

# The Albany Register.

VOL. IV.

ALBANY, OREGON, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

NO. 15.

## Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
By COLL. VAN CLEVE,  
IN REGISTER BUILDINGS,  
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

### TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One year, Three dollars.  
Six months, Two dollars.  
Single copies, Ten cents.

Advertisements per square of ten lines or less, first insertion \$2; each subsequent insertion \$1. Larger advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms.

### JOB WORK.

Having received new type, stock of colored ink, cards, &c., for printing, 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 remit for subscriptions, advertising, &c., for the REGISTER:  
Hiram Smith, Harrisburg.  
J. W. Winkler, Salem.  
W. H. Kirk, Howlandville.  
E. W. Winkler, Salem.  
T. H. Reynolds, Salem.  
L. F. Fisher, San Francisco.  
D. P. Power, St. Paul, Minn.  
Fletcher & Wells, Buena Vista, Polk Co.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

#### J. QUINN TIERNTON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office No. 11 First street, between Morrison and Alder, opposite the Occidental Hotel, Portland, Oregon. Will practice in the superior and inferior courts of the State, and in the district and circuit courts of the United States, giving special attention to the collection of debts in all parts of Oregon, and to obtaining discharges in bankruptcy; which, since the last amendment to the law, may be obtained from all debts contracted prior to January 1, 1868, without regard to the percentage which the assets may finally pay. Nov. 25, 1870-1871.

#### D. B. RICE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon, Albany, Or. OFFICE ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN STREET. April, 1870-71.

#### N. S. BUEBONS

HAS ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY RECEIVING A LARGE STOCK OF Groceries and Provisions. Wood and white ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc. Wholesale and retail. Albany, Oregon. 1871.

#### J. H. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. OFFICE IN CHANCERY AND PROBATE COURTS. Office over the old post office, Fourth street, Portland, Oregon. 1871.

#### JAMES A. WARNER,

Civil Engineer and Surveyor. PREPARED TO DO SURVEYING AND ENGINEERING. Uses improved solar compass. Office in Fourth street, opposite Dr. Tate's, Albany, Oregon. 1871.

#### POWELL & FLINN,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY (L. A. Flinn, notary public, Albany, Oregon). Collections and conveyances promptly attended to.

#### N. H. CRANOR,

Notary Public. CRANOR & HUMPHREY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, ALBANY, OREGON. Office in Parrish block, up stairs. 574

#### TITUS BROTHERS,

Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, etc. Repairing of clocks, watches, jewelry, etc., attended to. All work warranted. 3153

#### LEFFEL & MIDRS'

Water Wheels SPHERICAL FLUMES, And General Mill Machinery. J. F. BACKENSTO, Agent, Albany, Oregon. 5143

#### 20 DOLLARS A DAY

TO MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS. To introduce the celebrated \$25.00 Buckeye Sewing Machine. CUTCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES, AND the only shuttle sewing machine in the United States licensed to use the celebrated Wilson feed sold for less than \$40, and acknowledged by all to be the best family sewing machine, for light or heavy sewing, in the market. Order from MINER & PEARSON, Gen. Agts., 203 1/2 Albany, Oregon.

#### ALBANY BOOK STORE.

Established in 1856. E. A. FREELAND, DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice. Albany, Dec. 8, 1870.

#### TURNING -- TURNING.

RAWIDE CHAIRS. I AM PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF TURNING -- keep on hand and make to order rawhide-bottomed chairs and spinning wheels. Show near the "Magnolia Mills." JOHN M. METZLER, Albany, Nov. 8, 1868-1.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

#### JOHN CONNER, BANKING

AND Exchange Office,

ALBANY, OREGON.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT. Interest allowed on time deposits in coin. Exchange on Portland, San Francisco, and New York, for sale at lowest rates. Collections on hand and promptly remitted. Orders to H. W. Corbett, Henry Falls, W. S. Ladd, Banking Agents, Albany, Oregon.

#### MARBLE WORKS.

MONROE & STAIGER, Dealers in Monuments, Obelisks, Tombs, Head and Foot Stones, Executed in California, Vermont and Italian Marble. SALEM, OREGON. BRANCH SHOP AT ALBANY. J. DOW, M. D. CRANE, DOW & CRANE, Dealers in Boots, Shoes, and Findings ALBANY, OREGON.

#### CITY MARKET,

FIRST STREET, ALBANY, OREGON.

#### J. L. HARRIS,

PROPRIETOR, WILL ENDEAVOR TO KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS OF MEATS, Which will be of the very best quality. The highest market price paid for hogs, hocks and sheep. Third door west of Ferry, on south side of First street. J. L. HARRIS, Albany, Dec. 15, 1871-1874.

#### J. C. MENDENHALL,

Notary Public, REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE AGENT, ALBANY, OREGON. RENTS COLLECTED AND TAXES PAID for non-residents and others, making out real estate papers, etc. Office, one door above telephone office. 2533

#### ALBANY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

ALBANY, OREGON. THIS INSTITUTION WILL REOPEN ON Monday, September 4, 1871, with a corps of teachers capable and earnest. Instruction will be thorough and practical, and the system of order unsurpassed. For particulars address R. K. WARREN, A. M., President; Or, Rev. E. B. GEARY, D. D., Albany.

#### THE EYES! THE EARS!

DR. T. L. GOLDEN, Oculist and Aurist, Albany, Oregon. DR. GOLDEN IS A son of the noted old ophthalmic doctor, S. C. Golden. Dr. Golden has had experience in treating the various diseases to which the eye and ear are subject, and feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to those who may place themselves under his care. April 18, 69.

#### NEW STYLE PICTURES.

THE "REMBRANDT" IS THE MOST POPULAR STYLE OF PHOTOGRAPH now made. Call and see Jan. 10-19 A. J. WINTER, Albany.

#### ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this establishment, and by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business expects to suit all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but First-class Hair Dressing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all Children and ladies hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER, Sept. 10-71

## My Other Self.

It is all very well to call this place an asylum—to speak of it to visitors, and even to the inmates as an institution built and conducted for the humane purpose of holding in check or eradicating that worst of human maladies, insanity; but the closed-door window through which the gray, unimpaired sunlight filters into the apartments in which I pen these words—the stone-floored corridor without, that resounds to the footsteps of well-paid keepers—tells a different story.

It is a prison. Not a prison which, in the sentence of the law, wrought into iron and granite, but a place of confinement, the walls and bars of which are those worst of passions—avarice, hate, and perjury petrified. I am here a prisoner, and devoid of hope, for no man anticipates the coming of a day when I shall go forth free. My patrimony has passed into the possession of Brother Basil; and he will all afford to bribe those who call themselves medical attendants to keep me safe and fast.

Well, so be it; I have not found the world such an altogether delightful place that I am inconsolable at the thought of separating from it for good. Here, at least, I have nothing worse than my own thoughts and solitude; and, besides, I have one recollection that always keeps me jubilant. My other self, diabolical "double," that infernal thing that was neither shadow nor substance—or, rather, which was both—is for ever disposed of, and that out of the way, I can enjoy myself even here.

Life commenced with me pleasantly enough. My father's death left a large estate, to be divided equally between Basil and myself, who were then warmly attached to each other, and almost inseparable. We had similar tastes, followed the same literary and artistic pursuits, and indulged in the same descriptions of dissipation common to young men of fortune; but mine was a stronger constitution than his.

Then fortune gave an indication that I was her especial favorite. An uncle who had not set eyes on either of us for two and twenty years, died in a town of Java, where he had immense possessions; and it was found, when his papers came to be overhauled by the legal gentleman, that I had been remembered, and Basil forgotten. Through this piece of luck I became the richest man in the county. I forgot the exact amount of my wealth, and the thought of figures confuses me, but it was something prodigious. People talked about it, and I read paragraphs concerning myself in the daily papers.

My brother professed to congratulate me, and warmly seconded my proposition to celebrate my good fortune by a tremendous carouse, to which all our mutual friends and acquaintances should be bidden. The more I thought over the idea, the better it pleased me; and we spent a day in filling up the blanks to printed invitations, that were issued far and wide.

At the appointed time my guests made their appearance. The great mansion was one glare of light from basement to attic. The last arrival came about midnight, and in singular fashion. The carriage in which he rode was an extraordinary affair, consisting of a close box painted black, but relieved by alternate spots of blue and crimson, mounted on a pair of wheels at least fifteen feet in diameter, in color blood red. The vehicle was drawn by a white horse, with black mane and tail, and a creature that looked as though he might be a cross between a dromedary and a zebra. The driver, who occupied a sort of pulpit on the roof of the carriage, was a gigantic negro, with a nose like the proboscis of a tapir, and one perfect eye, that glittered with the dull red light of a carbuncle. The place where the other visual organ should have been was covered by something that looked like a scolloped shell, which was held in its place by a fillet of red tape.

As this strange equipage drew up before my door, the hideous charioter seemed to apply his foot to an under-spring, a door in the rear flew open, a ladder of ropes rolled down, by means of which a gentleman descended. I stepped forward to bid him welcome, although I could not remember that there was any invited guest yet to come, but stopped within a pace of him in utter bewilderment. He stood in the strong light of a brilliant lamp, which revealed every feature perfectly, and I saw that these were the exact counterparts of my own.

The man, the thing, the phantom—whatever it was—smiled in a half-infernal kind of way, and extended an ungloved hand, upon the fourth finger of which gleamed a great sapphire. Involuntarily I held out my hand to meet the profane civility, and it closed on nothing; and, at the same moment the great negro with his carbuncle eye shouted to his internal steed, and dashed away into the darkness.

I was exceedingly perplexed, and possibly a little startled—for every sane person must admit that it is really a very extraordinary thing to have a substantial looking hand, with a sparkling sapphire on the finger, revolve itself into mere space in one's grasp; but the thing smiled cordially, although with something of a drunken leer; and I concluded that, all things considered, it was better to speak to it.

I am delighted to see you, Mr.—

Not knowing what name to use, I naturally hesitated. "Lost?" the apparition said, in a jovial, rollicking voice, frightfully like mine, as near as I could judge. "Evan lost?" I repeated, amazedly. "What a singular name! But, possibly, I do not understand you!"

"So far as pronunciation goes, yes. As to orthography, doubtful. But here is my card."

I took the delicate bit of pasteboard that was tendered to me, and read the name, "Evan Lost," with considerable satisfaction. "I hope I do not intrude," my visitor proceeded, evidently finding some little difficulty in the articulation of his words; "but being in this part of the country by accident, and having a strong desire to make the personal acquaintance of a gentleman famed for his wealth and hospitality, I took the liberty of stopping here, a chat with you over a social glass. Could I detain you in private ten minutes?"

"I am entertaining a large company, as you will perceive, to-night," I said hesitatingly; "but perhaps I can excuse myself for the brief period you mention. I will see."

"That's a good fellow!" was the free and easy rejoinder. And at the same instant, the identical hand that a moment or two before, had melted into air when I would have grasped it, dealt me a hearty blow on the back.

This familiarity would have irritated me had it not been apparent that the person, let us call him, was slightly in his cups. As it was, I rather stiffly bade him follow me to the house, and conducted him to a small room, opening out of my library, where I left him, and went in pursuit of Basil.

I found my brother in the great drawing room, where our guests were arranging themselves for the first quadrille. I beckoned Basil aside, and with a glance and a disingenuous smile, I consider highly creditable under circumstances so uncommon, explained to him all that had happened, and described the remarkable visitor who was at that moment beneath our roof. He looked hard at me, and there was the outline of an expression on his face that I never saw before.

I am not of a suspicious nature, but it flashed into my mind in an instant that this brother of mine was plotting to possess himself of my great inheritance, through some cunning scheme that I could not fathom. But I kept the discovery to myself; and telling him to excuse me to my friends for a few moments, I went back to the little room where I had left the new-comer.

I found him seated at a round table, with a bottle of brandy in his hand, from which he was filling a crystal goblet. On the opposite side of the board stood a huge white owl, with eyes of amethyst, that winked incessantly in the strong light; and upon the great rafters of a deer, suspended just above his head, a monstrous animal, coiled in writhing convulsions. "In the name of heaven, where did that serpent come from?" I cried, starting back in terror.

"It's only a pet of mine," my guest answered, glancing up at the reptile; "perfectly tame, and harmless as a kitten. Come down here old fellow!" The snake obeyed, and coiled itself upon the table between the man and the owl, who caressed it with his great yellow claw.

"You see I'm making free with your capital brandy," my visitor said, smiling. "Let me fill a glass for you; and while we drink, I have something to say." I took the glass he handed me, and gave attention, sitting well back from the table, meantime, with its strange occupants.

"You must know," he said, "that I come as a friend. I happen to be aware—it don't matter how—that your brother meditates an act of unparalleled perfidy. "Ah, you've discovered that!" I cried, beginning to be interested. "Pray, proceed."

"I intended to. I never leave my work half-done. He has already arranged with certain minions of his to confine you in a prison situated on the utmost verge of creation—to proclaim you a lunatic, and seize your inheritance. Already he is filling the minds of the company here assembled in your honor, with the notion that you are beside yourself, in order to make of them convenient witnesses. He means to deprive you of liberty to-night; but he shall be foiled. My carriage will return in five minutes, and you shall escape with me."

"I knew he meditated some mischief," I cried, springing to my feet; "but I am indebted to you for the details of a plot in which I should have been involved but for your timely warning. You have proved yourself my friend. Give me your hand." Again he extended the hand whereupon sparkled the great sapphire—again I essayed to clasp it, and again my fingers closed on nothing. A brooding horror now began to spring up in my mind, impossible to describe, terrible to remember. I gazed helplessly at my new friend; and, as I gazed, his features underwent a wonderful change. Great blotches appeared on either cheek, his eyes became bleared and watery, his hair grew unkempt and tangled, and a dreadful palsy seemed to take possession of his whole frame.

The owl winked at me with his amethyst eyes, and I fancied that he intended to convey a hint that we, who

a moment before had been so like, had undergone a similar and simultaneous change. I turned to a mirror that hung upon a wall behind me; and horror of horrors! my other self and I were still the exact counterpart of each other.

"Evan! you have bewitched me!" I cried, rushing forward, and seizing the thing by the throat. It was palpable flesh and blood now. I shook it—I unknit it—I hurled it upon the floor, and stamped upon it. The great serpent writhed out at the window, leaving a trail of light and a musky odor behind; the owl flew up, and alighted on the rafters of the deer, and winked at me approvingly. Then there was the hurried tramp of many feet; the door was burst open; I was overborne with numbers, forced down to the floor, bound with cords, and then I became insensible.

When I came to myself, I was in this place securely guarded by these walls of stone and bars of iron, and understood, thus, that my brother's schemes had all succeeded. Let it be so, I am content for I know that I left the thing that came to haunt and bewitch me on the floor of the apartment it desecrated, crushed, bleeding, and dead.

[NOTE.—The foregoing manuscript was written by a patient who has been for the last eleven months an inmate of this institution, with little prospect of ever leaving it alive. In a fit of delirium tremens, he killed his only brother, upon whose generosity he had lived for many years, and, since that time, he has written and related something like this story a multitude of times. It has occurred to me that it might have a good effect upon him to set it in print.—*Evening Hope, M. D., of Maritime Lunatic Asylum.*

### Puzzling A Doctor.

Mr. M., an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke (unless perpetrated at his own expense), and had, moreover, a great contempt for citizen officers, who were renowned more for their courage than their scholarship. One day, at mess, after the decenter had performed sundry penitentiaries of the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers—

"Doctor M., are you acquainted with Captain G?" "Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor; "he is one of the new set. But what of him?" "Nothing in particular. I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses, how he spells it."

"Done! it's a wager." "Well, commence guessing," said S. "K, a, double t, e." "No." "K, a, t, e." "No! try again." "C, a, double t, e." "No, you have missed it again." "Well, then," returned the doctor, "C, a, double t." "No, that's not the way; try again—it's your last guess." "C, a, g, h, t." "No, that's not the way; you've lost your wager," said S. "Well, said the doctor, with much penitence of manner, "how does he spell it?" "Why, he spells it c, a, t," replied S., with the utmost gravity of manner, amid the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming— "Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner!"

A QUAKER ON TIME.—A committee of eight gentlemen had an appointment to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with apologies, being a quarter of an hour behind time. "The time," he said, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," etc. A quaker present said, "I am not sure that we should admit thy 'excuse.' It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was thine own property."

At the city of Horse Prairie (we suppose it is a city) in Illinois, a child, while sleeping peacefully with its parents, was so operated upon by the teeth of rats that it has died. Parents may take a hint from this how to manage these predatory rodents. Smear the youngest pledge of affection with lard, and expose it in some rat-haunted cellar. In case where traps are used, impaled baby might advantageously supersede toasted cheese, for bait. We had not thought that these vermin—the rats—had such degraded tastes.

AN EXACT MATCH.—Two friends met not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," says one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

Seventy-eight women are now regularly ordained preachers in the United States.

### A True Love Tale.

#### HOW A BEAUTIFUL SLAVE CAPTURED A COURTELY FRENCHMAN.

We are in receipt, through Paris letters, of a very romantic and of our true tale concerning M. Benedetti, the French diplomat, who has already made so much talk in the world, and upon whose shoulders the immediate responsibility of the late war was thought to lie. The incidents here not, as yet, leaked out in America, and will prove of interest to those who delight in refined pieces of gossip and romantic narratives of love.

Very early in the diplomatic career of the French Ambassador bodily fatigue led him to take a pleasure trip through that most delightful portion of the globe included in Greece and the Ionian Isles, and the countries that lie about the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. At Athens he fell in with a Greek merchant, of elegant manners and attainments, to whose own personal attractions was added that of a daughter, the most beautiful in form and feature that the eyes of the statesman ever lit upon. A Frenchman is not slow

#### TO TELL HIS LOVE.

Especially when joined to that insouciance and social daring that comes of long life in the most polished of European Courts, and the weeks that they passed under the golden skies of the Levant, among the peerless islands of the Archipelago and in the orange and spice groves of Marmora were glowing with the warm light of a true love that ran smooth as liquid velvet. Then came the disagreeable task of asking papa, and the dramatic crisis of our tale. The courtly merchant heard the Frenchman's patriotic declaration in a style considerably different from that of the three act drama which God-blesses—on my children and adds several pillow-cases of gold and jewels. The eyes of the old man were filled with tears, and the disclosure which he insisted upon making ran as follows: Some two years previous he, too,

#### WEALED IN MIND AND BODY.

Had started out on a pleasure jaunt that led him through the Golden Horn into the city of Constantinople. Struggling through the slave marts one day, his eye had fallen upon a young lady of more matchless beauty than it had entered into his heart, to converse of. The disordered state of her garments drooping from her full white neck and shoulders, and disheveled hair pouring its glossy black over cheek and bust, and the look of mingled terror and anguish in her great black eyes, waked all the pity and love that had lain dormant in his heart for years, and that night the apartments of the wealthy Greek were lit by the glad smile of the lovely and grateful slave. A year passed, and as coming age drove passion from the merchant's blood there came into it.

#### A GREAT LOVE AND REGARD.

For the young woman he had taken into his household, and after no little hesitation and mental struggle he not only released her from slavery, but adopted her as his own child and spared no effort to fit her for the position that the wealth and standing of her adopted father entitled her to. It was at this juncture that she met M. Benedetti, and it is a bright spot in that chivalry for which France was once so famous that these painful disclosures added to rather than lessened his love. They were married, and upon the death of the merchant, who did not long survive the loss of the slave and daughter,

#### THE WHOLE OF HIS VAST FORTUNE.

Was found to be willed to Mme. Benedetti, utterly ignoring several heirs-at-law. It is this fact that led to the exposure of the tale, and may yet cause the French statesman much trouble. Suit was immediately brought by the incensed relatives to contest the will, but the great influence of M. Benedetti kept it out of the Courts. The overthrow of the Empire, however, now allows the law to take its own course, and it is to be feared that the fair slave will be shorn of most of her fortune. There is enough left, however, in face and form, if all tales be true, to make the Frenchman bless to his dying day his pleasure jaunt through the golden sunshine of the Grecian Isles.

A maiden lady of a certain age accounts for the augmenting redness of her nose by asserting that it is caused by the reflection from the red brick house opposite, which glares savagely in at the window where she embroiders. She has a spiteful nephew who thinks it might be traced to "something in her tea."

Before hanging a man in Louisiana they let from fifteen to forty reporters for the newspapers to "interview" him for three weeks. The poor fellow is then not only willing but anxious to be hung.

BUGLAR PROOF WHISKY.—A thief entered a store in Maysville, Ky., one night recently, and stole sixty dollars, but got so drunk on some whisky which he happened to find that he could not get away.

One of the most touching inscriptions on record is that on a tombstone of a dead wife in the Duxbury, Mass., graveyard: "Chisel can't help her any, and tears are of no use."

It is at approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly "the emptiness of things below."

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

*Handwritten signature:* J. P. Fisher