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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 some 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 Cranston 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 suppose 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 that she argued against with all her might, when he stated them, she 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 all day, and it seemed as though it never would rise. She said, "I think either the flour or the yeast is bad."

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

Mother flushed 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 criticise 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 disfigure 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 and were sufficiently intimate—if not friendly—to allow me to differ with 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 did 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 recovered 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 preparations for dinner.

We are 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 smoke and I 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 half a 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'm 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 Lizzie, 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 increase your aversion."

I wished 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 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 so 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.

THE CANVASS IN TENNESSEE.—The following in relation to the canvass in Tennessee would seem to indicate considerable "closeness of argument." The statement is taken from the Knoxville Press of July 1st:

During Governor Senter's closing remarks at Clinton, yesterday, he was a "circumstance" more severe and scathing in his denunciation of Stokes than in any previous speech. The "General's" military record was used pretty much in the way that boys use a bladder, which is puffed out and swelled by the winds it confines within itself. Gov. Senter used it as a foot-ball, threw it around among the bystanders, and finally took it between his hands, and, bringing them sharply together, burst it.

When the "Bald Eagle" rose to reply, he fairly trembled with anger and shame. Raising his long finger and pointing it at Governor Stokes, he said:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I have a wife and children whom I should greatly dislike to part from. Yet I tell Governor Senter I will hold him personally responsible, after the election, for what he has said to-day. If he considers himself a gentleman, I challenge him to meet me after the election, as a gentleman, and we will then see who is the coward and who the man. I denounce Senter as a liar, and I am ready to meet him any time after the election.

Governor Senter, who was setting immediately behind Stokes, coolly arose and informed Stokes that he was ready to meet him now, or any time agreeable to him (Stokes) previous to election, but would prefer to settle the difficulty without delay. He therefore invited Stokes to step out on the field in the rear of the stand and obtain satisfaction. Stokes replied that he would settle the affair after election.

Both speakers then intimated that the discussion was closed for the day. Senter slapped Stokes on the shoulder and remarked quietly, that he preferred to give him satisfaction without delay. Stokes then replied that he did not mean anything serious, but desired Senter to understand his desire for a fight expressed in a Pickwickian sense.

PENALTY OF TOO MUCH BRAIN-WORK.—No man can do head-work faithfully for more than four, or five, or six hours. If that time is exceeded, all the phosphorus is carried off, and the man becomes irritable, broke down, and has softening of the brain. I have seen this overwork in lawyers, doctors, clergymen and merchants, who have worked the brain for ten hours. They have dropped under the burden. You cannot violate the law of God with impunity. Sir Walter Scott did a large amount of brain work in his day, but he did not overwork himself. In his latter days, however, he became peculiarly embarrassed, and resorted to his literary pursuits to save himself; but he worked too hard and completely broke himself down. One of the best scholars I ever knew broke himself down in his younger days, but he lived on to seventy, though he could only work some four hours a day. After these hours he engaged in vigorous exercises to keep him out of the house as much as possible, and he continued one of the best professors in the country.—*Ec.*

TWO HUSBANDS.—The Chicago (Ill.) Journal has the following in relation to a woman of that city, who at present is living peaceably and lovingly with two husbands:

There is a very remarkable case of matrimonial felicity (?) in this city which is not generally known to the public. In the West Division lives a woman with two husbands, to each of whom she has been married in legal form. At the time the war broke out this woman was living with her first husband, by whom she had three children. Soon after the breaking out of the rebellion her husband enlisted, and went off in the role of "a brave soldier boy." A year or two after, his wife heard that he was killed in battle. She heard nothing from him personally; the war closed, and he failed to write to or report at his former "head-quarters" in Chicago. His wife considered herself a widow, beyond all doubt, and in course of time she married again. But, a few months ago, to her amazement, husband No. 1, whom she had mourned as dead, returned to his long deserted domicile, but, like Enoch Arden, only to find his wife the spouse of an other man. But, unlike Enoch Arden, he failed to die of a broken heart. A council of war was held by the three heads of the family, and the difficulty amicably adjusted. What to some men and women similarly situated would have resulted in pistols, blood and litigation, was settled readily and satisfactorily by this amicable trio. It was mutually agreed that both husbands should continue to be "liege lords" of the woman, on equal terms, and she should be the wife of both husbands. Soon after the soldier husband's return home, the wife presented to him and to the world another child, the offspring of husband No. 2. But this little circumstance did not seem to disturb the equilibrium of No. 1, nor the peace of the household. And there dwells that "happy family"—one wife, two husbands, and four children—in a small cottage, as quietly and contentedly, to all appearances, as if nothing had ever happened. Verily, this is an age of wonders, and Chicago is the place where they are now to be found.

ORIGINAL MODEL.—The Sonora Democrat, of the 7th instant, gives the following description of a pig, gotten up in that vicinity as an original model:

Mr. J. H. Duckwall, of the Southern Ranch, in this county, has a pig four weeks old, which is a curiosity. From the middle of the body forward it is like other pigs; from the middle back the body tapers similar to that of a duck, with hind legs about two inches long, which are drawn up, crossing each other, and stick out behind similar to the legs of a duck when swimming. It moves about on its fore legs with the other pigs, holding the posterior part of its body clear from the ground. It runs on its fore legs alone as fast as a man. Mr. Duckwall has his pigship in the pen, which any one can see by calling at the Southern Ranch.

HOW THE DUTCH WASH.—They do not use a machine. They would scorn the idea. They use simply refined borax. Dutch women are well known as models of cleanliness, at least in their own country. They get up linnen whiter and nicer than any others, and they do it by using borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful to about ten gallons of boiling water. They thus save one-half in soap. Cambrics and laces require an extra quantity of powder, while for stiffening crinoline and underskirts a strong solution is necessary. Try it.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY." Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of "one who had gone before." What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the lost? Eloquence, with her loftiest eulogy, poetry, with its most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words: "She always made home happy."

NEW DRESS.—The Portland Herald appears in a new dress. It looks gay.

NEBRASKA LIFE.—A citizen of Nebraska thus posts an Eastern correspondent, who speared a variety of questions as to the Territory and life there:

"What kind of a country do you live in?"

"Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water."

"What kind of weather?"

"Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally during the day time."

"Have you plenty of water—and how got?"

"A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whisky."

"Is it hard?"

"Rather so, when you have to go half a mile and then wade in mud knee deep to get it."

"What kind of buildings?"

"Allegoric, ignis, anti-balaric, log and slabs. The buildings are chiefly out of doors, and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof."

"What kind of society?"

"Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed."

"Any aristocracy?"

"Nary one."

"What do your people do for a living mostly?"

"Some work, some laze around, one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whisky."

"Is it cheap living there?"

"Only five cents a glass, and the water thrown in."

"Any taste for music?"

"Strong. Buzz and buck saws in the day time, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting nights."

"Any pianos there?"

"No, but we have several cow-bells, and a tin pan in every family."

"What would a genteel family in moderate circumstances do for a living?"

"Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal—or if pinched, buy and sell town property."

SHADE TREES ON PUBLIC ROADS.—The last session of the Illinois Legislature enacted, "That it shall be lawful for owners or occupants of land bordering upon any public road in this State, to plant shade trees and ornamental trees along and in such road, at a distance not exceeding one-tenth of the legal width of the road from its margin."

A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a new pair of shoes, and not knowing exactly the style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her, asking whether she would like them to be "Wroun or Squire Toad?" The lady, indignant at this rash statement, replied, "Kneether."

Two London clergymen appropriated their sermons from the same source a few Sundays since, and had the satisfaction of seeing them printed simultaneously in a Monday morning paper.

In a trial for assault and battery, said the counsel: "I will now introduce an eye-witness of the affair, Samuel Smith. What is your occupation, sir?" "Blind beggar."

Richard Realph, old John Brown's Secretary of State, has been appointed assessor of internal revenue in the district of Edgefield, South Carolina.

Recently, a young married lady in Illinois was found dead in her bed, and a coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "Died of convulsions, aided by tight lacing."

A highly intelligent reporter, the other day, in writing up a funeral, said: "The people passed in review before the corpse."

Mazzini lives on soup and hash, and smokes thirty cigars a day. So say the correspondents.

A doctor of divinity did a fine thing recently, in ringing in the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"He that is accessible to auricular," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympani."

Saxe, the poet, is threatening to come to California, with a lecture on "French Folks at Home."

L. S. Fisher
San Francisco