

The Albany Register.

VOL. 2.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

NO. 2.

The Albany Register.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

DEATH BY DROWNING.—The body of Isaiah Mercier was brought to this city on last Saturday, from Yaquina Bay, where he had gone from this city for recreation and health, and at which place he lost his life on Thursday, the 9th inst., by drowning. About all the information we can obtain, after thorough inquiry, in relation to the manner in which his death was brought about, is this:—It seems that Mercier was crossing from the mainland to the island in a canoe; about midway between the points, he was seen to fall from the canoe into the water; some Indians near at the time, rescued the body, put it into the canoe and bro't it to the mainland; the canoe was partly filled with water, and as Mercier was placed in the canoe face down, it is thought that if life was not extinct previous to his rescue, he smothered to death during the time that intervened before reaching the shore. The deceased was a blacksmith by trade, about forty years of age, unmarried, by nativity a Frenchman or at least of French descent, had accumulated considerable property, and so far as we know had no relatives hereabouts. He had been unable to labor for months past from paralysis, or something of the sort. He was buried on Sunday in Albany Cemetery. Peace to his ashes.

FOR HARNEY.—Messrs. Abe Haekleman, Jas. Elkins, Jason Wheeler and John Isom, having in charge Mr. Jake Mann, of Salem, the gentleman appointed by Gov. Woods to examine and report on the condition of the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road, left this city on Tuesday last on their way over the road to Lake Harney. On the favorableness of the report depends its reception by the Governor. The party will be absent between three and four weeks. The only objection we can raise to the road is the name—it is entirely too short. We respectfully suggest a re-christening, and let it read—"The Albany, Lebanon, Seio, Jefferson, Brownsville, Harrisburg, Salem and Willamette Valley, Santiam River, Soda Springs, Clear and Fish Lake, Cascade Mountain, Harney Lake, Pack Train, Wagon and Drover's Road." This name once adopted, its fame would reach the uttermost ends of the earth, and no tourist would be considered traveled unless he had gone over this road, which is decidedly the most delightful mountain road on the coast. For the above happy suggestion we are open to receive "stock" to any amount, only bounded by the liberality of the Company.

BUSY.—Our farmers, some of them at least, who had not succeeded in getting their grain in before the storm of Saturday night, waltzed in early Sunday morning, and have been as busy as bees ever since, taking advantage of the beautiful weather to "finish up." We are disposed to believe, from the information furnished us, that the amount of grain damaged by the rainfall throughout our county, will not be so large as at first anticipated.

BIG THING.—Our friend, Judge Russell, has met with a big windfall—no less than two hundred thousand dollars. He hasn't exactly got his fingers on this amount of coin of the realm, but he will "realize" just so sure as the "terminus" of the N. P. R. R. is located in the centre of his realty at Tacoma, on Puget Sound—and of course no one doubts such a possibility! In any event "Rus." is a "square" man, and he deserves all that the kindest fortune may shower upon him.

BEE TREES.—A party of wood choppers, about three miles from this city, report having found no less than seven beehives, from three of which they have extracted the honey. The honey taken from one tree, after being strained, filled two large wooden buckets.

LEE CONN has been elected First Assistant Foreman of Albany Fire Co. No. 1, vice P. H. Farroll, resigned. Ike will make a good officer.

MORE GENIUS.—We were shown, last Saturday, at the office of Messrs. Russell & Elkins, in this city, a model of what the inventor termed a "Combined Seed Sower and Gang Plow," and basing our judgment on the workings of the model and its "double-barreled" capacity, so to speak, we unhesitatingly pronounce it a "big thing" in the labor saving line—probably of more utility than anything offered the agriculturist for a long period. The driver, from his seat, by means of a lever, raises or lowers the plows, two in number, with ease, thus enabling him to plow in ground obstructed with stumps or stones with as much safety as in land where these obstructions were not to be met. By a slight pressure of the driver's foot on the frame to which the plows are attached, they can be made to plow as deep as wished. The plows can be detached and the seed sower affixed in five minutes. The seed sower is so arranged that by the simple adjustment of a screw the amount of grain sown per acre can be increased or diminished. One or more plows similar to this model were used during the past season by persons in this county, and they pronounce it a first-class machine. The price of this combined machine is \$110—considerably cheaper than a gang plow and seed sower, separately, can be obtained for. Mr. H. will advertise the machine through our columns soon, giving a more minute description of its workings than we are enabled to do in this brief article. He will also have it on exhibition at our County Fair and at the State Fair. Of course a patent has been applied for.

DEADHEADED.—We acknowledge the receipt, through the attentive and polite Secretary, Mr. A. C. Jones, of a complimentary ticket to the Linn County Fair. From Mr. Jones we learn that preparations are being made by the various parties interested in the manufacture of gang plows, to contest for the premiums offered by the Association for the plows doing the best work, and it is predicted that the "Plowing Match" will be one of the most interesting features of the occasion. The ground is in splendid condition, and all can have a fair showing for the premiums. Come one, come all.

MORE VENISON.—Four of our citizens, Messrs. Riley, Rubart, Ketchum and Wash. Anderson, returned from another successful hunt on Monday evening. They had been out about Lower Soda, had been absent ten days, and secured thirty venison. This makes sixty-three deer slain by this party in the last six weeks. On this last trip, only three days of the ten were devoted to hunting. Oh, no! 'tain't our fellers that know how to "go for" deer!

PATENT RECEIVED.—Charles F. Gay, Esq., received sometime since, through Messrs. Russell & Elkins, letters patent, securing to him and his heirs the exclusive right to manufacture the "Gay Plow" for the next seventeen years.

Tom Elliott hated mathematics. The Professor at West Point once asked Tom to explain the method of ascertaining the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom said he did not know. "But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the Government to ascertain it, what would you do?" Said Tom, "I'd resign."

A GENIUS.—A certain Col. Morton S. McAfee, a resident of Illinois, is certainly a genius of the first water. An exchange in speaking of him says:

He has lately received a patent for a self-operating water elevator. This invention is contrived so as to make use of heat that is created for other purposes—whether natural or artificial—for raising water for house, ornamental or other purposes. The elevator for household uses is about the size of a quart cup, and will raise at least 30 gallons per hour from a well or cistern, and by the use of the necessary piping will lead the water to any part of the house. He is also the inventor of a self-sighting cannon, approved and adopted by the War Department; and also of a curious instrument by which distances can be measured by simple ocular observation—that is, a proficient can tell by the use of this apparatus the distance of an object by merely looking at the object. The latter is also the property of the War Department, but being invented near the close of the war, was never made use of as an aid to military operations.

WHAT HE THINKS.—Judge Kelly, a member of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, who visited this coast a short time since, seems to have obtained a clear idea of the future greatness and prosperity of the Pacific coast. In a recent conversation with the editor of a Philadelphia paper, he is reported as saying that in his judgment San Francisco will ere many years cease to be the chief city of the Pacific slope, and that a city, far outshining her in her palmy days, will be built on Puget Sound. He expressed the opinion that Oregon, in time to come, will be more densely populated than California, and speaks in the most glowing terms of the agricultural and climatic advantages possessed by her. In regard to the China question which so agitates our Democratic inklingers at present, he advances some ideas that deserve the close attention of all professed Christians and well-wishers of our common country. Incidentally admitting that the Chinese may be excluded by prohibition, yet he advocates their immigration among us; points to their known frugality, thrift and industry, and urges that they receive ample protection and justice at our hands. He argues that their presence here is not a matter of taste with ourselves, yet their advent among us he believes to be but the working out of one of the great problems of God Almighty, which will eventually result in christianizing China. Judge Kelly is undoubtedly a man of keen vision and clear judgment, and we are led to believe from the published sentiments purporting to come from him, that he is a firm friend of the Pacific coast, and especially of Oregon, and one who fully understands our wants, and will ever be ready with voice and influence in her behalf.

PROBABLE CAUSE.—An old feud is said to have existed between the Welsh and Irish miners, and as the latter had threatened the former for not being more active in the late strike, it is thought the wood partition and lattice in the shaft was purposely set on fire by some of their number, causing the great destruction of life in the Avondale coal mine (Penn.) on the 6th instant.

DECREASE OF GOVERNMENTAL EXPENSES.—A telegram of the 10th states that the warrant books of the Treasury Department shows that the expenses of the Government for the fiscal year just closed, were \$585,000,000, against \$1,070,000,000 the year before. Considerable difference.

KILLED.—One of the robbers of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express in Montana, spoken of last week, was killed, and another badly wounded, by a party in pursuit, a few days since. Part of the treasure was also recovered.

HOW THE ECLIPSE WAS REPORTED IN CHICAGO.—The following is published as a copy of the instructions recently given to a Chicago reporter by the managing editor of his paper:

Mr. — In writing up the eclipse you will please observe the following instructions:

1. Sympathize with the movement half a column.
2. The probable benefits resulting to the gas companies of Chicago—give tabular statistics—half column.
3. Its effect on population. Babies born under the influence of the eclipse will be niggers, with coronal of white. Go into nigger question from time of Ham to emancipation proclamation—half column.
4. General plurge—quotations, "Hues of earthquake and eclipse"—Shelley. "Oh night with hue so black"—Shakespeare. That may be expanded into a column and a half.
5. General sketch of early eclipses, bringing down the history of Chicago.
6. Interview, man in the moon—make this humorous, in the Pickwickian style—half column.
7. Anecdotes of planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, etc., see Leupner's Classical Dictionary.
8. Effects of eclipses on gamblers in Chicago—go into facts.
9. Moral effects.

SECRETARY OF WAR.—Gen. Sherman has been appointed Secretary of War ad interim.

A Quaker Detective.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman and a Quaker in the middle, and myself on the other in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel alone and unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom in his zeal to do, he rather more overdid than was perfectly agreeable, bowing and smiling and chatting over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "crick" in his neck. He was evidently a *gray* Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and enfolded his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save credit by doing, to simple "yess" and "nays." As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker-on and listener.

Toward evening I was aroused from one of those reveries which a young man, without being either a poet or a lover, sometimes falls into, by the startling and rather abrupt query of the talkative gentleman:

"Are you armed?"

"I am not," I answered, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied, "for before reaching our next stopping place it will be several hours into the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been lately committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed, "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol within reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as using carnal weapons."

"Yes," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the elder lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with—plugging them?" added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as none of us are prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in his efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in, that all had quite forgotten or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse—perceiving which, he took from his pocket a package of newly invented "cough candy," and, after passing it first to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of a high encomium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately we stopped, when two faces, hideously blacked, presented themselves one at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat, but business is business, and ours will soon be over if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," pleaded the polite passenger in his blandest manner.

"Oh, certainly; they shall be attended to first, and shall not be required to leave their seats, or submit to a search unless their conduct renders it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach-lamp, be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, is scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket-book and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good even among

thieves; so, after a hasty "good night," the robber thrust the pistol in his pocket, and with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone of command more than of request.

"Stop! what for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of Derringers cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker again exclaimed.

"And if one of thy sinful companions advances a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window, and the one at the leaders' heads, thought it a good time to leave.

"Now get in, friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat; but first deliver up thy pistol."

The other hesitated.

"There had better not delay; I feel the spirit beginning to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his places by his side, giving the new-comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

"You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I'm not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the 'Old Hickory' stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man; but the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a re-distribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered it difficult before.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement until after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm. "Business before pleasure, and for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand in a friendly way, on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found!

"He must have gotten rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringers was leveled at his heart.

"Stir a hand or foot and you are a dead man!"

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to forget both the language and the principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun, in no measured terms, to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief.

The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the expected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to evade the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season, "did the State some service."

COLD WINTER.—We notice that the most of our exchanges speak of a cold winter as almost certain to follow in the wake of a long dry summer.

INCREASING.—The rebellion in New Zealand is said to be increasing, and great alarm is caused thereby.

BILL ANOTHER.—Chas. H. Wright, chief editor of the Chicago Times died of heart disease on the 10th inst.

A NEW INDUSTRY.—As an evidence of the "get up and get" propensities of our people, we have chronicled almost every week for months past some new invention in mechanics—some new labor-saving machine—something calculated to relieve humanity from hard labor. This week, besides noticing the application for a patent on an improved gang plow and seed sower combined, we chronicle the important fact that Messrs. Mahan & Henderson, of Brownsville, in this county, have succeeded in manufacturing an article which they denominate the "National Washing Compound," a discovery that will doubtless carry pleasure to many a household where, heretofore, "washing day" was dreaded as the most dreadful day of the week. It is claimed for this "Compound," that no washboard is needed—all that is necessary is to let the clothes soak over night in water prepared with it, "wring out" in the morning, boil a short time, and after rinsing through "two waters," they are ready to be hung out to dry. Here's a big washing done up in no time. The "Compound" has other merits which we have not time to notice now.

"LETTER IN THE POST OFFICE."—Somebody we know, but don't intend to mention names, went one Sunday, not over eight years ago, in a buggy behind a pair of horses, on a little excursion into the country, to see the "old folks," of course. He drove up in style, got out, hitched his team, and walked into the house, and as there was a room full, mostly females, he made several profound bows, snuffing his sweetest while, before taking his seat and pulling off his "flavenders."

He noticed that everybody seemed to be in the most happy mood, and yet one of the females left the room until but one lady was left. He got up to cross the room and inquire what's up, when a little archon who didn't care a cent for the proprieties, popped his head in to the door and yelled out, "Say, you there's a letter in the Post Office for you!"

If ever a man wilted "fills" and all "suddenly," our friend was that man. He soon found it necessary to go out and see how his team got along and when he was fairly outside, and got a good look at the awful "reen" in his well, we will say the back of his coat, he exclaimed, "that boy was right; there was room enough for a whole mail, papers and all." He came home early. So, ah.

H. B. CO'S CLAIMS.—The Commissioners appointed for that purpose have awarded the Hudson's Bay Company \$450,000, and the Puget Sound Company \$200,000. These companies are required by the award to release all possessions and rights in Oregon and Washington Territory, to the United States.

SAN BERNARDINO.—From the Jacksonville Sentinel we learn that the youngest son of Judge Jacob, died six months, died in that city on the 7th inst.

PRAIRIE DOGS.—A recent letter written on these curious little animals says they prefer to live with rattlesnakes and owls, and that their holes do not connect because you can draw them out with water. Part of this, at least, is a mistake. The rattlesnake takes forcible possession of the prairie dog's hole, and not being able to expel him, the poor little dog is forced to put up with his obnoxious company. The hole is deep, dry, and furnished with warm beds for winter, which suits his makeshift exactly. Nor is the snake always grateful, for it frequently happens that after enjoying the little dog's hospitality for half a year he will eat up the little fellow. Those who have opened prairie dog holes have often found the bones of the dog completely eaten bare by the snake. The owl lives on the excrecence of the dog, and is perhaps a convenient and agreeable commensal, answering the purpose of house-keeper. The dog holes often connect and to amount of water water will draw them out. In large dog towns it is fair to presume that each and every house connects with one of two other houses, and that the little dog can travel all over the town by underground passages. I have seen more than a thousand living in one community, and who could tell of the revelry by night in this vast city of subterraneous houses? Perhaps some venerable dog held court as king, and assembled his people in spacious halls.—Letter from Cheyenne.

H. B. Clark