

**Albany Register.**

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

ALBANY, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1876.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

**R. B. HAYES.**

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

**W. A. WHEELER.**

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS,

**HON. R. WILLIAMS,**  
of Multnomah county.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS,

W. H. ODELL, of Lane county.  
J. W. WATTS, of Yamhill county.  
J. C. CARTWRIGHT, of Wasco county.

**OUR NEW YORK LETTER.**

THE CENTENNIAL—EXTRAVAGANCE—  
THE OTHER SIDE—POLITICAL—THE  
STEWART ESTATE—THE DULL SEASON  
—THE MUSTANG RACE.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1876.

OPINIONS ON THE CENTENNIAL.

As Decoration Day was appointed for the opening of the Banker's Building, at the Exhibition in Philadelphia, the directors of most of the large banks gave their clerks a holiday for forty-eight hours, and paid their expenses to the Centennial. This was a treat to men who are tied down to the desk the year round, and about 200 of the gayest men rode off in the bright morning with their wives and sweethearts, to Jo the exhibition. Brown Brothers, one of the largest banking firms in the city, gave each of their married employees \$50, and the single ones \$25, so that all might have a taste of the pleasure. Another firm provided a drawing-room car for their employees. Such liberal dealings characterize firms of standing, who keep their trusted clerks for years, till their customers know the very peculiarities of their hand-writing and fold of the letters, and would hardly recognize correspondence coming in any other way.

But the Centennial did not seem to impress all its visitors in an extremely favorable way. One of the young men went in this excursion expressed himself without reserve on his return as to the value of the Exhibition, and his remarks are given for what they are worth.

"See it all!" he broke out in answer to a question, "I saw it all in six hours. Went through all the buildings, took two lunches, and was back in New York the next morning. In my opinion, the Centennial is the biggest F-r-o-d ever perpetrated on an unsuspecting people. There is hardly a thing to be seen that one can't find in the Broadway shop-windows. There is an enormous display of fine dress goods and furniture, nothing better than we see every day. There isn't \$50,000 worth of jewelry in the whole exhibition, and not more than 2,000 pictures. The machinery is wonderful, and the buildings are large and showy. The Women's Pavilion is nearly as large as any of them, and was full of bric-a-brac, which my lady friend with me said was rather cheaply done." And he expressed in other language that he didn't want any more Centennial in his. This is only an opinion, and, as Josh Billings says, opinions are like other vegetables, worth only what they will fetch, but it may console the few who are prevented from seeing the Centennial to know that they have not lost all there is in the world by not going.

But, notwithstanding the adverse opinion of these bank clerks, I say the Centennial is a big thing; and one which everybody ought to see. There are art pictures in plenty, and the best in the world; there is statuary; there is machinery; there are goods from every country in the world, and there is everything that can delight and instruct. It is precisely what was intended—an exhibition of the world's progress; and whoever does not see it misses an extremely good thing. But don't let it cost you too much. There are not enough people in Philadelphia to stock the boarding-houses, by a long way; and there are rooms for an hundred thousand more than are there now, or will be there at any time. Pay no high prices. Stop by the day till you get what you want at the price you want, and then settle down quietly to see what is to be seen. The hotels and boarding-houses are more anxious to have you than you are to have them. There has not been that rush that was expected, nor will there be. Six months is a long time; and it will spread out the exhibition tolerably thin, so far as people in attendance is concerned. There is no necessity for paying exorbitant prices. One can live in Philadelphia this summer as cheaply as in any other city, if one knows how. The secret is: wait. Go till you find what you want and don't be frightened by any reports of crowds. There is no such thing. There are more rooms than people, and there will be to the end of the exhibition. But go, by all means. It is worth the going ten thousand miles to see.

METROPOLITAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is money in the country some where, or people could not afford such indulgences as are offered by our metropolitan shops of luxury. At a fashionable furnishing-house, where the designs are always in the best of taste, I was shown some of the new fashions for decorating houses. The heavy hand-woven Japanese brocades, in rich subdued colors, made of raw silk, mixed with gold, were certainly very handsome for chair coverings, and looked as if they might be a joy forever, like all truly beautiful things. They were of ordinary width, but when the attendant mentioned the price—only fifteen dollars a yard—awe took possession of my soul. "How much would the quantity sufficient for upholstering a set of furniture cost?" I ventured to inquire. "From one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars," was the answer. And I didn't ask any more questions. But when the dealer went on to show a satin, figured with gold embroidery, at \$15 a yard, with which he was to cover the walls of a large room in place of wall-paper, and I thought of the country suffering from stagnation of business, and grew sick. This is no exaggeration, and no more are some different facts with which I am going to contrast this.

SHADOWS OF CITY LIFE.

At a desk in the room where this letter is written, sits one of the best stock actors in the city, who two months ago was receiving a salary of \$60 a week, with steady employment for the summer. In an evil hour, in hopes of making a big success, he was persuaded to give it up and go "in a star part," as it is called, in the country, at a much larger salary, to be sure, but still on a venture. It was not a foolish thing to do, in fact his friends congratulated him when they heard of it, that he had a chance to distinguish himself, and make a reputation like Mulberry Sellers, which would make him rich for life.

But the play proved not a success as was anticipated, and the man was left out of employment, with a family on his hands, and not a stroke of work to be had. The companies are all full for the season, and the poor man sits there within reach, penniless, living on one meal a day, of bread and water, supplied through the chance gift of friends, light-headed with faintness, and unable to keep his children from hunger. Farmers, who gather your families round a plentiful table daily, if it is ever so plain, consider yourselves fortunate.

POLITICAL.

Governor Tilden's friends are in hot water. About five hundred papers, Democratic of course, in the West and South, received an offer from an advertising agency in this city, to publish as "quoted matter," five notices urging Tilden for the Presidency. The papers receiving them who were opposed to the Governor, immediately raised the howl that he was attempting to subsidize the press, and a pretty little row it raised. The anti-Tilden papers took it up venomously, and charged the old fox with all sorts of corruption and fraud, laying particular stress upon the fact that the advertising agents who sent out the proposition were Republicans, and wanting to know what Democrats had to do with Democratic nominations. Now the facts are these: Bates & Locke, 34 Park Row, New York, are advertising agents. Their business is to place advertising in newspapers for whosoever desires it, for which they get a commission from the newspapers. They advertise, just as a shoemaker makes shoes, for whoever comes to them—Jew, Gentile, Christian or Pagan.

It happened one morning that a customer of theirs who is a democrat, came into their office, and wanted five notices offered to five hundred papers, urging the nomination of the Governor. They did it, just as they would have sent out five notices of a piano, or sewing machine. Probably Gov. Tilden knew nothing about it. Probably it was the tribute a friend wished to pay him. But be that as it may, the people opposed to him have made a terrible howl about it, and it has made more talk than any one incident of the campaign.

THE STEWART ESTATE.

My advice is don't get rich. I never will, for it isn't safe. One never knows what is to come of his money after he is gone. Alexander T. Stewart died worth forty millions; and he disposed of it all, as well as it could be done, before he died. But now comes a dozen or more of people who claim that they are cousins of the old man; and they insist that the will by which he disposed of his property was forced out of him by his wife and Judge Hilton; and, in short, that they are entitled to their share as relatives. And they have employed lawyers, and have commenced suit to break the will; and there is a prospect ahead for lively business. The probability is that others will get their fingers in this very rich pie before it is done with. It is stated that he has relatives which he never publicly acknowledged; and that they and their friends are also after their share of the dead merchant's money. He never had any children, and cousins—first, second and third—are springing up all over the world; and if the will of the dead merchant can be broken, there is enough to make them all comfortable. Lawyers have been found to take hold of it on speculation, for they

have a double chance. It is probable that Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton will pay very handsomely to buy them off, for they had better pay than submit to the annoyance of legal worry. The lawyers will get handsome pickings. The claimants may, or may not, get something. But one thing is tolerably certain: the estate will be shorn materially. The old man fought, struggled and worried all his life to have a score of people, of whose existence he was ignorant, pulling his bones out of his grave and fighting over them like so many hyenas. Such is life.

THE DULL SEASON.

It is not too much to say that the social state of the city resembles that of a mining town in the Sierras. The clubs are well nigh deserted, and business is—where, nobody knows. People are going or gone to the country; they went before May-day, indeed, and the newer and cheaper the place that receives them the better. Families are fond of finding new country places that nobody in town knows of but themselves, and the season after they will be heard pluming themselves on discovering a haunt with all the advantages a country place was ever known to possess. The weather is delightful in New-York, in pity to those who can't get away. But folks are not going to theatres, or to clubs or gatherings as they used to in the good old war days, which a few are beginning to look back to, when, if prices were high, there was a dollar and a half in a man's pocket to pay them with.

There is no dollar and a half now that is in reach of anyone. There is no buying or selling, there is nothing doing in property, and everything is as bad as it can be. The West is prosperous, but it does not seem to affect the Eastern cities at all. There are a great many people in town, going and coming from the Centennial, but they are not here to trade. They leave no money in the city and the public shop-keepers are in despair. They had hopes of the Centennial, and now that that has failed them they feel that the bottom has dropped out for certain.

THE MUSTANG RACE.

Parker, the California rider, made another attempt to ride 305 miles in fifteen hours, and failed. It was a very pretty game, so the betting men think now. He failed to do it on his first trial, but sporting men who bet upon him believed that he could do it, and that he failed purposely to get bets on a second attempt, and, therefore, they backed him more freely than before. As he failed this time they believe he and his mustangs to be frauds, and that they have been nicely taken in and done for. They were betting on another man's game, and have lost all around. Parker was taken off his horse stone blind, but he recovered his sight an hour afterward. Probably his eyes are good enough this morning to count his winnings. There are a great many men in New York this morning who swear they will never bet on a horse-race again. PIETRO.

Joshua G. Leland, a prominent resident of Ann Arbor, Mich., died a few days ago from the effects of the bite of a rat. He attempted to kill a rat, when it bit him on the hand. Some time after the hand and arm commenced swelling, and continued to swell till they reached an enormous size. Death resulted in about a week.

He who leaves but one cat to grow where two cats were before, is a public benefactor, and deserves the blessings of the community.

**BOYLE, Boot and Shoe Maker, 3d door east of Harper's warehouse, is always on hand to do work at reasonable rates, neat and nice.**

**N. T. MOORE,**  
House and Sign Painter,  
ALBANY, OREGON.

**GRAINING, PAPERHANGING, CALCUMINATING, Glazing, &c.** In all the departments of 25 years in the business in the East. I can safely guarantee satisfactory work to all. Shop on First street, next door east of Clark & Wyatt. DAVID MORGAN.

**NEW BANK.**  
**Opposition is the Life of Trade**

**DAVE MORGAN** has opened an office in the rear of the Post Office, on Broadalbin St., where he will keep on hand for sale Lime, Plaster, Cement, and "Sand Banks," of best qualities, at lowest rates. **DAVID MORGAN.** Albany, March 17, 76-20103

**PROMPT Delivery, at Living Rates.**

HAVING bought out the delivery business of Mr. Lewis Stinson, I beg leave to announce to the citizens and business men of Albany, that I have on the streets an express and job wagon and will be happy to serve all who may give me a call. All orders will be promptly attended to at reasonable rates. Orders may be left at the Drug Store of Bell & Parker. **VIRGIL PARKER.**

**EVERYBODY BUYS THEM.**

HAVING JUST RECEIVED A LARGE SHIPMENT of the celebrated new style Combined Drill and Broadcast.

**STATESMAN GRAIN DRILL,**

direct from the factory, am now offering extra inducements to the farmers of Oregon. Most of the best farmers in the State are now using them. Saving seed and an increased yield of grain is the result of using.

**Drill or Broadcast Seeder.**

The STATESMAN GRAIN DRILL has been greatly improved for this year. Waterworks at my Blacksmith Shop, corner of Second and Ellsworth streets, Albany, Oregon.

**FRANK WOOD.**  
March 21, 1876-28

**Lebanon Hotel,**  
**S. H. CLAUGHTON, PROP'R.,**  
LEBANON, OREGON.

HOUSE newly furnished throughout. The best markets afforded always on the table. The postoffice is next door to this House, from which the stage leaves for Albany at 7 o'clock A. M. and returns at 6 o'clock P. M. Conveyances provided for parties wishing to visit the Soda Springs. Library and reading room, with choice reading matter, for the guests of the house. apr30/76

**Barber Shop!**

**L. B. ROYAL**  
HAS OPENED a Barber Shop on First street one door west of Thompson & Irving's harness shop, where he will be pleased to meet all who wish work in his line. Thankful for past patronage, he hopes by close attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of **Perfumery and Hair Oils,** the best assortment in town. Come and see me. Albany, Or., February 25, 1876-28/8

**NOTICE.**  
THE co-partnership heretofore existing between S. Merrill and L. M. Putman, was by mutual consent dissolved, March 16th, 1876. E. S. Merrill having sold his interest to Jesse Merrill. The firm will now be known as Putman & Co., who will continue business at the old stand. The accounts of the old firm will be settled by Mr. Putman, and all those indebted to Merrill & Putman are earnestly requested to call and settle without delay. **E. S. MERRILL,**  
**L. M. PUTMAN.**  
Albany, April 21, 1876-42/3L

**DISSOLUTION NOTICE.**

**NOTICE** is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between John Foster and James H. Foster, under the firm name of J. H. Foster & Co., has this day been dissolved by the mutual consent of said parties, John Foster retiring from the business. James H. Foster will continue the business heretofore carried on by said J. H. Foster & Co., and all debts due claims or demands of any person or persons against J. H. Foster & Co. will be paid and settled by the said James H. Foster, and all moneys, dues, claims, debts or demands due or owing from any person or persons, or to become due or owing to said J. H. Foster & Co., have been sold and assigned to said James H. Foster, who will collect and receipt for the same. **J. H. FOSTER,**  
**JOHN FOSTER.**  
April 29, 1876. Parties knowing themselves indebted, must pay up without delay.

**For Sale!**  
**A Large Body of Rich Land for Sale Cheap.**

**980 ACRES OF LAND IN LINN COUNTY,** 500 acres in cultivation—every acre susceptible of cultivation—well watered. Has a good house, barn, and outhouses thereon—all under fence, and lying within 2 miles of a railroad station. All good grain land. The entire tract will be sold cheap. Inquire of **S. A. JOHNS,** Albany, Oregon. Aug 29/74-18/7