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Blizzard's Vengeance.

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

The flaming rays of the setting sun threw a glorious golden light far and wide over a western prairie. The ethereal azure of the sky was tinted with crimson like the bloated face of an alcoholic bummer. Not a zephyr ruffled the grassy surface of the plain, and no sound broke the impressive stillness save the melodious cry of the slungulion and the pensive wail of a solitary bullfrog. The glittering sheen of a broad river lent additional charms to this gorgeous scene, and on the bank of this river, in the calm eventide, there halted a weary cavalier, mounted on a bobtailed steed of protrusive anatomy.

The rider, Adolphus Blizzard, was a magnificent specimen of the border hunter, and fought at two hundred and eighty pounds. His handsome face was shaded by a mass of wavy black hair, and a sixty-cent straw hat; a superb moustache graced his upper lip, and he had an eccentric squint in his starboard eye. His athletic form was encased in buckskin of rather questionable sanitary condition, and there were indications that his own skin was in the same fix. He was armed profusely, and a loaded demijohn dangled at the horn of his saddle.

For a time the stalwart borderer gazed pensively upon the magnificent landscape spread before him; then, with a profound sigh, he raised the demijohn to his lips, and a heavy snifter of the contents went gurgling convulsively down his gullet. A pleasant look irradiated his interesting phiz; his classic nose assumed a deeper, darker tint of red; his eyes snapped like clam shells at low tide; his ears flapped joyously, and the ambient air was loaded with the odor of benzine whisky.

Descending from the saddle, he hopped his horse in true frontier style, by tying his left ear to his tail, and proceeded to build a fire whereon to cook his evening meal. An inspection of his grub-bag showed to his dismay, that the supply was reduced to one corn dodger and two onions, so seizing his gun he rushed madly forth in search of game. Fortune was in a propitious mood. At a short distance a herd of buffaloes were playfully tossing each other aloft upon their spreading horns. Crack! went the rifle of the hunter, and a four year old bull fell headlong in the grass, with his skull smashed to atoms, and nine inches of his tail carried away by the unerring bullet.

Steaks from the rump of the animal were soon sputtering over the fire, sending forth an aroma that was grateful to the nostrils of our hungry hero. Bliz was an eater of extraordinary capacity, so he slung the chunks of meat under his moustache with a vigor that soon filled out the kinks in his dilapidated stomach. During this sumptuous repast the demijohn was repeatedly balanced upon his upper lip, and he then lay back on the grass. He was as happy as a plantation nigger with a bran new red shirt.

"That air is a bully supper, now; dog gone if it ain't!" said the hunter, apparently addressing a cloud of smoke that curled upward from his pipe; "and this whisky—though I can hear it hiss when it reaches my stomach—makes a feller feel good all over. Darned ef I don't hev a song all to myself, though 'tain't no uncommon jolly out here all alone, by grab. Ahem!

The turkey buzzard's a fragrant bird,
An' so's the prairie dog;
The killie, he sings so sweet,
An' so's a ole bull frog.
Frog, oh! frog, frog,
An' so's a ole bull frog!

Estly Jones is a very nice gal,
An' so's her brother Sam;
If Sal 'd only marry me,
I wouldn't care a—

"Wah, my white brother sings like a Government mule!" said a deep, guttural voice, interrupting the ditty. Adolphus Blizzard bounded into the air, and descended on his feet, with a pistol in each hand, and his knife between his teeth. There was vengeance in his flashing eye, and death in his com-

pressed lips; but there was also a big Indian on his back, and one grasping each arm, so that before he could pull a trigger he was hurled to the ground and tied hand and foot.

He swore fluently, he did.
"The white man will shut the hole in his face!" howled a painted savage, as he seized a stick of firewood, and gave Bliz a belt on the jaw that knocked out four teeth.

First blood for the Indian.
The captive shut the hole.

"Wah! what does the pale face carry in the big bottle?" inquired the chief of the party, raising the demijohn to his nose. "Firewater! Ugh! Good! Indian like him"; and the red cuss threw back his head, and swallowed at least a quart. The fiery fluid nearly choked him, but he snatched his lips, and passed it over to one of his companions, with a grunt of intense satisfaction. The other Indians, in turn, took a big drink. In ten minutes a happier lot of heathens didn't breathe. They laughed, danced, sang, kicked Bliz in the ribs, eat all his grub, drank the last of his whisky, broke the demijohn over his head, and promising to roast him in the morning, went to sleep.

An hour after the last savage had succumbed to the effects of the liquid lightning, our hero raised his head slowly, cautiously, and a ghastly, battered head it was. One eye was closed, and his nose looked like a boiled beet struck with a club. To say that he was mad would hardly convey an idea of the vindictive passion that raged in his soul. A fearful oath of vengeance escaped from his bleeding lips, and the convulsive heaving of his breast split his shirt from stem to stern. By a mighty effort of his herculean strength he burst the things that bound him, then, crawling like a huge black snake through the grass, he reached the fire, seized a burning brand, and held it over the mouth of the nearest Indian.

The effect was terrific. A volume of smoke burst from the potato trap of the intoxicated savage, with a hissing sound like the burning fuse of a bombshell.

The brand was successively applied to each of the prostrate red men, with the same appalling effect; and then followed a series of horrible explosions that filled the air with human fragments, red hot intestines, and flying scalp-knives. In the midst of this dreadful eruption Adolphus Blizzard danced and howled with fiendish triumph, but a flying head striking him in the bread-basket doubled him up like a half-shut jack-knife, so he mounted his terrified steed and galloped madly into the darkness.

There is a legend current on the prairie that the spirit of Blizzard, on a phantom steed, may be seen on dark nights galloping across the plain, chased by Indians belching forth blue flame; but a strict regard for truth compels the acknowledgment that he is still a denizen of this mundane sphere, and runs a gin mill in the Pines.

A SPLENDID NEWSPAPER BUILDING.—A. D. Richardson, who is writing a description of the Pacific Railroad for the New York Tribune gives the following account of a newspaper office in the west.

The new office of the Chicago Tribune is the finest newspaper building in the United States. It is of white marble, finished interiorly in chestnut and black walnut, four stories high, and with broad roomy halls and staircases. It cost \$200,000; and the portions rented beside those required for the use of the newspaper, return ten per cent. per annum on the entire investment. It is said that the profits of the establishment for fifteen months paid for the building.

A new proposition is started for paying the national debt. It is to be paid immediately by direct assessment on the property of the country. This is a charming prospect for wealthy Democrats. We commend this plan to our brethren of the Democratic press in Oregon.—Oregonian.

Property purchased in Washington three years ago, for \$50,000, cannot now be had for \$100,000. So much for enfranchisement.

The West, and Human Development.

The great West is the land for a broader, healthier and more ennobling development of our race. Men meet here as they have never met before. They come from all quarters of the globe as they never immigrated before. Freed from the cramping and restraining influences of old, and to many worn out social, political and ecclesiastical customs, we may expect, rationally, to see the zeal, energy and ambition of the people, take new directions, and secure novel results. Men will think, talk and act from new impulses, and towards new conquests in the cause of human progress. There may be much that is crude, and even harsh, in the struggles that must attend the peopling of these wide plains and lofty mountains; but courage or "pluck," generosity and hospitable interchange, and generous rivalry, will bring refinement and the freer culture of all the useful arts. The east may affect contempt, but the less it is old, and none need mistake its indexing. The Assyrians contemned the Persians, but the Persians undermined and overthrew their capital and empire. Nerves, at the head of millions, was overthrown in Greece, and Greece becoming haughty, bowed down beneath a Turkish power as a slave. Rome, whose name was strength, and who was strong, contemned northern barbarians, but the barbarians overrun and divided the empire. Caesar carried his victorious legions through Gaul, but this day the army of the French is the protection of the latest ruler of Rome, in the very city of the Caesars. We need not speak of eastern England contemning the power of western colonies. The power of America today among the nations of the earth, is the answering result. So eastern New England, eastern, southern and middle States, may know, and do know, that the west is destined to be the seat of power, empire and progress. Here is room for a hundred States and a population of hundreds of millions, and the triumph inevitable is not one of war and desolation—it is one of peaceful but certain progress; the result of a law of Nature in her bestowals and decay of resources—and no power of human assumption can stay its hand. Here are the virgin fields, and there are the starving millions; and the scanty fare which older and exhausted lands are compelled to offer in contrast to the wealth, influence and hopeful future in the new, will but repeat the old, old story that, "Westward the Star of Empire leads the way!"

SHAKING HANDS.—As a mode of salutation shaking hands as is common in this country has its advantages over many others practiced in various countries. There are nations, indeed, or at least tribes, the people of which bid each other the time of day by rubbing noses. Now the inconvenience of this is manifest because unpleasant results might follow the contact of an acquiline with a snub, don't you see! Worse than this, because more difficult, is the gymnastic salutation in usage among the natives of some mountain regions of Asia, the exact latitude and longitude of which we do not now remember. When two of them meet, they abandon themselves to their feelings by stretching out each the right leg, and planting the sole of one another's feet together. Some of the Arabs welcome a stranger by rushing at him full tilt on horseback, pulling up with a jerk as the noble steed's nose touches his, and then firing several pistols at him in quick succession. There is something picturesque in this, but it has its drawbacks. It would be considered rather too boisterous for our civilization. Shaking hands is of great antiquity, and it does seem the most natural way of expressing one's greetings to a friend. Nevertheless, shaking hands may be carried to the extent of a nuisance, and it often is. There are persons who, not content with shaking your hand on first meeting you of a morning, will repeat the process every time they meet you during the day.

Many a good kiss has been nipped in the bud by a six-year old nuisance bringing a light into the room.

Mr. Buckle's Law of Average.

The late Mr. Buckle, in his "Introduction to the History of Civilization in England," somewhat startled the world by announcing a theory of averages, which he applied to all human actions, and from which he argued we might forecast the future. It was philosophy teaching by statistics. In such a space of time there would be so many forgeries, arson, murders. Not only this but the murders would repeat themselves in the manner of their perpetration; just the same number be by poison, by the pistol, by the bludgeon, etc. If in any three months of 1820, six sons had killed their fathers, the like number of cases of parricide, with a certain increase for the increase of population, would occur in the same three months of 1850. We are under the operation of a law seemingly beyond our control or recognition.

This extraordinary theory has seemingly just received a striking confirmation in the Registrar-General's reports of accidents in the streets of London. For many years past it has been observed that for the first nineteen weeks of the year just seventy-four persons have been killed by being run over in the public thoroughfares. It was therefore expected, from the unerring law of average, that the same number would be killed for the first nineteen weeks in 1869. On the 8th day of May, after the lapse of eighteen weeks, the number of fatal accidents of this kind should have been seventy, but it fell four short of that number. Obviously, then, the law of average must fail, or the accidents for the week ending the 15th of May must be doubled. Curiously enough for the first seven days from the 8th to the fifteenth, eight persons were actually killed instead of four, and thus the seventy-four victims demanded by the merciless arithmetic were fully made up.

This was certainly odd. The deduction from it would seem to be that when accidents or crimes are in arrears, the public should be notified, in order that, by increased caution or vigilance, the expected disasters may be avoided. We take precautionary measures against unusual peril, which we can confidently anticipate; we give additional props to buildings which are to undergo an unaccustomed strain, and double a police force when immense crowds of people are to be brought together. Should there not also be redoubled care and watchfulness against periods which the law of average teaches us will be more than ordinarily fatal?

IMMORAL PRACTICES.—It has been discovered that a special Postal Agent on the Central Pacific has lately, very cunningly, opened a very lucrative vegetable and fruit traffic, between this city and Promontory. How long the concern has been running is not known, exactly, but might be ascertained with little trouble by parties interested on the outside. The business (which is akin to smuggling) has been conducted by forwarding the produce in mail bags, mixed judiciously with regular mail. The trade having increased so rapidly, it was found necessary on Thursday morning to forward twelve bags. This rapid accumulation of the mail excited suspicion, and upon investigation, it was discovered that said bags were filled with cabbage, potatoes, onions, cherries, etc., weighing in the aggregate, 1,500 pounds. The bags were unceremoniously segregated from the mail proper, and placed in the Express car. The charges on the shipment on arrival at the point of destination, as marked on the bags, amounted to \$90. This beats the operation of the celebrated Jones Vegetable & Dead Horse Company, all hollow. Here was a very enterprising firm broken up by the impertinent interference of Central Pacific Railroad officials.

COW CHOKED.—Mr. John L. Clark lost a valuable cow, a few days since, by getting choked with a potato.—E.

We suppose Clark was trying to swallow his potato (whole), causing the demise of the fine!

Why is freight in a vessel like the horses of a railroad company? Because they make the cargo.

The Bible and Shakespeare.

Bible—The Apostle says: But tho' I be rude in speech.—2 Corin. 11: 6.
Othello—Rude I am in speech.
Bible—Show his eyes and grieve his heart.—1 Sam. 11, 23.
Macbeth—Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Bible—Thou hast brought me into the dust of death.—Psalmus.
Macbeth—Lighted fools the way to dusty death.

Bible—Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun has looked upon me.—Song Sol. 1: 6.

Merchant of Venice—Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadowy livery of the burning sun.

Bible—I smote him, I caught him by his beard and slew him.—1 Sam. XVII, 37.

Othello—I took him by the throat, the circumcised dog, and smote him.

Bible—Opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day, let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come in the number of months.

Macbeth—May this accursed day stand, aye accursed in the calendar.
Bible—What is man that thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou crownest him with glory and honor, didst set him over the work of thy hand.—Psalmus.

Hamlet—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god. The beauty of the world the paragon of animals.

Bible—Nicanor lay dead in his harness.
Macbeth—We will die with harness on our back.

When professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell him my proposals yourself."

The lady then proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added: "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is so diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words, "With the author's compliments."

A GIRL OF THE AGE.—A New York paper thus describes a specimen of this genius in that city: She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, carried on three flirtations at each, and the next day refused three offers of marriage, accepted two and broke off three previous engagements, read four new novels, wrote two love letters and a hundred notes of invitation, practiced upon her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner enough for two milkmen, took a walk on Fifth avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the skating rink with one of her flaccid and walked home with the other.

Mr. Mullins, the Tennessee orator, speaking of a man in Arkansas who met a violent death, says: "He sank to death in the soliloquy of his own blood; we shall view him no more till the chaotic torch of Gabriel wakes to living consciousness the universal dome, and we shall see ourselves as others see us in that bourn whence no traveler returns."

General Grant is credited with the epigrammatic remark that "Office seeking is fast becoming one of the industries of this country."

English coach builders are beginning to announce that they are prepared to build light carriages on wheels imported from America. They have discovered at last that the Americans are half a century ahead of them in the matter of carriage building.

A curious robbery is reported in Hungary. Burglars broke into a glass manufactory of Daboks, near Passau, and carried off a chest containing arsenic. The only object of the thieves appears to have been to get possession of the poison.

STEPHEN ALLEN'S POCKET PIECE.

—Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the signs of virtue.

Good is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks ill of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with a tranquil mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt without you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not put off until tomorrow that which should be done to-day.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak ill of any one.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

Read the above maxims at least once a week.

In the pocket-book of Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned from on board the *Henry Clay*, was found a printed slip, of which the above is a copy. It is worthy a place in every newspaper, and should be engraven on the heart of every young man.

She tripped along with ribbons flying, from a train new hat she'd just been buying. She held her head up very high, and thought, "Well ain't I just old pie?" An orange peel lay in the track, she tripped, and flat upon her back lay Miss Maria Simpkins.

The authorities of Dresden and Vienna set free a large number of singing birds, which had been brought to those places for sale. In Saxony and Austria, the usefulness of birds as destroyers of insects is officially recognized.

An English paper contains this advertisement: "If Samuel Bibb will call or write to Samuel Stern, Paradise street, Liverpool, he will hear of something to his advantage. His wife is no more."

Two men have been fined in London for cropping dogs' ears, on the ground that it was cruel. It was stated on the trial that the Queen would never have the ears of one of her dogs cropped.

Keene, N. H., has twenty-five voters bearing the name of Ellis and Stratham, in the same State, out of two hundred and fifteen voters, has twenty-five named Wiggin.

Two hundred and sixty-three churches in Spain have performed expiatory ceremonies for the many blasphemies vented in the Cortes by the Deputies.

The Queen of Madagascar has been received into the Church of England by baptism, and ordered her ministry to do likewise, under penalties.

A Boston paper says that a man recently applied to Gilmore for employment. He wanted to shovel rosin on the sidewalks during the jubilee.

A Kansas city paper contains the following business card: "Notary Public—Miss Fannie Lyon, Main street."

At Vienna a "New York Hotel" is erecting at a cost of \$2,000,000.

When is a newspaper the sharpest?—When it is filed.

The English journal *Ocean* is to be sold at auction.

See 4th page for advertisements.

W. J. Fisher