

Albany Register
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY
COLL. VAN CLEVE,
IN THE REGISTER BUILDING,
Corner Ferry and First Streets.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, \$2.00
One copy, six months, \$1.25
One copy, three months, \$0.75
Single copies, 10 cents.
Subscribers outside of Albany county will be charged 20 cents extra for the year, and 10 cents for the half year, and 5 cents for the quarter, and are required to pay on each paper mailed by us.

Agents for the Register.
The following named gentlemen are authorized to receive and collect for subscriptions to the Register in the localities mentioned:
Messrs. Kirk & House, Albany.
Messrs. Clark & Brown, Albany.
Messrs. Smith & Johnson, Albany.
Messrs. Jones & White, Albany.
Messrs. Adams & Black, Albany.
Messrs. Green & Grey, Albany.
Messrs. Hall & King, Albany.
Messrs. Lee & Clark, Albany.
Messrs. Scott & Green, Albany.
Messrs. Baker & Smith, Albany.
Messrs. Wilson & Jones, Albany.
Messrs. Brown & White, Albany.
Messrs. Black & Green, Albany.
Messrs. Grey & King, Albany.
Messrs. Clark & Lee, Albany.
Messrs. Green & Scott, Albany.
Messrs. Smith & Baker, Albany.
Messrs. Jones & Wilson, Albany.
Messrs. White & Brown, Albany.
Messrs. Black & Grey, Albany.
Messrs. King & Clark, Albany.
Messrs. Lee & Green, Albany.
Messrs. Scott & Baker, Albany.
Messrs. Baker & Smith, Albany.
Messrs. Wilson & Jones, Albany.
Messrs. Brown & White, Albany.
Messrs. Black & Green, Albany.
Messrs. Grey & King, Albany.
Messrs. Clark & Lee, Albany.
Messrs. Green & Scott, Albany.
Messrs. Smith & Baker, Albany.
Messrs. Jones & Wilson, Albany.
Messrs. White & Brown, Albany.
Messrs. Black & Grey, Albany.
Messrs. King & Clark, Albany.
Messrs. Lee & Green, Albany.
Messrs. Scott & Baker, Albany.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1877.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1877.

POLITICAL.

The passage of the compromise electoral bill, has soothed the timid souls of the business men who had been bulldozed by Tilden and his gang, by fear of war. The straight Republicans don't believe in it, and never did, for they knew it was a trick of the Democratic spoilsmen, and was contrived to make the great demagogue President. It was artfully contrived, and carried out with diabolical skill. Tilden had his local copperhead press breathe war and gore till he got the business interest shivering in its shoes; and then he appeared with this proposition to arbitrate for a place he never had the shadow of a claim to. It was eagerly accepted, and the little game was about to win, when, presto, one of those sudden changes which even a Tilden cannot foresee, took place, and his kettle of fish is upset. Tilden expected to have a majority of the Supreme Court with him, but the election of Davis to the Illinois Senate made that impossible, and Bradley, a good Republican and an honest man, takes the place, giving the Republicans the majority of the Commission. Now the Democracy are not so much in favor of it as they were. When it was supposed that Davis, a bitter partisan, was to be the fifth judge, thus giving the Tildenites a majority in the Commission, it was all pleasant. But now that the majority on the Commission are Republicans, it is quite another thing, and the Sun and other rabid Democratic sheets are as extravagant in their denunciation of it as they were in its praise a week ago. Tilden is as mad as a March hare about Davis, and has asked him not to accept the Senatorial position to which he has been elected, but remain on the bench. But Mr. Davis is not stupid enough to forego his ambition to serve Mr. Tilden's, and so he politely declined, and Bradley was selected. This ensures Hayes fair, legal treatment, and that is all any Republican wants. If he is legally elected, he must be inaugurated—if not, not.

The position of Senator Conkling, of this State is unusually comment-worthy. It is not denied that he felt very much aggrieved at the nomination of Hayes. He retired from public gaze after the convention, and did not emerge from his retirement till after the struggle was over. He supported the compromise in a way that was singular, to say the least, for a Republican, and his enemies in the city assert that he is preparing for a change of base. It is not supposed that he will go over to the Democracy, but it is expected that he, Davis, and a dozen others who have had a half-and-half affiliation with the Republican party, will organize an independent body, and be the Spanish flag of the body. Conkling is sore-headed, and is in the precise frame of mind to make a fool of himself, as greater men than he has done. It is a pity that a man with the talents he possesses could not be better balanced. He has too good an opinion of himself.

CHARITY.

There is a great deal of actual charity in New York. Probably no city in the world does more in proportion to its population and wealth, but mixed up with it is an amount of snobbery and booh, that is as disgusting as true charity is delightful. The charity ball, in aid of the Foundling Asylum, is regularly the event of the season, and while it nets a very considerable amount of money for a very deserving object, the manner of it is enough to turn a Christian's stomach. It is as snobbish as anything can well be. To begin with, it is made exclusive, and all the snobs and all the would-be fashionable have to have their names in all the papers. The list of "Lady Patronesses" has to appear in long columns, and the cost of advertising them runs up into thousands. Now all this is of no account whatever, from a business point of view, except that as it is recognized as the big thing of the year, Mrs. Snooks Thompson would not thrill for charity at all unless she saw her name in the list. It pleases the wife of a stock speculator, who has made a fortune in a year or two, and who has lately moved into a gorgeous house on one of the avenues, to have her name published as a prominent lady for its establishment and consequence, and only costs her the price of a half dozen tickets at five dollars each. Fully one half of the cost of the ball goes to feed the vanity of those who attend it; that is their contribution

fifty cents to their own vanity, and fifty cents to the poor. Perhaps it is well enough to get fifty cents on the dollar out of them. But the ball itself is a gorgeous affair. When people dance for charity they go prepared to do it. No woman of fashion appeared last night with less than \$20,000 of diamonds on her person, and the cost of some of the toilets ran up into a long way into the thousands. The ball cost the people who attended it probably \$250,000, and the net result to the charity was something like \$10,000. \$250,000 for the world, and \$10,000 for the poor.

THE LIFE INSURANCE PROBLEM.

The failure of three or four Life Insurance Companies, which will be followed in rapid succession by three or four more, makes a decided ripple in financial circles. These events are of more importance than appears upon the surface. The companies gather money from all parts of the country, and hold it here in New York for investment. It is loaned on real estate, and is presumed to be invested so safely that nothing can affect it. The Life Insurance Companies with their millions upon millions withdrawn from the circulation of the country, represent an important factor in the financial interests of the country, and anything that disturbs them disturbs the whole country. They are the depositors of the people's money, to a greater extent than are the savings banks, and their relation to the people is one of confidence purely. For the man in the country knows very little of the people in whose hands he entrusts his earnings and he has to take it on faith. Now, when one of these companies breaks, and it is shown that nothing there has been systematic stealing; that the statements have been cooked; that assets that never existed have been put in; that liabilities that did exist have been left out, and that the whole fraud has been sworn to, and that the officers created by the state are not shrewd enough to detect the swindle, it is calculated to uproot things in a rather uncomfortable manner. The Continental was a mass of corruption all through, and the Security—Heaven save the mark—was still worse. The good companies feel it sorely. For out in Minnesota, the difference between the solvent and the insolvent does not appear. And the result is all Life Insurance is discredited. There have been three failures of this class within a few weeks, and the effect is an almost entire stoppage of receipts from this source. The persuasive agent finds himself blocked in the middle of his discourse upon the benefits of Life Insurance, by the terrible word "security," and it he survives that, some one throws "Continental" into his face, which finishes him. All this is wrong. There are perfectly sound companies, and life insurance is a necessity. There is no more reason for denouncing life insurance because of three scoundrelly companies than there is denouncing Christianity because an occasional clergyman makes a slip.

A CASE OF SERIOUS TROUBLE.

A very curious incident occurred, culminated last week. A young fellow belonging to one of the rich families was engaged to be married to a young lady possessing more beauty and brains than money. The young fellow is a fool, as is the case with the most of the young fellows who have money in the city, but the girl accepted him, all the same, because he was reputed to have an income of \$35,000 per annum. It was rather a comfortable thing to have a rich fool for a husband, for while he could pay the bills, and keep her in diamonds and all sorts of things pleasant to the feminine mind, he would not be in the way of her enjoying herself as she chose. The wedding was to have taken place last week, but it was unfortunately postponed. Finally the cause transpired, the young man's income came entirely from real estate, mostly on Broadway, and the young lady had very prudently been making inquiries. One store which had rented for \$12,000, was empty, and there was no prospect of its being occupied for some time; another was occupied at a reduction of seventy-five per cent, and to sum it all up, the income of \$35,000 had shrunk to less than \$10,000. She promptly declined to enter into the marriage state on any such money, and notified the groom in expectation, that the nuptials would be postponed till the odd \$25,000 could be made up. The young man was in despair. There was no use of trying to do anything with real estate, for that is a drug, and so, between desperation and brandy, he raised money by mortgage, and went into Wall street. Need I detail the result? He came out of that place plucked clean as a pigskin, for he bought on a falling market and sold on a rising one, as all such fellows do, and from an income of \$10,000, he was a young man about town with no income whatever to speak of. He threw himself upon her mercy but he fared worse with the adamant young woman of the world than he did in Wall street. She declined to see him, and forthwith engaged herself to another fool whose father was smart enough to put his money into gas stocks, which never can depreciate, having a city to swindle. And the discarded lover is wandering about the city accepting invitations to drink from those who know him in his better days. Moral—for the benefit of your sons invest in gas stocks.

BUSINESS.

As usual, as dull as possible. There was a faint show of revival when the passage of the Electoral Bill was announced, but it died out in a day. The political complication did not make the hard times, nor can the settlement thereof unmake them. There will be nothing done for two months.

PETROLEUM.

On the 12th the Pennsylvania House, by a vote of 93 Republicans to 17 Democrats, passed a resolution denouncing the course of the National House of Representatives in confining Gov. Wells for contempt.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

"Get it," said Tom; "I'll wait for you here."

The Exchange was in a corner building across a street which came in at right angles with the sidewalk where they were standing. Montana went in at the front door, but came out at the side on a cross street, hoping to steal up and get the drop on Tom, but this was not so easy. Tom was wide-awake—he had crossed the main street to guard against surprise; so, when Montana poked his pistol round the corner and followed it with just enough of his head to take sight, Carberry was not in range. In a moment their eyes met, and the shooting began. Tom curled down close to the road-bed, to prevent the smallest possible area as a mark, and because it is comparatively difficult to hit an object lying on the ground. Montana slithered himself somewhat behind a low row of sacks of potatoes lying on the edge of the sidewalk, and partly behind a large awning post.

This was a fatal error, for with a tall post for a mark it is the easiest thing in the world to make a line shot. "I am making a long story of the shooting, which in reality was very soon over. They fired three shots apiece in as many seconds. Tom's third shot passed through the Montana's heart, and he was dead before his head rebounded on the brick pavement. Carberry surrendered himself at once, and was kept in jail until his trial came off, although he paid to any amount was offered."

After a pause, the Judge added: "I don't see how I could have done more for him than I did; but the man should not have been punished—he should have been acquitted."

"The fellow passenger queried as to the circumstances attending the alleged murder, and the Judge answered—"They were very peculiar, and that is the reason why the trial was so interesting. A woman up in Montana, who never saw Tom Carberry, thought he had done her a great wrong; and so when she was asked, as the phrase is, 'to take up with a new man,' she named her terms."

"Kill Tom Carberry of Austin, Nevada."

"But I never saw or heard of the man," said the Montana aspirant.

"Nevertheless," said she, "kill Tom Carberry."

"It is the depth of winter," was objected, "and we are hundreds of miles from Austin. The journey cannot now be made."

"Kill him in the spring," said the unrelenting woman.

"Yes," said he, and the compact was sealed.

"With the opening of travel in the spring there arrived at Salt Lake City, by the Montana stage, an individual who freely announced that he was on the way to kill Carberry. Salt Lake City is a long way from Austin, but the friendships of border men span much greater distances. Tom was quickly advised of the approach of his visitor, but he took no steps to be specially prepared to see company. He was then employed at the Keystone Mill, nine miles from town, and he stayed there nearly a whole week after he knew that the Montana chap was in Austin. You see, Tom is a peaceable man, and he didn't want any difficulty. Most men would have come in at once, and got the affair off their hands."

The listener entertained doubts at this point, but saying nothing, the Judge proceeded.

"Saturday evening, just as usual with him, Tom came into the city, and after getting shaved and fixed up for his holiday, he went around to the saloons, where many of the people of the mining towns spend their leisure, to meet his friends. It wasn't long before he encountered the Montana fellow, who began at once, in Tom's hearing, to make insulting remarks."

Here the listener interrupted with—"Why did he make insulting remarks? If he had made a long journey solely for the purpose of killing Tom, why didn't he shoot him off-hand?"

"Because," said the Judge, "that would have been murder. The community is down on murder, and he would have been dangling from an awning beam in fifteen minutes. Killing is a different matter. When two men get into a fight, and all is fair between them, and one kills the other, community don't ordinarily seem to feel much concern on the subject. Under such circumstances, the only way for Montana was to provoke Tom into a quarrel, and lead up to a fight. But Tom was not disposed to gratify him—he wouldn't take any notice—didn't seem to hear; but repeatedly left one saloon to go to another, just to keep out of the way. Montana followed him up, until, at last, standing right before Tom, he jumped up about two feet from the floor, and came down with a heavy jar, and said, 'I'm chief!' Even this Tom didn't notice—he only put his hands over his face and wept! Fact, sir, the tears actually flowed, until his best friends thought he was an arrant coward; and when he got up and went away to his room to bed, there wasn't one of them to say a good word for him."

"Montana enjoyed a season of glory! He had said, 'I'm chief!' in a public place, and no man had dared to accept the challenge."

"The next morning Tom was standing on the sidewalk, when Montana came along, and they met face to face. Tom spoke to him in a very quiet, low tone, saying—"Stranger, you used me pretty rough last night, but I don't bear malice. Just say that you'd been drinkin' and didn't mean it, and we'll say no more about it."

"Montana answered, 'No apologies in mine.'"

"Well," said Tom, "you needn't apologize. Come into the saloon and drink glasses with me, and we'll let the matter drop."

"Then Montana said, 'Tom Carberry, either you're generous, or else you're cowardly, and if I had known you at the start, it's most likely I wouldn't have waded in. But the matter can't be let drop, for there's hundreds of people in my section an' between here and there who know I came here to kill you; so there's two ways—we must fight, or you must run. If you'll run, it'll be just as good to me as to fight.'"

"Tom's almost suppliant bearing disappeared on the instant, and he said: 'Stranger, I ain't much in the habit of runnin' an' if we are to fight, we may as well have it out now, as any time. Are you heeled?'"

"Tom asked this question, because we have a law against carrying concealed weapons, which is regarded at such hours as people will think they have no use for their arms, and disregarded at all others."

"The answer was, 'No; I left my revolver with the barkeeper of the Exchange.'"

GLITTERING GOLD.

Which Lay Buried for Fourteen Years—And was Dug Up by a Blind Man Who Carried the Secret.

During the late unpleasantness a large Federal force, camped and entrenched near a Southern town, was gradually hemmed in by a superior force, under a noted rebel general. As the latter's forces drew near, the Federal commander sent into town and removed a heavy deposit of gold coin from the banks to his camp, to keep the enemy from capturing it. It was kept in the original packages, and closely guarded night and day. The Federal force was obliged to capitulate; and during the negotiations for a surrender, the gold was broken into and about twenty thousand dollars stolen. After the surrender the captors turned over to the banks the entire amount, less what had been stolen.

Years afterwards, a soldier was sick in the hospital at Louisville, and believing he had not long to live, took the steward into his confidence, and told him he was the possessor of a valuable secret. He knew where twenty thousand dollars in gold lay buried, and would tell him, as he had been the recipient of many kindnesses at his hands. After giving him careful and minute descriptions and drawings, the soldier died, and the steward remained possessor of the secret. But he found great difficulty in arranging for the finding and removal of the treasure, and had to leave it undisturbed until his term of service was ended. Fortune seemed against him, for he contracted some disease of the eyes, from which he became hopelessly blind. After becoming blind he was obliged to have help, so shared the secret with a trusty friend, and the two went to find the place. As the people in the neighborhood remembered the circumstances of the loss of the gold it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution. Furthermore, the papers and descriptions of the locality had been lost, and the only place where the proper directions existed on earth were in the blind man's memory.

To make a long story short, they discovered the place, at the foot of a tree—the only one of the kind for several miles around—on a high and densely wooded bluff on the river. Here they unearthed the prize of a thousand glittering twenty-dollar gold pieces, and with it disappeared. The people living in the neighborhood became suspicious, and in following the stranger's tracks found traces and indications showing that they probed the ground with an iron ramrod and found the coin at the foot of the tree. It was in tin boxes, and they were rolled in old soldier's pants. The parties had a skiff ready and went down the river with the money. From that time but few traces could be had of them and various theories as to the sequel of the story are extant. Some believe the two escaped and are now enjoying their treasure, while others claim to have proof that the blind man suspected that his partner wanted to kill him, and that a struggle ensued in which the boat, men and treasure were all lost, and the secret covered by the sand and waves of the river. However that may be, the main facts are vouched for by reliable persons.

FEVER AND AGUE REMEDY.—With the juice of 8 lemons put double the quantity of pure Holland gin, and take a wineglassful three times a day.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—2 cups pure New Orleans molasses, 1 cupful melted butter, 2 eggs, 2 even tablespoonfuls soda dissolved in hot water, 1 tablespoonful ginger, a little salt, and flour sufficient to roll out; bake in two square tins; mark with a knife half an inch apart on the top.

POOR-MAN'S PUDING.—1 cup molasses, 1 sour milk, 1 cup of butter or beef drippings, 1 teaspoonful soda, flour to make as stiff as can be easily stirred. Use raisins as taste or pure date. Put in a spotted cake-tin and steam 3 hours. Eat with sweetened cream or any sauce preferred.

WASHING FLUID.—1 box concentrated lye, 2 ounces carbonate ammonia, 2 ounces salts of Tartar, 3 ounces borax. Dissolve the lye in one gallon of soft water, and the other ingredients in a separate vessel in another gallon of soft water. When thoroughly dissolved, mix both together, strain, and keep closely covered tight. Soak the clothes over night in warm or cold water; the morning wring out; soap dirty spots; put to boil with one teacup of the fluid, in cold water, as many pieces as will fill the boiler; do not add more fluid, unless for a very large wash; then wash through one suds and rinse as usual.

OYSTER SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Procure the largest oysters; remove half dozen from the can, one at a time, to a plate. Insert a fork in the solid flesh, and with a sharp knife make a slit up and down and across the abdominal cavity; slip the point of the knife under the dark tissue thus exposed and thoroughly remove it, being as nice about it as you would in dressing any other fish, for the abdominal tissues of one is as unsuited to the weak stomach as the other. Put into stew pan; pour out proper share of liquor, a pint of water, and half gill of cream; add salt; pepper if there be no fever; a teaspoonful of lemon juice, or two of pure cider vinegar. Bring just to the boil and pour into a dish. Break in cracker or nicely toasted thin slice of light bread.

This from the Oregonian: In the confession of W. K. Neil, just before he was hanged, he referred to an affair at Walla Walla, some years ago, in which he stabbed a man, and in which he said he "was fully exonerated by the community, and was not even arrested for the act." The Union says the truth is that Neil, so far from being exonerated by the community, escaped arrest by taking himself off to Oregon so rapidly, as to distance the officers in pursuit, and that the warrant for his arrest is still on file there.

"SORTS."

The Eastern Railroads are testing their iron bridges. So is Jack Frost. It is not good for man to be alone. He should buy a dog.

The Boston Post thinks that sky-blue coffins striped with red would be far prettier than cremation.

"Never make a fool of yourself!" was one of the Commodore's maxims, and yet at sixty he married a girl of twenty.

When a good lake schooner can be bid in at auction for \$8,000, all any editor wants to enjoy a summer trip is \$8,000 to buy it with.

The Boston Globe has dispensed with the hyphen in to-morrow. This is running the day together as old women string dried apples.

The New York Herald would mix charcoal dust with the soil, and thus produce a black lustre on red noses.

Down in Southern Indiana they mix capicum with poor whisky, add a little lime-water and the deception lifts the happy drinker right over fences.

Art is pushing right ahead; they can now weave a cat into a parlor rug so naturally that one feels like tossing her a hunk of boarding house beef.

Vermont has caught the wrestling mania, and stage drivers get down off their seats and have it out on the highway, while passengers look on and win.

If as reported, Brice Pomeroy has married his "proof" reader, the lady will have abundant opportunity to make corrections.

English papers have a remedy for intemperance. The hard times have kept thousands of men sober who would otherwise have had their spees.

Tony Pastor has been given a badge of the Order of the Elks by a member of his company. This was in recognition of his moral-social abilities.

Gen. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky, has recently married a woman eighty-five years old and probably without the consent of her parents.

The great question at present is, whether it is better to carry two pounds of dried apples or a ten cent bar of soap to the annual donation at the Minister's house.

Chinese ladies never howl. One of them can be let alone for twelve hours and he never moves off his back. He reasons that he is left alone for good cause, and the situation is humbly accepted.

A sad looking man with an air of a Had-been, stopped at a grocery yesterday and bought a codfish, remarking that he always was a very fond of game and had to have it, even if it was expensive.

Adam and Eve, we suppose, were the first to start "turning over new leaves." They did it to keep up with the fashion.

How strange that in the Charleston races all the fast horses should have been beaten by a jockey who, like Balaam, had only an Asteroid.

Mrs. Van Cott always finds a seat in a crowded car. The man who sees her preparing to sit down on him slips out in a hurry.

Captain-General Campos telegraphs that the Cuban insurrection will be suppressed by May, when he will return to Spain.

Despite all official details, disturbances are feared in Constantinople. Troops are confined to their barracks and numbers of the young Turkish party have been imprisoned.

It appears from recent explorations and surveys that the work of turning the Atlantic ocean into the Great Desert of Africa is not so formidable an undertaking as was at first supposed. It is only necessary to cut a channel through a bar about 800 yards wide. The level of the desert immediately behind this obstruction is some 350 feet below the sea level, which will give a pretty fair depth of water over which to steam into the fertile heart of Africa.

Fritz's TROUBLE.

Fritz has had more trouble with his neighbor. This time he determined to appeal to the majesty of the law, and accordingly consulted a legal gentleman.

"How was dose ting?" he said, "Yell, a vallard's got a garden, and der older vallard's got some chickens on 'em up. Don't you got some law for dot?"

"Come one's chickens have been destroying your garden?" asked the lawyer.

"Straw in mine garden? Noin it was vegetable."

"And the chickens committed depredations on them?"

"Ish dot so?" asked Fritz in astonishment.

"An' you want to sue him for damages?" continued the lawyer.

"Yass, Gott for tannages, und der gabbages, und der lottages?"

"Did you notify him to keep his chickens up?"

"Yaw, I did notify him?"

"And what did he say?"

"He nodity to go to haal, und wipe mine shins off down mine vest."

"And he refused to comply with your just demand?"

"Hey?"

"He allowed his chickens to run at large?"

"Yass. Some was large, and some was liddle vallardes, but they boss scratch mine garden more as seen dined idch."

"Well, you want to sue him?"

"Yass. I want to sue him to make von blank some six dozen feed his house all around, vot der chickens don't get oter."

The lawyer informed him that he could not compel him to build such a fence, and Fritz left in a rage, exclaiming: "Next summer time I raise mn chickens, too, you baste! I raise ffdin chickens, py tam! Vipo off your vest down."

JOB PRINTING.

When you wish

Posters.

Visiting Cards.

Business Cards.

Bill Heads,

Letter Heads

Envelopes,

Ball Tickets,

Programmes

Labels,

Horse Bills,

Circular,

Pamphlets,

or in fact anything in the

Printing Line

call at the

ALBANY

REGISTER

PRINTING HOUSE,

CORNER FERRY & FIRST STS.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.

ALBANY.