

The Albany Register.

VOL. 1.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

NO. 32.

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Beautiful Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are less aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad;
These patient hands kept talking on,
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their work
On hand, and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.
But oh! beyond this shadow lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

A Family Jar, and What Came of It.

I remember it as though it had happened yesterday. It was the biggest row we ever had in our family.

It was one cold, rainy evening in the early part of December. We all sat down to the supper table as usual, but not, apparently, in our usual good humor.

"By all," I mean our family, which consisted of father, mother, my two sisters—Clara and Lizzie—Bob and myself. Bob Carver was one of our family, as he said, by "brevet." His mother and my mother had been friends in girlhood, and had never outgrown their intimacy. Ever since Bob had lived in the city he had boarded at our house, and he seemed like one of us.

He was a jolly good fellow, and appeared to think a good deal of us all, especially Clara, who, by the way, did not seem to care particularly for him, though of course, she liked him "well enough," as we all did.

The relations between these two had caused me considerable painful consideration. I liked Bob very much, and would have been glad to have him in the family more fully than by "brevet." Besides this my regard for him made me feel a warm sympathy for his unreciprocated affection for Clara. I was in love myself, and thought if Maggie Scranton showed as much indifference to me as Clara did sometimes toward Bob, that I should have been inexpressibly miserable.

Besides this, Clara seemed to take a good deal of pleasure in the company of that stupid Jim Bayne, whose chief delight seemed to consist in talking about religion, politics and other subjects, which bored me intolerably. I was nineteen, and poetical.

It always seemed to me that Lizzie would have suited Bob better than Clara, anyhow. They were both fond of music, and often played and sang together; but they never got along smoothly together. They did not appear to agree about anything but music, and they quarreled about that. Yet they would still practice together. Their voices harmonized well, and I supposed they tolerated each other for the sake of the music.

I could never understand Lizzie's conduct toward Bob. It was absurd. Some of his ideas which she argued against with all her might, when he stated them, she as warmly defended in conversation with the rest of us. I believe she delighted in being contrary.

Mother sometimes rebuked her for her petulance to Bob, but father said it made no difference—it was customary for musical people to quarrel. He was quick tempered himself, and Lib was more like him than any of the rest of us were.

But to return to that December evening. As I have said, the weather was bad. For that reason, I suppose, the boy had failed to leave the evening paper.

When father came in, he asked for the paper, and said, "Confound the boy!"

When Bob came in, he asked for the paper, and went up stairs to change his boots, grumbling out something about hanging the boy to the nearest lamp-post.

The girls were in bad humor, because they had been unable to get out shopping that afternoon on a holiday shopping expedition; while mother was worried because the bread had not turned out well, and the buckwheat cakes showed a tendency to become sour.

Mother said something about the bread—said she had been over the baking nearly all day, and it seemed as though it never would rise. She said, "I think either the flour or yeast is bad."

Father, just to be disagreeable, I suppose, said, "A bad workman always complains of his tools."

Mother flashed up instantly. She was a good bread-maker, and she knew it. She said, "That don't apply to me. We generally have as good bread as any one. Don't you think so, Robert?"

Bob, who looked as though he was working out some problem in mental arithmetic, answered, "I don't presume to criticize the fare at my boarding-house."

This was improving (?) things, rapidly,—Bob calling our house his boarding-house.

After supper Bob went up to his room and smoked a cigar, and afterward came down in a more social humor. In accordance with a previous arrangement, he and Lizzie sat down to practice an instrumental duet.

I sat in the parlor reading, and so long as the music ran smoothly on, I paid no attention to it; but suddenly there was a discord, and then it ceased.

"You made a mistake there," said Bob, pointing to the music.

"No, it was you," said Lizzie, "and there is where it was," pointing at one of the hieroglyphics with which composers disguise paper.

"I beg pardon," said Bob; "but I could not have made such a mistake, as I am quite familiar with the piece. I played it with Miss Peterson the other evening, and she made the same mistake you did—only she saw it when I pointed it out."

"Oh, yes; she would see that black was white, if you pointed it out. What has Miss Peterson to do with me?"

I surely thought that you and I had lived long enough in the same house together, and were sufficiently intimate—if not friendly—to allow me to differ from you sometimes, and even to quote authority in support of my own opinion when it was at variance with yours."

"Whatever friendly relations there were need not continue. You have chosen to define your position in the house as that of a mere boarder, and, as such, had no right to flout another young lady in my face, and claim that because she made a mistake, I must have done so, too. You talk queerly about this music, anyhow. If you are as familiar with the piece as you pretend, why do you practice it? I know you are not right about that mistake, and I don't believe you think you are, yourself."

If a man had given Bob Carver the lie so directly, I suppose he would have knocked him down. As it was, he jumped up, without a word, and went to his room.

Lizzie played several very lively airs, with great animation, and was as merry as a bird until she went to bed.

Her apparent triumph over the matter angered me, and I bluntly told her she had been ill-natured and unlady-like; whereupon she informed me that "children should be seen and not heard."

At breakfast, next morning, all of us had apparently regained our good humor, but there was something forced about Bob's gaiety. I noticed that he and Lizzie said nothing to each other. When he left, he said he would not be back to supper. (He always dined down town.) As this was not altogether unusual, no one but myself appeared to notice it, except Clara, who looked at Lizzie with a sort of "I told you so" glance.

Bob came home late that evening, and we did not see him until next morning. At breakfast Lizzie seemed about to say

something to him once, but did not do so.

Father, mother and Clara went to church. Bob and I concluded not to go, and it was Lizzie's turn to stay at home and superintend the preparation for dinner.

We were accustomed to eating good dinners on Sunday, as it was the only time we could all eat that meal together and take our time at it. We all enjoyed those Sunday dinners keenly.

Just before the folks started to church, Clara and Lizzie were talking earnestly together, and Clara said, "Yes, you ought to do it, and do it at once." I gave no heed to the words then, but afterward knew what they referred to.

Father had a sort of half-library, half-office, up stairs, and there Bob and I went; he to take a smoke and myself to read.

After we had been there a short time, Lizzie tapped at the door and walked in. I asked her if she would have a cigar, to which she made no reply, but walked directly toward Bob, who involuntarily got up to meet her.

I saw that they were about to make up their quarrel; but as I had been present at a half dozen make-ups of theirs, I only thought it necessary to gaze, with sudden interest out of the window.

Lizzie commenced: "Mr. Carver, I was rude; I was provoked at what you said at the table, and so forgot myself; I am sorry."

I wished I had gone out; but they were between me and the door, so I did not know what to do.

Bob maintained an awkward silence for a few seconds. I began to feel interested. I knew that was pretty much of an apology for Lib to make to any one, and I mentally said if he did not accept it as frankly as it was offered, he was a—well, not what I thought him.

Lizzie must have grown tired of his silence, for she had turned around from the window, when Bob said "Stop." She turned toward him and he continued:

"Lizzie, don't think I am such a brute as not to accept your apology. I was only at a loss to find words to express my regret at having provoked you into saying what you did. It was all my fault."

"No, it wasn't," curtly returned Lib; and I mentally concluded that they would quarrel over this.

But Bob continued seriously, and in a most lugubrious tone, "Well, may be it isn't. I guess it is fate. It is the result I suppose, of over-sensitiveness to your indifference—or dislike."

"Bob!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"It's true," he said; "I can't help feeling that you don't like me, and my uneasiness leads me to act so as to increase your aversion."

I wish I had gone. They seemed to be settling not only their last quarrel, but all they had ever had.

"You had no right to say that, Bob. You—know—I don't—dislike you," said Lizzie, actually breaking down and sobbing.

I guess he must have concluded that he knew it, for he took her in his capacious arms just as I passed them on a rapid retreat, terribly ashamed of not having gone in the first place.

I do not know what took place after I left, but so far as dinner was concerned, Lib might as well have gone to church.

Bridget got it all right, however, and I think it was about the happiest one we ever did eat.

Happiness is contagious, and there was enough of it in Lizzie's eyes alone to have inoculated a whole regiment with joy.

I believe Clara saw the state of affairs at once, and shared Lizzie's joy to the greatest possible degree.

Father and mother seemed to accept the "era of good feeling" without explanation, while Bob was insane.

He asked father about the sermon, and on being assured that it was an excellent one, said he would take a little of it.

Father asked him, "What?" and he said "potatoes."

He helped himself to a spoonful, and then deliberately took a spoonful of butter.

Mother significantly asked him if he

thought smoking agreed with him, and he told her yes, he considered it a delightful exercise; and as he gave her this novel assurance, he reached for the molasses and poured it over his potatoes and butter.

This was too much for Clara and me, and we burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which recalled Bob to his senses; and, blushing crimson, he confessed that he was absent minded, as he had just been able to see his way clear in a matter which had troubled him for months.

He then heartily joined in the general laugh at his mistakes; Lizzie also joining in, and blushing a pink accompaniment to his deep crimson flush.

Bob and father took a smoke in the office that afternoon, and mother and the girls held a conference in the parlor; I took a walk.

When I came back Clara said, "You're a gump."

Without any idea of what that might be, I meekly assented, and said, "I had no idea of what was coming; I thought Bob wanted you, instead of Lib."

"You're all the worse gump for that," said she; "and for fear you can't see something else in time, I'll tell you now that I'm engaged to Mr. Bayne."

I thought the marrying days of the year had come, and went off to my room to indulge in a delightful dream of my own marriage, in the far off future, with Maggie Cranston.

Five years have passed since then. Clara and Lizzie got married, of course, and I stood up at their weddings. Clara keeps house. Bob and Lizzie still live at our house, and father insists that they always shall.

I do not think Jim Bayne as stupid as I once did. Three years in the fish and oil business, as junior member of the firm of Martin & Son, have damaged my poetic enthusiasm, while Bayne's seems, somehow or other, on the increase.

I have not married Maggie Cranston. In fact, I do not know her. We did not keep up our acquaintance long after she left the boarding school where she was when I so fully expected to marry her, and thought I could not get along without her.

I am still a youthful bachelor, awaiting an opportunity to quarrel with some young lady, as Bob Carver did with our Lizzie; but I don't want any nineteen-year-old-brothers on hand at the reconciliation.

SOMETHING NEW.—The following singular proceedings tally with the growing markish sentimentality against hurting people who kill. The *Tribune* says:

It is said that charges have been brought against the Sheriff of Oneida county, for administering chloroform to the convict Carwell just before execution. We believe the "black cap" pallid over his face was saturated with anæsthesia. The matter will be brought to the attention of the Legislature. We don't see any particular harm in the Sheriff's action. If the law means that a man shall die for the crime, the main object is to take life away in the easiest manner. Any other method would be torture. The discussion of this "anæsthetic" question will be of great interest.

BULLY FOR FANNIE.—Fanny Fern thus disposes of that ornamental and useless object called a "handsome man," and sensible folks will concur. She says:

But your conventional "handsome man" of the barber's window, wax figure—head pattern; with pet lock in the middle of his forehead, an apple-sized head, a raspberry moustache with six hairs in it, paint pot on his cheek, and a little dot of a "goatee" on his chin, with pretty blinking little studs in his shirt bosom; and a little neck tie that looks as if he would faint were it tumbled—I'd as lief look at a puddle. I always feel a desire to nip it up with a pair of sugar tongs, drop it gently into a bowl of cream, and strew pink rose leaves over the little remains.

While the question of abolishing capital punishment is being widely debated in Maine, the Western States, having tried the imprisonment system, are going back to hanging. Wisconsin is following Illinois in the movement to restore the gallows. Two bills are before the Wisconsin Legislature providing for a return to the death penalty, and one provides for murder in the second degree also.

About Mrs. President Grant. The Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, speaking of the receptions at Washington, thus speaks of Mrs. General Grant:

Of course there are no receptions more crowded than the Grants'. For four years every lady has known that General Grant would be the next President. Beyond the inspiration of such knowledge, their receptions have the charm of a gracious personality. Mrs. Grant is not going to disgrace her countrywomen in the highest mansion in the land. Instead, she will there represent the best type of wife, mother and friend. She has many friends in Washington for her own sake.

When she rolls past in her carriage, I don't believe the most envious cry after her in their hearts, "There, there she goes, a vulgar, selfish woman, who would be a nobody if her husband had not lifted her into power!" They say, rather, "How she enjoys life for herself and others! How happy and earnest; how hearty and kind she is! and whatever her lot she would be the same; I am glad she has come to good fortune!"

People like Mrs. Grant because she brings with her prosperity the same qualities which made her happy and beloved in adversity and obscurity. Few women ever bore the perilous test of sudden fame and fortune with a more hearty happiness or more unassuming grace. Is she pretty? No. She is a roly-poly of a little woman, with a beautiful neck, hands and feet! Her features are well cut, but her eyes are crossed. Some of her friends wished her to have them straightened. "No," she said, "Mr. Grant had loved her ever since she was a little girl with her eyes crossed. He had said that she would not be herself to him if they were straight. Crooked they should remain. If he was satisfied what mattered it to other people?"

Her morning receptions are on Saturday. "In society" morning means after 1 o'clock in the afternoon. To-day she wore a ruby-colored *gros grain* silk, trimmed with folds of satin and heavy fringe a shade lighter than the dress, costly laces and no ornament whatever in her abundant hair. A constant throng of richly apparelled ladies and gentlemen passed and repassed before her from 1 till 4 o'clock.

A prize of \$10 was recently offered to any member of the Connecticut Teachers' Institute who would write and spell correctly the words in the following sentence: "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harness-peddler attempting to gauge the symmetry of a peeled onion which a sibyl has stabbed with a pincener regardless of the innocuities of the lilies of carnelian hue." Thirty-eight teachers competed for the prize, but not one was successful.

SHARP.—A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question: "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How, sir," cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir!" replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

CAUSE.—A writer observes that "it is so well demonstrated that the destruction of woodlands promotes extended droughts and ruinous freshets, that the French Government has provided for the replanting of thousands of acres of forest as a protection for the lands skirting the Alps against the tremendous floods which render certain districts unfit for agriculture."

INGENUOUS.—Hawthorne tells of a fellow without money, who, having one hundred and seventy miles to go, fastened a padlock and chain to his legs, and lay down to sleep in a field. He was apprehended, and carried gratis to a jail in the town whither he desired to go.

MUSK.—When Justinian, in 536, rebuilt what now is known as the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor.

New York stage managers are scouring London for "first class attractions" and "stars."

The lady whose peace of mind was broken, intends to have it repaired.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AT WHITE PINE.

The subject of woman suffrage is daily gaining in importance, and bids fair to be the leading issue in future campaigns. The *White Pine News*, commenting on the Hon. J. C. Hillyer's Woman Suffrage speech, in a calm and dispassionate manner, says: "The generous advocate of the ladies presumes that the fair creatures would act in a body for the public good, and would unite on the best measures and the most worthy candidates, but from our slight knowledge of the sex, we believe that when they come to the polls they will be found to be much worse split up than the men, and that the good results so fervently anticipated by Hon. Mr. Hillyer would not be obtained."

A MORMON STORM.—Speaking of Brigham Young's voluminous and various matrimonial arrangements, a correspondent of the *Oakland News*, writing from Salt Lake, says: "Lucy D. reigned as the favorite until her apparently failing health led to the introduction of 'Amelia the imperious' into the place she had occupied. Amelia took Brigham by storm, and it has been storming there ever since. She usurped all the privileges and the prerogatives of the Lion House, and raised so much of the devil generally that Brigham, having 'one eye' already on her successor, placed her in a separate establishment." It must be uncommon pleasant thus to be able so effectually to quell these domestic storms. But won't Brigham have a high old reception when he enters the next world, from some of these aggrieved females? Won't they make it lively for him! There'll be no saint's rest about him for a period.

NEW VELOCIPED.—Jenkins, of Napa, California, has invented a new velocipede, which is thus described by him in the *Register*: "The machine in general appearance resembles the ordinary one in use—the saddle being somewhat thicker, and the body formed of six-inch gas-pipe. Underneath the saddle is fastened a compact box containing a galvanic battery, the wires of which connect with the armature of an electro magnet, the helix covered with 7,000 feet of fine wire. In front of the operator is a small button which, upon being touched, breaks the connection between the armature and magnet, the former being attached to a piston-rod working upon the eccentric of the front wheel. It will be seen that a succession of quick touches—like fingering the keys of a piano—produces a quick alternate attraction and repulsion of the armature, and this motion communicated to the crank of the driving wheel produces power sufficient to propel the machine at the rate of 60 miles an hour." Why don't some of our inventive geniuses about Albany try their hand on a velocipede? It's better than going to Congress, both as to fame and financially.

Counterfeit swindlers are spoken of in Illinois. They send a note to their victim, inclosing a genuine twenty-five cent piece of postal currency as a "sample," and offer to sell the same at counterfeiters' prices. The victim tries it at a bank, and finds it a sure thing and safe. He sends on \$10 to \$30 for four times the amount in counterfeit. This is the last he hears of the matter.

BRIGHAM'S SAYINGS.—In referring to the probable effects of the Pacific route upon polygamy, Brigham Young says, in his characteristic way, that "it must be a d—d poor religion that can't stand one railroad." Brigham should preserve his various "characteristic sayings" and turn them into a work entitled the "Polygamist's Jest Book," suggests *Figaro*.

The small pox is at last finally disappearing from San Francisco. The *Times* says that several months ago, when the small pox was at its height, Dr. Rowell remarked that the disease would not subside until the grass grew, giving as his reason the absorption of atmospheric poison by vegetation, and illustrating the theory by numerous historical examples, where the plague and other pests had run, until the presence of the Spring vegetation arrested its progress.

Church, the artist, has been wintering among the Arabs, says the *Buffalo Express*. What can he Bedouin?