregonian.

Elizabeth Baxter thus advertises in the *Unionist* her scamp of a husband: All persons are warned against one F. M. Baxter, my husband, who deserted me at Buena Vista, Polk county, for another woman, after living with me 14 years, and leaving me with two children, and myself suffering with rheumatism and ill health, and destitute circumstances. Said Baxter is about five feet eight inches high, dark complexion, dark hair black eyes, weight about 160 pounds, and aged 32 years. Also has a peculiar straight walk.

A lady in Pittsfield, Mass., recently caught a large-sized American eagle in a very remarkable manner. Seeing a hawk, as she supposed, fighting a sturdy old hen in the yard, she ran up and seized it by the neck. The eagle made no serious resistance to the capture, being astonished, apparently, into submission.

O. Fisher