

The Albany Register.

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Trip Lightly.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp Woe's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er Reason's death?
Why cling to forms so lightly?
Why not seek Joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow
Though all the day be dark:
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark.
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for Joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb.
Whist stars are nightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for Joy instead.

History of Cullen Baker, the Terror of Three States.

From the Memphis Avalanche, January 29.

Many persons of North Mississippi and West Tennessee are familiar with the name and deeds of William Cullen Baker, the notorious desperado and unscrupulous murderer of Eastern Texas, who was killed on the 10th of January in Lafayette county, Arkansas, by his father-in-law and brother-in-law, as detailed a few days ago in the *Avalanche*. Baker was certainly one of the worst characters of his age, and a brief sketch of his career is worthy of record as a part of the history of the great Southwest. His life, taken as a whole, demonstrates with peculiar force the weakness of "frail humanity," and the tenacity with which events shape man's destiny.

Cullen Baker, the almost beardless lad who, by his daring demeanor and insatiable thirst for human blood, has been for months the terror of the citizens, as well as the military authorities, was the son of an eminent divine of Texas, and his character from boyhood to the fatal hour when grim visaged war stalked into our land, had been unexceptionable.

Few young men started life with brighter prospects, and certainly not one ever enjoyed in a more eminent degree the confidence and esteem of his friends and neighbors. When the shrill trumpet sounded to arms the braves of the South, Cullen Baker, fired by a true patriotic devotion to the land of his birth, forsook the pursuits of his civil life and promptly shouldered his musket in the ranks, side by side with the young men who had grown up to manhood with him. The volcano that had been smothered in his breast soon sent forth its lava, and before the roll of his company had been called for a twelvemonth, Cullen Baker had been marked as the "terrible rifleman." The unmistakable attributes of a desperado soon developed themselves in his character, and "blue-jacket devils," as he was wont to denominate the soldiers of the Federal army, were forced to kiss the dust before his unerring aim.

When that branch of the Confederate army to which he was attached grounded arms and surrendered to the Federal Government, Cullen Baker declined to accept the terms or abide the conditions, and mounting his fiery horse—one of the swiftest since the days of Claude Duval's bonnie Black Bess—he rode away to the wilds of East Texas, proclaiming himself the last survivor of the Lost Cause, who would never surrender until the Confederacy was fully established—its authority recognized by all the Powers of the earth. True to his rash vow, he soon achieved a considerable notoriety in Harrison, Marion and Davis counties, in Texas, for his intense animosity against everything savoring of "Yankeeism." During the year he committed several murders, his victims invariably being either negroes, Federal soldiers or noisy "Union men."

In the fall of 1865, a reward of \$1,000 was offered by the Federal military authorities of Texas for his head. Scouting parties were sent out in all sections of the country to try to catch him. He warned the citizens that if any of them dared to intimate to those who sought to capture him, anything in reference to his movements, he would visit upon them the most terrible punishment. So well they knew the man that no citizen could be found with sufficient knowledge of the stopping places of Cullen Baker to enable them to tell, with any degree of accuracy, where Cullen Baker could be found.

So terrible did he become that the military authorities raised the reward offered for his head from \$1,000 to \$10,000. While riding along the road on one occasion, he observed the proclamation offering \$10,000 for his head sticking to a tree. He read it, and,

dismounting from his horse, and coolly seating himself by the tree upon which he found it, he issued a counterfeit proclamation, under his own hand, and offered \$10,000 for the head of any of the military satraps who were manifesting so much anxiety about his own. He put his proclamation on the tree below the other and rode away.

A few days subsequent to this time, the desire for adventure and danger induced him to pay a personal visit, *incognito*, to the commander of the post at Jefferson, Texas. Riding up to a hitching-post near the post commandant's office, he dismounted, and, leaving his horse, very leisurely walked in, saluted the Major, took a seat and "opened" a conversation with that important personage.

"I suppose your military authorities have offered a big reward for the head of this man Cullen Baker," said our hero.

"Yes," responded the Major, "and if he is not remarkably sharp we will soon get him. I have been specially selected by the General to work up this little job, and I think I will be apt to bring him in."

"They say he is a bad one," said Cullen.

"Oh, well, that is more talk than anything else. I guess he is not so terrible as you rebels make him out. He can't scare anybody that belongs to our army. I am sure we have not got a man who could not take him without cocking a gun, if he could just get up with him."

"Have you ever seen him," carelessly asked Baker.

"No," said the hero of the epaulets, "but I don't care for that. I'll be apt to make his acquaintance if I can just get near enough to him."

Baker, rising in his chair in the most complacent manner imaginable, said:

"Well, Major, you want Baker's head, and you say you are willing to pay \$10,000 for it; well, I am Cullen Baker, and am ready to furnish the head on your order, when the money is paid."

The Major's face turned deadly pale, his eyes started from their sockets, and in half galing tones, he said:

"Really, sir, I was not aware I was talking to Mr. Baker himself. Of course I had nothing personal against you, and I don't see that it's any of my affair to be running myself into danger to take you."

"No," said Baker, "one should not always be ready to do other people's work; and, turning, he left the office of the Major with as much unconcern as he had entered it, and mounting his horse he rode out of town and sought his hiding place in the "wilds of the Sulphur."

As soon as the Major could recover from what he was pleased to denominate his surprise, he rallied his "boys in blue" and put off after the "daring wizard." Reaching Boston, Bowie county, the Major and his party learned that Baker and a companion were at a "tippling house enjoying drink." The public square was at once surrounded, and a demand made upon Baker to surrender. Baker responded, "all right," and casting his mild blue eyes around him to see how many he had to fight, made a leap for his horse, reached him, and in attempting to mount dropped his pistol. He picked up his pistol, mounted his horse, and throwing his pistol into the air, a keen crack was heard, which was the announcement of Cullen Baker's determination never to be taken alive. His shot was responded to by the Federal soldiers, and his companion fell from his horse mortally wounded. Baker looked down upon the face of his dying friend, and a moment after he was galloping away, shooting back at his pursuers. He reached Dooley's Ferry, having evaded the Federal party and crossed into Arkansas, telling the ferryman that if he permitted any one to cross over on that boat that night he would kill him the next evening. The ferryman scuttled his boat and sunk it, and thus Cullen Baker, the second time, beat the Major.

Subsequent to this time he surrounded a small town in Texas, alone, and by demanding the unconditional surrender of the place, the commandant started a courier post haste for Marshal, Texas, for reinforcements, whom Baker meeting with, made go back and tell his commander the trick.

Long chapters might be added to this one of his bold deeds, some of them romantic and invested with an interest not shocked by crime, but more often dark and bloody. It has been estimated that in his lifetime he killed or caused to be killed 50 men. He married in Lafayette county, Arkansas, sometime during the year before his terrible character was developed. He rode the swiftest horses, and knew all the intricate paths in the swamps and dense forests, and to take him was next to impossible.

The people had such fear of him that they never dared to report his movements, and their fears was as valuable to him as he fell at last by the hands of his father-in-law and brother-in-law in their own yard. He had threatened their lives and they killed him in self-defense. Many people in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas

will feel safer now that Baker is dead.

PARTICULARS OF BAKER'S DEATH.

[Correspondence Chicago Republican, Jan. 19.]

About a month ago, Baker captured his own brother-in-law, with three or four others. Ropes were adjusted about the necks of all but one as they sat upon their horses and the other end made fast to a projecting branch over their devoted heads, and the animals led from under them. A short strait, a few struggles in mid air, and all is over. After hanging a while, Orr, the brother-in-law of Baker, was let down in order that the rope might be used to suspend the last victim, who, I understand, was Baker's father-in-law.

It seems that one of Baker's gang was a friend of Orr's, and in the hope that life was not quite extinct, he drew the body aside, endeavoring by rough handling to restore circulation, and saw with pleasure signs of returning respiration. After carelessly turning the body upon its side, its face away from Baker, he returned to the hanging party. Strong appeals were made to Baker to release his father-in-law, which were finally effectual, and he was set free.

As soon as Baker and his party had left, old Mr. Foster discovered the condition of Orr; and the intended victim was saved from death. Mr. Orr well knew that Baker would kill him upon sight, as soon as he should discover that he was alive, and therefore determined to kill Baker on the first opportunity. On the morning of the 6th of January, Orr received information that Baker was in his neighborhood. Four or five of his friends were soon gathered together, and a watch was set for Baker. About 9 o'clock in the morning, Baker and Orr approached the house of Orr. Having ridden all the previous night, Baker and Kirby sought a quiet place, secreted themselves and lay down to sleep, little dreaming that their every movement was watched by those who saw that their only safety rested in making their sleep a perpetual one. Silently the avengers crept upon these two desperados, and with steps as cautious as a cat, they approached the quarry. Not a leaf must rustle; not a twig must be broken; the drop must be secured, or death might be their own portion. Their repugnance to fire upon a sleeping enemy is overcome by the terror of Baker when awake. I doubt if a half dozen law abiding citizens would have dared to attack Baker alone. Cautiously they creep upon them; a proper distance is reached at last, two hours have elapsed since they have lain there in profound sleep. Orr and his men note with caution Baker prepares to guard against a surprise—his long double-barrelled gun lies close to his hand, his four Colt's army size revolvers are convenient to his ready grasp, but all these preparations are useless now to save these villains. Those pistols and that gun that chambered its 18 blue whistles, would nevermore make corpses of loyal men and women, white as well as black. The avengers are upon him; two double-barrelled guns are bearing upon Baker—one is directed at his head, the other bears directly upon the region of his heart, or where such an organ ought to be. Another gun in the hands of a determined man bears directly upon the head of Kirby. Security for themselves hardens their hearts and steels their nerves. Simultaneously the guns are discharged, and the devilish career of Baker and Kirby on earth is closed. Hell opens, and Satan with malicious pleasure, welcomes them to the regions of Pluto. Carefully their bodies are concealed till the night; a wagon is procured; the bodies placed in it, carefully covered and they are conveyed to Jefferson and turned over to General Buell.

In statue Baker was about five feet ten inches; about 35 years of age, had a very heavy chest, well developed musculature and blithe about the waist; his whole physique gave evidence of great power of endurance; a large head, with great breadth between the ears; light hair, and a short, thinly scattered, sandy goatee.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.—In an article on the subject of journalism an exchange says "that there is a wide difference between editing a newspaper and writing an article for one. It is an easy matter for any one of ordinary ability and education to write a leading article, even without experience, but it requires long and patient toil to become a good editor. Many persons imagine themselves capable of conducting a paper because of their ability to indite a readable article. Many other requirements are necessary to become a successful or even popular journalist. Judgment in the selection of articles, the time and manner of insertion, and a variety of other matters, are as essential as the mere composition of the articles. There are many good writers but few good editors.

London is growing so rapidly that it will soon contain a population of 4,000,000. The Metropolitan police of 7,800 members have to control and patrol a district of thirty miles in diameter.

Diamond cut Diamond.

In the village of — lived a man who had once been a judge of the county, and well known all over it by the name of Judge R. He kept a store and saw-mill, and was always sure to have the best bargain on his side, by which he had gained an ample fortune; and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited withal, and used to brag of his business capacity whenever anyone was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number was seated round the stove, he began as usual to tell of his great bargains and at last wound up with the expression—

"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I have cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so?" said the judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do anything, I'll tell you or else I won't: you are to much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear," cried half a dozen voices at once.

"I'll promise," said the judge, "and treat in the bargain if you have."

"Well do you remember the wagon you robbed me of?"

"I never robbed you of any wagon: I only got the best of the bargain," said the judge.

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did," interrupted the cute judge.

"Yes, I did, and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the enraged judge.

"Well, you see, judge I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile down at the mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you had bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated judge, running to his book and examining his log account; you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender in logs, "by drawing it back and forth the end wore off, and as it wore I kept cutting the end off until it was ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it—and when it got so short I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and I concluded I had got the worth of my wagon back, and stowed away in my pocket book."

The exclamation of the judge was drowned by the shout of the bystanders, and the log vender found the door without the promised treat.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—AMUSING LETTER FROM A CONGRESSMAN.—The Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* says:

A lady received a letter from a Congressman, that puzzled her beyond explanation, and she handed it over to me for clearance. I understood it at once. My fair friend had the same name made famous by an authoress here, and the letter had been missent. It seems the fair quill-driver had been using the M. C.'s frank to forward her manuscripts and proofs. I ought not to publish, but can't resist. The little epistolary effort read:

DEAR FRIEND—I am sorry to refuse the use of my *fac simile*, as heretofore. There has been such a devil of a row kicked up in the newspapers about the use of the thing, that I have been forced to lock mine up. It is well I did. I found it had been used to frank over the country a circular setting forth the excellence of a certain patent ointment to cure scald heads, tetter, ringworm and chicken-pox in children. I have the confounded thing under double-lock and key, and have had night sweats ever since, for fear some infernal paper would get hold of the thing and force me to rise to a question of privilege, on the subject of franking scald-heads. If you will send me your manuscripts and sheets I will frank them, with pleasure, provided none are to go to that screechy old heathen, Horace Greeley. I am, madam, yours, etc.

PYRAMID LAKE.—A gentleman who has lately explored the islands of Pyramid Lake, in Utah, which are avoided from some superstition by the Indians, says that it is impossible, during the incubating season, to walk on the islands without stepping on the eggs of gulls, ducks, pelicans, and other aquatic fowl. Two small rocky islands are alive with rattlesnakes, which bask in the shade of almost every stone; so that an intruder is often treated to a serenade of a dozen or more rattles of various degrees of power and shades of tone.

The Sacramento and Vallejo Railroad is repaired and in operation again.

Plumping in Pennsylvania.

It is an interesting peculiarity of criminal voting in Pennsylvania, that the rascally Repeaters, when brought to the witness-stand, usually acknowledged their multiplied misdemeanors with a cheerful frankness which is eminently edifying. A contested election case (Bunn vs. Witham) is now before a legislative Committee at Harrisburg—the seat in dispute being that for the 11th Legislative District. One witness, Michael Slaven by name, swears that he voted the Democratic ticket twenty times, between 8 o'clock a. m. and 5:30 p. m.—being about twice every hour—a remarkably energetic day's work, and speaking highly for Michael's peripatetic ubiquity. Then comes a confessor rejoicing in the gentle name of Lamb, who acknowledged that he voted the Democratic ticket twenty times on election day. Then follows Henry Elliott, who, on his own statement, was also a double X voter. The modest and moderate John Rowan contented himself with voting the Democratic ticket only ten times. According to the testimony of Slaven, there was a small party of ten men, the witness himself being one of them, who went meandering about all day, voting the Democratic ticket whenever they pleased and as often as they pleased, being furnished with ballots by "men with the Democratic badge on." Some of his companions, according to Lamb, belonged in Baltimore and some of them in New York. Elliott, it seems to us, was absurdly cautious; for he deposes that he "changed his hat and coat sometimes in going from poll to poll." Why he did this we are sure we don't know; for it is not at all probable that any Democratic challenger would have molested him or made him afraid while he was doing a work so noble and patriotic. For the enthusiastic Elliott to disguise himself, was as it were to hide his light under a bushel, and the change of hat and coat might have rendered it difficult for him to establish his identity when the rovers called at the Democratic headquarters to receive their reward.

M. Slaven testifies to an interesting circumstance in regard to "the man who gave the tickets." This charitable purveyor of ballots presented to the little deposed band a \$5 bill, whereupon the free voters went to the Girard-ave Market and "got their dinners"—and an uncommon good appetite we should think they must have had after their long walks and exhausting exercise of the franchise. These were, indeed, true Democratic politicians. They were after a free dinner, and they got it; and whoever says they didn't earn it can know nothing by personal experience of the fatigue of voting early and voting often.

Mr. Michael Slaven and the other diligent perambulators exhibited a touching confidence in Democratic integrity. "We voted," says Michael, the Democratic ticket; did not examine any of them; the man we took them from had the Democratic badge on." Each enterprising voter received from "the man with the badge on" a slip of paper. Upon this were written facts with which the recipient was supposed to be unacquainted, viz., his own name, residence and occupation. These memoranda were necessary, it seems, to manufacture a citizenship for the gallant balloters. It isn't everybody who can be rechristened, get a new house, and learn a new trade, a dozen times over in one day.

Although the Philadelphia system appears to us to be nearly perfect, yet there is one improvement which we may venture to suggest. Common humanity would seem to require that every Repeater, passing "from pole to pole," should be furnished with a velocipede. If Mr. Michael Slaven, without this locomotive convenience, could vote twenty times in one day, it is evident that by its aid he might double or treble his usefulness. We give Mr. Chairman Wallace the hint, and charge him nothing for it, beyond the common gratitude which our past favors have already so amply earned.

SANTA CLARA INCENDIARIES.—It will be remembered that the telegraph gave notice not long since, that a band of Ku-Kluxes, controlled by the same spirit working in the breasts of the Oregon City disturbers, burned a church in Santa Clara, California because it was used as a school room for Chinese pupils. The incendiary who applied the torch, now writes that he was one of a band of 68,000 in California who were with him in such villainy. The *Marysville Appeal* remarking upon the declaration, thinks the fellow means there are 68,000 Democratic voters in the State.—*Unionist*.

An insane man became unmanageable in a New York Central railroad car, and it was ascertained that out of thirty-two gentlemen in the car, twenty-nine carried revolvers.

England has coined 40,000,000 gold sovereigns, and 13,000,000 half sovereigns, during the past ten years—about \$225,000,000.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS

Oysters are sold ten for a cent in Pensacola, Florida.

There is a baby in Hartford three months old, which weighs only two pounds.

Indiana has eight hundred and thirty-one aboriginal log school houses still in use.

Chinamen have commenced to work the mines on More's creek, Idaho City. Sacramento is to have a grand velocipede tournament on the 20th. There will also be a match race for \$200.

The town of Elko is beautifully located in the center of a nice valley, and on the banks of the Humboldt river.

Georgia has something like one hundred and thirty counties, more than almost any other State in the Union, though not the largest in territory. There is a proposition before the legislature to create a number of new counties.

The Buffalo Courier has been sent to the Young Men's Christian Association, Geneva, New York, for some time; at last the postmaster returns the paper saying it is uncalled for, and adds, by way of explanation: "Reason—all the young men dead—defunct—gone up—reputated—disgusted—sold out by the constable."

Meadow Lake, a mushroom town, which sprung up on the Central Pacific railroad, two years ago, and at one time boasted a city government, two theatres, thirteen hotels, etc., has now a population of thirty-five, and a building that cost \$6,000 was sold the other day for \$75.

The Los Angeles News says that a bearing orange tree in that county would be considered worthless that would not produce more than than 100 oranges, and would be dug up and thrown away. It is not an uncommon thing there to gather annually three or four, and even five thousand oranges from one tree.

The Washington correspondent of the *San Francisco Times* says: "I hear it rumored on the streets of Washington that a movement is on foot to investigate the particulars of the will of the late David C. Broderick. Wilkes, of the *New York Spirit of the Times*, it will be remembered, was the devise and sold the entire estate to C. K. Garrison for \$800,000. It is now worth many millions, and there are several heirs discovered. The whole subject has been an enigma since the will was first admitted to probate."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers—to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wealth of leaves shades us—to-morrow, sore and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green—to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale—to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain—to-morrow "the land is taking its rest after the toil."

To-day we have sweet songsters of meadows and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects—to-morrow—breathe softly all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surrounding, attracts the passer-by—to-morrow a heap of ruins mark the site.

To-day there are cattle upon a thousand hills—to-morrow they fall in slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away, but let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and sapless stalk, shall "arise to newness of life."

Where overlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers,"

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.—The report of the Department of Agriculture for last month, shows that the number of horses has slightly increased in most of the Western and Southern States, but very little in the Eastern and Middle States. In the principal States west of the Mississippi river and in the Pacific States the number is not equal to the demand, as is shown by the general advance in price. There is a positive decrease in cattle in many States, amounting to five per cent. in Illinois. A reduction in the number of milk cows is reported in Texas, Ohio and Illinois. A general reduction in sheep is shown, except in Tennessee, Missouri, Minnesota, Kansas and the Pacific States. The loss is not much less than ten per cent. There is a large reduction in swine, representing fifteen per cent. in some sections, and a marked advance in prices.

Armies don't like to be hard-pressed. We can't say how it would be with an army of women.

Nevada owes \$606,128 04, and has an annual revenue of \$117,595 99.