

# The Albany Register.

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ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

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### LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

**LECTURE.**—The lecture at the Court House on Saturday evening last, by Mrs. St. Clair, was tolerably well attended. The lecture was well delivered, the language well chosen, and amused and interested those present. Miss Brearly sang four different songs during the evening. She has a good voice, and her "bright smile haunts me still"—as that was the last song of the evening. The "gift enterprise" part of the performance wasn't an astonishing big thing, and so far as we could learn not a single sewing machine or velocipede was drawn by any of our folks—but the breast pins, finger rings, lockets, chains, etc., of the most "jorgious" type, were flung out profusely. The lecture announced for Sunday evening, at two bits admittance, we can't speak of, as we were not present. Of the lecture we did hear, in the language of the lady, we can truthfully say, "we have heard better, and we have heard worse."

**STOVES.**—Persons intending to purchase a right good cooking stove are directed to the stock on exhibition at the establishment of Messrs. O. P. Tompkins & Co., corner First and Washington streets. They have an article called the "Barstow Cook," that has the reputation of being superior in every respect to any stove ever built. However, they have a good assortment of everything kept in a first-class store, which they are determined to sell at the most liberal figures—and that's the place you've been looking for.

**CIRCUS.**—Wilson's circus performed here on the night of the 17th to a full canvass. The general character of the performance was better than we have yet seen on the coast. The tumbling, trapez, slack wire, and other performances, were not to be "sneezed at." That little business with the lions we don't get a cent on, as it generally produces more fear than pleasure among the audience. The general opinion seems to be that it was the best circus that ever exhibited here.

**MISTAKES.**—"Mistakes" will occur in the best regulated families, is a saying as old as the "oldest inhabitant," and is recognized as true of everybody. In the hurry of last week, in giving the names of the "Soliciting Committee" for Linn county, we unintentionally omitted the name of Mrs. L. E. Blain, who is Treasurer of the Committee. We are glad to hear that the ladies are meeting with good success. It is a praiseworthy object, and all who have to spare will doubtless give willingly when called on.

**ACCIDENT.**—At the velocipede school, on Tuesday night, Willie Mansfield had the misfortune to get the third finger of the right hand broken, and the thumb badly jammed. The accident was caused by some of the larger boys getting into a little friendly scuffle, and one of them being pushed from the platform, raised for seating lady visitors, fell on young Mansfield, resulting as above.

**U. S. MARSHAL.**—Thos. G. Young, U. S. Marshal for the District of Oregon, called on us Tuesday. He was on his way to Corvallis to sell the steamer *Ann*. Tom looks as young as he did years ago when he was Chief of the Portland Fire Department.

**TOBACCO.**—Messrs. Blain & Young have just received a new article of chewing tobacco, to which the attention of lovers of the weed is invited. It's the best we have seen in the line of "fine cut," and is called "W. H. Goodwin & Co.'s Best."

**RED STOCKINGS.**—The Red Stockings Base Ball Club, now in San Francisco, are to be invited to visit Portland by the Pioneer B. B. Club. If the invitation is accepted, a big game may be expected between the two clubs.

**PERSONAL.**—Rev. E. R. Geary intends taking up his residence in this city, we learn.

### The Duel.

The early dissolution of Parliament in 1841, by releasing me from editorial labors, enabled me to accept the invitation of our Italian special correspondent to visit Milan. I knew nothing of my inviter beyond the circumstance of his having been highly recommended by parties well versed in the world of continental politics, and, next, of his sustaining this recommendation by a series of vigorous articles full of early information relative to Italian movements—the revolution was then in progress—full of unreserved denunciations against Austrian and priestly dominations, and equally full of hopeful anticipations of what then appeared to most British politicians to be a mere geographical expression—the "unification of Italy."

The character of the contributions—fery, martial, uncompromising—led me to idealize the contributor as of Titanic proportions. My astonishment was genuine when I saw that he was a man of puny proportions, with nothing in his external to lead you to suppose that his veins were filled with aught but the milk of human kindness—I take it for granted there is such a liquid—except a pair of dark eyes that occasionally glittered like a rattlesnake's.

A week passed quite pleasantly. My host, though known to me as Dr. Doris, in reality was of the old Milanese nobility; the palazzo Di—, in the Corso, was his ancestral mansion, let out for economical reasons to the Austrian general who commanded at Milan. Dr. Doris, to use an inelegant but expressive phrase, was "back and edge" Italian. Filled with un concealed aspirations for his country's speedy emancipation from a foreign yoke, and working strenuously with his pen to that end, he was a marked man, more especially on account of his high connections, which, although denuded of their once splendid patrimony and power, still carried a certain sway.

My week having ended, I prepared to take leave of my friend, and I invited him to a farewell dinner at his favorite cafe, named Marengo. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my friend, who spoke English wonderfully well, opened his heart unreservedly, as there was little chance of the conversation being understood, even should a spy be lurking within ear-shot.

After this we went to the magnificent theater—La Scala. It was more than commonly crowded, in consequence of a new candidate for the position of *prima donna*. The box of my friend was on the second tier; we made up the stone staircase with some difficulty; here our further progress was impeded by the narrow passage being filled with people looking for accommodations, and in particular by an officer in the Austrian uniform, whom I immediately recognized as a great duelist, and against whom my friend entertained rather hostile views. In order to pass, it was necessary for my friend to touch the officer's elbow, which he did with perfect politeness, and "Pardon, Monsieur"—Italians and Austrians of the better class usually speak French—the only response to which was by the officer squaring his huge frame still more unaccommodatingly. My friend made a second effort, this time attempting with gentle force to push himself between the officer and the balustrade. The officer looked around superciliously, and pressed his arm so rudely against my friend as to thrust him against the wall. My friend, for a man just vowed forever to peace, looked strangely warlike. Making a sudden effort, he bent down the officer's arm and passed him rapidly, in doing which he trod, I fear intentionally, on the officer's feet—a compliment which was returned by a vigorous kick from the officer's heavy military boot.

The pain and public indignity drew from my friend a sharp and wolfish snarl; indeed, for the moment, he resembled nothing so much as a wolf, with his lips drawn tightly back, and his gleaming teeth exposed; then springing at his assailant, he clinched his ample whiskers with one hand, and with the other buffeted him on the face repeatedly. The attack was executed with such rapidity that the officer had no time to take measures for the defense of his person; but when the blows rained on his face, and the blood flowed, he became perfectly mad with rage. Stamping furiously, with a deep oath, he seized my friend in his sinewy arms, and holding him as easily as a cat would a mouse, he backed down the passage until he came to the open staircase, when, lifting him high in the air, he prepared to dash him on the marble floor beneath—a fall that must have resulted in frightful mutilation or instant death. But his purpose was frustrated by the spectators, myself among the number, throwing themselves on him, and, after a fierce struggle, rescuing the little doctor from his grip. The guard, attracted by the turmoil, made their appearance, and, for the time, further hostilities were impossible. I lost sight of my friend for a few minutes; he then

rejoined me, and having lamented the unlucky encounter that had unexpectedly marred our entertainment, proffered me his pass, which I declined; he then solicited me to return to the cafe and wait for him. I acceded to his request, and, having opened a charet cup well used, sat for some time meditating on the probable issue of the event.

My friend at last came in, and addressing me, said: "I must beg of you a personal favor—to prolong your stay in Milan a week. You have seen me kicked," looking like a demon, "yes, kicked by the hoof of a German pig. You must witness the mode, in which I shall cancel the debt."

"I think you have already pretty well balanced matters," I replied. "If the Austrian used his foot, you repaid the obligation amply, by spoiling his handsome face with your fist."

"The stain of a kick is only effaced by blood. Everything is arranged for a meeting next week. It can't take place earlier, as the Austrian is under arrest for his last duel. To-night I must see my old fencing master, Di Prati; will you come?"

I consented, and accompanied my friend to the back of the Duone, where the *salle d'armes* of the famous Professor was situated, once crowded with students, but lately deserted for the rooms of a rival professor, De Liancourt, teacher of the Austrian officer, the freecader of Milan.

The hall was hung around with foils, breast-plates, masks, and all the usual furniture of a place where assaults, both with sharps and blunts, were customary.

The Professor was a tall, gray whiskered man, of martial aspect, with arms bared to the elbow, displaying a mass of muscle seemingly as tough as catgut. "You are too late, Count," said he, looking at my friend. "Play has been over this hour."

"It is not play; it is something serious I come to you about. This way, old friend, and let me explain."

They retired to a distant part of the room, and my friend, in a few words, stated what had occurred.

The Professor's face wore a look of concern.

"The Austrian will insist on the duel at *l'entrance*, I fear."

"My unalterable determination is that it shall be so. I have a week to get up my fencing. Will you take me in charge?"

"Why come to me? Your challenger has already killed three of my best pupils, and has brought discredit upon my school. You should rather seek instruction from my rival, De Liancourt, his teacher."

"I prefer to come to you."

"I will teach no more pupils to throw away their lives by disregarding my counsels."

"I promise, on my honor, to obey them implicitly."

"Come then; you will have to fight with broadswords. Put on mask and breast-plate, and let me see what you can do."

Master and pupil, being properly attired, commenced to play.

My friend exhibited an amount of agility and skill I was unprepared for. The master watched his play closely, contenting himself with parrying blows and thrusts delivered with much spirit and artistic skill.

The bout was over.

"Well, Professor, does your pupil disgrace you?"

"Your play has some pretty things for the fencing school. They must all be discarded with that Austrian. Attend: first, discharge from your eyes all that passion which enables an adversary to master your intentions; next, take to this guard and keep it."

The Professor threw himself in an attitude once a favorite among the Scottish gentlemen of the sword, but now neglected by fencers of the modern school. I believe it is termed the hanging guard.

My friend imitated the Professor.

"Not on *quarte*, but on *seconde*; your sword hand higher than your head, with sloping point; your left brought in front ready to parry. Good! You have now the surest guard you can use; you make a strong cross on your opponent's sword, and your parade is more certain. You have a week! Well, I shall exercise you only in this guard, and the parades that flow from it."

"Am I not to assault?"

"But once; on it will depend the issue of the fight. I will teach you the mode of the last thing. See, your adversary is practiced and skillful; but he knows only what has been taught him by his master. One or two tricks of science he especially relies upon. I know how to counteract them; and had my pupils, when challenged, attended to my instructions, they might have been alive now to credit their instructor. Bear in mind, your opponent has great bodily strength, and is cunning of fence; but foiled in his favorite passes, he loses temper; in that lies your safety. Having played out his tricks, he takes to his last and

usually fatal move. By sheer strength of wrist he presses his opponent's sword firmly aside, so as to make an opening; then, by a feint and turn of the wrist, he delivers a blow, which, if it goes home, all is over. You must wait patiently for this; when the thrust is given, parry with your left, and then see—*la riposte*—not delivering the stab upward, for in that case the bones and muscles of the chest may weaken it, but downward, where the point will only meet with the softer parts. It is on the play from the *riposte* that your life depends."

"And now for your weapon," said the Professor, opening a closet and producing a sword. "I have the measure of the Austrian's sword. This one is the exact length."

The sword, at a cursory glance, looked a very unpromising weapon to defend a man's life. My friend evidently thought so, for he examined it with a dismayed look.

"Why," said he, "it's hardly more than a lark split. The Austrian uses a Konigsberg blade, double the width and weight of this toy."

"I know it; but this toy, as you term it," surveying the weapon fondly from heel to point, "has qualities that, in proper hands, will prove more than a match for the best sword ever forged in Germany. It is a real Seville blade—nothing better in the world. See," placing it lengthwise on his finger, "how admirably it is balanced; notice the hilt, close barred and crossed—no fear of wounds on the sword hand; then, its temper," severing a large nail on which breast-plates were hung. "Look again," pressing the point against the wall until it met the hilt; then, releasing the weapon, the blade instantly returned to its normal condition. "And this last," striking the blade flat on an iron anvil, with all his force, "there, that alone is a test which I defy even the famous Konigsberg sword to undergo. Enough for this night. Come early to-morrow for your lesson."

When we quitted the Professor, the doctor obtained from me a promise that I would not leave Milan until the result of the duel was determined, and that I would accompany him to the field.

We were about to part one night, when he said quietly: "To-morrow morning, at five o'clock, two carriages will be at the ramparts, one for myself and second, and the other for the surgeon and master, Di Prati. You will pass muster as surgeon. Let me entreat you to make no objection; the details have already been finally arranged. My opponent is provided in a similar way; he and his second in one carriage, and De Liancourt and a real surgeon in the other."

At five o'clock I found myself in the carriage with Professor Di Prati.

The place of combat was to be near Monga—just beyond the Milan territory—there were reasons for this which need not be particularized.

The morning was cold and cheerless, and when we alighted, which was in about two hours, the day had not brightened. All parties got out of their carriages, and the foes saluted each other briefly. I noticed the murderous look in the Austrian's eyes, and gave up my friend for lost. Without a word being spoken, we walked on until we came to an open space, smooth, but slippery with the morning dew. This was the spot selected by the two seconds, who, apparently accustomed to such scenes, went about their duties in a steady, business-like manner.

Professor Di Prati, who had brought the sword with him, as he handed it to my friend, whispered: "Remember—when I drop my handkerchief—*la riposte*."

The Austrian officer disencumbered himself of his cloak and all of his upper clothing, leaving his bust uncovered. I never saw so fine a form. Perfectly proportioned on the largest scale, he stood upwards of six feet high; chest, arms and back pillowy with muscle; skin as white as that of the fairest lady.

My friend, seeing the fighting costume adopted by the officer, threw off his black silk vest, as if resolving that he would not even have a questionable advantage. In size, he looked a mere dwarf to his athletic opponent; long, thin, wiry arms, chest narrow, skin almost as dark as a mulatto's, and with a grayish tinge, either the effect of cold or fear, that to my eyes, appeared to be the forerunner of doom.

The seconds having laid down the swords, with the hilts toward each combatant, retired and gave the signal.

The duelists picked up the swords, my friend at once betaking himself to the new guard.

The officer for a moment looked with an air of surprise at the attitude, but only for a moment. With a grim smile, in which something of contempt was mixed, he made his advance, and crossed swords with a clash. My friend had profited by his lesson; his face was impassive, his eyes tranquil, his guard as firm as a rock. The officer made a feint which was disregarded—a thrust which was parried with the left. A second

feint and a second thrust were foiled in the same way. Another feint, converted into a real attack, was adroitly baffled. The officer's color rose—the eyes of the two professors were on him—his reputation and that of his teacher were at stake. He changed his tactics. Disengaging suddenly, he raised his sword and discharged a blow at the head with seemingly irresistible force. My little friend could only avert the assault by receiving the sword on the forte of his weapon, and dropping as low as possible; so far the parry was successful, but the downward blow, which in reality was only the *avant courir*, being followed by a thrust under guard, was only parried by the rapid use of the left hand, this time not without mischief, for blood was seen to flow from the hand called into requisition. The officer, in making this last thrust, owing to the slippery ground, had given an opening which my friend, in spite of the previous precaution of his instructor, prepared to take advantage of. This circumstance was noticed by Di Prati, who frowned ominously and muttered between his teeth, "if he break guard, he is lost—bah! bravo! bravo!"

The words of approval were drawn from him by noticing what had happened. The last thrust, I have said, brought the officer just barely within range. By a dexterous movement of the wrist, the point of my friend's sword was drawn swiftly across the officer's chest. The temper and keenness of the Moorish weapon were now clearly proved, for the touch, light as it appeared, laid open flesh and muscle to the bone, from the left shoulder sheer across the bust, causing a deluge of blood to flow. The officer, finding himself severely wounded, became crimson with rage. Curbing his passion, he prepared to execute his favorite maneuver, which had always hitherto proved fatal to his opponents.

He advanced on my friend, and making a strong cross of his sword, put forth his wonderful power of wrist.

My attention was called off for a moment to Di Prati, who drew his handkerchief, held it for a moment, and suddenly dropped it.

Not a moment too soon. The officer had made his open attack and delivered a thrust full at the body of my friend, who, having seen the handkerchief drop, brought his left hand again into play. This time two fingers fell to the ground. The next instant a terrific yell assured me that something fatal had occurred. *La riposte* had been given—my friend's sword was buried deeply in the lower part of the officer's body. The officer, instinctively feeling that his wound was mortal, seized the sword with one hand, and shortening his own, made a desperate lunge, only to be warded off by my friend quiting hold of his sword and leaping back out of reach. The force and thrust carried the officer forward, and he fell prone, forcing his opponent's sword into his body up to the hilt.

The officer cast one look of mingled rage and hate at my friend, his last look on earth, and as he turned convulsively on his back, his eyes closed in death.

The whole party rushed forward. The surgeon drew forth the sword, and then lifted the dead man and placed him against a tree.

It was a sight of awe—that form only a few minutes before so instinct with life, health, and vital energy, now a clod, with a fearful gash across the body, and a wound sufficient to let out a dozen lives.

As we stood gazing at the frightful spectacle, the two Professors approached each other.

"The ruse was cleverly managed," said De Liancourt; "how do you name it?"

"I call it the *Contre-Gauché*," replied Di Prati.

The sneer went home.

My friend had, in the meantime, made his toilet. Having wiped the Professor's sword, and picked up the severed fingers, which he wrapped carefully in the Professor's handkerchief, he held out the wounded hand to the surgeon, who immediately put the arm in a sling.

Advancing to Di Prati, my friend said: "Resume your sword, and take my earnest thanks. Has the pupil satisfied his master?"

"Entirely," replied Di Prati. "He has saved his own life, and restored the reputation of his master."

"Then farewell; I go no more to Milan. If I showed myself there, I should have to fight every officer in the garrison, and to guard my life against every sabre in the troop. Adieu, my friend," shaking hands with me; "my future communications will be dated from Turin."

**VELOCIPEDAL.**—Ever since the opening of the Velocipede School in Parrish Hall, in this city, the greatest excitement has existed. Old and young, men and boys, have "gone through" on velocipedes, and even the ladies have caught the infection, and daily visit the hall to see the sights and enjoy the fun.

### STATE ITEMS.

A revival of religion is progressing in the M. E. Church at the Dalles.

The last number of the Albany Register comes to us much improved in its typographical appearance, as well as in its general make-up. We think that getting married has somewhat improved our friend *VAN*, and feel half inclined to try some such experiment ourselves "some of these days." Wonder how it will affect us?—*Mountaineer*.

If you have a leaning that way, try it on, by all means, Bill. Marriage, you'll find, is the handiest thing in the world—full of "fat paragraphs," "double loaded" at that. Our advice is, don't delay—buy some—it's a big thing—the "salt of life," marriage is—just what you need.

As an evidence that farming, properly conducted, is profitable in Oregon, the Eugene Journal instances the following:

Mr. George Petty brought in a few days ago, from his farm near Cloverdale, the finest lot of bacon we have seen. He also brought in a two-year old colt, which he has used this season in putting in over a hundred acres of grain. The colt weighs 1,250 pounds. Mr. Petty has 2,500 bushels of wheat in the granary, and is a happy man.

### VARIOUS ITEMS.

No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits. Somebody advertises real estate dirt cheap.

"I wish I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point.

"And I wish I had your heart," was his reply.

"Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I do not see why they should not go in to partnership."

And they did.

A race of sculptors—The Chip-aways. "Don't care much about the bugs," said Mr. Swinks, "but the truth is, I haven't got the blood to spare."

Women's rights—if she cannot be captain of a ship, she may always command a cloak.

Sheridan defined an Irishman as a machine for converting potatoes into human nature.

"What blessings children are!" said the parish clerk, when he took fees for christening them.

A sermon was once preached from a text which the preacher found in Job, which runs as follows: "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." This he divided into three parts, as follows: "First, skin worms; second, what they done; third, what the man seen after he was eat up."

A droll answer is said to have been given lately in an examination at Cambridge. The candidate being asked who Wyckliffe was, and having doubtless heard him called the morning star of the Reformation, and that he died Vicar of Luteterworth, answered that the great Reformer "was for some time editor of the *Morning Star*, and died Vicar of Wake-field."

They have a queer law in Delaware. It requires a man, before leading a woman to the matrimonial altar, to give bonds for good behavior. The unlucky swain who may have more love than credit may cast about in an agony of suspense, waiting for some enterprising individual in the sum of two hundred dollars, lawful money, and be compelled in default of this conjugal straw ball, to forego all the sweets of the honeymoon. A vigorous effort is being made to have the law repealed.

The other day a lady in Carroll county, Ga., gave birth to twins. On the same day and in the same house, two of her daughters each became the mother of twins. At least so says a local paper.

"What makes you so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."

"What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that if you should bait a steel trap with a new three-cent piece and place it within six inches of his mouth you would catch his soul. I wouldn't for a moment insinuate that he will steal, but may it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, I wouldn't trust him in a room with a red hot pillow-stone, and the angel Gabriel to watch 'em."

An advertisement announces a new song with the modest request, "Oh, give me back yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, could you spare me to-morrow?" is in preparation, to be followed by the sequel lyric, "Have you such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

H. P. Graham