

# The Albany Register

VOL. 2.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

NO. 4.

## The Albany Register.

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COLL. VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST-ST.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.  
One Year, \$3.00; Three Dollars  
Six Months, \$2.00; Two Dollars  
Single Copies, Ten Cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Transient advertisements per Square of ten  
lines or less, first insertion, \$1; each subsequent  
insertion, 50c.  
Larger advertisements inserted on the most  
liberal terms.

JOB WORK.  
Having received new types of colored  
inks, cards, a standard job, etc., we are pre-  
pared to execute all kinds of printing in a better  
manner and fifty per cent. cheaper than ever be-  
fore offered in this city.

Agents for the Register.  
The following gentlemen are authorized to re-  
ceive and remit for subscription, advertising,  
etc., for the Register:

HIRAM SMITH, Esq.	Harrisburg,
Judge S. H. CLAGHTON,	Lebanon,
PETER W. HUME, Esq.	Spokaneville,
W. R. KIRK, Esq.	Idaho,
E. E. WHEELER, Esq.	Idaho,
T. H. RYAN, Esq.	Idaho,
GEO. W. CANNON, Esq.	Portland,
L. P. FISHER, Esq.	Idaho.

TIME.  
There is a silent river,  
The rolling river time,  
In summer's rosy blushes,  
In heavy winter's frown,  
It flows, it flows, it flows,  
In what-soe'er climate.

And well trimmed banks are sailing  
Upon its silent tide,  
With golden rices laden,  
The little vessels glide,  
And Faith, and Love, and Action,  
And Hope, are side by side.

And oh, a host of others  
Compose the little fleet,  
Now when the waves are heaving,  
Now when the waters beat;  
Gray mists steal 'er the waters,  
The mountain mists of fate.

The polar star grows dimmer:  
The meteoric stars are driven,  
All wide, in disappointment,  
Unto the wastes are given,  
And I faith alone remaineth  
To bear the soul to Heaven.

[From Tuesday's Daily.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Reader, cast your  
"eagle eye" over the new advertisements  
in this number of the DAILY REGISTER,  
and if you are in need of anything enu-  
merated there, go and invest, as it is an  
invariable rule that men who liberally  
patronize the printer, are men of liberal-  
ity, energy and capability, who under-  
stand their business, buy at low rates,  
and are enabled to undersell their slower  
neighbors. This is an age of "get-up-  
tiveness," and the man who would do biz,  
and make it pay, must make everything  
count. No setting down and folding of  
hands for something to "turn up," but  
with the "eye peeled," constantly on  
the look out for the "main chance" in  
the race for competence, he must take  
advantage of everything that offers a  
fair "lay out" to increase his profits in a  
legitimate business way. Look over the  
paper, and you'll see what's in it.

HORSE BADLY INJURED.—Dave Fro-  
man, Esq., President of the Agricultural  
Society, on Saturday last, while on the  
Fair Grounds superintending affairs,  
hitched his horse to the fence near the  
grand stand. Some boys playing among  
the seats scared the horse, who, in at-  
tempting to jump the fence, fell on it,  
running the end of one of the pickets  
into his breast about five inches. It  
made a terrific wound, but with care the  
animal may recover.

HORSE RACE.—On last Saturday, at  
the Fair Grounds, a little race transpired  
between "Dusty Bob" and S. Montgo-  
mery's Brown Mare. "Dusty Bob"  
won the race and the money—\$50. The  
same animals are up for a race, over the  
same track, next Saturday, for \$200.

WHEAT RECEIPTS.—Messrs. Beach  
& Monteth received eight thousand four  
hundred and eighteen bushels of wheat,  
for the six days ending Saturday, Sep-  
tember 25th. Messrs. Foster & Co. re-  
ceived about the same amount during the  
same time.

GROCERIES.—Messrs. Frank Redfield  
& Co. are opening a splendid lot of new  
groceries, etc., in the frame store adjoin-  
ing J. Conner on the west.

Messrs. Hiltabedel & Co. keep up their  
old reputation in the line of groceries  
and low prices.

MECHANIC.—Our old friend, John  
Briggs, of the "Old Store Store," is a  
first-class mechanic, as we have reason  
to know. Look in at his stock as you  
pass up First street, as he will give you  
a bargain in anything he has for sale in  
his line.

RACE YESTERDAY.—A race, single  
dash of a mile, between Martin Luper's  
bay horse, and John Taylor's sorrel  
horse, came off yesterday at the Fair  
grounds. The sorrel won the race and  
money.

GOOD LOAD.—One farmer delivered  
yesterday at the Steam Mills one hun-  
dred and twenty-five bushels of wheat—  
500 pounds—at one load.

THUNDERATION!—A Spanish journal  
published in New York, the *Cronista*,  
says the United States can't have Cuba.  
It threatens war, and says that a war  
with Spain would bring speedy ruin on  
the United States! Spain would block-  
ade New York, Philadelphia and Boston  
with cuirassed and wooden frigates, while  
flying divisions would destroy our arse-  
nals at other points. This savage editor  
of a Spanish journal concludes his ter-  
rific editorial thusly: "Are we provok-  
ed to war, then let us have it. Hence-  
forth we offer what we have, and what  
ever may be realized from the sale of the  
*El Cronista* establishment, and our  
own person besides. God will watch our  
family and those heroes. Spain forever!"  
Won't this terrible "talk" make Uncle  
Sam think twice before he does anything  
to cause this violent Don to assume his  
fighting clothes!

REMARKABLE SERMON.—On last  
Sunday, the 19th, the Rector at the St.  
Albans Episcopal church, New York  
city, as reported by telegraph, preached  
a remarkable sermon, affirming that the  
Episcopal and Roman Catholic belief are  
positively alike, though the members  
don't commune together, owing to in-  
trigues at the Court of Rome during the  
reformation. He says the two churches  
are really but one, and hopes to see the  
day when both will be united in com-  
munion under the latter name. The ser-  
mon created much excitement among the  
hearers, many of whom were Protestants  
from other denominations.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.—The Agri-  
cultural Department reports corn a hun-  
dred and fifty million bushels less than a  
full crop. The yield of cotton in Ala-  
bama and the Carolinas will be reduced,  
while there will be a material increase in  
Missouri and Texas, the probability fa-  
voring a total yield of 250,000 bales.  
The wheat crop as a whole is larger than  
that of last year, the only decrease being  
in Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and Califor-  
nia. The fruit yield has been abundant,  
apples showing less than any other fruit.

The New Haven *Polluxian* observes  
that it is amusing to notice that while  
the Pacific coast Democrats are making  
hostility to, and exclusion of, the Chinese  
a principal plank in their platform, their  
Eastern and Southern brethren are pro-  
fessing the greatest affection for the pig-  
tail gentry, and so orthodox a Democrat  
as the Hon. James Brooks lavishes his  
eloquence in showing the benefits we are  
to derive from an irruption of Mongols.

PORTLAND DAILIES.—The *Oregonian*  
says of the Albany daily issues, "The  
boys are getting reckless." The *Herald*  
says "Coll. must be getting along to use  
his capital for such a purpose in a town  
the size of Albany." Coll. can't see that  
he is getting any longer to speak of, but  
he weighs ten pounds more than he ever  
did before! If the issuance of the *DAILY*  
don't furnish him with his regular  
rash of bacon, he'll stop 'er! That's  
all of it.

Secretary Rawlin's last public service  
in the National Councils was an emphatic  
appeal in favor of Cuba Independence.  
He made a long, able and forcible speech  
in favor of recognition, at the last meet-  
ing he attended of the Cabinet. The ef-  
fort was too much for his delicate condi-  
tion, irritating and inflaming his lungs to  
such a degree as to materially increase  
the hemorrhage which followed, and ended  
his life and usefulness.

The Dent Convention in Mississippi,  
whose ticket has the entire support of  
the Democracy there, nominated for Sec-  
retary of State, Thomas Sinclair, a ne-  
gro. Will the Oregon Democracy stand it,  
is the question.

The U. S. District Attorney has en-  
tered suit against Geo. B. Stemen, In-  
ternal Revenue Collector for the District  
of New Orleans, and his sureties, for the  
sum of \$600,000, the amount found due  
the Government after the adjustment of  
his accounts.

Three negroes employed in getting out  
lumber in the Dismal swamp, were de-  
stroyed by the dreadful conflagration  
now raging there. They were surround-  
ed by fire while sleeping in a hut, and  
their bodies burned to a crisp.

The Captain of ship Southampton re-  
ports seeing, in latitude 52° 50' south,  
longitude 46, a hundred icebergs, one of  
them being seven or eight miles long and  
three or four hundred feet high.

A TROT.—Robert Bonner has con-  
sented to trot Dexter against Lady  
Thorne, sometime during the present  
week, at Prospect Park Fair Grounds.  
The entire proceeds are to be given to  
the Avondale sufferers. Two dollars will  
be the admission fee to see the trot.

A DUEL.—A Baron Einfeld, of Hol-  
stein, and the editor of a German news-  
paper of St. Louis, fought a duel on the  
23d. No one hurt.

C. & O. RAILROAD.—The California  
and Oregon Railroad Company are to  
commence operations immediately,  
at Marysville (Cal.) with a large  
force under J. A. Strawbridge. Good.

TO ARRIVE.—Two locomotives for the  
East Side road are expected to arrive in  
Portland on the next steamer but one.  
"When you hear the whistle, look out  
for the cars!"

WAR THREATENED.—It is announced  
that France has sent notes to Prussia  
and Baden declaring that she will regard  
the annexation of the Grand Duchy of  
Baden, by Prussia, as a *casus belli*.

At Athens, Penn., on the 20th, on the  
Pennsylvania & N. Y. Railroad, two  
trains collided, killing two men and  
wounding several others. Caused by a  
dense fog.

A Cincinnati, on a wager of \$100,  
is to carry an arvil weighing 700 pounds,  
a distance of seven miles without resting.

The ever attentive Treasurer of the  
Linn Co. Ag. Association will accept our  
thanks for favors extended this office.

PERSONAL.—We saw the pleasant face  
of Judge Humason, of Dalles, on our  
streets yesterday.

It is stated that 3,000 men got off  
from Cedar Keys, Florida, for Coosa, on  
the 14th.

LARGE RANCHES.—A. D. Richardson,  
the newspaper correspondent and  
author of "Beyond the Mississippi," thus  
speaks of the great ranches of California:

"The California invites an Eastern vis-  
itor—come down to San Mateo and  
spend a week with me." "Have you a  
ranch there?" "Yes, little place."  
"What do you call it?" "A little place."  
"Well 20,000 acres—or 30,000 or 40,  
000, as the case may be. Everybody  
seems to have a little place. The other  
evening I met General Deas, known as an  
old army officer, who led one of the Gov-  
ernment expeditions for a Pacific Rail-  
road. He resides in the south, below  
Los Angeles, though his summer home  
is in Philadelphia. "Have you a little  
place too?" I asked. "Yes, 225,000  
acres on my home California." "That  
home ranch, if it were a square tract,  
would be nineteen miles across. It is  
one third as large as the State of Rhode  
Island. There are other men who own  
300,000 acres apiece. Beal dispenses  
something of old baronial hospitality.—  
Every wayfarer is welcomed to table and  
bed without money and without price.  
Some nights thirty travelers are there en-  
tertained!"

It is said that any nose which is less  
than the height of the forehead is an  
indication of defective intellectual power.  
The eyes indicate character rather by  
their color than form. The dark blue  
are found most commonly in persons of a  
gentle and a refined character, light blue  
and gray in the rude and energetic.  
Lafayette says: "Hazel eyes are the more  
usual indications of a mind masculine,  
vigorous and profound, just as green,  
properly so called, is almost always asso-  
ciated with eyes of a yellowish cast,  
bordering on hazel." The higher the brows  
rise, the more their possessor is supposed  
to be under the influence of feeling, and  
the lower the better controlled by his  
reason. A very small eyebrow is an in-  
dication of want of force of character.  
A tolerably large mouth is essential to  
vigor and energy, and a very small one is  
indicative of weakness and indolence. In  
a manly face the upper lip should extend  
beyond and dominate the lower. Fleishy  
lips are often found associated with a vo-  
luptuous, and meagre ones with a pos-  
sionless nature. The retreating chin in-  
dicates weakness; the perpendicular,  
strength; the sharp, acuteness of mind.

The Arabs illustrate their estimate of  
the different colors of horses by the fol-  
lowing story: "A chief of a tribe was once  
pursued by his enemies. He said to his  
son: 'My son, drop to the rear and tell  
me the color of the horses of our foe,  
and may Allah burn his grandfather!'  
'White,' was the answer. 'Then we will  
go south,' said the chief, 'for in the vast  
plains of a desert the wind of a white  
horse will not stand in a protracted  
chase. Again the chief said: 'My son,  
what horses pursue us?' 'Black, O my  
father!' 'Then we will go among the  
stones and on the rocky ground, for the  
feet of black horses are not strong.' A  
third time the young Arab was sent to  
the rear, and reported chestnut horses.  
'Then,' said the chief, 'we are lost.  
Who but Allah can deliver us from the  
chestnut horse?' 'Dun and cream  
colored horses the Arabs consider worth-  
less, and fit only for Jews to ride.'

FEAST OF THE FAT MEN.—Connect-  
icut, the Nutmeg State, was recently  
the scene of an event as amusing as it  
was novel. Near-Norwalk, in that State,  
on the 19th ult., one hundred and forty  
of the most ponderous men in New Eng-  
land assembled to wage war on clams at  
an annual clam-bake. In this feast one  
hundred and twenty-two hundred pounds  
were permitted to participate, and when  
all were assembled, the process of weigh-  
ing was gone through with. Six of the  
guests turned the scale at 302 and up-  
wards: the heaviest man turning 355  
lbs. The entire 140 weighed \$1,385  
lbs., averaging 224 lbs. each. Thirty  
bushels of oysters, forty-five bushels of  
clams, seven bbls. of sweet potatoes, and  
350 lbs. of fish were devoured on that  
occasion.

WHAT GRANT HAS DONE.—The Balti-  
more Democratic journals, remarks the *Albany*  
and *Register*, would make the people be-  
lieve that Grant is the most negligent  
and incompetent of Presidents. Accord-  
ing to their assertions, he occupies him-  
self with nothing but watering places,  
horse trading and amusements of all  
sorts, entirely neglecting public affairs,  
and as a consequence, they predict the  
utter ruin of the country before the close  
of the present administration. In refu-  
tation of this statement of these false  
prophets, the *Register* finds the facts to  
be that within five months Grant has re-  
duced the debt \$44,000,000; that the  
revenues from whiskey and tobacco alone  
are more than double the amount under  
the immaculate Andrew Johnson; that  
the army has been reduced from forty  
regiments to twenty-five, saving the coun-  
try millions of dollars annually; that the  
administration of Indian affairs, though  
as yet undeveloped, promises a saving of  
several millions of dollars. The admin-  
istration of finances has further reduced  
the value of Government bonds \$250,  
000,000, and has so increased the confi-  
dence of foreign capitalists in our ability  
to pay the debt that it can readily be  
funded within a year at a low rate of in-  
terest. At the end of the first year of  
Grant's administration, there will, with-  
out doubt, be a surplus of nearly \$150,  
000,000.

These are facts which no democrat can  
deny, and which furnish the conclusive  
proof that this tobacco-smoking, pleasure-  
seeking man has done more to restore  
the national prosperity, and to improve  
the national credit than his predecessor  
was able to accomplish in four years.  
Parties must always exist, but a party  
whose political capital consists entirely of  
misrepresentations and false statements  
had best give up the ghost.

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.—  
The cook of a French nobleman had a  
money which was so intelligent that by  
severe training it was taught to perform  
certain useful services, such as plucking  
fowls, at which it was uncommonly ex-  
pert. One fine morning a pair of par-  
tridges was given it to pluck. The monkey  
took them to an open window of the  
kitchen, and went to work with great  
diligence. He soon finished one, which  
he laid on the edge of the window, and  
then went quietly on with the other. A  
hawk that had been watching his pro-  
ceedings from a neighboring tree dived  
down upon the plucked partridge, and in  
a minute was in the tree again, greedily  
devouring his prey. He hopped about  
in great distress for some minutes,  
when suddenly a bright thought struck  
him. Seizing the remaining partridge,  
he went to work with great energy and  
stripped off the feathers. He then laid  
it on the edge, just where he had placed  
the other, and closing one of the shut-  
ters, concealed himself behind it. The  
hawk, who by this time had finished his  
meal, very soon swooped down upon the  
partridge, but hardly had his claws touch-  
ed the bird when the monkey sprang up  
on him from behind the shutter. The  
hawk's neck was instantly wrung, and  
the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle,  
proceeded to strip off the feathers. This  
done, he carried the two plucked fowls to  
his master, with a confident and self-sat-  
isfied air which seemed to say: "Here  
are two birds, sir—just what you gave  
me." What the cook said on finding one  
of the partridges converted into a hawk  
is more than we are able to say.

CLERICAL JOKE.—The Rev. Samuel  
Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccen-  
tric manners, sometimes called the "wild  
man," was very popular in Western Vir-  
ginia, some twenty years ago. He was  
cross-eyed and very mad, and very dark  
skinned for a white man. At times he  
was surprisingly eloquent, always exci-  
table and occasionally extravagant. He  
once accompanied a brother minister,  
Rev. Mr. R. a prominent pastor, in a visit  
to a colored church. Mr. R. gave the  
colored preacher the hint, and of course  
Clawson was invited to preach. He did  
so, and during the sermon set the impu-  
sive Africans to shouting all over the  
house. This, in turn, set Clawson to ex-  
travagant words and actions, and he leap-  
ed out of the pulpit, like a deer, and be-  
gan to take the hands of the colored  
brethren, and mix in quite happily. He  
went for joy. Then, pressing through  
the crowd, he found Brother R., and sit-  
ting down beside him, he threw his arm  
around his neck, and with tears stream-  
ing down his cheeks, he said: "Brother  
R., I almost wish I had been born a nig-  
gir. These folks have more religion  
than we have." "Well, well," said  
Brother R., "you come so near it that you  
needn't cry about it."

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do,  
smile and make others happy, or be crab-  
bed and make everybody around you  
miserable? You can live among flowers  
and singing birds, or in the mire sur-  
rounded by fogs and frogs. The mount  
of happiness which you can produce is  
incalculable, if you will only show a  
smiling face, a kind heart, and speak  
pleasant words. On the other hand, by  
sour looks, cross words, and a fretful dis-  
position, you can make hundreds unhap-  
py, almost beyond endurance. Which  
will you do? Wear a pleasant coun-  
tenance; let joy beam in your eye and love  
glow on your forehead. There is no joy  
so great as that which springs from a  
kind act or pleasant deed, and you may  
feel it at night when you retire, in the  
morning when you rise, and throughout  
the day when about your daily business.

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do  
not walk, but they do shine. A light-  
house sounds no drum, it beats no gong,  
and yet far over the waters its friendly  
spark is seen by the mariner.

KEROSENE OIL.—An observing school  
man writes to the *Western Register*:  
"I am boarding at the hotel this week,  
and this is Saturday and there is no  
school. I have learned many things  
about kerosene that I had not before  
dreamed of. Our landlady is very par-  
ticular to fill all the lamps every morn-  
ing. I asked why. "Because," she  
said, "is the oil burns out, the space  
above fills with gas, which when agitated,  
would be apt to explode." Then she  
told me of a friend of hers who neglected  
to fill her lamp, and sitting up late, bur-  
ned the oil nearly out; as she took it up  
to go to her bed-room it exploded and  
burnt her badly, and frightened her so  
she has been very nervous about her  
lamps ever since. While the landlady  
was telling me this, I noticed that she  
only cut off that part of the wick that  
was burnt soft, and each piece of wick  
was rolled up in a little piece of paper.  
What for? "To kindle fires with, and if  
you try it you will find they will burn  
long enough to be a great help. A tea-  
spoonful of fine salt to each lamp, once a  
week, Mrs. Sam thinks improves the  
light. Further inquiry resulted in the  
discovery that kerosene was just the  
thing to take the point of those nice tin  
pails you buy put in, but which are so  
hard to clean. Take a cloth, dip it in  
the oil and rub the cans; let it stand  
while; if it does not come off, oil it  
again and again. If you treat rusty  
stoves or kettles in the same way, af-  
terwards washing well in weak lye, you will  
find them as nice as new. Kerosene is  
also good to clean furniture, but do not  
let it remain on any time, as it will dim  
the varnish. A few drops on a cloth will  
go a great way, and must be quickly  
rubbed off with a soft cloth. It will  
loosen dirt quicker than water.

Another lady in the neighborhood who  
uses the salt in lamps, says it takes away  
the bad odor, and she thinks the oil lasts  
longer. Kerosene is one of the best  
things for burns. Bathe the burn in cold  
water, then dry softly without rubbing,  
or exposing to the air, and apply the oil  
and bandage. Another lady tells me, all  
her mother's family once had the dipthe-  
ria, she being the worst. They could  
do no help. She was almost strangled  
with canker. Her mother became des-  
perate, and gave her a teaspoonful of ke-  
rosene, as a last resort—and it saved her  
life.

ROMANCE OF A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.—  
A Jacksonville (Ill.) paper has the fol-  
lowing romance of a pair of stockings:  
"There is a respectable lady now living  
in this county, not a dozen miles from  
this city, who has a pair of stockings  
that her father bought in Springfield,  
for her to be married in. She, her sis-  
ter-in-law and four of her daughters  
were married in this self same pair of  
stockings. She has yet a beautiful,  
unmarried daughter, who declares she  
too yet will stand in the dear old  
stockings, provided she gets married be-  
fore the death of her mother, who, by  
the way, is carefully preserving them to  
be buried in. The lady says this is the  
only pair of stockings she ever had that  
were bought from a store. She also says  
that she has raised the cotton and carded,  
spun and knit all the stockings for her-  
self, her husband, and all her children.  
That pair of stockings cost one dollar  
and thirty cents forty years ago."

In Virginia, where law fixes the mar-  
riage fee at \$1, there is a reminiscence of  
a couple who many years ago called on a  
parson and requested him to marry them.  
"Where is my fee?" asked the function-  
ary. The parties who were to unite  
their fortunes did so once, and found  
the joint amount to be twenty-seven  
cents. "I can't marry you for that  
sum," said the irate old gentleman. "A  
little bit of service will go a long way,"  
suggested the male applicant. "Ah,  
no," said the parson, "you don't pay for  
the size of the pill, but for the good you  
hope it will do you." The lass, intent  
on marriage, began to weep, but the par-  
son was inexorable, and the couple turned  
sadly to depart. Just then a happy  
thought seemed to strike the forlorn  
maiden, and she cried and cried through  
her tears: "Please sir, if you can't  
marry us full up, won't you marry us  
twenty-seven cents' worth? We can  
come for the rest some other time."  
"This was too much for the parson. He  
married them "full up," and they went  
on their way rejoicing.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—On the dol-  
lars, stivers, etc., coined at the town of  
Dordrecht, in Holland, is the figure of a  
milkmaid sitting under her cow, which  
figure is also exhibited in relieve on the  
water-gate of the palace. The occasion  
was as follows: In the noble struggle of  
the United Provinces for their liberties,  
the Spaniards detached a body of forces  
from the main army, with the view of  
surprising Dordrecht. Certain milk-  
maids, belonging to a rich farmer in the  
vicinity of the town, perceived, as they  
were going to milk, some soldiers con-  
cealed under the hedges. They had the  
presence of mind to pursue their occupa-  
tion without any symptoms of alarm. On  
their return home they informed their  
master of what they had seen, who gave  
information to the Burgomaster, and the  
sluices were let loose, by which great  
numbers of the Spaniards were drowned,  
and the expedition defeated. The States  
ordered the farmer a handsome reward  
for the loss he sustained by the over-  
flowing of his lands, rewarded the milk-  
maids, and perpetuated the event in the  
manner described.

GROCKE'S WIT.—"Are those fresh  
eggs?"  
"Yes, madam."  
"How do you know? You speak so  
positively?"  
"Why, I laid them in that box my  
self, early this morning."

SUMMER IS GOING.—We have reach-  
ed now again one of the transition points  
between the two seasons. We have wit-  
nessed a glorious summer. Its fruitful  
toils and its luxurious relaxations are  
ended. Its abundant harvest is nearly  
gathered. Its beauty is ready to fade.  
It has done its office, how bountifully!  
It has regulated the senses, how richly!  
With what loving magnificence has the  
God of summer walked forth before us!  
He who goes through such a season, and  
feels nothing but the best, and thinks of  
nothing in it but its pleasures or its an-  
noyances, and has no thought about its  
fruits except for their market prices, how  
or where will he ever discern or worship  
God!

And now the scene changes again. A  
few more sunny days, a few more smiles  
from a genial sky and a still beautiful  
earth, and the sights and sounds that  
give warning of winter, will come. Let  
us learn to welcome and to love the win-  
ter—that stern nurse of all our energies—  
that hard schoolmaster whose disci-  
pline has trained us to intelligence, and  
shed abroad for us the light of knowl-  
edge and genius—that good builder of  
our dwellings, and founder of our homes,  
and guardian angel of our happiest re-  
lationships—the prompter of our best vir-  
tues, the mother of our liberties. Ye  
who discern not God's love in the sea-  
sons, who find everything amiss, who com-  
plain through the year that it is too hot  
or too cold, too wet or too dry, that this  
season or that is too slow in coming or  
too quick in going, cease, I beseech you  
from that great profanity; and be ye  
reconciled to God. Adore Him in the  
bounty of summer and in the  
equally beneficent discipline of winter;  
for if the latter were withheld, the  
former would sink us into the listless-  
ness and inefficiency and superstition and  
darkness of the savage state.

ARTEMUS WARD.—The "Fat Con-  
tributor" relates the following regarding  
Artemus Ward:  
One night in New York, Artemus was  
returning to his hotel, at a late hour of  
the night, from a rather protracted sit-  
ting at a convivial party, at which wine  
and wassel prevailed, with a considerable  
more "wassel" than wine. One of the  
party was a "singist." Ward used to  
sing, and as nearly everybody else has  
since said, sang "Larboard Watch,  
Ahoy!" with great effect. Ward seem-  
ed particularly impressed with it, so  
much so that on his way home he insist-  
ed on howling, at the top of his voice,  
"Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" greatly to the  
consternation of the other members of  
the party, who were afraid Ward's ef-  
forts at street volism would result in  
their spending the remainder of the night  
in the Tombs.

After repeating the "outcry wild"  
two or three times, a watchman appeared  
and commanded Ward to "hush his biz"  
and move on.  
"Who are you?" inquired Ward.  
"I'm the watch," was the reply.  
"Well, I don't want you. You're the  
starboard watch. I called for the lar-  
board watch; Larboard Watch, Ahoy!"  
It required considerable persuasive  
eloquence on the part of his friends to  
prevent Ward's going to the Tombs, but  
they finally succeeded in getting him to  
his hotel.

"Sing, lar," said Ward, rather thickly,  
going up stairs, "sing, lar, these pho-  
men haven't 'st' p'cination of humor.  
Hor'ee Greeley couldn't make 'em laugh  
with one of his lectures."

DISAPPEARANCE OF A STAR.—Some  
of our exchanges have devoted consid-  
erable space to speculation on one of the  
most startling of astronomical facts, the  
explosion, or rather the conflagration of  
Tau-Coronae. It now appears that ano-  
ther and much more important star is slow-  
ly taking itself out of our system. Cal-  
culations of extraordinary minuteness  
have demonstrated that Sirius and our  
sun are mutually receding from one an-  
other at the rate of 294 miles per second.  
In the end, therefore, though the dis-  
tance of time strains the imagination, we  
must lose sight of Sirius—that is to say,  
provided we have not by that time gained  
the capacity of watching the most distant  
universe toward which he must be re-  
ceding—an improbability. Nothing  
so near its final limit as the power  
of astronomical telescopes, while the  
power of the human eye, if at all, probably  
decreases.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT.—There is, in  
all places, a marked difference in the  
healthfulness of houses, according to  
their aspect with regard to the sun, and  
that those are decidedly the healthiest,  
*ceteris paribus*, in which all the rooms are,  
during some part of the day, fully  
exposed to the direct light. It is a well-  
known fact, that epidemics frequently at-  
tack the inhabitants of the shady side of  
a street, and totally exempt those of the  
other side; and even in epidemics, such  
as ague, the morbid influence is thus par-  
tial in its action. Sunshine is also essen-  
tial to the perfection of vegetation, and  
the water that lies in darkness is hard,  
and comparatively unfit for drink; while  
the stream that bares its bosom to the  
day, deposits mineral ingredients, and  
becomes the most suitable solvent of our  
food. In smallpox, and other eruptive  
diseases, the tendency to form pustules  
is diminished by the patients being kept  
in darkness. But the influence of light  
upon the nervous system cannot be more  
forcibly exhibited than in its effects on  
that terrific disease hydrophobia. While  
light is excluded, the patient can some-  
times swallow with comparative facility,  
and as long as no bright object is pre-  
sented, all the spasmodic phenomena of  
the malady are more easily controlled.  
It is curious that bright objects also  
frequently throw the victims of St. Vitus  
into convulsions.

## NEWS PARAGRAPHS

The widow of the late Lord Palm-  
erton is dead.  
There are 102 miles of streets open in  
San Francisco.

Illinois is to have a new Capital at  
Springfield, to cost \$3,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is in his 76th  
year. His bride is said to be about 30.  
The new territorial seal of Wyoming  
bears the device, "Let us have peace."  
The total receipts during the Califor-  
nia State Fair for admission at the Park  
and Pavilion, amounted to \$22,330.

Americans in London have passed res-  
olutions thanking Prince Napoleon for  
his recent democratic speech.

The Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph  
line leading into Stockton has been sold  
to the Western Union Company.

A druggist offers \$30,000 for the priv-  
ilege of advertising for a year on the  
fence about the New York postoffice.

The English Bank at San Francisco  
under control of ex-Senator Latham, has  
increased its capital to \$3,500,000.

Hon. Edward Burke, of New Hamp-  
shire, will edit the resuscitated  
*National Intelligencer*.

Hudson City, N. Y., contemplates a  
monument to the great Hendrick, who  
gave his name to the city.

Eugenie still lingers at the birthplace  
of the Bonapartes, and reumination still  
lingers in her husband's bony parts.

Col. Nelson, late of Camp Supply, In-  
dian Territory, reports everything quiet  
there.

Miss Bessie Cheever, of New York, is  
the reported fiancee of Phil Sheridan.

Professor Boehm, one of the most cel-  
ebrated surgeons of Berlin, has just died  
from blood poisoning, contracted while  
dissecting.

One of the out-going