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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1879.

THE KING OF BANDITS.

Some of His Most Daring Exploits—His Capture, Imprisonment for Fifty Years, and Sudden Death.

A man whose fame once filled Europe is dead. There are few persons who will remember him. His name was Gasparoni. His career as a brigand was short—it lasted but ten years. He was taken at thirty-five years of age. He died at ninety—over fifty years in prison! Chance and poverty made a brigand of this man, who, in the very midst of his greatest triumph, sighed for a quiet and respectable life. He was a cowherd, at first. In that humble position he fell in love with a country girl named Maria. But Maria had another admirer, a certain Claudio, and the two fought to settle who should have the girl. In the fight Gasparoni killed Claudio. This decided his fate. He fled from his native place and sought refuge with a brigand chief named Massocco. A few weeks afterwards Massocco was killed by the Papal soldiery, and Gasparoni, on account of his youth, strength and courage, was chosen chief in his stead. He had twelve men under his command. They were all well armed and all dressed alike, in velvet, with the high pointed hat, which still retains the name of "brigand hat." Gasparoni then returned to Maria and asked her to share his new fortunes, which she did. They did not remain long together, however. One evening they had a quarrel, and Maria, taking up a knife, flew at Gasparoni, calling him "Claudio's assassin." Gasparoni, in jealous fury at hearing his rival's name, snatched the knife from her hands and plunged it into her own breast. He then went to his companions and told them to bury her. They buried her under a tree. In the meantime the Papal Government sent military forces against the band. But Gasparoni took refuge in the forest of Caserta, which belonged to Naples, where he was sure of safety. A sum of 2000 francs was set upon his head. When he was told of this he merely laughed. But a friend of his thought of betraying him. This friend offered to go to a neighboring town and fetch provisions. Instead of this he went to the police to denounce the band. As he delayed, however, too long in returning, Gasparoni began to suspect. He sent out spies and soon learned that soldiers had left Terracina to take him. He vowed eternal vengeance against the traitor Luigi, and also against all spies, and he kept the oath. He changed quarters once, and whenever he met people on the road he paid them generously to mislead any soldiers they might meet and who might inquire after him. He could thus proceed in safety to Mount Cicco, near Gaeta, where he spent the winter and then returned to Caserta. It was then that he had the visit of two Englishmen, whom he received with the greatest courtesy, without dreaming of making prisoners of them, as he might easily have done. They remained, on the contrary, his guests for several days, until Gasparoni deemed it necessary to change his place again. The Englishmen gave their hosts a purse full of gold, and promised to send them provisions, and they kept their word. One of Gasparoni's best exploits was when he attacked a monastery and took prisoners the Prior and four other monks. The Prior had to write to the Secretary of State for \$60,000, and the Secretary of State immediately sent the sum. With this money Gasparoni was enabled to excavate grottoes in the rocks, where his band could remain in safety during the winter. His next celebrated exploit was the taking of an Austrian Colonel and his servant. The Austrian was so pleased with the adventure and the manner in which Gasparoni treated him that when he heard that the Papal Government had sent troops to surround the place in order to liberate him, he told Gasparoni of the fact, and, true enough, he had scarcely finished reading the dispatch when they heard and saw the soldiers in the distance advancing on the band. There were 2000 soldiers there, and the Colonel was beginning to beg for mercy. Gasparoni

threw his own cloak on the Colonel, and they all wended their way down a steep rock which led to Viola Valley. After a quarter of an hour or so they met a patrol, who asked, "Who goes there?" "In search of the brigands," answered Gasparoni. The sergeant believed this and let them proceed, and the whole band was soon in safety. The Colonel was so delighted at the brigand's courage and coolness in this circumstance that he promised never to betray the band. He gave Gasparoni \$10,000 in payment of his entertainment. Shortly afterwards the band was increased to twenty men. In June, 1818 (you see this is ancient history, quite), four gendarmes promised Monsignor Zaccaria to bring him Gasparoni, dead or alive. For this they disguised themselves as brigands, and even stopped a carriage in order to deceive Gasparoni. But Gasparoni was not to be deceived. He scented the ruse at once. Shortly afterward the four disguised gendarmes came to Gasparoni to ask to be taken into his band. Gasparoni received them with seeming gladness. But two days afterward the gendarmes were unlooked and killed as spies. Their ears were then cut off and sent to Monsignor Zaccaria, with a letter telling him where he would find the remainder of the bodies of his cunning gendarmes. Another time he stopped a post-chaise guarded by four soldiers. He took about \$10,000, and bid the troop move on in silence and not look behind. He was obeyed. He was terrible with traitors. One he burned alive in a cabin. Another he killed and cut into pieces and made his accomplices eat them. Once he took possession of a General, although escorted by a body of dragoons. The General had to give \$7000 for his ransom. Gasparoni did not even know his name. All he wanted was money. Seven thousand dollars was not much, but Gasparoni knew where to replenish his coffers when empty. He generally appealed to triars when he was in extremity. He knew them to be rich, and he could get \$10,000 from them easily. One day a Captain of the Neapolitan Dragoons came across Gasparoni and could easily have taken him, as he was alone. But Gasparoni delighted him so much with his adventures that the two shook hands and swore eternal friendship. He next longed to take a Cardinal, and he did it! He not only took the Cardinal, but he took six of his servants and four dragoons who formed his escort. He had \$60,000 for the Cardinal's ransom. The Cardinal cried like a child, but was treated with all the respect due to his station. After this, Gasparoni was known throughout Italy as the Mountain Prince. And no one could take him either by force or cunning. He had accomplices everywhere whom he paid well to provide him with food and clothes when needed. Colonel Ruinetti, however, an old, tried and experienced soldier, thought he would take him. He was determined to make an end of this, he said. But the Colonel's cook was a friend of Gasparoni, and he kept him informed of everything. He did not fail to tell him that the Colonel had made a plan to surround and take the band on a certain day. Gasparoni thought long how to escape this trap, and at length laid a countertrap. He got to know where the Colonel's son went at a certain hour to court a farmer's daughter of the neighborhood. To know that was sufficient. The Colonel's son was soon taken by Gasparoni and his band. The young fellow was made to write to his father, begging him to desist all pursuit of Gasparoni, or his life would answer for it. At first the old Colonel was determined to seize the whole band; but the father was stronger than the soldier, and once more Gasparoni was free to choose another refuge. One day Gasparoni paid a visit to an uncle of Cardinal Antonelli, who betrayed him. And this time Gasparoni would indeed have been taken had he not had friends even among the gendarmes, whom he paid more liberally than the Pope himself! Antonelli soon paid for this little attempt. He was killed during one of his walks. The band was now twenty-four strong, and amongst these twenty-four there was not one who feared shot or danger of any kind. Everybody spoke of it with tremor. At this moment there was a Cardinal—Cardinal Pallotta—who went by the name of Caligula. He published a terror manifesto to extirpate brigandage. This manifesto created so great a sensation that, from its original price of two sous, it was soon sold for \$4. Even foreign Embassadors objected to the exaggerations of this manifesto, and remonstrated, saying that neither common sense nor humanity could tolerate such an edict. And Pope Leo XII was compelled to discharge Caligula in consequence. Caligula was succeeded by Benvenuti, who acted another part. He begged to make a treaty with the brigands, promising them a free pardon

if they would in return promise to leave the country and never more return to it. This brings us to the last scene of Gasparoni's brigand career. He who could brave a countless force in an open country was not equal to the deceptions of a Jesuitical Government. Monsignor Pellegrini asks to treat with Gasparoni. His request is granted, and he proposes the terms alluded to. Gasparoni says he will consult his companions. He himself is delighted at the opportunity to go to any distant land, and there to marry a girl whom he sincerely loved, and Gertrude was as delighted as himself at the prospect of being married to the man she loved. She was only 20 years of age. Months passed before the brigands could decide what answer to give. They justly mistrusted the priest's promises. But Gasparoni was tired of his present life and he longed to marry Gertrude and live like a respectable man. And so, at length, the band received a paper, signed by the Pope, decreeing free pardon to them all, and the band, in turn, promised to lay down their arms in the neighboring church. Many of the brigands sighed deeply when they gave up their arms. They were then conducted to Rome and shut up in Castle St. Angelo. "What trick is this?" asked some of the men. "All of our number are not yet in," said Gasparoni; "they won't set us at liberty whilst one of us remains behind." It was Gertrude who found the last of the band, which was now complete, awaiting means of transport to another land. But instead of promised liberty, the band was conducted to the fortress of Civita Vecchia, and Gertrude separated forever from her lover. Gasparoni's anger at this treason was so great that he used to say that brigands were the ne plus ultra of faith and justice in comparison with priests. Gasparoni was kept six years in a damp cell, into which the sea percolated in boisterous weather. After these six years the cells were changed to better ones. In 1849 the prisoners were transferred to Spoleto, where they remained two years and then were sent to Civita Castellana. For years the European press occupied itself with the now sad fate of Gasparoni and his band. One day he was reported dead; the next his death was contradicted, and so on. Who did not know something of Gasparoni knew nothing. He was a *gloria sui generis*. He was a rarity of his kind. He was a type. And that is why every one ran to see him at Civita Castellana. And Gasparoni received every one in the most friendly manner, and told them some story of his brigand life. And everyone left a remembrance, so that his prison became less irksome to him. One by one fourteen of his old companions died under his eyes, but he resisted time and grief. When Rome became Italian, in 1870, Gasparoni and the few who survived with him asked their liberty. It was granted, after forty six years of imprisonment. They were now only seven. Two returned to their native places, Gasparoni and the others came to Rome. Wherever he passed he was followed by crowds of people, who cried "Viva Gasparoni," as they had cried "Viva la Re," or "Viva Garibaldi," etc. His entrance into Rome was a perfect triumph. He was met by bands of music, banners, etc. He was taken about and shown Rome. He praised the Piazza Navona, but complained of the Ghetto, which still remained damp, dirty and unhealthy. His fame made the Government jealous and when he asked to be placed in some asylum (being eighty years of age and too old to work), he was sent to the refuge of Abbiate Grasso, where he has just died in the nineteenth year of his age. And thus dies with him the last representative of Italy's once celebrated brigands. With the exception of his cruel treatment of spies, no cruel act can be recorded of him, the once terror of Italy, the far and widely famed Gasparoni. He died of apoplexy.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

They are especially unable to see how the executive department of the government can set aside the plain, direct language of the statute. Your honorable board will permit the undersigned to remark that you enjoy the distinction of being the first governor and council who have directly assumed the duty of the judicial department of our government. You assume to set aside the plain provisions, as a law, now on the statute book. If your honorable board can do this in one case you can readily do it in others, and the execution of our entire body of laws is thus made to depend upon the opinion which your honorable board may have as to the constitutionality of several parts with the reserved right which you have endorsed in this case of changing your conclusion in the space of fourteen days. If this be the definite basis on which your honorable board propose to execute the laws of the state it would be a meretricious act to notify the people as to which law your honorable board regards as binding and which as imperative, and especially as to which statutes are safe from change of construction beyond the period of fourteen days. All laws duly enacted are binding until repealed or set aside by judicial decision, and your honorable board is quite wrong will permit us to say, of a glaring usurpation of power wherever you attempt to disobey or annul or refuse to execute any law on the statute book. The undersigned protest against arrogant and unauthorized usurpation of power, the unprecedented distinction of rights, the bold usurpation of judicial functions, the scandalous secretion of public records, hitherto open to honest inspection, which have distinguished the course of your honorable board in all matters herein submitted for your consideration. It is understood republican senators and representatives will now resort to judicial proceedings, and will make no further personal efforts with the government and council to procure access to returns.

Brevities.

Be just and bear not.
Sheet-music—Children crying in bed.
A schooner of beer rarely gets stuck on the bar.
It's a game of bluff when you try to scale a precipice.
Next to nothing—A girl walking with the average dandy.
A solo-stirring incident—Treading on the point of a tack.
It is surprising how many people there are in this world who don't like to work between meals.
Young man, if you cannot find a place to fit you, strive to fit the place in which you find yourself.
The most universally known man in the world is the man who will sing when he don't know how.
Did the foul weather that generally prevails in November suggest the month as a season of Thanksgiving?
The march of improvements shows that many waist places of the past are now occupied by wide belts.
The popularity of the ulster is probably owing to the fact that you can wear it longer than any other garment.
The wife may sow tares, rip and darn in the house, while the husband goes down to the meadow and dams the brook.
"Perhaps Hanlan and Courtney will row a race some day. Life is short, and there is another and a better world," but water may be scarce there.
Farmers are just now laying in their winter's fuel, and the more grown-up daughters the bigger the wood-pile. Allowance must be made for sparks.
Richard Grant White wants a new grammar on the go-as-you-please plan for the use of spirit mediums who receive communications from over the river.
The Yale students intend to give up boat-racing and play football instead. Even at this game they will find a professional ready to saw the football in two.
Some magazine writer says: "A woman becomes sensible at twenty-five." The woman is frequently about one hundred and thirty years ahead of some men.
A Warsaw man recently invented a combined hammer and can-opener. Unfortunately for domestic science the first can he opened with it was a can of nitro-glycerine. He got it open, though.
Beer was invented by Osiris twenty centuries before the Christian era, and was the popular beverage of the ancient Egyptians. But we do not read that the ancient Egyptian could sit eight hours a day holding to the handle of a schooner and telling stories that had no perceptible moral to them.
Before the democrats wrangle too much about a presidential candidate, they had best strengthen up the party and conserve the leaders, so that a democratic nomination may be worth fighting for.

A Quiet Young Man.

Texas is again heard from. A dispatch from Pittsville, in that State, relates the following particulars of a "tragedy" that was acted in that vicinity. A white man, of bad reputation, named Wm. Pitts, went to a festival of colored people. Walking into the middle of the hall, and in the midst of the crowd, he pulled his pistol and fired it off. The bullet going through the roof. Another quiet-looking young white man from the frontier, a stranger, walked up and said:
"You ought not to do that way."
Pitts replied: "Take it back, or G—d—n you, I will kill you."
"I don't take it back," replied the stranger. The yaloo then fired, hitting him in the right shoulder. The stranger then drew a sharp bowie-knife and made for Pitts. The women shrieked, and negroes seized the stranger, but he broke loose, and getting at Pitts, stabbed him across the throat and sliced both cheeks in two, besides cutting him in the abdomen. Pitts is reported dying, and if he dies, the citizens are going to pass resolutions of thanks to the young man with the bowie-knife.

An Indian Marshman.

Sam, the high Muckamuck of the Digger Indians in this section, brought in a deer weighing nearly 200 pounds to Chris. Naffziger's market night before last. He killed it the previous day in a canyon near Blue Tent. Sam is a crack shot with the rifle. He always makes it a point to shoot grouse, snipe and other small game through the neck. An instance of his skill might have been witnessed on near the Campsells the other day, when to win a four-bit wager he shot an apple from the hand of his man at a distance of 150 yards without using a rest.

A closely sealed bottle containing the fetus of a child about seven months old, preserved in alcohol, was found floating in the water at Seattle a few days ago. The fetus was in a state of complete preservation, and looked as natural and life-like as any newly born child. The bottle containing this tiny baby was an air-tight preserving bottle, the metal top of which screwed on and off as is usual with such vessels.

A monument to Adam, to cost \$2,000, is to be erected at Elmira, N. Y. Mark Twain and a clergyman are engineering the scheme. The joke is rather stale, but the money would fill many an empty stomach with food.

Since the New York election the Washington Post, which applies to be the "national organ" of the democracy and which has always heretofore been a warm advocate of "Hidden goes back on 'the claimant'" and demands that he stand aside.

Major Reno, of the regular army, has just received his annual court-martial. He is either a much-persecuted individual or a very dubious ornament to the service. The truth should be ascertained.

Garibaldi is quite advanced in years, but considers himself still young enough to enjoy a divorce. Thus, at the very threshold of death, do old men clutch at the pleasures of life.

A new company has been organized for the erection of a woolen mill at Salem. Capital stock, \$100,000 in \$100 shares.

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