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Old Eye's Speech.

I was made to be eaten
And not to be drunk;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing,
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread, I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink, I am master,
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drunk, to destroy.

Miscellaneous.

A Persian Vision of the Hereafter.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

Abou ben Adhem was annoyed one morning by an elderly gentleman, who desired to learn of the ideas the Persian sage had of the hereafter; particularly as to the style and quality of people who would be likely to reach a future of bliss.

Abou removed his chibouk from his lips, and moistening his throat with a long draught of sherbet, spoke to him thus:

"My friend, many hundreds of years ago, when I was a comparatively young man, I dreamed one night that I had shuffled off this mortal coil, and was in the land of the hereafter. Methought I was decently deceased, had been genteelly buried, and a tomb-stone had been erected to my memory, on which was inscribed enough virtues to furnish a dozen. I blushed a spirit-blush when I read that tomb-stone and discovered what an exemplary man I had been, and I likewise wept a spirit-weep when I thought what a loss the world had sustained in my death.

I ascended and was knocking at the outer gate of Paradise for admittance. The season had been a very healthy one, for a National Convention of Physicians had been drowned while taking a steamboat excursion on the Persian Gulf, so the doorkeeper had but little to do while my case was being decided. I whiled away an hour or two ascertaining the whereabouts of my old acquaintances, who had deceased during the ten years previous.

"There are a large number of my friends up here?" I remarked, inquiringly.

"Not very many," was his reply.

"Ebn Becar is here, I suppose?"

"Not any Ebn Becar," was the answer.

"I am surprised," I answered.

"Ebn Becar, the date-seeder, not in Paradise! Be cheem, no man in Ispahau was more regular in his attendance at the mosque, and he howled his prayers, like a dawish. He was exceedingly zealous in keeping the faithful in the line of duty."

"True," said the door-keeper.

"But, you see, Ebn kept his eagle-eye so intently fixed on his neighbor's feet that his own got off the road, and when he pulled up it wasn't at the place he had calculated. His prayers were pleasing to a true believer, but, as they were not backed up by doing things in proportion, they failed to pass current here."

"How did it with Hatz, the scribe? He was charitable—no man gave more to the poor than he."

"Hain did give many shekels to the poor each year, but it was the way he gave it that spoiled the effect of his charities. He gave most

for any love of his kind, but because it was a part of his system to give. He was afraid not to give. So he said, 'I will answer the demands of the law of the Prophet by giving so much, which will insure me paradise,' and fancied that was charity. When the widow of Selim, the mule-driver, employed him to save her inheritance to her children, from her wicked brother, he required of her all that the law permitted him to exact, so that she said, 'Lo! I might as well have let my brother had the land.' He answered, 'The law gives it me—go to!' He would oppress the poor in a business way, and compromise with his conscience by subscribing a tenth of his profits to charity. Compromising never did work in such matters. The compromiser gives to the devil something of value and receives in return that which damns him. The oppressions and graspings of Hatz were exactly balanced in number by his charities, but as he died worth a million, the oppression side was the heaviest in quality. We keep books very accurate, you observe."

"Abdallah, the maker of shawls, is—"

"No he isn't. He was an ardent teacher of the rules the Prophet gave for the faithful, but he was the worst practitioner I ever had any knowledge of. The strong waters of the Ghaour ruined his prospects. He preached abstinence from wine, but he constantly partook of the forbidden drink. He loved wine, and immediately proceeded to deceive himself into the belief that he had dyspepsia and had to take it. Hearing once that strong liquor was an antidote for the bite of a serpent, he absolutely moved into a province where serpents abounded. He talked loudly against gluttony, but excused himself for eating five courses by holding that he needed it to keep himself up. He succeeded in deceiving himself, but he couldn't deceive us."

"Kahkani, the poet, whose songs were all in praise of virtue, is here?"

"The fervent goodness that produced such morality must be safe?"

"Quite wrong, my dear sir. Kahkani's poems were beautiful, but bless you, he never felt the sentiments expressed in them. He had an itching for fame, and writing spiritual hymns happened to be his hobby. If he could have written comic songs, better than hymns, he would have written comic songs."

"Who have you here, pray?"

"Saadi, the camel-shoer, is here."

"Saadi! Why, he was constantly violating the law of the Prophet?"

"True, he would even curse the camels he was shoeing. But he was always sorry for it, and he would mourn over the infirmities of his temper, and strove honestly and zealously all the time to live better and be better. He did not make a great success, but he did the best he could. He gave liberally of his substance, without blating it all over Ispahau. When he gave a dirhem he didn't pay the newspaper two dirhems to make the fact public which is my definition of genuine charity. Then there's Hirdusi, the carpet-cleaver."

"He never gave anything."

"Certainly not, for he had nothing to give. The Prophet never asked impossibilities. He would have given if he had it, and he tried hard to get it. Then there's Jelal-eddin—"

"He couldn't make a prayer."

"True, but he said, 'amen' to those who could, and he meant it, which was more than half those who made the prayer could say."

"And Wassaf, the teacher?"

"Where is he? A pure and blameless life no man ever led?"

"He is here, but occupies a very low place."

"A low place?"

"Verily. Wassaf did not sin, it is true, but it was no credit to him that he did not. A more egregiously deceived man never lived or died. He obeyed the laws of the Prophet because he could not do otherwise—thus crediting himself with what he could not avoid. He could not be a glutton, for his stomach was weak—he could not partake of the strong waters of the Frank, because his brain would not endure it—he was virtuous because he was too cold-blooded—too thin-blooded, to have any passion. He had not moral force enough to commit a decent sin, and this inability to be wicked he fancied was righteousness. He was a moral oyster. He, an iceberg, plumed himself upon being cold. Now Agha, the flute-player, who was at times a glutton and a wine-bibber, and all the rest of it, is several benches higher than Wassaf. For Agha's blood boiled like a cauldron—he was robust, he had the appetite of the rhinoceros of the Nile, and a physical nature that was constantly pushing him to the commission of sin but Agha, feeling, knowing that it was wrong, fought against it manfully. He fell frequently for the Evil One knew his weak moments, but he rose and fought against himself, and managed to come out victor, at least half the time. There was no more merit in Wassaf's virtue than there is in an iceberg being cold. But for a burning volcano Agha to keep himself down to an even temperature, that was great."

"My friend, it is not worth while to enumerate, but—well, you will know more when you get inside, if you do get inside. You have seen the sky-rockets of Jami. They ascend with much fizz and make a beautiful show, but alas! before they reach the skies they explode and disappear in a sheet of flame. Precisely so with many men. They soar aloft on their professions, but they too (to use a vulgarism) bust, before they attain Paradise, and go down in a sheet of flame."

"The true believer who practices what he believes, is an arrow. Pointed with belief—feathered with works, death shoots him off, he pierces the clouds and lands on the right side of the river."

"At this point," continued Abou, "I awoke. My ideas of the future I got largely from that vision. My opinion is that in New Jersey, as in Persia, there are a great many people deceiving themselves. Go thy way. Be virtuous and be happy. I would rest me."—*Locke's Monthly.*

A Big Game at Marbles.

There was a match made in the Twenty-second Ward to shoot 1,000 marbles for \$500. The competitors were the well-known butcher, John McKewen, and Fritz, the barber. McKewen weighs 350. He is about five feet eleven, and before he grew so fat was one of the best-made men, ever seen. He has been an athlete of note in his day. Fritz is a famous German barber in Seventh avenue, near Fiftyeth street. They call him Dutch Fritz. He weighs 180 pounds, is five feet ten, well made and fine-looking. They are both brunettes, but McKewen is rosy, while Fritz is pale and sallow. In spite of his size, McKewen is decidedly the handsomer man.

The match was made in Fritz's shop early on Monday morning, while McKewen was being shaved. Fritz's little boys were shooting marbles in the shop, and McKewen, eyeing the sport while enjoying his shave, said, "I was the best marble shot in my day in this ward."

"I'll bet you weren't any better at that than I," said Fritz. "No boy could plump out the laws by the side of me."

"I'll bet I could have beat you," said McKewen.

"I'll bet you could not do it now," retorted Fritz.

"What'll you bet?" said McKewen.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said Fritz.

"Done," said McKewen, and the details of the match were quickly arranged. It was agreed by their friends that the two should shoot at 1,000 marbles, and the man who plumped out 600 marbles first should be declared the winner.

The news flew around the neighborhood, and a crowd gathered so rapidly that it was necessary to shut the doors of the barber's shop and admit only a limited number of spectators. Mr. Bogert, a mutual friend, was referee. A ring was chalked on the floor, and the rules of the game were settled. They tossed a penny to decide whether they should shoot twenty-five marbles at each inning or one hundred. Fritz was in favor of one hundred marbles, but McKewen's friends would not agree on account of his size. So great is his obesity he was obliged to shoot in a peculiar position. Every time he stooped to shoot it was necessary for another man to be ready with a chair, which he placed in front of McKewen to support him, as he knelt on one knee and sent his alley spinning over the five yards at the laws in the ring. The penny came down for twenty-five shots to the inning, and McKewen's backers began to book their bets. Another toss decided that he should have the first shot, and the betting on him was one hundred to eighty. McKewen led off, shooting at his 25 marbles, hitting 10 and missing 15, which were scored to him. Fritz followed, hitting 8 and missing 17. Bets on McKewen rose, 125 to 75. The next round McKewen was not so skillful, perhaps too much elated, striking 13 marbles out of the ring. Fritz was more careful and plumped out 24. This sent the betting up two to one in the Dutchman's favor. The game continued with varied success, sometimes one being the favorite and sometimes the other, until the expiration of half the score, with Fritz ahead 10 marbles. Time, 3 hours and 40 minutes, and both men exhausted. They took an hour for rest and refreshments.

When the men appeared in the room for the second inning, much to the surprise of all, McKewen looked as fresh as a rose and calm and cool as a May morning. Fritz looked a little too excited for the knowing ones. McKewen led off, hitting 15, missing 10. The sturdy German followed, reducing his score by hitting 7 and missing 18. The scores varied, but the advantage was clearly on the fat man's side as the game progressed. The butcher won by his greater powers of endurance. Fritz became so thoroughly exhausted by the seventh hour that it was necessary to give him strong stimulants. McKewen took pure water. Both men suffered, but were game to the last. When nine hours had elapsed McKewen was 100 marbles ahead, and in 27 minutes and 25 seconds more the referee decided that the game was ended by the fat man having scored 600. Fritz' score stood 469, making McKewen the winner by 131 marbles, amid the tumultuous applause of all, even the Dutchman's backers. "A. Y. Nip," solemnly announced that a little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long, I was thinking."

Various Items.

A butcher recently found a shawl-pin in a cow he was cutting up into steaks. It is supposed the animal had swallowed a milkmaid.

Broker:—How are you off for money this morning?" Cashier:—"I am off with what little there was in the bank. Good-by."

A supernannated minister says, "I have been guilty of doing one thing for which the church will not forgive me: I have grown old."

An Iowa gentleman recently shot a postmaster for refusing to lick a postage stamp for the amiable and accomplished wife of the shooter.

Justice Haines, of Chicago, has decided that editors are professional men, and that their scissors, paste pot, etc., cannot be seized for debt.

Adam had one consolation when he fell: "Fifteen or twenty acquaintances didn't stand on the opposite corner and laugh at his mishap."

The bee-keepers have failed to determine how much honey a single bee produces in a year. This important subject should not be overlooked.

"Yes, my hearers," said a Wisconsin minister, "little Johnny Clem skated into heaven by way of an airhole on Grass Lake, and he is happy now."

A long-mooted question has been settled. A debating society at Sioux City has decided that Adam and Eve were not the ancestors of the human race.

An old lady at Jackson, Tenn., has asked the city authorities to exempt her from city taxes as "she seldom walks over their sidewalks or pavements."

The color of flowers is, to a certain extent, dependent on the soil in which they are grown. Yellow primroses planted in a better soil bear flowers of an intense purple. Charcoal deepens the tints of dahls, hyacinths and petunias. Carbonate of soda reddens hyacinths and phosphate of soda changes in many ways the hues of certain plants.

A town in Massachusetts is the proud possessor of a cat that picks up pins and puts them into a paper, whenever she finds one. After getting a hundred, she exchanges them for meat at the butcher's. The likelihood of this tale is its chief beauty. One can't help believing it.

The publisher of the *National Live Stock Journal* in Chicago has been sued for libeling a cow. That journal published an article discrediting the pedigree of the cow Fannie Forrester, and charging the owners of the animal with discreditable transactions, for all of which \$20,000 damages are claimed.

The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* publishes the following epitaph from a tombstone in a neighboring cemetery: "The unquenchable patriotism of New England is illustrated by the meter, the words being written to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle!'"

"Kate Peacock is my name, Wolcottville my station, Limerick was my place of birth, And heaven my destination."

A Yale professor has a conundrum for somebody to solve. The other day a student was absent from recitation (and by a sad mistake handed in two excuses therefor. One said that serious illness detained him in his room; the other asserted that he was a member of a sailing party which had been becalmed in the bay until recitation was passed. Both facts are duly attested, but the professor is nevertheless puzzled.