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I've Been Thinking.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their own business
more.

And mind their neighbor's less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mind our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend,
It may be so with others;
'T would be strange, if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity,
For every man and woman;
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know "to err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

Miscellaneous.

The Story of the Salad King.

Among the refugees who, at the time of the first French revolution, sought an asylum in foreign countries, there was a young nobleman from the South of France, named Henri d'Albignac. He had been left an orphan at an early age, and his only inheritance was a little domain that, under the most favorable circumstances, yielded him a yearly income of perhaps two thousand francs, which was little more than he required for his current expenses.

When, therefore, one dark, rainy day, he arrived at London, the sum total of his ready money, amounted to little more than five thousand francs. With this sum, small as it was, had he any knowledge of trade, or a thorough education, he might have earned at least a modest livelihood; but he had received only a common-school education, and as for his knowledge of agriculture, it was very inferior to the English farmer of the time. Besides, he was accustomed to lead an easy life, and had luxurious habits; it was no wonder, therefore, that before the end of the year, his funds were exhausted.

One morning, as he sat in no pleasant frame of mind, thinking over his condition, his landlord, an avaricious huckster, who even surpassed the majority of his uneducated countrymen in incivility, entered the room. At first he glanced inquisitively about the apartment, and then he fixed his eye upon his lodger with a disdainful smile, nodding three or four times significantly as he said:

"It's plain enough to be seen, M. d'Albignac, that your affairs are in a pretty bad fix, and, if I might be allowed a word concerning them, I should say they will not be better till you make up your mind to put your shoulder earnestly to the wheel."

"I doubt whether that would improve them much," replied the young Frenchman; "I know of nothing that would materially better my condition but one or two hundred pounds sterling."

"Just so. Money is what you need. That I know very well," returned the huckster, "and as for working, you feel yourself above it, while you have not wit enough to make money in your own way."

"Sir," cried the young nobleman, "have you come here to insult me?"

"Come, come," replied Cornhill, "there is no need of crying out so loud; it will not help matters any. Do you know that you already owe me five pounds?"

"You will get your money," replied Henri; "I have thus far in life always paid all just claims against me, and you are one of the last persons whom I should think of honoring by remaining their debtor."

"I shall be very glad; but when does your honor think I can touch the money?"

"As soon as my affairs are in a better condition," said d'Albignac, modestly.

"And till then you propose to continue on increasing your debt, I suppose?" replied the huckster.

"No, no, to that I cannot consent." "I think the best thing I can do is to leave your house at once," said d'Albignac, springing to his feet and seizing his hat; "there are other people in the world besides you, and better ones, too, I trust."

"Tut! tut! sit down again and let us talk like two sensible men," remonstrated the huckster. "You shall see that I mean well with you."

Curious to know in what way his landlord's interest in him would manifest itself, Henri sat down and looked him full in the face.

"I need a trustworthy man to drive round and serve my customers with vegetables," Cornhill began. "Will you be that man?"

"Will I—what! are you mad?" cried d'Albignac, in doubt whether he heard aright.

"What else can you do? Nothing, that I can see," replied the huckster, shrugging his shoulders. "Think it over—I will give you till to-morrow evening to consider. If you refuse you need expect nothing more from me. And what will you do then, in this big city, without friends and without means. Heaven only knows! Besides I shall expect you to pay me before you leave my house."

With these words he left the room. Henri remained for a while, seated at the window, considering what course to pursue in his extremity; then he rose and went to a restaurant, where he was in the habit of getting his dinner. Arrived there he took a seat at a table at which two elegantly dressed gentlemen were already seated, and ordered some roast beef and a salad, which was all that the few small coins which still remained to him would pay for. The beef he found entirely to his liking; the salad, on the contrary, he pushed aside as absolutely unfit to be eaten.

Meantime, three more fashionable young men of the world had seated themselves at the table. They smiled as he pushed the salad aside, and nodded aside as he said:

"What an abominable mess they give you here under the name of salad! With us, in France, a salad is a very different sort of thing."

"Then, you are a Frenchman, sir?" asked one of the gentlemen, in a courtly tone. "Is it true that your countrymen are the adepts I have heard they are in the dressing of salads?"

"That is one of the arts in which they are certainly proficient," replied the Frenchman.

"But the secret is, of course, not known to everyone; it is probably only in the hands of professional cooks and epicures?"

"Not at all," replied Henri; "every child with us knows how to dress a salad fit for a king. True, our *petit cresson* is a very different sort of vegetable from the bitter lettuce that grows in England."

"I fear you do our gardeners injustice; the lettuce they raise is good enough, it only requires to be properly dressed."

The discussion was continued at some length, when one of the Englishmen turned to d'Albignac, and asked if he would not undertake to prepare a salad then and there after the French manner?

"Certainly! why not?" replied Henri; whereupon the waiter was called, and all the necessary ingredients were immediately ordered for the dressing of salad in the French style. Then the young nobleman went

to work, answering, meantime, the questions of the Englishmen with regard to his country and his impressions of theirs. And thus it came that he told his interlocutors his own story—that he was an *emigre*, had exhausted all his means, and was at a loss to know what to do or which way to turn.

In due time the salad was dressed, tasted, and pronounced superb. Indeed, one of the young Englishmen was so well pleased that he insisted on testifying his appreciation of the Frenchman's art by presenting him with a five pound bank note.

Henri very naturally objected at first to accept it, but the Englishman would listen to no excuses, and he was finally compelled to yield. At parting they took his address, and assured him that he would hear from them again.

D'Albignac returned his lodgings in a much better frame of mind than he had been for many days. His first step was to satisfy his importunate landlord with the five pounds that had so fortunately fallen into his hands; his second was to look for other quarters. The huckster was not a little chagrined to see his tenant leave him, but he made no effort to induce him to remain. "We shall see," he thought, "you will be glad to come back to me and accept my offer—*if not to-day or to-morrow, then later.* Return you are sure to, for what can you, friendless and moneyless, do in London?"

Henri found, in the same street, in the house of a weaver, a modest apartment that answered his purpose. He now began to look diligently about for some means of earning a livelihood, and thought no more of the salad adventure until he was reminded of it in a manner that, in his impoverished condition, was most agreeable.

Four or five days had elapsed, when one morning he received a note in which he was politely requested to do the writer the favor to come, on a certain day, at a specified hour, to one of the handsomest mansions in Grosvenor Square, in order that the guests at a large dinner party might profit by his skill in salad dressing.

Grosvenor Square in those days was the most fashionable part of London. Once favorably known in that neighborhood, and his fame could not fail to extend throughout the city. The young Frenchman had sufficient sagacity to see that his skill in dressing salads might be made to retrieve his fortunes; he therefore spent the time that intervened between the receipt of the note and the day on which he was to visit the Square in making some experiments, which finally resulted to his entire satisfaction.

He was punctual, and found the principal ingredients for the dish he was called in to prepare awaiting his arrival. In a little box which he carried with him he brought various condiments he deemed necessary to enable him to acquit himself in the best possible manner. He was entirely successful, and won the highest praise; but what gratified him most was the liberal recompense he received for his trouble, which strengthened his determination to reap whatever pecuniary advantage from his art he could.

Henri's hopes and expectations were more than realized. His second so-called Italian salad did much more toward making him known than he anticipated. In a very few days he received another invitation, or rather order; soon afterward another, and within a month it was not considered "the thing" at a table-dinner to offer one's guests a salad that had not been dressed by the young French nobleman.

turn in his affairs, d'Albignac paid a visit to his former landlord, who, as soon as he recovered from the surprise the young man's triumphant mien occasioned, asked in his brusque manner:

"Well, have you come to your senses at last? Have you decided to accept my proposal and peddle my vegetables for me?"

"No, I have not decided to peddle your vegetables for you, but to buy them," replied d'Albignac.

"Eh, what? have you lost your wits?" replied the astonished huckster.

"A madman would hardly come to you with so rational a proposition," returned the Frenchman, smiling.

"Then you are really in earnest?" "Ay, really in earnest. True, I have no use for all that grows in the gardens that supply you, but I will take a very considerable portion that is used in preparing the various kinds of salads—provided we can agree as to prices."

"Well, I have no objections," replied Cornhill. "A fair price and prompt payment is all I ask."

A few days later, the young nobleman provided himself with a light wagon in which in tubs, baskets and boxes, he could take with him a supply of the various ingredients that enter into the composition of the various kinds of salads. Thus provided, it was an easy matter for him to serve his patrons, and it was no wonder, that in time, he came to be known throughout London as the "Salad-king."

After some months he took a shop and dealt in everything used in his specialty, and by close attention to business, and taking advantage of every opportunity that offered, he acquired in a comparatively short time, a little fortune amounting to eighty thousand francs, with which he determined to return to France. Arrived in Paris, he invested sixty thousand francs in State securities, which at that time were selling considerably below par, and consequently paid him a handsome interest. With his remaining twenty thousand francs he purchased a small landed estate in Limousin, which still remains in possession of his family.

The story of D'Albignac is vouched for by the famous French epicure, Brillat-Savarin, who tells it in his "Physiology of Taste," and says he knew the "Salad-king" personally.—Translated for *Appleton's Journal*.

Love-Proverbs.

Roses and maidens soon lose their bloom.

Red is love's color, said the wooer to his fox-colored charmer.

Singers, lovers, and poets are privileged liars.

For love the wolf eats the sheep.

When there is no love all faults are seen.

Where love is there is great pain.—*Italian*.

Where love is, there the eye is.

Where there is not equality, there never can be perfect love.

A cat pent up becomes a lion.

It is better to have a husband without love than jealous.

In the war of love who flies conquers.

There is no love without jealousy.

Handsome is not what is handsome, but what pleases.

Love levels all inequalities.

Every man has a good wife and a bad trade.

As is the lover so is the beloved.

A lover's anger is short-lived.

It is all one whether you die of sickness or of love.—*Italian*.

A loving man, a jealous man.

Faint heart never won fair lady.

Man loves but once.—*German*.

Jealousy is pain which eagerly seeks what causes pain.

One hair of a woman draws more than a bell-rope.

A woman strong in frowns is weak in the head.—*German*.

Gluck und die Weiber haben die Navren lieb.

Yedes weib will lieber an der al-

Cold hand, a warm heart.

Maidens say no and mean yes.

Man without woman is head without body. Woman without man is body without a head.

Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.

Hot love is soon cold.

Love of lads and fire of chips are soon out.

Lovers live by love.

Follow love and it will flee; flee love and it will follow thee.

The love of a woman and a bottle of wine are sweet for a season, but last for a time.

All's fair in love or war.

Whom we love best, to them we can say least.

Old postage is sooner heated than newmade.

Love, money, and wine have their virtue and their bane.

Aime et savor n'ont pas le meme maniere.—To love and to be wise are two different things.

In men every mortal sin is venial; in woman every venial sin is mortal.

True love never grows old.—*Italian*.

Absence is a foe to love.

Out of sight, out of mind.

A beautiful woman, smiling, bespeaks a purse weeping.

He loves well who does not forget.

Beatta collei che di vecchio pazzo's innamora.

Who loves, believes.

Who loves the tree loves the branch.

Who loves well chastises well.

Who loves, fears.

She who is born a beauty is born betrothed.

He who cannot revenge himself is weak; he who will not is contemptible.

He who takes a woman at her word may say he holds nothing.

Counsel is nothing against love.

He that hath love in his breast bath spurs in his sides.

Love, a cough, smoke, and money cannot long be hid.

Love and poverty are hard to conceal.

Love and faith are seen in works.

Love and lordship like no fellowship.

Love begins at home.

Love me, love my dog.

Love demands faith, and faith firmness.

Love does much and money everything.—*English*.

Love does wonders, but money makes marriage.—*French*.

Love expels jealousy.

Love, grief, and money cannot be kept secret.

Love is an excuse for its own faults.

Love is blind.—*English*.

Love is blind, but sees afar.—*Italian*.

Love knows not labor.

Love is master of all arts.

Love is the true price at which love is bought.

William Wheelwright, late of Newburyport, Mass., is to be numbered among the good New Englanders who in lifetime were thoughtful for the good of those to come after them. Two months of his estate he devised for the purpose of founding a scientific college in Newburyport. It is tolerably certain that about \$100,000 will be realized for that object, and possibly more.