

Albany Register.

LOCAL MATTERS.

REPAIRING.—Street crossings is what's the matter on First street.

HAPPY.—Mr. S. E. Young is a happy man—it's a boy.

GREEN APPLES.—Retailing at seventy-five cents per bushel.

HARVESTING.—Has commenced, and able bodied men who are on the work are in demand.

YACHTING.—Clay Kuhn and wife and Mrs. Mansfield and daughter have gone to the bay.

A CHANGE.—Our whilom butcher, Hank Mendenhall, has gone into the boot and shoe trade.

CONVALESCENT.—Our City Marshal is about once more, after his protracted illness.

WANTED.—Subscribers to our contemplated illustrated monthly magazine. Only \$1 per annum.

FIVE MORE.—Five more numbers completes the fourth year of the REGISTER. How time flies.

FORWARD.—Any of our agents who may have money in their hands for us, will greatly oblige by forwarding the same immediately. We need it badly.

AFTER WHEAT.—Mr. Clement has purchased the interest of his late partner, Cornell, in the warehouse at Halsey, and intends going after wheat out there next week.

ADVICE GRATIS.—As there is no campmeeting within reach, and blackberries are all gone, our young folks may as well content themselves by remaining in the city and attending one of the churches on Sunday next.

HALEY.—This little village is growing rapidly, quite a number of business and dwelling houses having been erected there since June. The R. R. Co. purchased, not long since, an additional quantity of land, and laid it off into town lots, every one of which, we are assured, have been sold, and on a major portion of them dwellings will soon be erected. Hor for Haley.

JAPS.—The Japanese troupe, under the management of that old showman, Marshall, were very successful through the Willamette Valley. Ans. Marshall furnished conveyances, three hacks, from this city as far south as Red Bluffs, California. Ans. returned a day or two since, pleased with the excursion and his profits. Says he expects soon to go into the circus biz., as he can go through a whoop as well as the oldest Jap. in America.

MOURNFUL.—The Detroit Press mourns over the departure of a family numbering among its members a boy named Johnny. Johnny started out two years ago by shooting himself; two months after he choked himself with a fish bone; over this, he built a fire in a barn, and called out the fire companies; he followed up this exploit by swallowing a top, got run over by an ice wagon, fell into the river, was lost for three days, and first and last has been a fountain of local news whose value cannot be estimated on a slate four feet square. But now he has gone, and the local is disconsolate. We have no emulator of this brilliant cherub in these parts.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN SPRING VALLEY.—On Monday or Tuesday of the present week, a little boy, about five years of age, living in Spring Valley, Benton county, was run over by a mowing machine, which not only cut off both his legs but mangled the body in a terrible manner, causing his death in a short time thereafter. The grass had lodged in places, and it is thought the little fellow had followed his father to the field, and becoming tired, had laid down in the grass and fallen asleep; the grass being rank and lodged, completely covered him from the sight of his father, who seems not to have been aware of his presence until startled by his screams of agony after the mower had passed over him. He was an only child, and the grief of the parents at his loss is intensified by the terrible manner of his death.

CHERRY'S FOUNDRY.—For some time past Albany Foundry has been running night and day, and a full complement of hands kept busy turning out new work, building and repairing engines, "setting up" harvesters, etc. This is one of the completest foundries in the State, and iron work and machinery of all kinds can be manufactured or repaired at as low figures and in as good style as elsewhere. It is the duty of every good citizen to foster home industries, and when they have machinery that needs repairs or wish new machinery built, they should call on Cherry at the Albany Foundry.

STARRING APPRAIS.—On Monday evening an affray occurred about four miles west of this city, in Benton county, at the residence of Judge Halter. As we learn the facts we state them: A man by the name of Hannum, who has been working in the neighborhood for some time past, came to the residence of Mr. Halter on Monday evening. Joseph Hazlet, step-son of Halter's, Mr. Howard, and probably others, were engaged in building or repairing a header-bed. Hannum approached young Hazlet, who had just recovered from a long attack of bilious fever, and accused him of talking about him (Hannum); Hazlet denied the charge and demanded his (Hannum's) authority; Hannum refused to give his authority, but insisted on the truth of the charge that he (Hazlet) had been making improper remarks about him (Hannum), and as nothing offered by Hazlet seemed to appease him, but he became more and more excited and violent, Hazlet started off to get rid of him. As Hazlet started, Hannum suddenly drew a huge bowie-knife and struck at Hazlet, the point of the knife glancing across Hazlet's breast, but doing no damage. Hazlet, being weak from recent illness, and having no weapon with which to defend himself, attempted to escape out of the reach of the infuriated man; but as he turned Hannum again made a lunge at him with the knife, this time the knife entering at the point of the right shoulder, glancing toward the spine, making an ugly wound about an inch and a half deep the width of the knife. Parties present then interfered, and in the scuffle Hannum lost the blade of the knife but retained the handle. No attempt was made to detain Hannum after this unprovoked, and it would seem, entirely uncalled for assault, and he escaped to a neighbors. Dr. D. M. Jones, of this city, was sent for to attend to the wants of the wounded man. He found him very weak from the loss of blood, but after a careful examination of the wound, sewing up and carefully dressing it, he thinks, with proper attention, the young man will recover. The proper documents for the arrest of Hannum were placed in the hands of an officer on Tuesday, and we suppose, ere this, he has been arrested and tried for the assault.

ALMOST A FIRE.—About twelve o'clock on last Saturday night, Mr. Mart. Bringham, as he was passing, noticed a light at the north end of the Albany Foundry. He raised the alarm of fire, awaking Mr. Cherry, the proprietor, who had retired to rest but a short time previous, who, springing from his bed and catching a glimpse of the flames, now just beginning to climb the walls of the building and casting a rubly glow over the tools and work scattered over the building, lost not a moment in decorating his person or even curling his hair, but seizing the hose and turning on the water from the large tank at the top of the Foundry, calmly threw "cold water" on the fire enterprise. The early discovery of the fire, the coolness of Mr. Cherry after its discovery, together with the possession of splendid water facilities, designed especially for occasions of this kind, and their immediate and energetic use, saved not only the Foundry, but containing, besides the valuable tools, etc., a large number of harvesters and other agricultural machinery, but A. Parker & Co.'s saw mill, and the planing mill of Driggs & Carter, both of which, together with quantities of lumber, are in close proximity to the Foundry. As it is, fifty dollars, we suppose, will repair all the damage.

NEW BOOK.—"The Bible a miracle or the Word of God its own witness—the supernatural inspiration of the scriptures shown from their literary, theological, moral, and political excellence," by Rev. Daniel McDill. This is a most valuable and instructive book. It demonstrates the divine origin of the bible by exhibiting its superiority to all other books. This book is one of immense erudition; it contains within a moderate sized volume, written in a style at once clear and vigorous, and often eloquent, powerful and impressive, the results of varied and extensive study and research. It is equally fitted to instruct and confirm the christian in regard to the solid and impregnable foundation on which his faith is based—illustrating throughout the divine origin and inspiration of the bible, and showing that the bible itself is a miracle. It is a work of 511 pages post-octavo. Price, in cloth, \$3; half morocco, \$3. Apply to John Smith, book agent, Dr. Tate's office, one door west of Blain, Young & Co.'s store, Albany, Oregon. [21.]

BUSINESS-WEATHER.—Business an improvement on that of last week; weather splendid, perfectly satisfactory.

"MORRIS."—Several cases of cholera morbus reported during the week—nothing serious.

RETURNED HOME.—By far the greater portion of those who left our city for the mountains during the month, have returned, nearly all reporting improved health and spirits. They tell many jokes on one another, some of them so good that they will not soon be forgotten. The description, as given by one of the returned "mountaineers," of Col. —, clad in his hunting garb, loaded to the guards with gun, revolvers, knife, hatchet, tin cup and matches, in the early morning, starting out on a hunt for bear, with his wife on one arm, is so full of the fire of youth, a due appreciation of the difficulties and dangers attendant on such a hunt, that one feels at once a thrill of delight that he numbers among his acquaintances such a bold, intrepid soul. The gentleman, too, who stood on a log for three long hours, with gun in readiness to send a bullet through that mountain sheep that the "boys" were to drive right by the log, displayed an amount of perseverance and stick-to-the-log ability that should have induced that anxiously expected sheep to have walked up to the required distance of the log, even if those irksome "boys" did only "play" sheep while in reality they were calmly and judiciously picking blackberries all those long and sultry hours. Such a display of confidence, on the one part, and an utter disregard of the common civilities one mountaineer owes to another, as exhibited on the other, brings its own reward! An excellent story is told at the expense of two learned professors, who, by the way, are pronounced as jolly company as ever climbed a mountain or swam a roaring torrent. As they lay snugly ensconced between their blankets one evening, just preparatory to closing their eyes in sleep, one of the professors raised up in bed and remarked he smelt something, and asking his brother professor, who was his partner for the night, if he couldn't smell something that tasted awful rough. The answer was unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it was a declaration of a failure to get a scent of anything more offensive to the interrogated's olfactory than the usual aroma emitted by the interrogator. Of course such an answer left professor No. 1 out, and he quickly laid down again; but that smell of "something dead" stuck to him, and he soon roused up again, and queried his elum as to his ability to smell any peculiarly strong smell in the vicinity. This scotchling around in the night when a man should be asleep, didn't set well, and professor No. 1 was ordered to hang his snout on the mule's ear and go to sleep. But a few minutes transpired after this last episode, before professor No. 2 changed his position in bed, which he had no sooner done than an overpowering smell of something dead struck him, too; whereupon he suddenly, and without any regard to the proprieties of the occasion, sprang to his feet, and marched boldly and defiantly away from that, uttering his belief that there was certainly something "rotten in Denmark." That bed was ransacked, and after diligent search, the truth of the assertions of both the professors were clearly proven, and the before shaken confidence of their fellow-mountaineers in their veracity, fully restored, as from a pocket of a garment upon which they had pilloved their heads was drawn forth a pint, more or less, of dead and mashed crickets, gathered some days before by one of the gentlemen, placed in said pocket for future attention and forgotten. The professor will be exceedingly careful hereafter not to carry dead "birds" around loose in his pockets more than a week at a stretch, without "irrigating" the lot with scented stuff. The party who stole the demijohn and appropriated its entire contents to his own use, will long be remembered by the sufferers as a fiend in human shape, who should, by all the rules of propriety and decency, be condemned to everlasting redemption—and even longer. There were an immense number of people, from Linn and Marion counties, camped all along the route, all of whom looked sun-burnt and rough, but expressed themselves delighted with the scenery, the springs, road, hunting and fishing, etc. Dallas Price built a trap, and was very successful in catching salmon trout, contributing greatly to the enjoyment of those in his neighborhood. As to game, the boys report a great scarcity, owing, as the boys aver, to the "small pox scare." Some enterprising man who will run a line of hacks to Fish Lake next season, will not only accommodate a great many people, but fill his pockets with coin.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Scurvy and diseases of the skin—fever, restless sleep, foul stomach, tainted breath, languor, depression of spirits, always attendant on the worst cases of cutaneous eruptions, are speedily and radically removed by these medicines—the Ointment cleanses the skin, and the Pills purify the blood, stimulate the liver, and promote digestion. 25 cents per box or pot.

CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY.—On Wednesday morning a little son of Chas Menley, But., was caught by one of the belts used in driving the machinery used in the manufacture of furniture at the shop on corner of Broadblain and First streets, bruising the little fellow about the legs, arms, and body pretty severely. Fortunately the belt broke and the motion of the machinery ceased, doubtless saving But. from being torn to pieces. His clothing was badly torn, and was so wound round wheels and cranks, that it was some minutes before he could be extricated from his perilous position, and then only by cutting him entirely free of clothing. It was a narrow escape for the boy, and will be a lesson to him that he will never forget.

AFTER HIM.—Sheriff Parker has been looking after Mr. McFadden, who is charged with a very grave misdemeanor, but so far has been unable to get sight of him. It is reported that McFadden, some months ago, to evade the consequences of his crime, went to California, and only returned to his home near this city a few weeks since. The Sheriff was informed of his return a week or ten days thereafter when he made it his business to call for him, but found that he had again taken flight, this time to the Dalles. Since then report has it that Mac has returned to this neighborhood, and the Sheriff has hopes of meeting him at an early day. If McFadden is guilty of the charge made against him, he certainly should suffer to the fullest extent of the law; but he is the very last man we should have suspected as chargeable with such an offense.

GOT THE HORSE.—One evening last week, a fellow calling himself Thomas McLane, hired a horse at one of the livery stables in Salem, saying he wished to go to Silverton. As both man and horse failed to return in the time specified, inquiries were set on foot, resulting in discovering the fact that on the same evening Tom hired the horse in Salem, and he and horse had visited our city, tarried a while, and then proceeded to Harrisburg. Friday night last Sheriff Allen Parker went over to Harrisburg and succeeded in obtaining the horse at one of the farmer's near the village, but the thief had disappeared, leaving no trace.

A JACKSON DEMOCRAT.—One of Linn county's most respected citizens, a life-long Democrat, who signs himself "a Jackson Democrat," writes a long and interesting communication. We are sorry that our space forbids its insertion in our columns this week; next week we shall take pleasure in inserting it. A Jackson Democrat thinks the election of Greeley to the Presidency terribly mixed, and assumes the public that if he should by any possibility prove the successful man, it will not be by his vote.

NEW MAGAZINE.—We propose commencing the publication of a monthly illustrated magazine about the middle of August or first of September. It will be devoted to literary matters, and to illustrating prominent points in the Willamette Valley and other portions of Oregon and Washington Territory. It will be of large size, neatly printed, and will be furnished to subscribers at \$1 per year. As the price is so low, we hope to furnish at least one copy to every family in this valley. A more interesting publication for mailing to friends in the East can not be obtained. Those who wish to stimulate home industries should hand us their names at once, so that we may know how many copies to print for the first edition. A general invitation is extended to everybody to call at the REGISTER office and subscribe for the illustrated monthly.

BARGAINS.—In furniture, Dolly Vardens and all other styles, home and Eastern made, all grades and prices, can be obtained by calling on Charles Mealey, corner Broadblain and First street. For sofas, lounges, ottomans, arm-chairs, rocking chairs, spring beds, picture frames, matting, cupboards, and a hundred other convenient and handsome things to have in the house, go to Mealey's, where they can be obtained at surprisingly low prices.

PLUMS.—Harry Kuhn sent us a little sprig or branch taken from a plum tree, only a few inches in length, which contained about half a peck of plums. If this was an average of the plums on the tree, we are surprised at its being able to stand up under so great a weight.

BLAIN, YOUNG & CO.—Have increased facilities for supplying their customers with dry goods, clothing, groceries, and all kinds of agricultural machinery, wagons, etc., at lowest cash rates. The large trade secured by this firm has been fairly earned by liberality and fair dealing.

EFFORT.—A wedding on Sunday is what's the matter with Hannah.

EDUCATIONAL.

Albany Collegiate Institute.

FIRST TRIMESTER OF NEXT COLLEGIATE YEAR BEGINS SEPTEMBER 21, 1872. There will be four principal departments, as follows: The Department of SCIENCE, LITERATURE and the ARTS; the Normal Department; the Department of BOOKKEEPING and BUSINESS; and the Department of TELEGRAPHY.

The Department of Science, Literature and the Arts, embraces the Classical course, the Scientific course, and the Latin and Scientific course. The degrees conferred are, for the first, A. B.; for the second and third, B. S. Elective studies for ladies in each of the above courses. The Normal Department embraces all studies taught in our common schools, together with a thorough drill in the Theory and Practice of Teaching. The Department of Bookkeeping and Business will embrace all the studies necessary for a complete commercial education, as the degrees conferred is M. A. The Department of Telegraphy will be under the special supervision of Dr. O. P. S. PLUMMER, District Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company. A line will extend into the College building, and a room furnished with all necessary apparatus will be occupied exclusively by students of this department.

Unsurpassed advantages in Music, Painting and Drawing. For special information, send for Catalogue. Address, R. R. WARREN, A. M., President.

New To-Day.

A Liar and a Coward.

The Editor of the State Rights Democrat, in that base and lying sheet of July 12th, states that I owe that establishment the sum of \$23, which statement is a base and villainous lie. Mart. V. Brown is a base liar, a coward and a villain of the darkest hue. I do not owe him nor that "establishment" a cent. He seeks to injure my character—only in my absence, by publishing what he knows to be false, and what he would not dare publish, were I in Albany. I hope some day to meet the disavowal whelp.

G. W. BIGGERS, M. D.
La Grande, Or., July 20th, 1872.

The Wood's Prize Mowers.
Made by Walter A. Wood, the largest manufacturer of farming machinery in the world—with folding bar, two wheels, and all in improvements. It is the most perfect mowing machine ever made. It is compact and powerful, and just the machine for this coast, as every farmer will say who has one. Every machine is guaranteed to be repaired. Buy the best. Buy the Wood's Improved Prize Mower. Sold by READWELL & CO., Old stand, Market street, San Francisco. April 19-23nd

A. B. MORRIS, General Commission

FORWARDING MERCHANT.

HAVING LEASED R. CHADLEY'S large WAREHOUSE

at foot of Broadblain street, on the bank of the Willamette river, I am prepared to BUY, SELL, STORE OR FORWARD

WHEAT OR OATS,

In unlimited quantities.

The Highest Market Price Paid in Cash for Wheat and Oats.

Parties wishing to store Grain, can make arrangements to get all the sacks needed. Grain stored and forwarded at lowest rates. A share of patronage is solicited.

Albany, July 17-46vt

A. B. MORRIS.

Henry Wilson.

Beneath a very humble roof, among the pleasant valleys of Farmington, New Hampshire, not far from the clear Winnipisogee lake, beneath the shadows of the White Mountains, in the year of our Lord, 1812, a boy was born destined to lead a distinguished life. His father was poor, but he had noble traits of character, and his mother must have been a good woman, if the law holds true that "great men always have good mothers." Henry Wilson was born to labor, and he has always labored at the work in hand as though born only for that one thing, and whatever the character of the work, whether driving home a shoe-peg or drawing a statute for the salvation of government of a great nation, he has added to it dignity and luster. The disadvantages surrounding his youthful work is best told in a speech of his at Great Falls, N. H., February 24, 1872. He said:

"I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me the sum of eighty-four dollars. Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil. I never spent the amount of one dollar in money, counting every penny, from the time I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellowmen to give me leave to toil.

I remember that in October, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, went through your mills seeking employment. If any body had offered me nine dollars per month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success, and I returned home foot-sore and weary, but not discouraged. I put my pack on my back and walked to where I now live in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, every aspiration of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling of men my country—aye, of all the countries."

A letter of Jacob Thompson to F. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the late Southern Confederacy, found among the Confederate archives, which have recently been sold to this Government, shows that Thompson was a regularly authorized agent of the Confederacy for the purpose of procuring the burning of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and throwing the country into a revolution at the North, and for these purposes Thompson and his associates, Clay, Holcomb and Sanders, were supplied with \$1,000,000 in gold in furtherance of these schemes. They were in communication with residents at the North, and Holcomb personally at Niagara and St. Albans, and said the attempt to set free the Confederate prisoners at Johnson's Island were the sole result.