

# Albany Register

A Visitor's Opinion of Oregon.

Last summer the author of the following letter, Mr. J. A. Donaldson, of St. Joseph, Michigan, made a tour of Oregon. He came to this State at the solicitation of Senator Corbett, and was strongly impressed with its present advantages and future possibilities. It will be seen that he is writing a series of articles on our State:

ST. JOSEPH, Mich., Jan. 1, 1872.  
 W. E. DAVIDSON, ESQ.—DEAR SIR: Herewith please find copies of the Country Gentleman, containing my correspondence concerning your State.

I am also writing articles for Tilton's Journal of Horticulture, which will give you the details of my observations on the fruits of Oregon, and will send the numbers to you as issued. Being a monthly it will require some time to publish all my letters on the subject. Knowing the adaptation of the climate and soil of your State to the production of all kinds of fruits, I feel a duty to call the attention of those desiring to engage in that business, as well as others, to its superior advantages. At no very future day it will become an important branch of industry and a source of great wealth to individuals and the State.

Thanking you kindly for attentions received, I am, yours very respectfully,  
 J. A. DONALDSON.

The above letter, with copies of the Country Gentleman containing the articles alluded to, have been placed in our hands by Mr. Davidson. We make an extract or two from the articles:

Portland is quite a small city claiming only 10,000 inhabitants, but it has more of those features that distinguish a city from a village than are generally met with in towns of its size. It has wholesale houses that would be no discredit to cities with ten times its population.

To one who has spent a score of years in contending with bugs, it is a gratifying sight to see plum trees in dooryards, without care, loaded with choice fruit, perfectly free from the Curculionid trade mark. The planter of fruit trees here does not need to inquire as to the productiveness of varieties, for all kinds bear well enough; in fact, productiveness is about the worst evil the fruit growers have to contend with. Trees bear so young and so heavily that they are injured very materially. We saw a Fall Pippin tree, a variety that has the reputation of being a shy bearer—10 years planted, overloaded with fruit. Pear trees, too, bear young and abundantly. It is evident that the man who wrote, "He who plants pears, plants for his heirs," did not live in Oregon.

Mr. Donaldson was much impressed with Oregon's advantages as a fruit growing country. He is himself an intelligent fruit grower of large experience, and his articles on Oregon's capacities in this direction, to be published in Tilton's Journal of Horticulture, will be worth a great deal to our State.—Oregonian, February 1, 1872.

## Selling One's Skin.

From an Eastern exchange we clip the following:

"After hearing a most Munchausen-like story about a man who was blown into minute fragments, Charles Lamb thought it was a pity the man could not have been collected and preserved; he would have been such an ornament to society. What that collected man would have looked like is possibly manifest in a mutilated mariner now on occasional exhibitions in London, who is ingeniously and elaborately tattooed from head to foot. The story runs that this sailor is one of three—similarly ornamented and ornamental individuals who alone escaped after this tattooing, which was done by the Chinese with poisonous coloring, calculated to produce a slow but terrible death. The question naturally arises why, when the death of the sailors was the main object, such extraordinary efforts should have been made to convert them into elaborate works of art? And it will be new to most travelers and readers that the Chinese are given to tattooing for any purpose. But the surviving sailor is said to have shown himself to the Directors of the British Museum and to have sold his skin, to be taken off when he has no further use for it, to that institution for the delight and instruction of the youths of England. Meanwhile with the privilege, probably of privately exhibiting his hide, for a consideration, not for commiseration, the sailor enjoys the annuity granted by the Museum in return for the skin as to be delivered by-and-by. This, as a financial transaction, beats the closest shaving, and this liberal discounting of one's own skin is ahead even of the two per cent. or more a month interest which is metaphorically said to take the hide off a man."

A WONDERFUL SHOT.—Old Uncle Zeph was a great hand for felling big yarks, and though people didn't like to say that he actually lied, they were pretty sure that he stretched the truth all it would bear.

"One day while out hunting with my double-barreled rifle," said Uncle Zeph, "I saw two large hawks sailing near together, straight over my head. I tried to get them in range, so that I might take both. Failing in this, I fired and killed one, and at once drew a bead on the other; but it was needless, for the ball that went through the first bird struck the other in the back, in falling, and brought him down!"

"Uncle Zeph, isn't that a little too good?" said Silas.

"Well," said Uncle Zeph, soberly, "that wasn't so very strange; but it was a little queer that while I stood there with my rifle pointed up, the ball should pass through the bird and drop back into the empty barrel!"

"Guess you're right, Uncle Zeph," said Silas; "but if any one else had told the story, I should have doubted it."

"Why, bless you, my boy," returned Uncle Zeph, earnestly; "it's impossible for me to tell a lie. I never told a lie in my life, and I can prove it by the little hatchet I have up at the house."

## Reverdy Johnson On the Klux.

It is very common for Democrats to assert that Grant is using the banner to perpetrate his power; that his bill to punish the Klux was an outrage, and that there never have been any Klux organizations. Reverdy Johnson, one of the ablest Democrats in the country, was employed to defend the Klux, and in his closing speech made the following remarks: "Neither my distinguished friend (Mr. Standberry) nor myself are here to defend, or justify, or palliate any outrages that may have been perpetrated in your State by associations of Klux. I have listened with horror to some of the testimony which has been brought before you. The outrages proved have been shocking to humanity; they admit neither of justification nor excuse; they violate every obligation which law and nature imposes upon men. These men appear to have been alike insensible to obligations of humanity and religion. The day will come, however—if it has not already arrived—when they will lament it. Even if justice should not overtake them there is another tribunal from which there is no escape. It is their own conscience; that tribunal which sits in the breast of every living man; that still small voice that thrills through the heart, and as it speaks gives happiness or torture, the voice of conscience—the voice of God. And if it has not already spoken to them in tones which have waked them up to the enormity of their conduct, I trust in mercy of Heaven, that voice will speak before they shall be called to the dread tribunal to account for the transactions of this world."—Eugene Journal.

A grotesque simile is sometimes very expressive. We mention those of Daniel Webster, who likened the word "wound," in Rufus Choate's handwriting, to a small grilliron struck by lightning; of a sailor who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; of a Western reporter, who, in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays in the efforts to thaw the ice was as futile as the dull reflex of a painted yellow dog; of a conductor who, in a discussion as to speed, said the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse the telegraph poles on the side looked like a fine-tooth comb.

A BRIDAL DINNER.—A dinner party given by a wealthy citizen of New York to a bride and her bridesmaids is thus described: The table seated sixteen, served on each side, with the lady and gentleman of the house, at head and foot. The tablecloth was rich, heavy white silk, with fringe half a yard deep, and was elegantly embroidered. Along the edges of the table, under the plates of the guests, were spread lengths of the finest and costliest linen damask, the width of a napkin. There were no meats nor vegetables on the board. It was set and ornamental for dessert. At each place was a small silver vase, of exquisite pattern, holding a few rare flowers. These with knife and fork, the five wine-glasses of different sizes and patterns, and the bill of fare, printed in gold on white satin, were all. In the center of the table was a richly chased plated, tank filled with moss and flowers. Running up from this was a stem, which was trained with vines and held a stand little less in size than the tank, which was perforated with holes. On this stand stood a block of the clearest ice, which sparkled and looked rainbow-lined in the numerous gaslights, and as it melted sent little streams of water trickling down among the plants, making a beautiful fountain. The whole table presented a very elegant appearance. There were five courses, at the end of which the narrow table cloths on the edge of the tables were dextrously rolled up and taken off by the waiters, showing fresh ones beneath, and clean napkins were supplied to the guests.

A DOG STORY.—The Rev. H. W. Beecher tells the following story, and it must, therefore, be true, though we do not vouch for it: A narrow log lay as a bridge over a ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross a big Newfoundland and a little Italian greyhound. Of course they met in the middle; of course there was no room for them to pass each other; neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix. The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose up in the air, and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a snuff with his nose to the howling greyhound—as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was silence and seeming consultation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a colossus, bridling the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully; the little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shores the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievements—as he surely had a right to do.

Some years ago, when California was sending to the East specimens of onions which were a foot broad, and squashes weighing one-fourth of a ton, the American Museum had an ostrich that died. Mr. Barnum had it nicely picked and dressed, and sent it to a Washington market man, who hung it on his stall, labeled, "California turkey, weight, 140 pounds." It was some time thereafter before any special mention was made of the great size and weight of California vegetables.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale is still, in her 84th year, at work on the Lady's Book, with which she has been associated during half of her life.

A lady in Quebec was so afflicted by the sudden death of her husband that she wept herself blind in two weeks.

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 FROM S. F. AND THE EAST,  
 THE LARGEST LOT  
 Of  
 New and Elegant  
 FURNITURE,  
 EVER BROUGHT TO ALBANY!  
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 SPICES, PERFUMERY,  
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 TOILET SOAP,  
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 Everything  
 USUALLY OBTAINED IN  
 A STRICTLY  
 First Class  
 DRUG ESTABLISHMENT.

NO ARTICLE SOLD  
 But what is  
 Guaranteed To Be  
 JUST AS REPRESENTED,  
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 Must be Good.  
 Arctic Soda!  
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**P. C. HARPER & CO.,**  
 WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THEIR LARGE STOCK OF  
 A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, LADIES' DRESS GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES; A NO. 1 ARTICLE OF DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT GUNS AND FIXTURES, POWDER, SHOT AND CAPS, AND SHOT GUN WADS; BUCKEYE SEWING MACHINES—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN USE; NAILS, ROPE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, Groceries, Wood & Willow ware, Hats, Caps, Mirrors, Picture-frames, &c., &c. TERMS—Cash or Merchantable Produce.

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 BARRELED SHOT GUNS AND FIXTURES, POWDER, SHOT AND CAPS, AND SHOT GUN WADS;  
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 NAILS, ROPE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,  
 Groceries, Wood & Willow ware, Hats, Caps, Mirrors, Picture-frames, &c., &c. TERMS—Cash or Merchantable Produce.

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 PATENT GATE, ETC.  
 Self-Opening and Self-Closing  
**GATE.**  
 PATENTED BY JOHN DICKASON,  
 June 4, 1867.

THE GATE IS SO CONSTRUCTED THAT when the vehicle approaches it the wheels on one side pass over a lever which is connected to the gate hinge by a rod, thus opening the gate before you and fastening it open. After going through, the carriage passes over a similar lever, also connected with the gate hinge, causing the gate, in its rotation, to shut behind you and fasten.

No Getting Out of Your Vehicle!  
 No Raising of Latches Nor Pulling of Strings,  
 except the "ribbons" of your team. It is often called  
**THE "LAZY MAN'S GATE,"**  
 And a  
**"Dead Open and Shut."**

This gate is simple in its construction, both of iron and wood work, and not likely to get out of order. If a neat, cheap gate is desired, it may be made light, with three cross bars of wood and one-fourth inch wire, neatly curved at the top, the lower end hid in the bottom bar, which is the style of a factory made gate. The gates are now in practical use in several of the counties around San Francisco, and plenty of testimonials can be given.

**THOMAS J. SAFFORD,**  
 Having purchased the  
 Right for Linn Co., Oregon,  
 Has now on hand, and will manufacture the above described gate. Whenever it has been used it has received the highest encomiums, as the large number of certificates from prominent farmers in all parts of the country, now in my hands, will testify.

**CARRIAGES AND WAGONS,**  
 Of All Descriptions,  
 On hand and manufactured to order.  
 Blacksmithing and Repairing  
 Done to order at most reasonable rates.  
 Shop foot of Ferry street, opposite Beach, Monteth & Co.'s flouring mills.  
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 COOK, PARLOR AND BOX,  
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 And the usual assortment of furnishing goods to be obtained in a tin store.  
 Repairs neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms.  
 Short reckonings make long friends.  
**FRONT STREET, ALBANY.**  
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**LARD AND HAMS,** a splendid lot country, by  
**DUBOIS.**