

# The Albany Register.

VOLUME V.

ALBANY, OREGON, MAY 16, 1873.

NO. 37.

## Postage.

By the terms of recent legislation, the franking privilege is abolished, and it is provided that, "All laws, and parts of laws, permitting the transmission by mail of any free matter whatever, be, and the same are hereby, repealed, from and after June 30, 1873." This cuts off the free exchange of newspapers between publishers, and the free circulation of papers within the counties of publication.

No changes in the rates of postage have been made, and, consequently postage charges will be as follows:

## LETTERS.

To all parts of the United States, three cents per half ounce.

## PAPERS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

Pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspaper, magazines, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, corrected proof-sheets, maps, prints, engravings, blanks, flexible patterns, sample cards, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, cards, plain and ornamental paper photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and scions, can be transmitted through the mails at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Books, two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof; samples of merchandise, metals, ores, and mineralogical specimens can pass through the mails in packages not exceeding twelve ounces, at the rate of two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof; to be left open at the ends for examination, and to contain no writing other than the address.

All liquids, poisons, glass, explosive materials, obscene books, and all other matter liable to injure the mails or those having charge thereof, shall be excluded therefrom.

## REGULAR PUBLICATIONS.

Newspapers sent by mail must be prepaid by stamps, unless "regularly issued and sent to regular subscribers" by publishers or news-dealers, when the following rates are charged, payable quarterly in advance, either at the mailing or delivery office:

Dailies.....35 cents.  
Six times a week.....30 cents.  
Tri-weeklies.....15 cents.  
Semi-weeklies.....10 cents.  
Weeklies.....5 cents.  
Semi-monthly, not over 4 ozs. 6 cents.  
Monthly, not over 4 ozs. 3 cents.  
Quarterlies, not over 4 ozs. 1 cent.

Newspapers and circulars dropped into the office for local delivery must be prepaid at the rate of one cent for two ounces, and an additional rate for every additional two ounces or fraction thereof; and periodicals weighing more than two ounces are subject to two cents, prepaid at all letter-carrier offices.

The postage on regular papers, &c., must be paid in advance, either at the place of delivery, to the carrier, or at the office, otherwise they will be chargeable at transient rates.

## BOOK MANUSCRIPT.

Book manuscript passing between authors and publishers requires prepayment at the rate of one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

Manuscript intended for publication in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, &c., is subject to letter rates of postage.

## GENERAL RULES.

Full prepayment by stamps required on all transient printed matter, foreign and domestic.

All letters not prepaid by stamps, all such as are received in the office with stamps cut from stamped envelopes or with such postage stamps as were in use prior to 1861, or with revenue stamps on them,

are treated as "unmailable" and sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

Letters which have not been delivered can be forwarded, without additional charge, upon a written request.

Letters once delivered from a post office cannot be remailed without prepayment of postage.

Departmental postage after June 30, 1873, will be prepaid by special stamps, prepared and furnished by the Post office Department.

It will, nevertheless, become important for correspondents of the several departments and bureaus to fully prepay their postage after the 30th of June next. Of course, the local officers and agents of the departments will be instructed to this effect.

**THE VESPER BELLS THAT BROKE AN EXILE'S HEART.**—In the Cathedral of Limrick there hangs a chime of bells, which were cast in Italy by an enthusiast in his trade, who fixed his home near the monastery where they were first rung, that he might enjoy their sweet solemn music. In a political revolution the bells were taken away to some distant land, and the maker himself became a refugee and exile. His wandering brought him, after many years to Ireland. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated on the placid bosom of the Shannon, suddenly the evening chime pealed forth from the cathedral towers. His experienced ear caught the sweet sounds, and he knew that his lost treasures were found. His early home, his friends, his beloved and native land, all the best associations of his life, were in those sounds. He hid himself back in the boat, crossed his arms upon his breast, and listened to the music. The boat reached the wharf, but still he lay there silent and motionless. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. They went to him, but his spirit had fled. The tide of memories that came vibrating through his heart at that well-known chime had snapped its life-strings.

**GROWING POTATOES UNDER STRAW.**—After planting a piece of ground in the usual way last spring, a friend told me that by covering the ground six to eight inches deep with straw, it would prevent the ravages of the Colorado potato bug. I accordingly covered one half the patch with straw. I soon found, however, that I had to fight the bugs on this part of the ground the same as the other, which I did by catching the bugs twice a week.

When digging-time came, I found that those covered with straw yielded fully one third more than the others, and were much larger and of more uniform size. The digging required less than half the labor, as the potatoes lay almost entirely above ground. At the time of covering with straw, which was immediately after planting, I placed some hills between the rows which I did not cover with earth, but they did not amount to anything. I placed a few of each kind on exhibition at our annual fair, with a description of the mode of cultivation. They attracted much attention.—*Cor. Western Farmer.*

An anonymous benefactor recently dropped in at St. Peter's Hospital, in London, and left with the Secretary a donation of ten £1,000 Bank of England notes.

A pious invalid went to church last Sabbath for the first time for several months.

"I'll tell you, wife, I have got the plan all in my head!" "Ah, then it's all in a nut shell!"

## A Horrible Truth—Secrets of the Tomb.

With all the reverence due to the dead, and with every possible regard for the feelings of the living, which in no way would we harrow up unnecessarily, we state and believe, that not unfrequently, there are instances where human beings are buried alive!

To be sure this is an uncommon, but by no means an impossible circumstance, as facts have shown. Under the sod in the various graveyards of the land may be further evidence of this kind. In cemeteries that have been dug over, and the remains of the dead exhumed, there have been found in coffins, nailed and screwed tightly together, bodies of skeletons that were turned over on their sides or faces sometimes with the knees drawn up, the joints distended, the hands clenched, the arms thrust against the coffin's narrow sides, the fingers twisted in the hairs of the head, the eyes glaring, the teeth ground together, the head doubled under, and many indubitable proofs that the last death struggle did not take place before burial, but that after the coffin had been laid away in the shades of the tomb, or lowered in the deep, soiled earth, then and there a fierce, agonizing desperate, lonely and hopeless contest for life was waged into exhaustion!

In the old public burial grounds in the city of Brooklyn, when a general exhumation was made to enable the ground to be diverted to the streets and building lots, the writer saw no less than eight of such instances. One of these was evidently that of a young bride, dressed in wedding garments of the richest white satin, with a bridal veil, and ring of costly style and quality, and all the evidence of wealth, refinement and station in life. The remains were supposed to have been buried about twenty years previously. The coffinplate was gone, and in the really indecent haste of the heartless contractors and brutish laborers, who ruthlessly tore and tossed the relics up, there was not the faintest clue to the identity.

But upon examination it was discovered that the skeleton was twisted and displaced (as no shock of the exhumation could have caused) and the garments grasped as in a vice in the clenched finger bones, showing conclusively that a terrific struggle had taken place in the last narrow house and home of the lovely, youthful, ears loved and lost bride. Even the long raven tresses, which were as glossy and perfect as ever, were bit fast in the fleshless teeth as though with the final despairing, smothered cry and grasp of death! Numerous instances of a similar nature have transpired in different places.

A most heart-rending instance of this kind has just been reported at this office. The information appears to be truthful, and the circumstances narrated probable.

On Thursday of last week a colored man died (or was supposed to have died) and great lamentation was made over his body by the relatives and friends. The corpse was laid out, the limbs composed, the eyes closed, and the features were exceeding natural. As is sometimes the custom, so-called mourners were provided with victuals and intoxicating liquor, which they plied themselves with until surfeited and drunk. Noisy and indecorous demonstrations of grief were made until the third day (Saturday) when the brother of the supposed corpse became incensed at the disgraceful proceeding and determined to bury it at once.

The other folks remonstrated, declaring that the body was yet warm and perhaps not dead. But he in-

sisted, as he said, because he would prefer to bury it than to have a continuance of the shocking demonstrations. Accordingly the remains were deposited temporarily in a receiving vault.

Yesterday the vault was opened, and the coffin brought out for permanent burial elsewhere, when it was noticed that the strong screws which had been tightly driven in three days previous were strained, and the top of the coffin pried half open.

Tremblingly, and with the most dreadful anticipations, the box was opened, and horrible—most horrible to relate—the body was found turned and twisted over, the face downward, one hand clenched the hair of the head, and the other reaching out, with the nails driven into the wood; the teeth clenched, the eyes glazed and distended, and even the feet giving evidence of having been used in the last hopeless and frightful effort to escape suffocation!

These are the facts as narrated. The name of the victim was Andrew Dow—*Savannah (Ga.) Advertiser.*

## As It Used-to-Was and as It Is.

"Bill Arp," the Southern humorist, speaking of the good old days says:

We need to say: "Here, Bob, go and catch Selim, and saddle him, and bring him here in five minutes, you black rascal; hurry up, you son of a gun, or I'll straiten you with a thrash pole till you can't see. Go, sir!"

Now it's—  
"Oh! see here, Robert, I would like to have my horse brought out, if you ain't doing anything partikler; bring him as soon as you can, will you?"

And there's the poor women—poor souls—it's all we can do to taper 'em down to the situation.

"What did you spill that water for, Jullyama, you lazy, trifling, contemptible luzzy—positive you ain't worth the salt that's put in your vittles; didn't I tell you that the next time you spill water on this floor I'd give you a thousand—now take that—and that—and that. Now go and get your wash rag and come here and wipe it up, you good for nothing imp of darkness."

But that's gone out of fashion, and it is: "Come here, Marry Ann, I want you to go and see your Annt Frances, and ask if she won't come and do my washin' this week. Tell her I'll be much obliged to her if she wil; now run along and be quick, and I'll let you go to the circus."

Well, it hurts 'em—I know it does. It hurts the generation nity bad, but the children growin' up an' comin' on don't mind it, for they never knowed much about slavery times. We old people won't last long no how, and perhaps by the time we pass away and a new crop grows up on both sides, the North and South, we'll be better friends. I hope so, for if we haven't been an unhappy family for fifty years, I don't know where you'll find one. I can't help recallin' them old times when my old carriage driver set on a high dicker, with a stove pipe hat on, and cracked a proud whip over a pair of crackin' blood bays, and a little yaller uig a standin' up behind the carriage a holdin' to the straps, an' feelin' bigger and grander than Julius Caesar Demosthenese Alexander Bonaparte. Old times, farewell! Vain world, farewell! Now I've got no fore nigger, nor hind nigger, nor blood bays, nor nothin', an' if I want to go anywhere—thank the Lord for his mercies—I am allowed to walk. Well, everything's

different, even this here newspaper we're running. Them old fashioned run-away nigger pictures that used to be scattered all down a whole column is all vanished. Them pictures of absconded darkeys just a trottin' off with the hind foot a stickin' up and lookin' like the top side of an Alabama tarapin, a stick on the shoulder, and a little bundle on the end of it; gone, a'l gone!

## FACTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

—When starched clothes stick to the iron, it is exceedingly annoying, and the housekeeper is rather apt to get vexed and discouraged. Many think it is owing to the manner in which the starch is made; but this is not always the reason. One cause of starch sticking is owing to the adulterations in starch itself. So it is very essential to try and procure the best article. Starch gross is used to prevent this sticking, in lieu of adding polish.

Some laundresses shave hard soap and boil it up with the starch. An excellent way to make clothes stiff is to starch them when wringing out of the rinse water, then dry them on the line, and when about to be ironed, dampen them and spread them between dry clothes and roll them up tight for a quarter of an hour, when they will iron very smooth.

Another desideratum is to take good care of the irons. Many housekeepers who are called neat, will let them stand on the stove for days, catching all the slops of cooking. When not in use they should be kept in a dry place. Once the face is rusted they will never look as well again. But in case of their becoming rusty, rub them on emery or brown paper. Beeswax is good to use, rubbing it well over the front face of the iron on a cloth or paper.

Many are the bits of soap wasted in the household. A good pan is to save every scrap in a jar or keg, and when wanted cover them with water, and set on the stove to simmer. When melted, remove them and let them get cold. Crumbs made in cutting up soap, bits of toilet soap too small for use, all such odds and ends can be saved and used in this manner.

**HOW MAILS ARE ROBBED.**—A special P. O. Detective has just lodged in Boston jail a night clerk in the P. O., who has spent his winter evenings in stealing thousands of money letters from the large and valuable mails which pass through that office, going to Hunter & Co., Hindsdale, N. H. His plan was to examine each letter over a lamp, and steal every one that contained money. In five months the losses amounted to thousands of dollars, causing great loss and annoyance to Messrs. Hunter & Co.; but now that the thief is "behind the bars," the popular publishers have returned to their former sure, certain and satisfactory method of doing business, and deserve their ever-increasing business.

The *Rural World* proposes to cure founder in horses this way: Take the horse into a brook or stream of water deep enough to nearly reach his body, and fasten him there with his head so high that he cannot drink. If the weather is warm keep him there several hours. Then remove him and rub his legs thoroughly to promote circulation. If still lame repeat the process two or three times and a cure will be effected. In the winter twenty minutes will be long enough to keep the horse in the water, when he should be taken out and rubbed as in the other case—repeating the operation if necessary. This is said to cure all cases of founder, when not of long standing.