

The Albany Register.

VOL. 2.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

NO. 18.

The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COLL. VAN CLEVE.
OFFICE OF CORNER OF FRERY AND FIRST STS.
TERMS—IN ADVANCE.
One Year.....Three Dollars
Six Months.....Two Dollars
Single Copies.....Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.
Transient advertisements per square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent insertion, \$1.
Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

JOB WORK.
Having received new type, stock of colored ink, cards, a Goujon cutter, etc., we are prepared to execute all kinds of printing in a better manner and fifty per cent. cheaper than ever before offered in this city.

Agents for the Register.
The following gentlemen are authorized to receive and accept for subscription, advertising, etc., for the REGISTER:

HIRAM SMITH, Esq., Harrisburg.
Judge S. H. CLAUGHTON, Lebanon.
PETER HUME, Esq., Brownsville.
W. R. KIRK, Esq., " " " " " "
E. E. WHEELER, Esq., " " " " " "
T. H. REYNOLDS, Esq., Salem.
Geo. W. GANNON, Esq., Portland.
L. P. FISHER, Esq., " " " " " " " "

BUSINESS CARDS.
A. WHEELER,
Notary Public.
BROWNVILLE, OREGON.

J. HANNON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.

Hittabidell & Co.,
DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon.

E. A. Freeland,
DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books, Stationery, Gold and Silver Pens, Ink, etc. Post office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered from New York and San Francisco.

C. Mealey & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet Ware. First street, Albany.

S. H. Claughton,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, Office in the Post Office building, Albany, Oregon.

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Solicitors in Chancery and Proctors in Admiralty. Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

Powell & Flynn,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery.

J. Quinn Thornton,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
ALBANY, OREGON.

F. M. Redfield & Co.,
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING, a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, &c., Wholesale and Retail, opposite B. C. Hill & Son's drug store, Albany, Oregon.

W. Knight,
House, Sign & Carriage Painter,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Paperhanging, Glazing, Kalsomine, &c.

PORTLAND CARDS.

THE OCCIDENTAL,
FORMERLY
Western Hotel,
Corner First and Morrison streets,
Portland, Oregon.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
—CORNER OF—
Front and Washington Streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,
(FORMERLY ABERGON'S.)
Front street : : Portland, Oregon.

THE UNDERIGNED, HAVING PURCHASED the well known Hotel, are now prepared to offer the traveling public better accommodations than can be found elsewhere in the city.

Board and Lodging \$2.00 per day.
The Hotel Coach will be in attendance to convey Passengers and baggage to and from the Hotel free of charge.

New Columbian Hotel,
Nos. 118, 120 and 122 Front street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
ED. CARNEY, PROPRIETOR.

The Largest, Best and most Convenient Hotel in Portland!
Located in the center of business and near all the steamboat landings.

Board and Lodging
\$2.00 per day. Superior accommodations for families.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
MRS. DUNNIWAY
TAKES PLEASURE IN INFORMING HER numerous patrons that she has on hand, and is in regular receipt of the Latest and Choicest Styles of Goods.

REMEMBER, LADIES!
If you purchase **TEN DOLLARS' WORTH** of Fall Millinery you will be entitled to the **Demorest Magazine,** for the year 1869, as a premium on the purchase.

C. MEALEY
DEALER IN & MANUFACTURER OF
FURNITURE!
—and—
CABINET WARE!
Bedding, Etc.,
Corner First and Broad Albany streets,
ALBANY, OREGON.

FURNING. — TURNING.
I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF TURNING! I keep on hand and make to order **RAWDIE-BOTTOMED CHAIRS,** Spinning W heels. Shop near the "Magnolia Mills." JOHN M. METZLER Albany, Nov. 28, 1868-12

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Railroad Meeting.
The meeting at the Court House last Monday night, to take into consideration the proposition made by Ben. Holladay in relation to the direction to be given to the Oregon Central Railroad, the location of the depot, etc., was largely attended, and the greatest interest manifested.

FROM LEBANON.
LEBANON, January 1, 1870.
The holidays have passed pleasantly with the citizens of our rural village. The Masons had a supper in their hall on Christmas Eve, on which occasion their officers for the ensuing year were installed. We understand that all had a very pleasant time—supper abundant and of the very best, and the company, as it was composed exclusively of Masons and their families, of course was pleasant. The Good Templars had a supper in their hall Christmas evening. We understand that it was a grand affair. Provisions of the very best were so abundant that not more than half was consumed, though there were about one hundred persons present. By the way, this Lodge, we suppose, is one of the most prosperous in the State. It now numbers about one hundred members in good standing; and new members are initiated at almost every meeting.

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BAPTISMAL CEREMONIES.—A large number of our people were assembled on the bank of the Willamette, at the foot of Ellsworth street, to witness the immersion of new members of the Baptist church, Rev. Dr. Hill officiating. The weather was cool. There was but one person baptised, we believe.

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THE OREGON CENTRAL RAILROAD.
Passing through Albany, we are led to infer that the future prosperity of your city depends upon the accomplishment of that event. We are happy to be able to assure you that the prosperity of our city depends on no contingencies. Lebanon will prosper, let the "Oregon Central Railroad" go where it may. It may be true that a branch of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD, Crossing the Cascade mountains over the Willamette Valley and Cascade Wagon Road, will pass through the Main street of Lebanon, and intersect the Oregon Central at some point between Corvallis and Jefferson; yet the prosperity of Lebanon does not depend on that. Now, sir, if you would be a million here (*millionaire*) lay out several thousand dollars in real estate in Lebanon. But if you do not wish to do this, the next best thing is to buy a section of land at the junction of the Lebanon branch of the Pacific with the Oregon Central. But in order that you may be greatly benefited by either of these transactions, you will have to act promptly.

RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.
A series of religious meetings have recently been held at Soda Springs, by Rev. E. A. Judkins, pastor of the M. E. Church at this place, which resulted in twenty-three conversions and accessions to the church.

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RECEIVED.—We are in receipt of the list of premiums awarded at the Oregon State Fair for 1869. It makes a pamphlet of some forty odd pages, and contains, besides the premium list, the opening and annual addresses, and proceedings of the Board of Managers and Society.

A jar of spirits containing the body of an infant was found buried near Oroville.

Baron Munchausen Outdone.

The Panama correspondent of the N. Y. Sun, under date of November 8th, tells the following marvellous tale, which is equal to the best of the Munchausen tales:—
Your readers will remember the story concerning \$10,000,000 in silver buried on the Cocos Island, which was started in San Francisco ten years ago, and has been probably published in every country newspaper in the United States. The tale was that a doctor in San Francisco was one night called to the bedside of a sick and poverty-stricken sailor. The doctor watched over him carefully, and made out paid for all his own prescriptions. In spite of all his precautions the sailor grew worse, and at last the doctor told him he must die. The man was deeply affected, and wept bitterly. Death came over him slowly but surely.
On his dying bed, with tears in his eyes, he thanked the doctor for all his kindness, and said he could and would repay him for all his trouble. In a few short breaths he told him that in his younger days he had been a pirate. With twenty companions he had shipped on a Spanish treasure ship at Callao bound to Peru. Five days out they rose and butchered the passengers, after which the course of the ship was changed due west. Three weeks afterwards, during a drunken carousal, the ship ran upon a reef of rocks fringing an island in the Pacific, and before morning eight of the buccanniers were drowned. At the break of day they reached the shore in boats, and found the island fertile and pleasant.

After three days' hard work they brought the kegs of silver dollars to the shore and buried them. The treasure amounted to over \$10,000,000. As water was scarce, and the provisions on the wreck were totally damaged, the twelve pirates took to their boats and steered for the coast of South America. Nothing was ever heard from one of the boats, and it was probably swamped in a great storm which occurred three days after they had left the island. The provisions in the other boat soon gave out, and the men gradually became delirious for want of sustenance. Two jumped overboard, and were drowned. One of their companions died in the boat, and a fourth was killed by his comrades, who drank his blood. After drifting under a burning sun for two weeks, the survivors were picked up by a passing vessel.

One of them died on the following day, and the other lived to tell his story to hundreds of incredulous listeners, and to seek in vain for the means to return to the island. He was now about to end a life of disappointment in death. At the conclusion of his story the dying sailor drew from under his bolster a roll of papers giving the latitude and longitude of the island as near as possible, and handed them to the doctor; but before the physician could examine them the old sailor died. The mutiny occurred during the Peruvian revolution against Spain, and the sailor died in San Francisco, some thirteen years ago. A careful study of the chart located the island in the vicinity of Cocos. The doctor embarked in the scheme with all his wealth, rigged out a schooner, and sailed one San Francisco in search of the El Dorado. He returned a ruined man, unable to discover the island. Other expeditions were fitted out, but none were successful.

Holding Vanderbilt's Horse—A True Story.

A young man from a neighboring State, who has been recently rescued from a score of hungry creditors, and who still has a credit at his banker's of about \$100,000, but who, not long ago, was in reduced circumstances and obliged to live in retirement on Staten Island, makes the following solution of a competency. The gentleman—Holt by name—was residing in one of the fashionable hotels on Staten Island. He was extremely down hearted. This was the reason of his low spirits: About two years ago he had married a very handsome woman, on whom he fairly doted. At that time he had \$25,000 in cash. Soon after the nuptial ceremony, Holt removed to this city, and became a broker on Wall street. He was too honest to succeed there. The bulls and bears gored and tore him financially—and in less than a month he had not a dollar left. Disgusted, he left with as good a grace as possible, leaving his cash to fulfill his mission. With wife and child he went to the country, and finally, as before stated, settled down in a hotel on Staten Island. His wife had some means, and she gave it freely to the support of the family.

About two weeks ago, late one hot afternoon, a gentleman drove up to the hotel where Holt was living, and gruffly asked if there was a boy there who would hold his horse. "I will do it, sir," said Mr. Holt, and he did hold the animal during the time consumed by the elderly gentleman in obtaining his dinner. A few days later the same gentleman, driving the same horse, stopped at the same hotel and hunted again for a boy to hold his horse. No boy being present, Holt again volunteered. He held the horse until the hostler came to take the animal to the stable, and then retired within the hotel to dress for dinner. Mrs. Holt had a way of making her husband get himself up very respectably at least once a day, and that was for the dinner hour. Usually, he had been rather negligent of his costume, and since his financial success had already become quite steady. When Mr. and Mrs. Holt entered the hotel dining room that evening Mrs. Holt was resplendent. Her husband was at least dressed in a gentlemanly style. At an adjoining table sat the elderly gentleman whose horse Mr. Holt on two different occasions had the pleasure of holding. The eyes of the elderly individual were observed to dilate considerably. In fact, he stared at Mr. and Mrs. Holt. But he said nothing at the dinner table. Mr. Holt and blunty asked his name. "Holt, sir, at your service." "And who do you think I am?" again asked the elderly personage. "Oh, you? You are 'old' Vanderbilt! I know you, and the horse I have held is Mountain Boy, an animal any man might be proud to draw a rein over."

Instead of taking offence at the epithet "old," Mr. Vanderbilt—for it was the Commodore—seemed to like it, and he made some inquiries about Holt's antecedents, took a fancy to him, and peremptorily ordered him to make his appearance at his up-town office on the ensuing forenoon at precisely 11 o'clock. Holt promised to obey, did so, and had an interview of over an hour's duration with the millionaire. What was done or said on that occasion no one has ever been able to learn. But a few days later Holt made his appearance in Wall street and speculated strongly and successfully in a certain line of stocks known to be mostly controlled by Commodore Vanderbilt. So well did he work his card with the instructions undoubtedly obtained from the Commodore, that in a few weeks he had cleared over \$100,000 in cash, which he deposited with a prominent banking-house whose vaults are protected with burglar-proof locks, and who keep day and night watchmen expressly paid to see that no unauthorized person tampered with those safeguards. Two weeks ago Vanderbilt sent for Holt again and said to him:—
"Young man, I heard you had made some money. I am glad to hear it. Now, just take my advice a second time. Never put foot in Wall street again. You are not suited for that atmosphere. Shut it as you would the devil. You've got enough. Keep what you have and be contented."
Holt now shuns Wall street as he would a pestilence.

D. J. Fisher