

The Albany Register.

ALBANY, OREGON, APRIL 14, 1870.

NO. 30.



VOLUME VIII.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL E. YOUNG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
THRESHERS,
REAPERS & MOWERS,
WAGONS, PLOWS,
SEED DRILLS,
BROADCAST SEED**

SOWERS, ETC.

First street, Albany, Oregon.
Terms: Cash.

St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON,

Mathews & Morrison,
PROPRIETORS.

House newly furnished throughout. The best market rates always on the table. Free coach to and from the House.

P. C. HARPER & CO.,

Dry Goods,

**DRY GOODS,
Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries,
Fancy Goods, Notions, Shotguns
and Pistols, Nails, Rope, Mirrors,
Wallpaper, Wood and Willow
Ware, Trunks and Valises,
Spectacles &c., &c.**

Sold very low for cash, or on prompt paying customers on time.

Raising and Moving Buildings.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED BEG LEAVE to announce to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country, that having supplied ourselves with the necessary machinery for raising and moving buildings, we are ready at all times to receive orders for such work, which we will do in short order at lowest rates. We guarantee entire satisfaction in all work under taken by us. Apply to
HASTY, ALLEN & CO.,
Albany, Or., April 22, 1870.

O. S. S. CO.



NOTICE.

FROM AND AFTER DATE, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, freight from

PORTLAND TO ALBANY

WILL BE

ONE DOLLAR PER TON

All down freight will be delivered at PORTLAND or ASTORIA.

Free of Drayage and Wharfage.

At Reduced Rates.

Boats will leave ALBANY for CORVALLIS or PORTLAND

Every Day.

For further particulars, apply to

DEAN & MONTAGUE,
Albany, Nov. 21, 1862.

DEAN & MONTAGUE, BROKERS.

MONTAGUE & McALLEY,

ARE NOW OPENING A MAGNIFICENT

stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

selected with care, and bought for coin at

scandalously low figures

and as we bought low we can and will sell them

at prices that will

Astonish Everybody.

Come and see our selections of

Japanese Goods,

Brass Goods,

China Goods,

Porcelain,

Paints,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

Books,

Stationery,

WE COME AND GO.

If you or I

Today should die,

The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;

The vernal spring

Her flowers would bring,

And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead,

Would then be said,

The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,

The cattle low,

And summer go,

And few would heed us pass away,

How soon we pass?

How few, alas!

Remember those who turn to mold!

Whose faces fade

With autumn's shade,

Remember those who turn to mold!

Yes, it is so,

We come and go—

They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;

A day or more,

The winter o'er,

Another takes our place instead.

The Difficulty in Rhyming.

We parted by the gate in June,

That soft and balmy month,

Beneath the sweetly beaming moon.

And with a—wunt—hunt—sunt—

Can't find a rhyme for month.

Years were to pass ere we should meet,

A wide and yawning gulf

Divides me from my love so sweet.

My anguish I could not command,

And sadly with an—ill—self—dull—

I plunge these in the gulf.

Ah! how I dreaded in my soul

To leave my lovely nymph,

While years should their long seasons roll

Before my—lyam—dympl—ymph—

Alas! my loving nymph.

Oh! I had loved her many years;

I loved her for her tender tears,

And also for her—shelt—delt—self—

Must I make it go to self?

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,

While tears did fast escape;

My anguish I could not command,

And feeling like a—tape—cape—ape—

Ab! must I make it ape?

I gave her a last fond adieu,

Sweet pupil of love's school;

I told her I would e'er be true,

And ever be a—rule—mule—fool—

Best wind up on the fool.

Dana has been rejected. Probable

vote, 17 for to 36 against. Next.

W. C. Griswold, of Marion county,

pays \$834, taxes on property in that

county.

An old negro in Clark township,

Lincoln county, Mo., has two fox hounds

that have, up to the present time this

winter, caught 17 foxes and 18 coons.

The tobacco crop in Cuba is said to

be a failure this year, but the news is

not necessarily alarming to smokers of

Reina Victoria Lancaster county,

Pennsylvania, promises the usual crop.

Joseph Mishon of Williamsport was

102 years old on the 8th ult. He is not

going to the Centennial on foot, but

proposes to take a Pullman palace car

if his neighbors will subscribe the funds.

Urial Finn, whoever he may be, pre-

dicts the world's destruction this year,

in a recent number of the New York

Herald. There will be no postponement

on account of the Centennial Ex-

hibition.

The Chicago Times suggests that

among the products of a hundred years

of self-government, there should be ex-

hibited at the Centennial circus in Phila-

delphia at least a dozen or two eminent

public plunderers.

The Pekin Gazette is the oldest news-

paper in the world, being over a thou-

sand years old. It is a 10-page paper,

with a yellow cover; has no stories no

"ads," no marriage or death notices, no

editorials, no subscribers. It simply

contains the official notices of the Gov-

ernment.

The Cobden Club, of London, have

established at Cambridge University

an annual prize, of \$100, called the

Cobden prize, to be awarded to some

member of the university of not more

than three years standing from the first

degree who shall write the best essay

on some subject connected with political

economy.

LOVE AND WEALTH.—Edward Traf-

ford is a wealthy young Englishman

who for the past three years has kept

Denver in gossip. He bought a ranche

up in the mountains and furnished the

house with rich upholstery, expensive

paintings and an \$800 piano; and when

the novelty of the thing had worn off,

abandoned it to his stock-tender. Then

he started a variety show, and lost some

money there; he then fell in love with

Emma Dunning, sister of Mrs. Langard,

gave the troupe a grand farewell ban-

quet and followed the Langards to San

Francisco; and just as they were about

to sail for Australia, married Miss Dun-

ning and took her back to Denver.

A New Haven dispatch has it that

Babcock offered to secure the contract

for a proposed iron bridge across the

Potomac several years ago, for a citizen

of that city, in consideration that

\$200,000, paid down. The government

appropriated \$1,000,000 for the purpose

but the whole thing afterwards fell

through.

Wade Hampton Bolton, of Tennessee,

died recently, and his will contained

the following provision: "I give and

bequeath to the widow and children of

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson,

known as Stonewall Jackson, who fell

at the battle of Chancellorsville, Vir-

ginia, \$10,000, as history tells me his

widow's furniture was sold after his

death for debt."

Pittsburgh has developed a ring of

no mean pretensions for so small a city.

Water works there, which were estimat-

ed to cost \$2,294,478, have already

absorbed nearly five millions, and two

millions more are demanded. It is a

remarkable fact, too, that all the large

cities are plundered outrageously by

rings under the pretence of erecting water

works.

An Incident of the War.

On the 12th day of June, 1863, I

witnessed a duel between a Capt. Jones,

commanding a federal scout, and Capt.

Fry, commanding a rebel scout, in

Green county, East Tennessee. These

two men had been fighting each other

for six months, with the fortunes of

battle in favor of one and then the other.

Their commands were camped on either

side of Lick Creek, a large and sluggish

stream, too deep to ford and too shal-

low for a ferry boat; but there a bridge

spanned the stream for the convenience

of the traveling public. Each of them

guarded this bridge, that communica-

tion should go neither north or south,

as the railroad track had been broken

up months before. After fighting each

other for several months, and contesting

the point as to which should hold the

bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the

conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed

for the time being. Jones gave the

challenge, and Fry accepted. The terms

were that they should fight with navy

pistols at twenty yards apart, delib-

erately walking towards each other, and

firing until the last chamber of their

pistols was discharged, unless one or

the other fell before all the discharges

were made. They chose their seconds,

and agreed upon a rebel surgeon (as he

was the only one in either command)

to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine looking

fellow, with light hair and blue eyes,

five feet ten inches in height, looking

every inch the military chieftain. He

was a man that soldiers would admire

and ladies regard with admiration. I

never saw a man more cool, determined

and heroic under such circumstances. I

have read of the deeds of chivalry

and knighterrantry in the middle ages,

and of brave men embalm'd in modern

poetry; but, when I saw this man Jones

come to the duelist's scratch, fighting,

not for real or supposed wrongs to him-

self, but, as he honestly thought, for

his country and the glory of the flag, I

could not help admiring the man, not-

withstanding he fought for the freedom

of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full six feet high,

slender, with long, wavy, curling hair,

jet black eyes, wearing a slouch hat

and gray suit, and looking rather the demon

than the man. There was nothing hero-

ic about him; but he had that self-

sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will

kill you." Without a doubt he was

brave, cool and collected, and, although

suffering from a terrible