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On Slang.

Rev. Dr. Hall was sitting in his studio one pleasant August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares, when his train of thoughts were rudely interrupted, and his attention distracted from his theme by the following conversation:

"Oh, Nellie, where are you—you'd ought to have been there—just the stunningest fellow!"

Then a sound of running feet, and pretty soon he heard his daughter exclaim:

"Is that you, Maggie?"

"Yes, come down quick; I've got something to tell you."

"I'll be there in half a jiffy."

Then a door opened and shut, and in a few minutes,

"What do you think, as I was coming over here, there was just the stunningest fellow, and right in front of me. Just as I got opposite the new church, my music roll slipped and every paper in it fell on the sidewalk."

"Gracious me! I should have been dumbfounded."

"And so I was, but it was so ridiculous that I almost died laughing."

"Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me to pick them up. I was all hunky dory then. He walked as far as here with me, and I thanked him of course," etc., etc. "You know how 'tis yourself."

The good doctor scratched his head. Could that be his Nellie, whom he had thought so lady-like? He opened the door softly, a little crack, thinking, no doubt, that he had a right to play the part of a listener to so strangely mixed a conversation, and in his own house.

Very soon it was continued, this time his daughter commencing the conversation.

"There, how's that for high?"

"Oh, isn't that sweet, how much was it?"

"Only five dollars—cheap enough."

"Yes, 'tis indeed; but you said you were going to have pink, but this is blue."

"Never mind; it's all the same in Dutch."

The Doctor peeped in to see what they were talking about—and Miss Nellie was exhibiting her new bonnet to the admiring gaze of her friend.

"It's raging hot here."

"Well, I don't know as I can make it any cooler," said Nellie, looking round, "I 'spose father'd kill me if I opened a door." Her father had requested her the day before to keep the doors closed.

"I guess its time for me to aquatulate," said Maggie, rising.

"Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

"Yes, I had a staving old time last Tuesday night."

"George Saunders said he should go home with you to-night."

"Did he? Well, he'd better spell able first."

"That's so. If there's anything I hate, 'tis the boys bothering round; they ought to be put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole, until they are old enough to behave."

"I must bid you a foud alien now. I've got thousands of errands to do."

"Well, good-bye."

"Oh, the dickens, I've left my parasol."

"Here it is."

"Now, good-bye, be sure and come to-night."

"Yes, good-bye."

Then the door closed, and Nellie went up stairs.

The doctor was surprised, but not

too much so to think of a plan that would be likely to cure the unfortunate hat it into which his daughter had fallen. The plan was discussed with the young lady's mother and adopted. The time for tea had arrived, and when all were fairly seated at the table Mrs. Hall said, "My dear sir, will you have some tea?"

"In half a jiffy, madam."

Nellie looked up, but her father took no notice.

"Really this cake is quite stunning," went on the doctor, as solemn as a judge. Just then his napkin fell to the floor. "Gracious, I'm con-dumbfounded," ejaculated the doctor, getting it a little wrong. Nellie gazed at her father in perfect amazement.

"My dear, this sauce is staving. Where did you buy it?"

"I made it," said his wife, coolly.

"Oh, well, it's all the same in German."

Nellie dropped her knife and fork.

"You must give me some money to give the butcher to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Hall.

"You'll have to spell 'ability' first," growled the doctor, savagely.

Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his nose a tremendous blow. "There," said he, "how's that for high?"

"I know how 'tis myself," meekly replied his wife. This capped the climax. The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation, was too much for Nellie. She burst into tears and left the room. The sage doctor nodded wisely to his wife, and, when she got out of hearing, exclaimed: "There wite, I guess we shall hear no more slang phrases from her."

The doctor was right, for Nellie was cured.

A Fight With Pirates.

THE ENEMY RECEIVED WITH BOILING TAR AND BROKEN GLASS—HORRIBLE BUTCHERY—TIMELY ARRIVAL OF AN ENGLISH GUN-BOAT—FIFTY PIRATES KILLED—A DRUM-HEAD COURT-MARTIAL HANGS THE PRISONERS—A SQUARE MEAL FOR THE SHARKS.

(From the Bombay Gazette, October 11th.)

The *Schlesische Zeitung* prints the following extract from a letter of a young Silesian, who is now sailing on board the Bremen bark *Coriolan*:

On Monday, the 19th of February, 1872, at 5 A. M., we raised anchor and left the Bombay Harbor with a moderate breeze blowing. The pilot left us at 3 P. M.

Our passage over the 19 degrees which separate Bombay from the line lasted one and a half months, as for weeks we had the most tedious calms. We kept always about one degree from the coast, and had reached the tenth degree of latitude, when one night our attention was attracted by three *Dechenken*, which looked somewhat suspicious. The Captain at once took them for pirates. As, however, there was a steady breeze blowing, we hoped to effect our escape.

CLEARING THE DECKS.

Unfortunately, in the morning the wind died away, but of the three boats only one remained within sight, which, however, gradually crept up to us, as we could see through our glass it was moved by long oars. It then became apparent that a fight would be unavoidable, and our Captain made at once the necessary preparations for it. As we had come via-Montevideo to Bombay, we had no cannon, not even a single gun on board, the Captain's small six-barreled revolver being the only thing in the shape of arms we possessed.

WITHIN SHOT RANGE.

As we numbered, all hands told, only eighteen, and each of the enemy's boats contained about four times as many, our prospects were very gloomy indeed. So far we could only see one boat, the other two being out of sight. It was about 2 o'clock P. M. when the first boat came within shooting distance, and kept astern of us, evidently waiting for the other boats to come up. They had not long to wait, for through the glass we could see that one was coming in front of us and the other from the starboard side. The one that had kept astern now opened fire upon us, which however, did us no harm, except that our compass-box was damaged, and a few shots went into the rigging.

"ALLAH! ALLAH!"

In the meantime, the boat coming nearer and nearer, the Captain had ordered the deck to be covered with boiling tar, and while this remained liquid, we had studded it with broken glass; of course we had then to put on boots ourselves to avoid cutting our feet. What the Captain foresaw, happened; for when, after the first boat had come alongside, the pirates boarded the ship, crying "Allah! Allah!" and came rushing toward us, they broke down as they had their feet lacerated by the glass. When the Captain looked over the side to see how many there were in the boat, quite a shower of spears went over our heads. Ten of us, amongst whom I was, had hatchets, while the others had hand-axes; we divided our force one-half forward, the other amidships.

THE BUTCHERY BEGINS

In the next moment we were right against them, and the most horrible butchery commenced. In the meantime the second boat had come near and placed itself under our bow; from the cries we heard we knew that there, also, a hand-to-hand fight had commenced with our men. Of our division only four were left standing, and of the one fighting forward, only six; all, however, more or less dangerously wounded. I was suffering more or less from a spear wound in the left shoulder. Slowly, and fighting for every inch of ground, we withdrew toward the stern, where we made barricades of our boats while the Malays cut off the heads of the dead, tied them together by the hair, and hung them over their shoulders.

RELIEF IN SIGHT.

The Captain was sending shot after shot into the crowd. We were well nigh despairing, for what would become of us when the third boat would arrive? Then, when the cloud of smoke was driven away by a sudden gust of wind, we were delighted to see a steamer coming up, which, a moment afterward, opened fire upon the third boat, which sunk after a few shots. The pirates jumped into the water and tried to save themselves by swimming; but we saw that the boats from the steamer were lowered and began to chase after them, while the steamer herself came in full speed toward us. As soon as we saw this we picked up courage again, and, with a thundering hurrah, we threw ourselves once more upon those pirates who still remained on board, and cut down whoever came in our way. I then received another wound in my right arm.

THE GUNBOAT'S WORK.

The steamer (which turned out to be an English-gunboat, carrying six guns) had overrun the boat lying under our bow, the same having been left unguarded, and then went alongside the other one, the occupants of which were mostly on board our ship. The few that were left in charge tried to row off

with the boat, but a few well-aimed shots from the steamer soon dispatched them. The surgeon from the steamer attended to our wounds, as all of us, with the exception of the Captain, were wounded, and ten dead, among the latter the first mate.

TEN PIRATES HANGED TOGETHER.

After we had rested a little, we threw the dead bodies of the pirates overboard (about fifty)! The prisoners were all condemned by a Court-martial to be hanged, and the crew of the steamer made the necessary preparations to carry out the sentence. Ropes were attached to the yards of the steamer and our ship, the nooses were put around the necks of the prisoners—one pull, and ten bodies were hanging high in the air. Our Captain engaged twelve sailors from the steamer, as we were all disabled, and at about 6 o'clock, a breeze springing up, we left the battle-field behind us.

BURYING THE DEAD.

The steamer kept near us during the first night, and left us only after providing us with arms and ammunition and kindly gave up her surgeon to us. The next morning we buried our dead, viz., the first mate, the first carpenter, seven sailors and one boy. I remained disabled for eight weeks, as the spear had gone clean through my shoulder. Eight of the bodies of our comrades were without heads, which some of the pirates had most likely taken with them when they jumped overboard. However, they can hardly have got far with them, as the boats of the steamer and also some sharks followed the swimmers and finished them off rapidly. The bodies of the pirates were horrid to look at, as most of them had their skulls broken.

A Dinner for a Poor Boy.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* tells this good story of how a "poor boy" stuffed and his benefactor suffered: "I hain't had nothin' to eat for a hull day, and I hain't got a cent. I'm from Philadelphia."

This was the pitiful story told to contractor Magill by a stout, hearty-looking boy, the possessor of a remarkably fine row of teeth.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the contractor.

"I'm willin', but I can't get any work," the boy answered. Then he shed a few tears.

Mr. Magill looked sharply at the boy for a moment, then he sat down and wrote the following note to Colgan, proprietor of the Bank Oyster House:

MR. COLGAN: Be kind enough to give the bearer a good dinner, and charge it to me.

JAMES MAGILL.

P. S.—Give him all he wants.

The boy, with tears of gratitude streaming from his eyes, took the note and left for Colgan's. When he reached there he presented Magill's missive.

The boy was told to sit down to a table. "Hughie the Veteran" came over to take his order.

"Give me a plate of quail on toast, with mushrooms," said the boy.

"Ye have a fine mouth for quail," said Hughie. He thought the boy was chaffing. But Colgan told him to take the order. The quail was finished in about three minutes.

"Have some turkey?" suggested Alderman Dunne. The boy grinned and ordered "roast turkey, a plate of roast beef, and a glass of milk." He put these things away like a man shoveling coal. Major Horgan advised him to unbutton his coat. The boy did better; he took it off and then ordered "boiled chicken, baked potatoes, and a Saddle-rock oyster stew." He seemed to have

grown considerably when he got through with this, and perspired somewhat.

"Can't you eat a little more, sonny?" asked Mr. Macaully.

"I'll try, sir," replied the boy, meekly. Then he ordered a plate of lamb fries, a tenderloin steak, fixins, and a Saddle-rock oyster fry. These articles of food disappeared as mysteriously as the others. The boy said he "guessed he'd finish up with a piece of mince pie." He seemed to enjoy the pie until he came to a shirt button and a piece of shirt sleeve.

"Look here," said the boy to Hughie, "see what I found in this 'ere pie."

"What do you expect to find," shouted Hughie. Do you think ye ought to find a elane suit of clothes in one mince pie?"

To-day Mr. Colgan sent the annexed bill to Mr. Magill:

James Magill,	
To Thos. Colgan, dinner to Poor Boy	
Boy	Dr.
Quail and toast	75
Roast beef	25
Glass of milk	10
Roast Turkey	40
Mushrooms	25
Broiled chicken	40
Baked potatoes	15
Saddle-rock oyster stew	40
Saddle-rock oyster fry	40
Lamb fries	75
Tenderloin steak	75
Mince pie	10
Total	\$4 70

VARIOUS ITEMS.

M. Guizot says that Frenchmen are skeptical on the matter of religion, but they like to see their wives and children devout.

There is a man in Savannah, who, the other day, went and paid for twelve bottles of wine and then went home and scolded his wife because the milk bill was so large.

There are said to be 10,000 children in the streets of New York who live by begging.

Lord Lytton was the richest literary man of modern times.

Mrs. Meroy Worth died at Bayville, Ocean county, N. J., last week, at the age of 103 years. She had 91 grand-children and 20 great-grand-children.

A despairing young woman threw herself headlong down the shaft of a coal mine, sixty-seven feet deep, in Knightville, Ind., on the 3d instant. She struck upon the oak platform and was instantly killed.

John Clement, of Rock Island, Ill., will never stick his right thumb up to his nose and wiggle his fingers in derision again, owing to his familiarity with a buzz saw.

A Missouri woman said she gave a railroad conductor a ten dollar bill; he said it was a two; she insisted; he persisted; she persisted; she took out a revolver and snapped it; and he gave her the eight dollars balance, not wishing to have any dispute with a lady.

The Rev. A. J. Potter, Methodist circuit preacher out on the Texas frontier, does not rely on the "sword of the spirit" for defense against the redskins. He rides a fine horse and carries a Winchester rifle, a six-shooter, and a cartridge belt with forty rounds of ammunition.

The "New Boston," which is to rise on the ruins of the old, is to be built on five avenues converging so as to enter into the square around the post-office.

Railroad conductors in Illinois seem to be a facetious set of beings. A party of school girls lately set out from the village of Ludlow on an excursion, and the tremendous funny man who had charge of the train on which they rode, locked fifteen of them into a car and sawed it off on a side track and left it there.