The Albany Register.

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Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

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.

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

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Having received new type, stock of colored inks, cards, a Gordon jobber, 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.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE SOUTH SIDE FIRST STREET, upstairs, in J. M. Beach's store-house. Residence—Second street, south of the Cartwright warehouse. 37v4

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DOES ALL WORK IN THE line of his profession in the Latest, Best and most approved method.

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Particular attention given to the regulation of Children's teeth.

Dental consultations and examinations FREE. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Call at his office and examine specimens of his workmanship.

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HAVE ON HAND AND CONSTANTLY receiving a large stock of

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Wood and willow ware, tobacco, cigars, confectionery, Yankee notions, etc., etc., wholesale and retail, at lowest rates.

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Established in 1856.

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DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF miscellaneous books, school books, blank books, stationery. Books imported to order at short notice.

Albany, Dec. 3, 1870.

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AGAIN, AT THE OLD PLACE ON Front street, proposes to furnish all who apply with all kinds of MEATS, at the lowest market rates. By strict attention to business he hopes to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. ☞ Highest market price paid for POULTRY. J. R. HERRON.

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An Incident of Cartwright.

The following from the autobiography of Peter Cartwright is both characteristic of the determination of the man and amusing:

"Our last quarterly meeting was a camp-meeting. We had a great many tents and a large turn-out for a new country, and perhaps there never was a greater collection of rabble and rowdies. They came drunk, and armed with dirks, and clubs, and knives and horse-whips, and swore they would break up the meeting. After interrupting us very much on Saturday night, they collected early on Sunday morning, determined on a general riot. At 8 o'clock I was appointed to preach. About the time I was half through my discourse two very fine-dressed young men marched into the congregation with loaded whips, and hats on, and rose up and stood in the midst of the ladies and began to laugh and talk. They were near the stand, and I requested them to desist and get off the seats; but they cursed me and told me to mind my own business, and said they would not get down. I stopped trying to preach, and called for a magistrate. There were two at hand, but I saw they were both afraid. I ordered them to take these into custody. They said they could not do it. I told them, as I left the stand, to command me to take them, and I would do it at the risk of my life. I advanced toward them. They ordered me to stand off, but I advanced. One of them made a pass at my head with his whip, but I closed in with him and jerked him off the seat. A regular scuffle ensued. The congregation by this time were all in commotion. I heard the magistrate give general orders, commanding all friends of order to aid in suppressing the riot. In the scuffle I threw my prisoner down, and held him fast; he tried his best to get loose; I told him to be quiet or I would pound him. The mob rose, and rushed on to the rescue of the two prisoners, for they had taken the other young man also. An old and drunken magistrate came up to me and ordered me to let my prisoner go. I told him I would not. He swore if I did not he would knock me down. I told him to crack away. Then one of my friends, at my request took hold of my prisoner, and the drunken justice made a pass at me; but I parried the stroke and seized him by the collar and the hair of the head and fetching him a sudden jerk forward brought him to the ground and jumped on him. I told him to be quiet or I would pound him well. The mob then rushed to the scene; they knocked down seven magistrates, and several preachers and others. I gave up my drunken prisoner to another, and threw myself in front of the friends of order. Just at this moment the ringleader of the mob and I met; he made three passes at me, intending to knock me down. The last time he struck at me, by the force of his own effort he threw the side of his face toward me. It seemed at that moment I had not power to resist temptation, and I struck him a sudden blow in the burr of the ear, and dropped him to the earth. Just at that the friends of order rushed by hundreds on the mob, knocked them down in every direction. In a few minutes the place became too strait for the mob, and they wheeled and fled in every direction; but we secured about thirty prisoners, marched them off to vacant tents, and put them under guard till Monday morning, when they were tried, and every man was fined to the utmost limit of the law."

A Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER 1.

She stood beside the altar; with wreath of buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds.

Her lover stood beside her with white kids and dicky clean; the last was twenty-one years old, the first was seventeen.

The parson's job was over, every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young pair happiness, and laughed and danced and cried.

The festive scene was ended, the last words had been said, the happy maid had simmered down, the last gay guest had fled.

CHAPTER 2.

She stood beside the wash-tub, with her red hands in the suds, while at her slipshod feet lay a pile of dirty duds.

Her husband stood beside her, the crossest man alive; he was twenty-nine, she was twenty-five.

The heavy wash was over, and the clothes hung up to dry, and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye.

Tom had been spanked and supper had been made on a crust of bread; and the happy wife and husband went grumbling off to bed.

Last Words.

However physiologists may question the importance of the feeble utterances of the dying, it is certain that mankind in general finds a significance in the last words of those who are vanishing into the unknown life.

"He raves!" said the physician, when Dr. Adams, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, was passing away; but as we catch the last words of the raving, our own eyes are dimmed. "It grows dark, boys," stretching forth his hand; "you may go."

"All my possessions for a moment of time!" moaned Queen Elizabeth.

Wesley calmly said, as he died, "The best of it is, God is with us."

Deaf Beethoven, whose soul had ever been filled with harmony, exclaimed gladly at the last, "I shall hear."

"Is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith was asked by his physician. *No, it is not!*" was the mournful reply, and he spoke no more.

How different the parting words of Dr. William Hunter: "If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

President Edwards said, as his dying grasp loosened on hard forms of dogma, "Trust in God and you need not fear."

Byron said wearily, "I must sleep now."

Goethe, turning to his wife, called for "Light, more light!"

Dr. Johnson died in a tumult of uneasiness and dread.

Cowper sank to rest as peacefully as a child.

"I am taking a fearful leap in the dark," cried Hobbes, the Deist.

"Now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul," whispered Herbert on his last "sweet day."

Politeness was no longer a ruling passion, but a chrism, when Chesterfield in dying said "Give Dayrolles a chair."

Surely something was forgiven of Charles the Second when he bade farewell to earth's pomp and wickedness in "Don't let poor Nelly starve."

Haller's last words were, feeling his own pulse, "The artery ceases to beat."

Petrarch died suddenly and silently in his library, his hand upon a book.

Sir Isaac Newton was winding his watch when he was ushered into that life that hath no end.

Talma, the great actor, exclaimed pitifully as he went, "The worst of all is, I cannot see."

John Locke murmured, "O the depths of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God!"

The dying admonition of learned Grotius to his race was, "Be serious."

Scarron, the French wit, said faintly to his weeping friends "Ah! *mes enfans*, you cannot cry as much for me as I have made you laugh in my time."

Lord Thurlow in reckless wonder exclaimed, "I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."

When poor Robert Burns gasped with his last breath, "Don't let the awkward fire over me!" he did not allude to his commentators and critics, yet what a significance should the words have for them!

And how little Anne Boleyn thought, when awaiting the executioner, she clasped her fair throat, that "It is but small, very small," would link her forever to the heart of Christendom!

Yes, we cannot doubt that many of the most eloquent sermons mankind has ever listened to have fallen from dying lips.

Caesar's last wail "And thou, Brutus!"

John Quincy Adams's "This is the last of earth."

Mirabeau's frantic cry for "Music" after his life of discord.

George Washington's "It is well"—do they not grow richer in meaning every day?

Is it not blessed to remember the last moments of Melancthon, the friend of Luther? "Do you not want anything?" asked his loved ones eagerly. "Nothing but heaven," he answered gently and went smiling on his way.

The Model Reporter.

The official corps of Senate reporters now consists of three, and that of the House of five short-hand writers of the very highest ability. The Messrs. Murphy, who report in the Senate, are the most celebrated of all phonographers, at least in the United States, if not in England. Of the older brother, it is said that "neither the habitable world nor the uninhabitable world can produce his equal." From a letter written by an observant Englishman to London paper, we take this graphic description of their method of reporting:

"When the sitting commences, the younger Mr. Murphy takes the chair to write during the morning hour, generally until a special order is taken up, his turn being from half an hour to an hour. The heavy debate now coming on, he resigns to his brother, who is equal to any emergency. This gentleman will write as long as circumstances may require, with the utmost ease and accuracy. He sits in his chair immediately in front of the Vice-President's desk. He recognizes every speaker in the chamber by his tone, and, with wonderful quickness of hearing, catches every remark, however low or indistinct.

"He sits there, hour after hour, with his nimble pen flying over the smooth sheet and arresting the windy words for which the nation and the world are waiting. No flood of eloquence overwhelms him. Like the torrent of rain which is frozen as it falls upon the sheeted snow, the torrent of words is transfixed upon the snowy pages of his note-book by the magic pen of phonography. No colloquy is too quick for him; no interruption can disconcert his practiced ear. Thus, day after day, one of the greatest scenes of the age is to be witnessed by the gaping crowd in the gallery.

"Meanwhile, the younger brother has gone off to the reporter's room to dictate his notes to two or three phonographic writers. He reads them off as rapidly as he would a newspaper editorial, pausing occasionally to give less practiced reporters time to read over a doubtful paragraph. They, in turn, copy their notes into long long hand for the printers. The elder brother then sends his notes to his younger brother for transcription, which the latter can do as easily as though the notes were his own. So much reporting by so limited a corps has never been achieved anywhere else."—*Printer's Circular.*

An Eccentric Horse—Method in Madness.

Mr. Catje, a retired grocer of Williamsburg, N. Y., purchased a sorrel horse about four years ago. Every week-day and Sunday he drove the animal. Being of a social disposition he made frequent stopping places and returned home late. His horse was neglected and suffered in consequence of Mr. Catje's eccentricities. This neglect and ill treatment soon began to show on the horse. Large sores broke out over his body, and he became emaciated. Finding that it would cost him too much trouble and money to recuperate the poor animal, he resolved to kill him. He placed a rope around the horse's neck and walked him to the dead horse dock. The animal was tied to a post. A number of laborers and boys stood around while the men of the horse boat prepared to kill the brute. Mr. Catje stood in the crowd. A man struck the horse with a crowbar. The blow, instead of knocking him insensible, merely stunned him. Before it could be repeated the horse, with a desperate jerk, broke loose from his fastening and darted at the crowd of people. Singling out Catje he ran for him. Scarcely comprehending the situation, as he afterward said, he ran for his life up the wharf to the lumber yard. In and around the piles of lumber, up and down ran Catje, followed by the horse, with mouth wide extended. Large flakes of froth covered his breast. The people on the pier stood in amazement, unable to render any assistance. Finally, after Catje had run around the yard a number of times, and when nearly exhausted, he jumped for a pile of boards, to the top of which he clambered just as the horse with a bound, struck his fore feet on the boards and strove to clutch the terrified man. As Catje dropped on the boards exausted, the horse, with a roar, fell to the ground, dead. His eyes were protruding from their sockets, and his mouth wide open. Catje was removed to his home. He has torn down his stables, and intends to own no more horses.

The Meeting of the Rivers.

It would hardly be supposed that Cairo, Illinois, and Canada have any geographical connection that should be of special interest now, but it appears such a connection does exist, and the matter has some interest peculiarily, because it may be the means of determining the point where the Mississippi and Ohio rivers met in 1807. The point had been lost, and there had been interest enough in Canada to make strong efforts to find it. In fact, Colonel Dennis, Surveyor General of Canada, and Mr. Lindsey Russel, astronomer to the Royal Engineer Corps of Canada, have been sent out by the government to hunt this particular spot, the meeting of the rivers. This is the reason of the search: The British government is desirous of settling a dispute about the ownership of a tract of land four hundred square miles in extent, near the boundary of Canada. It has been a bone of contention for many years, and one clue to its solution is the exact point where the Ohio and Mississippi met in 1807. The junction of the rivers was directly south of one corner of the tract at that time, and the original titles to this land were defined partially by this landmark.

The commission above named were unable to determine the point. They were then sent to Springfield, Ill., for the purpose of taking observations, after which they will return to Cairo, provided with data to work out the problem. Her majesty's government has laid all her military posts, engineer corps, and public officers on the line of these investigations at the service of the explorers, and the observatories at Springfield and Chicago have been placed at their disposal for several weeks. When the point is found, Cairo will know exactly where she ought to be on the map.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Novel Duel.

Among the reminiscences told of the Franco-Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers of the French army.

"You intend to fight a duel, eh?" asked the commandant.

"Yes, Colonel. Words have passed which can only be wiped out with blood. We don't want to pass for cowards."

"Very well, you shall fight, but it must be in this way: Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing the mansion where the enemy is. You will march upon their garrison with equal step. When sufficiently near their posts you will fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You continue to advance and fire. When one falls the other may turn upon his heels, and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies.

"In this way," concluded the commandant, "the blood which you both demand will be spilled with profit and glory, and he who comes back will do so without regret, without remorse of having killed or wounded, with his own hands, a Frenchman, at a time when France needs all her defenders, and all of her children. If you both fall who shall say that you are cowards? I may also add that I thus give you an excellent opportunity for putting a couple of Germans out of the way, a service that will procure for you a good recommendation for reward and promotion."

The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison, one of the adversaries was wounded, staggered and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up, and carried him away on his shoulders amid a regular hailstorm of balls—both, thenceforth, entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment.

When Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was pleading before the Willimantic Selectmen for the admission of women as voters, she stated that she believed one of the gentlemen before her was in sympathy with the movement (referring to Mr. Lincoln, the Town Clerk.) Mr. Lincoln asked her for the reason for believing so, and she said she could see it in the twinkle of his eye. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Lincoln, "but that eye is a glass eye."

A story is told of a father in a church who, when the marriage services came to the point where the clergymen asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" replied: "Well, sir, I am called to do it, although it goes agin the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Blowser, who is worth twice the money o' that 'ere man."

A Western editor being asked to take tea with a lady friend, accepted. While at the table the lady observed that he had no spoon. "Is it possible," said she "that I forgot to give you a spoon? I could not have made such a mistake." "I have no spoon, madam," said the editor, rising from his seat, "and if you don't believe it you may search me."

Uncle Levi—"Now Sammy, tell me have you read the beautiful story of Joseph?"

Sam—"Oh, yes, uncle."

Uncle—"Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?"

Sam—"They sold him too cheap, uncle, I think."