

The Albany Register.

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How Smith asked the Old Man.

Smith had just asked Mr. Thompson's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelorhood, and she had said "Yes." It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old gentleman's permission, so, as Smith said, the arrangements might be made to hop the conjugal twig.

Smith said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Thompson's daughters, and his sisters, and his lady cousins, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Thompson. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge at old Thompson the very first time he got a shy at him. So Smith dropped in on one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to meeting, and found him doing a sum in a beer-measure.

"How are you, Smith?" said old Thompson, as the former walked in, white as a piece of chalk and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Smith was afraid to answer, 'cause he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip from him quicker than an oiled eel through an augur-hole. So he blurted out:

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of five years I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise."

"Is that so, and keepin' it a secret all this time, while I thought you were tond-in' store? Well, by George, you're one of 'em, ain't you?"

Smith had begun to think it all over again, to get the run of it.

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during the extended period of five years I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance."

"Sit down, Smith, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there, holding your hat, like a blind beggar with paralysis. I never have seen you behave yourself so queer in all my born days."

Smith had been knocked out again, and so he had to wander back again and take a fresh start.

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: It may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to secure a sufficient maintenance."

"A whatenance?" asked old Thompson; but Smith held on to the last word as if it was his only chance, and went on:

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for man to be alone; therefore I would."

"Neither is it, Smith; I'm glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Thompson, Sir," said Smith, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestowed all my enterprise on one whom I could determine to be good for certain possessions—no, I mean—that is—that—Mr. Thompson, Sir: It may not be unknown."

"And then, again, it may. Look here, Smith; you'd better lay down and take something warm; you ain't well."

Smith, sweating like a four year old colt, went in again:

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: It may not be lonely to you to prosecute me whom you a friend, for a commercial maintenance, but—but—eh—dang it—Mr. Thompson, Sir: It"

"Oh, Smith, you talk like a fool. I have never seen a more first-class idiot in the course of my whole life. What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Mr. Thompson, Sir," said Smith, in an agony of bewilderment, it may not be known that you prosecuted a lonely man

who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but"

"See here, Mr. Smith, you're drunk; and if you can't behave better than that, you'd better leave. If you don't, I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Thompson, Sir," said Smith, frantic with despair, "it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance."

"The deuce he isn't. Now, you just git up and git, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left."

With that, old Thompson took Smith and shot him into the street as if he'd run him against a locomotive going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Thompson had time to shut the front door, Smith collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement, arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

"Mr. Thompson, Sir: It may not be known to you—which made the old man so wretched mad that he went out and set a bull terrier on Smith before he had time to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog fight, with odds in favor of the dog, for he had an awful hold for such a small animal."

Smith afterward married the girl, and lived happily about two months. At the end of that time, he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble and undergo a million more dog bites to get rid of her.

YAKIMA INDIAN AGENCY.—The following paragraph in relation to Father Wilbur and the Yakima Indian Agency, taken from Wednesday's *Unionist*, we heartily endorse. We do not believe there is a man living who can better fill the position recently occupied by Father Wilbur at Yakima. The Indians love and respect him, and his peer in honesty and every characteristic that makes the true man, doesn't live; therefore there was no plausible excuse for his removal:

General Grant rather missed it when he removed Father Wilbur from the Yakima Indian Agency, and put a military gentleman in his place. There are few as disinterested men or better Christians extant than this reverend and stalwart pioneer Methodist, who has the energy and business tact to have succeeded in making money, if that had been his object, or of achieving distinction in public life, if he had been ambitious, for he had the personal qualities to command it. But Father Wilbur devoted himself to the general good, and as a minister of the gospel, he worked with his hands as well as with his mental powers. We used to see him hauling timbers with an ox-team, in 1850, to build the Portland Academy, and he was as ready on the Sabbath with a sermon as he was week days with the ox-goad.

When he devoted himself to the work of preaching to the Indians at Yakima, he did so with his whole soul, and with no speculative intention; and when he was appointed Indian Agent, he strove to benefit the Indians, not to enrich himself. To replace such a man with some inexperienced military officer, on the poor plea of doing the Indians a service and prevent them from being swindled, was unwise, for the military officer who attempts to succeed him will find it difficult to convince his charge that his predecessor was not a better man.

A DIVIDED HOUSE.—There seems to be a prospect that Mormonism will destroy itself. A war has broken out at Salt Lake between Brigham Young and Alexander and David Smith, sons of the first Mormon prophet. At a Josephite meeting on the 11th instant, Alexander Smith characterized Brigham Young's system as the vilest iniquity that ever blurred the earth. All we have to say, is, let the war go on. If the factions will eat each other up, Kilkenny like, our country will be rid of a semi-religious nuisance which may cause the Government trouble to root out. Our sympathy is therefore with the Smith family, hoping it may absorb Brigham Young and then destroy itself. A house divided against itself must fall. Down with Brigham, and then down with the Smiths!

The *New York World* says: A Chinese giant eight feet six inches high, is said to have just arrived in this country. We advise that he be engaged as Superintendent of Police in San Francisco, to protect his fellow countrymen from the California boys.

An Unfortunate Widow.

Sol. Smith related the following odd occurrence during his peregrinations in Georgia:

Between Caleb Swamp and Line Creek, in the "Nation," we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whisky. The first thing I noticed on alighting was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of a grocery, and he was stone dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house to partially fall.

About five paces from the horse lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives. As I said, most of the crowd were seated and smoking.

"What is all this?" I inquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter?" after awhile answered one in a drawing voice, giving a good spit, and refilling his mouth with a new quid. "Matter enough; there's been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman, "the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he ran his hoss chuck against the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors here," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy would not save either of them, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife and children?" inquired I.

"No children that I knows on," answered a female who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife, then," I remarked. "What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this most unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female, "it was an unfortunate race. Poor man, he lost the whisky!"

"Do you happen to know his wife? Has she been informed of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquiries.

"Do I know her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman. "Well, I reckon you ain't acquainted in these parts. I am the unfortunate widder."

PERILOUS SLEEP.—The *Union* of the 11th inst., says that about eleven o'clock A. M., on Sunday last, as the westward bound freight train of the Central Pacific Railroad was traveling along a short distance this side of Secretown bridge, a man was discovered sitting on one of the rails, not far ahead of the engine, fast asleep, with his head between his knees. An attempt was made to stop the train, but before it could be done the pilot of the locomotive growler struck and knocked the man from the track, causing him to roll down the embankment. The train was backed up, and the unfortunate individual looked after. Being covered with dirt, somewhat bloody, and apparently unconscious, he appeared mortally wounded. An engineer took occasion to say that he must have been a fool to make his bed on a railroad track, anyway. He had scarce finished the remark, however, before the supposed to be as good as a dead man jumped up and declared his ability to whip any man who would insult him. Having thus found his voice, the man soon convinced those present that he was not much hurt, though quite drunk.

A party of Chinese going to Truckee to settle, passed through Sacramento, and among other traps had a household god—a wooden Joss. The *Union* congratulates the godless Truckeeans; suggesting that a wooden god will be a great improvement on the former condition of the town.

It is said that a majority of the male adults, buried in the Nevada (Cal.) Cemetery, came to their death by violent or unnatural means.

Brigham Young says he will confide himself to one woman, if every member of Congress will do the same.

A Real Hero—A Scene at Sea.

Two weeks ago on board an English steamer a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him on the yard arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the midday watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that we had ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, scornful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, this brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif from society owned not, and whose own stepfather, could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands and eyes upraised to Heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that then and there occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.

PERISHED OF FAMINE AND THIRST.—E. G. McDonald, under date of July 26th, writes to the *Shermantown* (White Pine) *Telegram*, from his camp at the McDonald salt ranch, in Nye county (Nev.), that on the day previous a man was found by a gentleman named Bedford, in a dying condition, near McDonald's station. When found he was still able to speak and to swallow a little, but was past all help, and died at sundown. When found he stated that he was lost, and had been unable to get up for three days. His name, from a letter found upon him, was supposed to be William H. Woodbridge. He was a man about forty years of age. He was probably on the way from White Pine to Nevada, District, and died for want of food and water. He passed within three hundred yards of plenty of water, in full sight of the road, but was probably so crazed he did not know anything about it. He was properly buried by the men at the salt marsh.

Ex-Attorney General Everts is the happy father of thirteen children, among whom are two pair of twins.

The Catholic priest at Klein Zell, a celebrated holy place on the Continent, has turned Protestant and married.

AMUSING RAILROAD INCIDENT.

Scene—A railroad depot—train about to depart—engine bell ringing for the last time—conductor cries "All aboard!" A yell heard down the road leading to the village—horse attached to a lumber wagon coming at a heavy gallop—boy driving and laying on the lash—man standing up and swinging his hat and yelling, "Hold on with them keers!"—hair trunk with brass nails in back end of wagon bobbing up and down, standing on its head and throwing flip-flaps. Conductor holds on a minute—man with white hat jumps out before the trunk—reaches the platform—jams his hat on his head, side to front—grabs hair trunk and rushes for the "keers"—trunk pitched into baggage car and white hat tumbled aboard by several accommodating individuals on the platform as the train moves away.

White hat, disheveled, out of breath and perspiring, drops into a seat by the side of a crusty-looking passenger who is reading a paper.

White hat—"Whew! right smart chase they gave me. Reckon this train is ahead of time; ain't it sir?"

Crusty—"Humph! 'Do know."

White hat—"Hurried so I hadn't time to check my hair trunk. Think it's safe 'bout one of the thingum-bobs onto it, hey?"

Crusty (shrinking deep into his coat collar and drawing impatiently away)—"Can't say!"

White hat (determined to make himself agreeable—"Live fur round here?")

Crusty (very gruff)—"No!"

White hat—"Been traveling long?"

Crusty (burying himself still deeper in his paper)—"No, I ain't."

White hat (peering carefully at Crusty's paper)—"I see you are reading the *New York Herald*. Up in our parts we think Mr. Greeley's paper about right. Ever read the *Tribune*?"

Crusty (very snappish)—"No; wipe my feet on the *Tribune*."

White hat (taking a big chew of tobacco)—"Well, stranger, you just keep on reading the *Herald* and wiping your feet on the *Tribune*, and your feet'll know more than your head does!"

Crusty gathered himself up with a growl and made for another seat, amid the laughter of the passengers.

A THROUGH CAR TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.—The next best thing to traveling to San Francisco in a Pullman palace car, is a trip to the Hudson River Depot to inspect the one which ran through from the Golden Gate last week. It is on exhibition there previous to its departure for another through trip on Saturday next, and if one wishes to obtain a clear idea of the luxury of modern travel, he should by all means take a look at the "Wasatch." By paying a small sum, \$24, extra, one can start in a Pullman palace at the Atlantic, dine en route on all the luxuries which the temperate zone produces, sleep on down, or what is far better this weather, on a superior spring mattress, and land a week later on the Pacific, refreshed and invigorated, and with a very profound contempt for those who ride in common chaises, or the old style sleeping coaches of a year or two ago.—*New York Times*, July 28th.

HOW TO CAN CORN.—The following receipt for putting up corn for winter use will be found valuable: Boil it fifteen minutes on the ear; then dry the grain an hour in pans in the warm sunshine; next salt it just as much as will season it for the table, fill in tin cans, leaving half an inch of space, put a gill or so of water in each can, and leave an aperture about the size of a pin in the cover, for the escape of the gas; then place the tins in a kettle, having just enough water to reach within half an inch of the top of the cans; then boil moderately three-quarters of an hour, and then solder up the vent. The corn will keep perfectly sweet and good as long as required.

A man named P. Lamber, living near Canton, Mo., attempted to swim across the creek with his little boy upon his back a few days ago. Both were drowned. A man named Rogers attempted to save them, and he was also drowned.

Excursion tickets around the world, via Pacific Railroad, are to be sold in New York in a short time, at about \$1,500. What would our fathers have thought of excursion tickets around the world!

Russia sends a Commissioner to Spain, to see how great an advantage commercially the canal is to be.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Reader, did you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? If you didn't, then get a little gal-an-try.

The average length of a potter's life is twenty-nine years. After that he becomes clay.

"Here's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

Motto for the Sheriff—Render unto seizer the things which are seizer's.

Is there anything in the world that can beat a good wife? Yes—a bad husband.

What kind of all the inside do men like best? Lepland.

Medical query—When a person declares that his brains are on fire, is it etiquette to blow them out?

So you say that walking sticks came into use very long ago? Not a doubt of it; don't we read that Adam had a Cain?

It is stated that lightning strikes more women than men every year. Its because they're more attractive, to be sure.

An Englishman, paying an Irish shoe-black with rudeness, the "dirty urehin" said: "My honey, all the polish you have is upon your boots, and I gave you that."

An Irishman being asked why he refused to pay a doctor's bill, said: "Sure an' he didn't give me anything but some emetics, and divil a one would lay in my stummick."

Tom asked an old "ten-per-cent" what he wanted to accumulate so much money for. Says he, "you can't take it with you when you die, and if you could, it would melt."

"Mammy" said a precocious little boy who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his little brother, "If the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

In a religious excitement in Boston, a certain person met a Christian neighbor who took him by the hand and said:

"I have become a Christian."

"I am glad of it," he replied. "Suppose we now have a settlement of that little account between us. Pay me what thou owest."

"No," said that newborn child, turning on his heel, "religion is religion, and business is business."

Boys' compositions are sometimes to the point. Here is one: Water is good to drink, to swim in and skate on, when frozen. When I was a little baby the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Indians don't wash themselves but once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun!

A Kentucky paper says the way they exterminate crows in Rowan county is this: Several grains of corn are strung upon a horse hair, which, when swallowed, causes a tickling sensation in the crow's throat. In his efforts to get it up, the crow invariably scratches his head off.

"How fast they build houses, now," said H.; "they began that building last week, and now they are putting in the lights." "Yes," answered the friend, "and the next week they will put in the liver."

The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder of adversity; the prop of independence; the supporter of just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinion; it is the shield against the tyranny of all petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's reason.

A Memphis dispatch announces that a ball is to be held in that city for the purpose of raising funds to secure the reprieve of two prisoners now under sentence of death for murder.

A new religious sect has been organized at Chicago, called "Brethren of One Faith." The *Tribune* says that will be a very appropriate name so long as the church has only one member.

The Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad is said to be so crowded that you can shake hands with the engineer about half the time.

The latest new State scheme is to separate the two western fires of counties from Arkansas, join them to the Indian Territory, and form a new State with the capital at Fort Smith.

G. J. Fisher