

Albany Register,

[CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.]
'I know him not—I never saw the man.
But I said nothing. Soon he went away.
That night I saw not Judas. The next day,
Ghastly, clay-white, a shadow of a man,
With robes all soiled and torn, and tangled beard,
Into the chamber where the council sat
Came feebly staggering; scarce should I have known
'Twas Judas, with that haggard, blasted face;
So had that night's great horror altered him.
As one all blindly walking in a dream
He to the table came—against it leaned
Glared wildly round awhile, then stretching forth,
From his torn robes a trembling hand,
flung down
As if a snake had stung him, a small purse
That broke and scattered its white colts about,
And with a shrill voice cried, 'Take back the purse!
'Twas not for that foul dross I did the deed—
'Twas not for that—oh, horror! not for that!
But that I did believe he was the Lord;
And that he is the Lord I still believe.
But oh, the sin!—the sin! I have betrayed
The innocent blood, and I am lost!—am lost!'
So crying, round his face his robes he threw,
And blindly rushed away; and we,
aghast,
Looked round, and no one for a moment spoke.
'Seeing that face, I could but fear the end;
For death was in it, looking through his eyes.
Nor could I follow to arrest the fate
That drove him madly on with scorpion whip.
'At last the duty of the day was done,
And night came on. Forth from the gates I went,
Anxious and pained by many a dubious thought,
To seek for Judas, and to comfort him.
The sky was dark with heavy lowering clouds;
A lifeless, stifling air weighed on the world;
A dreadful silence like a nightmare lay
Crouched on its bosom, waiting, grim and grey,
In horrible suspense of some dread thing.
A creeping sense of death, a sickening smell,
Infected the dull breathing of the wind.
A thrill of ghosts went by me now and then,
And made my flesh creep as I wandered on.
At last I came to where a cedar stretch'd
Its black arms out beneath a dusky rock,
And, passing through its shadow, all at once
I started; for against the dubious light
A dark and heavy mass that to and fro
Swung slowly with its weight, before me grew.
A sick dread sense came over me; I stopped—
I could not stir. A cold and clammy sweat
Oozed out all over me; and all my limbs
Bending with tremulous weakness like a child's,
Gave way beneath me. Then a sense of shame
Aroused me. I advanced, stretched forth my hand
And pushed the shapeless mass; and at my touch
It yielding swung—the branch above it creaked—
And back returning struck against my face.
A human body! Was it dead or not?
Swiftly my sword I drew and cut it down,
And on the sand all heavily it dropped.
I plucked the robes away, exposed the face—
'Twas Judas, as I feared, cold, stiff, and dead;
That suffering heart of his had ceased to beat.'
Thus Lysias spoke, and ended. I confess
This story of poor Judas touched me much.
What horrible revulsions must have passed
Across that spirit in those few last hours!
What storms, that tore up life even to its roots!
Say what you will—grant all the guilt—and still
What pangs of dread remorse—what agonies
Of desperate repentance, all too late.
In that wild interval between the crime
And its last sad atonement!—life, the while,
Laden with horror all too great to bear.
And pressing madly on to death's abyss:
This was no common mind that thus could feel—
No vulgar villain, sinning for reward!
Was he a villain lost to sense of sinner

Ay, so say John and Peter and the rest;
And yet—and yet this tale that Lysias tells
Weighs with me more the more I ponder it;
For thus I put it: Either Judas was,
As John affirm, a villain and a thief,
A creature lost to shame and of basest heart—
Or else, which is the view that Lysias takes,
He was a rash and visionary man
Whose faith was firm, who had no thought of crime,
But whom a terrible mistake drove mad.
Take but John's view, and all to me is blind.
Call him a villain who, with greed of gain,
For thirty silver pieces sold his Lord.
Does not the bribe seem all too small and mean?
He held the common purse, and, were he thief,
Had daily power to steal, and lay aside
A secret and accumulating fund;
So doing, he had nothing risked of fame;
While here he braved the scorn of all the world.
Besides, why chose they for their almoner
A man so lost to shame, so foul with greed?
Or why, from some five-score of trusted men,
Choose him as one apostle among twelve?
Or why, if he were known to be so vile,
(Aud who can hide his baseness at all times?)
Keep him in close communion to the last?
Naught in his previous life, or acts, or words,
Shows this consummate villain that full grown,
Leaps all at once to such a height of crime.
Again, how comes it that this wretch, whose heart
Is eased to shame, flings back the paltry bribe?
And, when he knows his master is condemned,
Rushes in horror out to seek his death?
With fingers pointed at him in the crowd
Did all men flee his presence, till he found
Life to be intolerable? Nay, not so!
Death came too close upon the heels of crime.
He had but done what all his tribe deemed just:
All the great mass—I mean the upper class—
The Rabbis, all the Pharisees and Priests—
Ay, and the lower mob as well, who cried,
'Give us Barrabas! Christ to the cross!'—
These men were all of them on Judas' side,
And Judas had done naught against the law.
Were he this villain, he had but to say,
'I followed Christ till I found at last
He aimed at power to overthrow the State.
I did the duty of an honest man.
I traitor!—you are traitors who reprove.'
Besides, such villains scorn the world's reproof.
Or might he say—"You call this act a crime?
What crime was it to say I know this man?
I said no ill of him. If crime there be,
'Twas yours who doomed him unto death, not mine."
A villain was he? So Barrabas was.
But did Barrabas go and hang himself?
Weary of life—the murderer and thief?
This course and vulgar way will never do.
Grant him a villain, all his acts must be
Acts of a villain; if you ones admit
Remorse so bitter that it leads to death.
And death so instant on the heels of crime.
You grant a spirit sensitive to shame,
So sensitive that life can yield no joys
To counterbalance one bad act—but then
A nature such as this, though led astray,
When greatly tempted, is no thorough wretch.
Was the temptation great? Could such a bribe
Tempt such a nature to a crime like this?
I say, to me it simply seems absurd.
Peter at least was not so sensitive.
He cursed and swore, denying that he knew
Who the man Christ was; but after all
He only wept—he never hanged himself.
But take the other view that Lysias takes.
All is at once consistent, clear, complete.
Firm in the faith that Christ was his God,
The great Messiah sent to save the world.
He, seeking for a sign—not for himself,
But to show proof to all that he was God—
Conceived this plan, rash if you will, but grand.
'Thinking him man,' he said, 'were mortal man,

They seek to seize him—I will make pretence
To take the public bribe and point him out.
And they shall go, all armed with swords and staves
Strong with the power of law, to seize on him—
And at their touch he, God himself, shall stand
Revealed before them, and their swords shall drop,
And prostrate all before him shall adore,
And cry 'Behold the Lord and King of all!'
But when the soldiers laid their hands on him
And bound as they would a prisoner vile,
With taunts and mockery, and threats of death—
He all the while submitting—then his dream
Burst into fragments with a crash;
against
The whole world reeled before him; the dread truth
Swooped like a sea upon him, bearing down
His thoughts in wild confusion. He who dreamed
To open the gates of glory to his Lord,
Opened in their stead the prison's jarring door
And saw above him his dim dream of Love
Change to a Fury, stuned with blood and crime.
And then a madness seized him, and remorse
With pangs of torture drove him down to death.
Conceive with me that sad and suffering heart.
If this be true that Lysias says—Conceive
Alas! Orestes, not so sad thy fate;
For thee Apollo pardoned, purified—
The furies were appeased, thy peace returned!
But Judas perished, tortured unto death,
Unpardoned, unappeased, unpurified.
And long as Christ shall be known of men,
His name shall bear the brand of infamy.
The curse of generations still unborn.
Thus much of him: I leave the question here.
Touching on naught beyond, for Lysias waits—
I hear him fuming in the courts below
Cursing his servants and Jerusalem,
And giving them to the infernal gods.
The sun is shining—all the sky's a fire—
And vale and mountains glow like molten ore
In the intense full splendor of its rays.
A half hour hence all will be dull and grey.
And Lucius only waits until the shade
Sweeps down the plain, then motions and makes his way
On through the blinding desert to the sea,
And thence his galley bears him on to Rome.
Salve et vale!—may good fortune wait
On you and all your household! Greet for me
Titus and Livia—in a word all friends.
W. W. S.
The Olympia Courier says: While a party were engaged in catching salmon in North Bay on Saturday last, an enormous panther was discovered in their vicinity, leisurely swimming across from the island to the main land. The party were destitute of any implement wherewith to deal summarily with him, yet the love of adventure prompted a demonstration upon him. One of the gentlemen seized a stick which lay in the boat, to which was attached a sharp point, and with it commenced an onslaught upon him. This had the effect to exasperate the animal, when he turned upon the boat—a dilemma unlooked for by the party—causing a sensation more easily felt than described. The stick was again resorted to and thrust into the panther's mouth, but his jaws immediately closed upon it and held it so tight that extraction was impossible. Recourse was then had to the aboriginal plan of seizing him by the tail and holding his head under water until death ensued. But in this the party were frustrated as the panther was so heavy, and wearied with the excitement, the gentlemen were at last obliged to desist and let his majesty go on his way in peace. Upon reaching the shore he turned round, looked benignly back upon his tormentors, then shook himself and slowly made his way up the bluff.
A well-known diamond broker of Salt Lake City, named Wiel, is said to be the party who, with Harpending of San Francisco, and Arnold, put up the diamond swindle. Efforts are being made to bring the parties to justice. The loss of victims at Salt Lake amount to over \$100,000.
The indications at Salt Lake are for a mild winter.
John Haller, delegate elect to Congress from Idaho, is the owner of 10,700 head of sheep.
At Warren's Diggings, Idaho, a couple of weeks since, the thermometer stood 23 degrees below zero.
Lieut. Estlin, U. S. A., now has charge of the British barracks on San Juan Island.

NEW TO-DAY.
25 PER CENT SAVED
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KLINE & CO.,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Just Received
an entire new stock of the
Most Fashionable Goods of the Season
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES,
and a large stock of
FANCY GOODS!
AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

TO THE FARMERS
OF
LINN & BENTON COUNTIES.
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE ENTIRELY REMODELED AND RENOVATED THEIR LARGE, COMMODIOUS AND SUBSTANTIAL
Warehouse,
that they have strengthened and added to the same, erected new works entire—thus they now have two No. 1 Cleaners, with large Elevators complete; have put in new Boiler and Engine, and are now prepared to take in and handle
Wheat & Oats
very rapidly and conveniently.
Having abundant storage facilities in Portland, parties desiring to store grain with us need have no fears that our warehouse here will be overloaded.
We would also call the attention of the farmers to the fact that our facilities for shipping to a Foreign Market are very complete, and that they will find it to their advantage to call at our office for further information as to our facilities and terms of storage.
C. B. COMSTOCK & CO.,
W. S. NEWBURY, Agent.
Albany, Aug. 23-51v4.
GEORGE TURRELL KEEPS A LARGE Assorted Merchandise
to suit the market. It would be to the interest of everybody to give him an early call.
Oregon Wooden Ware Man'g. Co.,
BUCKETS, TUBS, PAILS,
Wooden-Ware!
Works at Oregon City, Oregon.
THE OREGON WOODEN WARE Manufacturing Company, having recently completed their Works at Oregon City with the most approved machinery, embracing the newest patterns and latest patents, imported at great cost from Massachusetts, the ESTABLISHMENT, in all its appointments, will compare favorably with any other in the United States.
The Company are prepared to fill all orders for CEDAR, MAPLE and ASH BUCKETS, TUBS, BUTTER FIRKINS, SALMON KITS, WASHBOARD, Shuttle Bobbins, Broom-handles, &c., &c.
Particular attention is called to our ASH PAILS and BUTTER FIRKINS—an article far superior to any heretofore in market, as causing no unpleasant taste or smell to the contents.
From our superior facilities we are enabled to supply the trade on the most advantageous terms, and by prompt attention and excellent workmanship will merit success in our line.
Dealers are requested to examine our wares before purchasing elsewhere.
Address all communications to
J. D. BILES, Agent,
Portland, Oregon.
NOTICE.—Any Buckets or Tubs manufactured by us, which do not give complete satisfaction, if returned, will be replaced by new ones, without charge for freight.
FOR DRESS GOODS, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS, Hosiery, etc., go to Turrell's, First street.
PEOPLE FURNISHING SHOULD CALL on Turrell's large stock of Carpets, Oilcloths, Blinds, Rugs, etc., which he is selling very cheap.
GO TO TURRELL'S FOR HARDWARE. Lamps, Lamp-glasses, etc. He has the Goods to suit you.
A. B. MORRIS,
General Commission
FORWARDING MERCHANT.
HAVING LEASED R. CHEADLE'S large WAREHOUSE
BUY, SELL STORE or FORWARD at foot of Broadalbin street, on the bank of the Willamette river, I am prepared to store
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 17-46v4.
GEORGE TURRELL PAYS THE HIGHEST price for all kinds of Country Produce. Remember his address, Turrell's, First street.