The Albany Register.

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This has been a singularly lucky year for Governors. The Governors of New York and Ohio have been nominated for President, the Governor of Indiana has been nominated for Vice President, and, luckiest dog of all, the Governor of Pennsylvania has just buried his mother-in-law.

Dom Pedro—may his tribe increase as that of Abou Ben Adhem—visited Mount Vernon. He planted a tree near the tomb of Washington and standing before its gateway, threw a handful of Wild flowers onto the sarcophagi beyond. We shall have to amend the Constitution and run that man for President yet.

"Do you love me, dear?" asked a certain young lady of her suitor. "Do I love you? well that's a funny question," replied the young man, "do you think I am fool enough to hang around over this gate when I know there is a twelve inch boot waiting for me, if I didn't love you? Never."

Pacific Slopers.

Dr. Gerron, who once flourished at Philomath, Benton county, is inquired for by his step-daughter, Mrs. Rose A. Adams, of Clarida, Page county, Iowa. His family is destitute.

Henry Rosenbrook, who has been in jail for the murder of McMellen, in Curry county, was released last week on $8,000 bail. His bondsmen reside in Roseburg where Rosenbrook is well acquainted.

The Owyhee *Avalanche* says: Great hopes are entertained from the crushing of the Mahogany rock, now in progress at the Leonard mill. There are over 150 tons, and it is believed that the yield will proportionately show up better in bullion than any previous crushing.

At the celebration held at Hillsboro on the 4th day of July, 1876, a resolution was passed directing H. B. Morgan, chairman, to appoint a committee of two from each precinct in Washington county, Oregon, to make arrangements for a celebration to be held at Hillsboro on the Fourth of July, A. D. 1877.

The one hundredth anniversary of our American Independence was duly and appropriately celebrated on the Siletz reservation. The Indians, as well as the whites, seemed to be full of the spirit of '76, and all appeared to enjoy the occasion hugely.

The Forest Grove people are excited about a petition for a road to the station. A petition and remonstrance have been numerously signed and filed. Some want a straight road through the new ground and others want it to follow the old county road where it is solid and hard.

In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting held on the Hillsboro park, July 4th, Hon. T. R. Cornelius, Hon. T. D. Humphreys, Rev. J. S. Griffin, Dr. Wm. Geiger and Ira E. Purdin, Jr., have been appointed a committee to prepare a history of Washington county, Oregon, for publication.

To pick the hops of the Puyallup valley this season, not less than one thousand hands will be required and that is the great difficulty to be experienced in the production. Picking begins about the middle of September, lasts two weeks, and cannot be postponed any more than the cutting of hay or grain, when ripe.

The Christian churches of Washington county have made arrangements to have a county co-operation campmeeting on the Hillsboro park grounds, commencing on Friday and continuing over the fifth Sabbath of July, 1876. Rev. G. W. Richardson and Prof. T. F. Campbell will be on hand to minister to the occasion, besides other good speakers.

The Yamhill *Reporter* says: "There is a move on foot in this part of the county to create a joint stock company for the purpose of putting a steamboat on the Yamhill river. The company is to be composed of all classes of men, who find it necessary to provide some means of protection against the oppressions of our transportation monopolies. Freight to McMinville is $6 per ton now, instead of $3, the former price. Time something was done."

A gentleman who has just returned from a two or three day's trip through portions of Marion and Clackamas counties, reports to the *Mercury* that crops are generally looking well. He thinks the yield this season will be fully up to the average if not above it judging from present indications. Some tall grain and meadows had been tangled by the late rains, but none so seriously fallen but that it will come on all right with a few days' sunshine.

The Washington *Independent* says: Gaston's big ditch on Wapato lake is now so far completed as to take the raging Tualatin in a straight line across the bottoms on its new route, and thus relieving the lake of the back water at its outlet. The lake is now fast emptying itself, in fact the bottom is literally knocked out of it. The ditch is one mile and a half in length, forty feet wide, ten feet deep in some places, and being cut through heavy ash timber nearly all the way, expense has been large, and the outlay of coast has been quite a help to the circulating medium of the neighborhood. The ditch is considered a success.

The *Avalanche* has still great hope for the future of War Eagle mountain. It says: Her mines to-day, if honestly worked, will be found to be as productive as the richest of any section of the Pacific coast. Let the gentlemen who invest capital in their development see to it, and it is certainly for their interest to do so, that their mines are controlled by competent superintendents and worked economically, and faithfully in addition, and they will find that their investments will be more than certain to be attended with the most profitable results.

Seattle cast over 600 votes at her recent municipal election.

This from the Coos Bay *News*, of July 12th: "Mrs. E. P. Phillips, a woman of rather an unenviable reputation attempted to play the roll of Laura D. Faire, in Empire City, last Friday, one of our prominent citizens taking the other leading part in the play. Mrs. P. stepped up to her intended victim and lovingly placed the muzzle of an improved Smith & Wesson against his head and fired, but he gently moved his head to one side and permitted the ball to pass under his chin, and escaped with his face and neck slightly burned with powder; when he, thinking he was shot, immediately went to his house where she followed him, and shot at him twice more, he striking the revolver with a cane at the last shot which turned the muzzle so as to shoot off the third finger of her left hand; about this time the gentleman's wife came upon the scene and proved her poor marksmanship by a harmless shot in the direction of Mrs. Phillips. And thus ends the fourth act in the tragedy, first, second and third not given.

The *Democrat* says: "Never since Benton county has been the home of the white man has the prospect of a larger grain crop been more flattering than at this time. Our farmers exerted themselves to sow as unusually large area to wheat and oats, continuing the sowing of grain, in many cases, until so late that to most people it seemed a mere waste of seed and labor, but the result shows that their trust in the climate of Oregon was not misplaced. The late rains of spring and the magnificent showers of this week, have placed beyond a doubt the fact that this late sown grain will yield an immense crop. Oats, which have this season been much more valuable than wheat, promises an enormous yield. The hay crop, which is now much of it cut and taken care of, is perhaps the largest ever cut in this part of Oregon. Altogether, this promises to be a year of great plenty in this part of the world, and should prices rule fairly well or high very flush times may be anticipated."

The *Intelligencer* says: "Five shares of stock in the Seattle and Walla Walla railroad Co. were sold recently at auction, by the administrator of Mrs. Gillam's estate, and brought $60, or 8¼ per cent. The secretary of the company assures us that if the assets of the company were sold at auction to-day, and the proceeds divided *pro rata* among the share-holders, the purchaser would be certain to make at least 100 per cent. on his investment."

The new barkentine built at Bryant's yard in Bell town, by Capt. Gillman, has been finished up in good style and painted, and was launched on Thursday. The keel was laid some time last fall. She is the largest vessel, thus far, that has been constructed in Seattle.

Renton Holms & Co., of Port Blakely Mills, have contracted for a complete set of gang-sawing machinery to be built in the East, the gang alone weighing 33 tons.

Blackbeard the Pirate of Colonial Days.

The career of Teach *alias* Blackbeard, says *All the Year Round* throws a curious light upon the manner in which his Majesty's colonies were then governed. Teach went into business at once, and having "cultivated a very good understanding" with Chas. Eden, Esq, the Governor of North Carolina—with an excellent prospect of success. His friend, the Governor, made no scruple of convening a Court of Vice-Admiralty at Bath Town, which condemned his captures as lawful prizes, although he never held a commision in his life. "These proceedings," adds his biographer, "show that Governors are but men." Blackbeard was a typical pirate, possessed with a mania for getting married. His friend, the Governor, after the manner of the plantation, married him to his fourteenth wife—a young creature of sixteen—whom he treated scandalously. It is not on record that Blackbeard like Bluebeard, slew his wives. On the contrary, he had, at the period referred to, about a dozen living in various places. Obviously he was a man of domestic instincts, modified by a roving life, and liked to have sombody to welcome him home wherever he was. His cognomen of Blackbeard was derived from "that large quantity of hair which like a frightful meteor, covered his whole face and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared for a long time. This beard was black, which he suffered to grow to an extravagant length; as to breadth, it came up to his eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with ribbons in small tails after the manner of our Ramilies wigs and turn them about his ears; in time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three braces of pistols." This was the regular pirate fashion, and its use is obvious. In boarding, the pistol was the favorite weapon of the rovers, who always wore two or three braces in a silk sling, hung rather around the neck than over the shoulders. Armed thus, the freebooter was nearly as well off as if he possessed a revolver. He had only to cock and fire, drop one pistol and seize another ready to his hand, without the risk of losing his weapons. This reliance on the pistol was, doubtless, one reason of the success of the rovers in close fighting. To add terror to his appearance Blackbeard stuck "lighted matches under his hat, which, appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure that imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful." He was a frolicsome fellow, this Captain Teach, in his grim way. One day, being at sea, and being a little flushed with drink, he determined to make an inferno "of his own," an to that end went down into the hold, with two or three others, and having filled several pots full of brimstone, set them on fire, and was proud of having held out the longest against suffocation. Another evening, being in a pleasant mood, drinking and playing cards with a few choice kindred spirits, he blew out the light and crossing his hands under the table, fired his pistols, laming one man for life; and when asked the meaning of this said: "If he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was." One eyrie story of Blackbeard and his crew runs thus: "Once upon a cruise they found out that they had a man on board more than their crew; such a one was seen several days among them, sometimes below and sometimes on deck, yet no man in the ship could give an account of who he was or from whence he came; but that he disappeared a little before they were cast away in their great ship; but it seems they verily believed it was the devil." Like many other great bad men, Blackbeard did not improve upon acquaintance, and his friends the planters, at last got tired of his society. Redress from the Governor of North Carolina was hopeless, and the Governor of Virginia was applied to. This gentleman at once sent Lieut. Maynard, with a couple of sloops, to capture the pirate. A desperate fight ensued. After some very hard firing, Blackbeard, after hurling on the enemy some new-fashioned sort of grenades"—case-bottles, filled with powder and slugs—boarded him; but this time met his match, and fell dead, after receiving twenty-five wounds, fighting like a fury to the last. His head was cut off and hung to the bowsprit of the victorious sloop.

Enough in One Bed.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1835–6, that every house was filled every night with travelers wanting lodging. Every traveler there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bedfellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodest minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want now!"—with particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, is there?"

"One! why, here is Mr. Brown and a Methodest preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed, even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so, too, and left the trio to their repose.

TRUTH HARD TO BELIEVE.—Dr. J. T. Gillman's mare, Fannie, is an equine of unusual intelligence, and some of her peculiarities have previously been recorded. A day or two since, while the doctor was visiting a patient, the horse was left in the yard, as usual, without being fastened. After the doctor went into the house, Fannie walked up the yard and began browsing a rose bush. The servant girl came out and spoke to her, and she turned and walked back to the door. In a few momets the horse returned again, and began to whinnie and stamp on the door step. The girl came out again, and was not a little startled to see Fannie running out her tongue at her and acting strangely. The organ protruded its entire length, and was kept exposed with a determination worthy of a patient undergoing examination by a physician. The girl finally examined the member and found a thorn from the rose bush had got uncomfortably fastened to it. She removed it, when the thankful animal made a profond bow and went back and stood quietly by the door until the doctor had completed his call.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Warm weather, unripe cherries and political perplexities impose such burdens upon human patience that it is very rare now for a man who goes down upon an orange peel, to get up and hurrah for his Creator.

It is generally conceded in diplomatic circles that the centre of political gravity, which six years ago was at Paris, has been transferred to St. Petersburg, and that Russia holds the key of the modern temple of Janus.