

Albany Register.

The Past Year.

The year 1872 with its experiences of light and shadow, has drifted into the by-gone. It has added a page to a leaf of the volume of history, which, for startling events and growth, will be read by the future historian with unusual interest. While wars have threatened, and civil feuds have prevailed in some nations—as in France, Spain and Mexico—still peace has been more general throughout the world than for many cycles. Christianizing thought has been working with wonderful power among the councils of the nations, energizing, civilizing, unifying the hearts of the people. As the world has moved progress towards increased light and harmony has been made. This has been seen in the settlement of great national differences, in which the arbitrament of argument has been substituted for the sword, and mankind have thus been trained to practice the teachings of Godlike wisdom and humanity. England and this country clasped hands over the Alabama and San Juan verdicts, and the two peoples, forgetting the erring past, now feel for each other an increasing friendship. The experience of the United States has been unusual in several marked particulars. While she has enjoyed great favor in the settlement of her matters of dispute with foreign nations, and in the growth of her crops and business pursuits generally, and especially in the peaceful acquiescence and cheerfulness with which the result at the ballot-box of the Presidential contest was received, still calamities by flood, fire and death, especially the two last, have rendered the past year one ever to be marked. A contagion of mammoth fires, reaching every section, has swept millions of dollars worth of property into destruction, and many lives into eternity. But the nation has been the greatest loser in the number of its good and eminent men whom death has taken away. Many of her greatest statesmen, warriors, scholars, poets, divines, editors, etc., have been reached by the shafts of the king of terrors. The magnetism of their living presence and influence is no longer felt and seen, but their noble words and deeds are the nation's legacy: though dead they will continue to speak. Our space forbids us to speak of the contagions which have been more or less seriously felt in the East and South, by man and beast, especially the latter. We close with the reflection, that while fires have been unusually numerous, and great men have been summoned hence, and contagious have seriously embarrassed business interests, still peace and plenty and prosperity have gladdened the hearts of the great mass of the people. Vast enterprises of public utility have been completed and others begun. Religious and educational interests have kept their places in the lead of the march of the nation's progress, and the future is not without indications of still brighter years. Trusting in God, let us strive as a people, to go on, and up.

"Rising Phoenix like from its ashes," is a phrase which is worn through skin and flesh to the bone, and ought to be permitted to rest. Let it have peace.

Good Sense.

Judge Fullerton, of New York, is represented as using some very plain, straightforward talk last week in the Stoke's case. He alluded to the lawlessness of the times, and said the question now prominent in the community was whether criminals should be arrested, and whether they should be punished and bloodshed be put a stop to. He asserted that had men regarded the law punishing murder with death as played out, and if this state of things is permitted, a state of anarchy would soon follow. This is common sense logic which not only the people of New York, but of the whole country, would do well to consider. Through the delays of courts, the technicalities of legal processes, the potency of bribes and a false sentimentality entertained by American juries on the subject of capital punishment, but few notorious murderers, comparatively, suffer the penalty of death so justly their due. A few years in the penitentiary may be allotted to some, but many are turned loose entirely. This weakness of the law, or its impotency of administration, rendering it no longer a terror to evil doers, has made its violation a matter of increasing frequency. Murders of the most harrowing character, cold blooded and premeditated, shock the sensitive reader in almost every issue of our daily secular press. As mankind is constituted, the peace and welfare of society cannot be maintained without law. Its provisions are professedly founded in necessity, and consistency demands their rigid and impartial enforcement. A failure to do the latter is a virtual confession that the law is unjust as well as weak. Vice and crime appropriate every encouragement and improve every opportunity. A practical confession of the law's weakness, is an encouragement to, them, which they fail not to thoroughly improve, and an increase of crime is the result. Tenderness to criminals, beyond the strict enforcement of the letter of the law, is wrong for this very reason. The fact that the law is not enforced robs it of its majesty and brings it into contempt. The evilly disposed become bolder and more reckless in the commission of unlawful deeds, in proportion as the fear of the penalty of righteous law is removed. The most effectual way to secure protection to life and property, then, is to demand of our legislators equitable laws, and of our magistrates, rigid enforcement.

In the case of Susan B. Anthony and fourteen other women, under examination in New York for illegal voting, U. S. Commissioner Stores has rendered a decision holding each to bail in the sum of \$5,000 to appear at the U. S. District Court at its next session in Albany. The Inspectors who received the votes were also held to bail.

The late Presidential election gave Grant from all the States an aggregate of 3,597,771 votes; Greeley, 2,867,893 votes, making Grant's popular majority, 740,938. The total vote cast was 6,444,604, being 726,816 more votes than was cast in 1868, the number that year being 5,716,788.

The Eastern States generally were visited by intensely cold weather last week, and much inconvenience and suffering, among the poor especially, was the result.

JOHN VISITS RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Nov. 20.—Virginia is a she. It's the mother of States, and it is sacred soil. Here is where the celebrated poem grew—
Too cross you are, too cross you be;
I see you are too cross for me.
When the polite Virginia female eats rich mince pie, she doesn't say, it is too rich; not she. She says, it is too Rothschild. It wouldn't be judicious to call the capital of Virginia Rothschildmound, so it is called Richmond. Richmond is the cap of Henrico county, and I suppose it is called the cap because it is at the head of tide water. Tide water isn't so good to drink as untide water. Who Henrico was is more than I know. Probably he sprang from the same family as Costa Rica.

HISTORY OF RICHMOND.

Richmond is 344 miles from New York, and I knew a party once—quite a large crowd there was, too—who all carried guns, that were four years going there. The soil of Richmond is red clay, and Shockoe creek runs through the town. The James river has a bed, and it's a hard bed—one of your healthy kind. It's made of granite.

The Richmond Theater was in Richmond once. It burned up the day after Christmas, Dec. 23, 1811, and sixty-six whites and six colored persons, including the Governor of the State, lost their lives. The Monumental Episcopal Church was erected on the site of the theater.

The site of Richmond was first visited by white fellows in 1600. The site of Richmond is called a site, because folks go to sea from there. I never forgot what I remember, and the town was founded in 1742, and it came blessed near being found dead in 1855. It was made the capital of the State in 1780. In 1787 it had 300 houses, and in 1794 the canal was completed around the falls. This canal added immensely to its commercial advantages.

TOBACCO AND THE LATE WAR.

Richmond is celebrated for its luxurious tobacco, that brown pain material that has ruined so many carpets and tempers. People who resided in San Francisco twenty years ago, can remember when tobacco became such a drug in the market it couldn't be sold, and the solid cases of plug tobacco were used as foundations for frame houses. This was in either 1850 or 1851. I forget which, and this stuff all came from Richmond, where the people even wear plug hats.

There was a war here once, and they fought with real guns, with real bullets in 'em. For some years the trip from Washington to Richmond wasn't a very pleasant one, especially to a nervous man. Although that whole country was full of pickets, and every man had his post, there was not a fence anywhere.

BEN McCULLOCH AND ROGER A. PRYOR.

The last time I saw Ben McCulloch, the great Texas Ranger, was in Virginia. We were on the railroad that runs from Aquia Creek to Richmond. It was in March, 1861. He was in company with Doctor Carter, who was to deliver a secession speech that night in the African Church at Richmond. Doctor Carter had a lady with him, and I heard Ben tell her, that he had many a time killed a deer in the morning, and worn its hide for a dress that same day. Ben was shot at the battle of Pea Ridge.

The first time I ever saw Roger A. Pryor was one Saturday in March, 1861, when he addressed a secession meeting at Danville, Va. All I heard him say was "I am for secession, immediate, and eternal." Just then, there was a row and I left. I went down to the tavern, and had sat there but a few moments, when a friend who represented a big scale house on Broadway, New York, came rushing up to me, and we went under the railroad bridge that crosses the Dan River, and that fellow laughed so long and loud, that I was afraid we'd get mobbed. Says I, "What in thunder ails you?"

Then he told me. They had a colored band up at the meeting of about four instruments, and just as Pryor got a-going, that cuss went up and gave the leader of the band a dollar to play "Yankee Doodle." They commenced to play it, hence the row. Only think of "Yankee Doodle," at a Secesh meeting. If those darkeys had ever gone back on us, the mildest treatment we could have expected would have been a present of two water-proof tar overcoats.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

There are more people here who can't be boiled white than in New York. They are called negroes, and some people like the dark meat in cooked chickens; some prefer the white. It may be interesting to those who prefer the dark meat to hear that a gentleman in Richmond has raised a litter of pure black chickens. They are black all through. He set a pure white hen, and hatched them from egg coal.

Never crack nut coal with your teeth; it injures the enamel.
Query—Are the Michiganders any relation to the Portuguese, and if so, how much and when?

TWO EPISODES.

I got into another episode last week. I was sitting subdued and quiet in a horse car. I wasn't aware that I was occupying more space than was desirable. The conductor came along. He had a tin plate, stolen off some dog collar, hatched to his hat, and says he, "Make a little room, sir."

Says I, "You want me to make a little room, do you?"

Says he, "Yes, I do."

Says I, "What kind of a room do you want, a bath room or a billiard room?"

Says he, "Sir, there is room for eleven on this seat."

Says I, "Sir, there isn't."

Says he, "There is eleven on the other side."

Says I, "I see it, and there is ten on this side now, and you tell me there is room for eleven more."

Says he, "I mean there is room for one more."

Says I, "Well, why in thunder didn't you say so? one isn't eleven."

He smiled with such an expression of entire woe, that the driver shouted whoa to his horses.

I had just one more controversy in that car. It was with a man who looked as if he had swallowed an entire Sunday school class, and the straw hat of the last scholar had struck in his mouth. His cheeks puffed out so that if a pin had been stuck through them the hole would have whistled. This man insisted that there was always three feet to a yard. I told him "I had seen a yard with over a hundred feet to it."

Says he, "What kind of a yard?"

Says I, "A cattle yard."

Says he, "Oh!"

Says I, "What?"

Says he, "I owe you one."

Says I, "Oh!"

This is the time of the year to dig umbrellas, plant parasols, and milk cocoanuts.

THE BOY WHO WENT SWIMMING.

The very boy, you have heard about, who disobeyed his father and went a swimming, lives in Richmond. His father said to the wicked boy, said, "You've been a-swimming." The wicked boy said, "I hain't." The pa said, "You have, sir, and you've got your shirt on t'other side out."

"Pshaw!" said the wicked boy "that shirt got turned wrong side out getting over the fence."

I had the horse disease. I was awful hoarse. I adopted mild treatment. I bathed the inside of my thorax with hot Jamaica rum, with plenty of sugar, and between drinks I took brandy and water—not too much water. I gave my bay horse bay rum, and my chestnut horse I fed on warm chestnuts, hoisting their hind feet from the ground with pulleys attached to their tails. I found this was not a comfortable position for them to sleep in, but it made the medicine go to the head, the seat of the disease. The treatment was a success. They both died. There are trotters here called bog trotters. Whiskey is the best medicine for them.

A TALK WITH A SAVAN.

I conversed in Richmond with a savan, a real savan, one of the kind Savannah was named after. He saw things with a prophetic eye. He could see clear ahead, and he told me what this country was coming to. Says he: "A hundred years from now the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt will be all swallowed up by the influx, and this vast continent north of the Rocky Mountains will be Teutonic, and it will be against the law to go to church Sunday and to drink water. All that vast section of country, from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, will be Asiatic, and fire-cracker factories and chop sticks will be more numerous than the blades of grass upon the sea shore. The tidal wave has already commenced that is sweeping the surplus of 400,000,000 of John Chinamen off our shores, and it can't be stopped." Says I, "When will this be?" Says he, "In a hundred years." "Well," says I, "let 'em come; I'll be over age then, too old to vote. Then I wrote home to my wife to have our grand daughter set her cap for a Dutchman, or a Chinaman, so as to be somebody."

To-day a man drove a cow with a fringed tail through the streets of Richmond. He spent a fortune making a machine to do up the ruffles on the bosom of the ocean. It was a success, but it took so much starch it burst him.

SAD EFFECTS OF ONE GOAT'S MILK.

The most singular thing to be seen in Richmond is a nicely-dressed man who every post he sees he butts with his head. I called him "one hundred and fifty pounds of butter," but he didn't like it. Every few rods—it makes no difference whether he is on top of a hay wagon or on a canal boat—he stops and turns a somersault. It was so queer that I took some pains to inquire into the antecedents of that man, and it appears that when a child he was reared on one goat's milk, and one day that goat got astray and ate up two circus bills. The circus bills made a different quality of milk from grass, and the little boy drank it and turned into a circus.

Says I, "Well, but circuses don't butt."

Says he, "But goats butt." All the champagne in this section is

very old; at least all I have seen has silvery heads.

Never tell a lie, except to get a bigger salary.

My night mare has got over the epilepsy.

To make sure what kind of weather we will have in November, wait till the 1st of December.

JOHN.

JOB PRINTING.

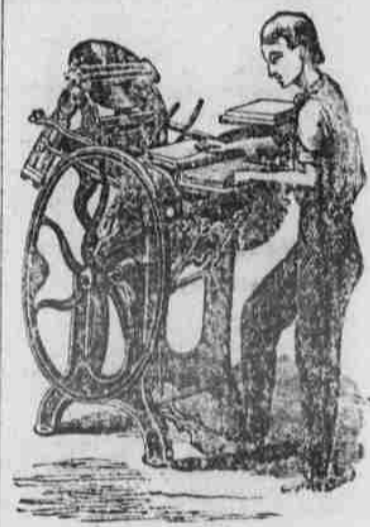
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