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Wind and Sea.

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines on the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his blue repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shivers all over with gloom,
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the
In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may bark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain;
He waits on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from the ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the self-same strain.

The Birth-Day Gift.

"Mabel Harrison, you surely do not mean to speak to that little wretch!"
"O Addie, just stop one minute, he is crying, see how he shivers with the cold."
Adelaide moved proudly on. "I cannot see, Mabel, where you inherit your low taste. It is positively getting to be disagreeable to walk out with you on the street. Suppose some of your acquaintances should see you?"
But Mabel had already turned to the little bare-headed, bare-footed, fellow, who had been in the innocent cause of Adelaide's rebuke. In a moment she rejoined her sister.
"His name is Bertie, and you may laugh if you will, but he really does look like the picture of cousin Herbert that hangs in the library, and he is just about Herbert's age when that was taken. He told me his father's name was Papa, and that he had been sick. They must be very poor, for would you believe it? the child had been hunting coal in the gutter's, and had that old can nearly full. Do promise, after our visit to the dress-maker, to go with me, and see them."
"Of all the romantic simpletons I ever knew, you deserve the palm," replied Adelaide. "Why even if it should prove to be cousin Herbert's child, as in your exuberant fancy you seem to have already concluded, I would not go across the street to make their acquaintance. Not that I have anything against them personally; but remember uncle's words to us, 'You are never to hold intercourse with that man who was your cousin, under pain of my severest displeasure.' I can see him yet, and the anger that burned in his face at the time makes me shudder now, when I think of it. Besides, you know uncle had reason to be offended. Herbert violated his express command when he married that girl, and as he chose the consequences, he has none to blame but himself."
"No, Mabel," she continued; "I have no idea of giving up my comfortable home, and being thrust out in the world to make my own living, as would be the case, if I disobeyed uncle Hugh; so whatever benevolent scheme you have on hand, please do not implicate me in any way. My own idea just now is, to get out of this disreputable part of the city as soon as we can. What could have induced the dress-maker to move in this direction, I cannot imagine."
"High rents, I suppose," said Mabel. "I admit," she continued, returning to the subject so near her heart, "that there was a great deal said on both sides that was wrong; but uncle's heart is not steel now, whatever it was five years ago. I do not believe a day passes that he does not yearn over his absent son, and I am quite sure that Herbert's desire for a reconciliation is not less fervent."
"Are you gifted with second sight, or how have you discovered what every one else is ignorant of?" asked Adelaide in a sarcastic tone.
"I will tell you what I did see, yesterday," said her sister warmly. "Uncle standing before that picture, his hands raised imploringly, and his eyes wet with tears. I was sitting on the window-seat, partly hidden by the curtain, he did not know I was present. No, Addie, it is pride: foolish, sinful pride, that keeps father and son apart; and I intend never to rest until I see them reconciled, even by so doing I am forced, as you say, to go out into the world and seek my living. I have long made this hope my daily prayer, and I believe that God, in his good time, will permit me to see its fulfillment."
When they left the dress-maker's, Mabel said, "I am going to see that child and its parents; and, sister, I have decided not to buy new trimmings for my dress, but use some lace I have at home; so if you choose to purchase yours to-day, do not wait for me."

"You will find that, even by wearing old trimmings, your funds will hardly suffice to cover the heads and feet of all the beggars in this city; but, *chacun a son gout, non?*"
Mabel smiling turned in the opposite direction. The result of her visit, or returning home, was made known only to Mrs. Forsyth, who had been housekeeper in the family for thirty years. A half hour afterward, when the two left the house, Mrs. Forsyth carrying a large basket, John, the waiter, sagely remarked, "must be something in the wind, for as long as I have lived in this house, it's the first time I have known Madam to carry a basket when I was on hand."
That evening the uncle and niece occupied their usual places in the library. Mabel, seated on a low chair in front of the grate, gazed earnestly at the fire, while her hands, clasping and unclasping each other, betrayed unusual nervousness.
She suddenly turned and gazed at her niece, whom she found intently regarding her.
"Are you not well, Mabel?" asked her uncle.
Adelaide gave a questioning glance toward her sister, then arose and left the room.
Mabel arose, and leaning on her uncle's shoulder, said, "To-morrow is your birth-day, uncle."
"Well, have you my present ready?"
"Yes, only"—she replied hesitatingly, her voice trembling—"I want you to promise not to be angry when you receive it."
"Angry, love! Am I in the habit of showing anger to you? I do not understand you." But feeling her tears dropping upon his hand, he thought the child had broken or lost something he had prized, and intends to try and replace it.
"Would you feel better assured if you had my written promise?" he asked kindly.
"Yes," said Mabel, smiling through her tears.
Taking a slip of paper, he wrote:
"I hereby solemnly promise, upon the receipt of my birth-day gift from my niece, Mabel, not to be angry, but to continue to love and cherish her as before. Witness my hand."
HUGH HARRISON.
Mabel kissed him affectionately, and then left the room with the paper clasped tightly in her hand.
Mr. Harrison sat alone in the library after breakfast, his thoughts running sadly upon the past. He did not hear the opening door, or the light step upon the carpet, until he was aroused by a child's voice at his elbow, asking, "Are you my grandpa?"
The living counterpart of the picture stood before him. He saw the same large black eyes, the same short curls peeping from under the velvet cap set so jauntily upon his head; in fact, the whole dress, even to the lace collar and riding whip he held in his hand, was the same.
"Child, who are you?" burst from the lips of the startled man.
"The lady that gave me this pretty dress, said I was to hand this to my grandpa."
Mr. Harrison took the note. On the outside was written, "your birth-day gift, from Mabel." Inside was the written promise he had given the night before.
He laid the note upon the table, and took the child upon his lap.
"What is your name, my boy?"
"Bertie Harrison, and these two kisses papa and mamma sent, and said please to forgive them."
The heart of the stern man was stirred to its depths.
"O Bertie! my little Bertie!" he sobbed, "have I regained you at last? You have conquered, Mabel!" for he saw her standing near, her face beaming with joy. "Now take me to my son."
Need we tell the rest? How the carriage was ordered and speedily driven by John, in the direction Mabel pointed out; how it returned, bringing the hitherto alienated ones home to the father's house, to rejoice henceforth in his love; and how the sick man, amid the comforts of home, and with a mind at peace, grew rapidly strong and well? The wife, whose only sin had been poverty, proved herself a treasure, and became a mine of filial affection. And as for little Bertie, he became the pet of the house, and especially of his grandfather, who ever after styled him his birth-day gift.

A Modern Drinking Song.

Adapted (slightly) from the old poets, to the new style of "beverage," and dedicated, by George Sennott, to the "Whisky Ring."
Fill high the bowl with Fused Oil!
With Tannin let your cups be crowned!
If Strychnine gives relief to Toil,
Let Strychnine's generous juice abound!
Let Oil of Vitriol cool your brains,
Or anisated atoms brew—
And fill your arteries, hearts and veins,
With glue—and infernal glue!

Vine! That died out in '58—
What fool would have it back? And how?
The "cup that will inebriate
And never cheer," they sell us now.
"The conscious water saw its God
And blushed." What of it? Don't you feel
That water knows the Druggist's rod,
And blushes now—with Cocaine!

Ah! Fragrant fume of Kresote!
Revolving bowl of Prussian Blue!
Who would not soothe his parching throat
With your mild offspring, "Mountain Dew"?
Stronger than aught that raked the frame
And shook the mighty brain of Buns,
Surely, ye'll set our heads a-flame,
Where'er his festal day returns!

Bring on the Beer—fresh Copera foam!
With Alum mixed, in powder fine,
How could my foolish fancy roam
In search of whiter froth than thine?
Thy Indian Berry's Essence spread
Through amber wavelets, sparkling clear,
Bennum dull Care—strikes Feeling dead—
And narcotizes Shame and Fear!

Far down thy bubbling depths, Champagne!
Drown'd Honor, Love and Beauty lie—
They fought th' unequal fight in vain—
Shall we, too, *merely* drink—and die?
Sweet Acetate of Lead forbid!
Fill every drink with pangs—and tell
What torture could—and always did—
Anticipate the stings of Hell!

Then drink, boys! drink! We never can
Drink younger! And we never will
Do men—or aught resembling man,
While poisoners have the power to kill!
Amen! From Frozy's screech of mirth
To maudlin Sorrow's drizzling flow,
We'll rave, through scenes unmatch'd on earth,
And not to be surpassed below!

THE EYE OF AN EAGLE.—The eyes of all birds have a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near and distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey. When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in a perpendicular height, and from that enormous elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty; and when we see the same bird scrutinizing with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we should at once perceive that he possesses the power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.
If we take a printed page we shall discover that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with distinctness; but if we move the page to a distance of forty inches, we should find it impossible to read at all; a scientific man would therefore call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles.
But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases; he has only to look at an object at the distance of two or three miles to see it with perfect distinctness. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other.
When he looks at a distant object this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of his eye being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; and when he looks at a near object the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and can only see clearly an object that is near him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

SIMPLE, BUT PUZZLING.—Two men arriving at the same time at a window wherein was hung a large painting of a gentleman, one asked the other if he knew who it was. The answer was:—
"Brothers and sisters I have none,
But that man's father was my father's son."
What relationship was he of the picture to the speaker?
Another: Two persons meeting in the street one addressed the other as "my son" to which the person addressed responded: "If I am your son, you are not my father." Again, what was the relationship?

For the benefit of those of our readers who have not been to guessing school, we will state that the answer to the first is "Son," and to the second, "Mother."

Somebody Loves Me.

Two or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home, in Boston, received one morning a request from the Judge that he would come up to the Court-room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The Judge pointed to them (utterly helpless and friendless) and said, "Mr. T., can you take any of these?"
"Certainly; I can take them all," was his prompt reply.
"All! What in the world can you do with them?"
"I'll make women of them."
The Judge singled out one even more in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What would you do with that one?"
"I'll make a woman out of her," Mr. T. repeated hopefully and firmly.
He took them all home. They were washed and dressed, and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chances for better things the Judge had thought so small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T. in reference to her: "I never saw a child like that; I have tried for an hour to get a single smile and failed."
Mr. T. said afterwards that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.
After school he called her into his office, and said pleasantly: "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl who would wait upon me and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman adopted her, and she went to live with them. I miss her, and I should like you to take her place and be my pet now; will you?"
A gleam of light flitted across the poor girl's face and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her to go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces and scattered them about the room. When she returned in a few minutes, he said to her: "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me—pick up these papers and make it look real nice?"
She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her just as a kind father would—brought about the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner, with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half fearful of some mental wandering, the teacher went to her and said: "Mary, what is it? What makes you so happy?"
"Oh! I've got somebody to love me! somebody to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.
This was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her and desired her affection, which lighted the child's soul and glorified her face!
Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home in New England; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her father and mother.
Shall we who have many to love, and to love us, refuse to be comforted—to see any value and use of life—any work for our hands to do—because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight—from our home and care to a better?
And, oh! shall we let any of these little ones go hungering for affection—go up even to God's throne, before they find "one to love them!"—*Arthur's Magazine.*

DETERMINING LONGITUDE.—An observatory is now in process of erection at Salt Lake City, under the direction of the United States Coast Survey, in order to obtain an exact meridian, and for the purpose of determining the difference of longitude at specified points across the continent from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to San Francisco, California. An intermediate station has been established Omaha, Nebraska, 1,500 miles west of Cambridge. The observatory at Salt Lake City is 1,000 miles east of Omaha, and little under 900 miles east of San Francisco. To obtain the requisite piers for mounting the transit instruments, Brigham Young has to send teams to Weber Canyon, and bring the blocks of stone a distance of sixty miles.

The largest distillery in the country has just been finished near Lexington, Kentucky. It will be able to make some 2,400 gallons of whisky per day.

Women and Marriage.

I have speculated a great deal on matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of the gay circles, married, as the world says, well. Some have moved into their costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid home for happiness, and have gone away and committed them to their sunny homes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them, as the young are sometimes carried away with similar feelings.
I love to get unobserved in a corner and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes meeting me in the pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the not now forbidden tenderness, and how thrilling the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even parting their joy, and how gladly they will come back from the crowded and empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company.
I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, wishing he would come, and when he enters at last, with an affection as undying as his pulse, nestling upon his bosom. I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him upon the graceful form as she moves about in the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him even forget himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.
I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity and loveliness, chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her, and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.

A LOVING AND LADY WIFE.—The following matrimonial incident is from the Quincy (Cal.) *National* of February 27th:
A miner living in this place has a wife in Oroville. About the first of February he wrote her, asking for certain information. He wrote her he had been given some to an Indian, which nearly killed him. By the last mail the husband received the following answer from his *carra sposa*:
OROVILLE, Feb. 18, 1869.
"I have received your letter. I was much surprised and extremely concerned at hearing of your late misfortune. I really hope they have been exaggerated for your report, and that upon investigation you will find your health in a much better condition than you imagine.
"If, indeed, it is true that you have been so badly treated, let me beg of you to live up under your afflictions, putting your trust in Him who directs all things for the best, and whose All-seeing eye watches over us continuously. I have but little time to answer letters, and especially letters of so little importance.
"Oh! how sorry I feel for the poor Indian. Tell me—and quickly, too—was it a buck or squaw you gave the cake to?"
"Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience."
"In excellent health—getting along nicely. Some one—no matter who—was telling me the other day that Thompson's colt is dead."
MEASURE OF AN ACRE.—The Maryland Farmer gives the following table of distance, by which it says an exact acre can be found:
5 yards wide by 968 yards long contains one acre.
10 yards wide by 484 yards long contains one acre.
20 yards wide by 242 yards long contains one acre.
40 yards wide by 121 yards long contains one acre.
80 yards long by 60½ yards wide contains one acre.
70 yards long by 66 1/7 yards wide contains one acre.
220 feet long by 198 feet wide contains one acre.
440 feet long by 99 feet wide contains one acre.
110 feet wide by 360 feet long contains one acre.
60 feet wide by 726 feet long contains one acre.
120 feet wide by 363 feet long contains one acre.
240 feet long by 181½ feet wide contains one acre.

The Cleveland *Herald* calls Mr. Fiske the "Railroad Gobbler," which a contemporary styles a "new phase of the turkey question."

Feline Sagacity.

A New Hampshire paper tells the following:
"Last year Mr. Charley Edgerly, of Meredith, owned a cat which was a regular hunter. He would often go off and bring in rabbits. If any of the family would go berrying, Tommy would go too, and devote his energies to wild game. If he became separated from the party, he would climb a tree and ascertain the direction to head himself to find them. He could catch birds on trees, and the boys of the family, knowing the propensity of squirrels to take to fences and stone walls when in danger, would put him on a wall and alarm the game. One afternoon Tommy caught fifteen squirrels in this manner. He would wait any length of time when put in a place and told to stay there.
One day he brought a rat and laid it at the feet of Mr. Edgerly, who took out his knife and skinned it. Pussy surveyed the operation with intense interest, and seemed highly pleased with it. Mr. Edgerly said, "go and get another," and the cat went and returned at intervals during the day with three more, which were duly skinned under feline supervision. Mr. Edgerly told the cat that he would skin all that it could catch; and henceforth made it his sole occupation to catch the rodents and see their hides removed. The skins of the rats were fastened on the barn at the distance of a few feet from the ground. Thirty-seven trophies were in time displayed on the barn. One day this feline Nimrod brought in a rat and laid it at Mr. Edgerly's feet. He was busy at the time and could not gratify the animal with the usual skinning operation. The cat laid it at his feet three successive times, and was finally repulsed in such a manner that Tommy went off with his tail and back up in the peculiar stiff gait which enraged animals have. From that day not a rat would be caught, though other small game continued to suffer as of old.
But now comes the wonderful part of the tale. On the night of the day in which he became so mortally offended, Tommy went to the barn and tore down the hides of the thirty-seven victims, to show his resentment of the insult. Such a case is rarely heard of, and so we record it for our readers, old and young. Though he would keep all his old habits, such as skating (for he would slide in the best manner he was able, on the ice, whenever the boys went), he never again was known to catch a rat to the day of his death, which happened a few months afterward by his being caught in a fox trap.
No Go.—The following bit of romance is the richest we have heard of for a long time. A gentleman living on Boise river became very anxious for a wife, and agreed to give a certain Justice of the Peace, living in the county, fifty dollars if he would find any woman who would marry him. All arrangements were made between the anxious one and the J. P. The J. P. made it a business to find some one who would sail out on the sea of life with an unknown gentleman. The object of search was found—the anxious gentleman sent for. The couple were perfectly satisfied with each other's appearance and much ado made over their happy future. The evening passed off pleasantly until the one so easily wooed and won called for a deck of cards and began to try fortunes (she is said to be a fortune teller). The deck was brought, and she began by telling the fortune of her husband in prospect. He cut the cards; alas! what a sorry cut for him. He cut the Jack with legs up! This was more than the second party could bear, and she exclaimed, in accents wild, "My God! my God! I've lost my husband." She vowed she would never marry a man who would cut the Jack on the first turn, and with his legs up. Thus ended a little bit of Boise valley romance. The gentleman is trying to sell his clothes at half their cost, and the J. P. is trying to fix up matters and have the couple united, for he says he wants the \$50. Be careful, young men, and see your "keerd" before you show it to the lady, and never cut the Jack with legs up.—*Boise Democrat.*
"Tis wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I had a bean, and billet-doux, and joined the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive to poison, hang, or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was ever so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam without—"the bliss, the honor, miss, of seeing you safe home." But now I go, through rain and snow, fatigued and scarce alive, through all the dark, without a spark, because I'm thirty-five.
China and India are the great reservoirs of silver. They have been absorbing it ever since the Western world entered into commercial relations with them. To these reservoirs there seems to be no bottom. Millions upon millions of silver have been poured in there, and have totally disappeared from the sight of man.