

# The Albany Register.

L P Fisher

VOLUME VI.

ALBANY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 20, 1873.

NO. 24.

## In Love with a Picture.

It was, in truth, a most beautiful portrait—a female head—perfectly Grecian. She might have been the Sybil, when Apollo first beheld her. But I cannot describe a face; I never could examine beauty analytically, as you would a mineral or a piece of exquisite music. I can only say that I saw and felt it was very, very lovely. My poor friend Fletcher was in an ecstasy.

"Look at those eyes!" said he; "look at those lips! Now I never kissed a girl in my life; but if I could but see a pair of lips like those, with blood in them! I know I am a sworn old bachelor, Moses; but do you really suppose it is from nature? Let us see that catalogue—No. 73—here it is, No. 73—Miss Ellen Vincent." 'Tis a pretty name, isn't it? But did you ever see so beautiful a face?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "a thousand times."

"Name her, then."

I hesitated. In truth, I could not. I was compelled to yield.

We pursued our respective ways home; for the dinner hour had arrived, and I had no idea of sacrificing the substantial enjoyment of a brace of partridges to the more refined, perhaps, but to my sordid taste, less congenial one of gazing at a woman's lovely face.

My reflections concerning my infatuated friend were sombre enough, as I pursued my homeward walk. I was bound to him by ties, stronger than those which unite ordinary friends. We were the two only old bachelors in the neighborhood, and had together maintained the brand of many a worthy contest in defence of our celibacy. I had long regarded him as a firm member of our honorable but persecuted fraternity. He had witnessed every trial, he had overcome every temptation. It was only a week before that he assured me no lady had ever made an impression on his heart which lasted two hours after he had left her presence. Julius, Amelia, Sarah, Emily, Maria, Jane—all had attacked him, and all in vain.

Yet, after all this, after having sustained every contest, and having come off victorious in every encounter; after having passed unscathed through the furnace, seven times heated, to fall in love with a picture—a piece of canvas! dabbed over with paint and oil—a thing that any school boy might spoil with his inkstand! It was too much. It was like a noble ship, which having crossed the ocean through storm and tempest, and having triumphantly braved a thousand dangers of the sea, should be wrecked within sight of her intended haven, and upon an insignificant shell, which had not been considered of sufficient importance even to be avoided.

When I dropped in upon my friend the next morning, I found him still raving about the portrait. I remonstrated—I attempted to reason with him. Alas! how little had reason to do either with his malady or his disposition! I reminded him of the many illustrious men who had been proud to enroll their names on the undying record of celibacy. It was all in vain. I tried ridicule—but he was unmoved, I told him of the certainty with which marriage was followed by family quarrels and pettish government. It was void and of no effect. Fletcher was crazy; more—he was in love—a thousand times more, for there are plenty of lunatic asylums; but, ah! for the boasted philanthropy of the age, who ever heard of a *love asylum*? How much time and how much money have been devoted to ameliorating the condition of those who are bereft of reason, and yet nothing has been done for the victims of the passion, as if a man's brains were of more importance than his heart.

I have digressed. Had almost any other calamity befall my friend, there could have been some remedy. Had he broken a limb, it might have been mended; a broken bone will knit together in nine days; had he cracked his skull, it might have been fixed by trepanning; but Fletcher was in that peculiar situation for which there was no present remedy; he was out of humanity's reach.

But there was one consolation; he was entranced only with a portrait. This was far different from falling in love with a little witch in flesh and blood. The portrait could not talk; there was a difference, surely; it couldn't take his arm of a moonlight evening, and walk out of everybody's hearing; it could not receive long letters, and write longer answers; in a word, it could "neither marry, nor be given in marriage." I had forgotten all this while that there was an original to that portrait; Fletcher had not.

Some months passed away, and my friend was as crazy as ever. Time, indeed, seemed rather to increase than to heal his malady. One day he entered my room in great haste.

"I am going," said he, "to Brighton, immediately, and have come for you to go with me."

"Why, in the name of common sense, are you going to Brighton?" I asked.

"I have just heard that Miss Ellen Vincent is there. I know the street and the number. There can be no mistake."

"And so you intend to call upon her, with no other introduction than your own impudence! Fletcher, this is worse than I should have expected, even from you. I warn you now—as you regard your—"

"Oh! you need not go on; I anticipate what you intend to say. I have heard it so often that I have it all by heart. Besides, I have made up my mind on the subject. The train leaves at three. We have no time to lose. Just send down your portmanteau. I will hear it all when we are on our journey, though it be for the hundredth time. I will—upon my word, I will—and I will not get asleep, as I did the last time, but will bear it with all possible patience. And then, if you convince me, Moses—and you know you will—we will return."

Finding that nothing could restrain him, I consented to bear him company, in the hope that my guardian care might prove in some way beneficial.

When we arrived at the famous watering-place, Fletcher's first visit was to a friend, who, rather fortunately—or rather, unfortunately—knew the lady of whom he was in such impatient quest. He promised an introduction; and my companion returned to his hotel, and passed the remainder of the day in dressing. It was the first time I had ever seen him *new*—this love works sad changes in a man's character—and he was really a fine-looking fellow.

At the appointed time his friend arrived and they departed together. I was reading a very interesting work on partial insanity and mental hallucination, when I was interrupted by Fletcher's well-known step. I heard him, as he ascended the stairs, give orders to be awakened at six.

"What is the matter now?" I inquired, as he entered.

"Why, it's all up! Would you believe it? Miss Vincent went to Hastings this very morning. But the train starts at seven. You will go, of course?"

Here was a quandary. I certainly was unwilling to leave the victim to the guidance of his own recklessness. He might be off in a tangent from Hastings to New York or Egypt, or the North Pole. I consented to go, upon condition that we should return in three days at farthest. This I insisted upon, not with the remotest hope of its fulfillment, but merely as an excuse to my own conscience.

In due time we arrived at Hastings. We had scarcely entered our hotel, when my companion deserted me. In a few hours he returned with a most joyful countenance.

"I have caught her at last," he exclaimed, as he entered. "She is *here*." Here he compressed his lips with exultation. "She is soon to give a ball on her birthday. I have seen our friend Smith, and he has promised to obtain an invitation for each of us."

"Indeed!" said I; "you are kind. At whose request, pray, did you solicit an invitation for me?"

"Oh! I supposed you would like to go, of course. But don't make a bother about it; I will take no denial."

The next morning, notes of invitation were sent to both of us.

"I wonder if the post is in?" said I.

"I wonder if there will be a large assembly?" was the response.

"What a gloomy day!" continued I, scratching my name in the vapor which I had breathed on the window.

"What beautiful writing!" observed my friend. "Just look at it!"

"Beautiful? I can't read it for the life of me. What word is that?"

"Nonsense! you have got the wrong paper. I mean the rose-colored. Do you suppose a lady writes invitations on foolscap?"

My friend had become learned in the manners and customs of the ladies.

"You have improved wonderfully," said I, "since last summer. When your sister sent you for a pair of gloves, you purchased for her a pair large enough for any omnibus-driver or cabman."

"Well, I will teach you all I have learned. Shall we commence our first lesson? You have endeavored to invest me with prudence and discretion many a time. I will now act the tutor. Heaven grant me better success."

"I am obliged, certainly. But as your new science will be of little practical utility, you will excuse me."

"Well, do as you will. All I can hope is, that you may, on some happy day, fall in love yourself."

"You could hardly have wished me a more severe punishment. But when I do become enamored, it shall not be with a portrait. I think I can say that."

"And I hope to convince you tomorrow evening that I, too, can love something beside a portrait."

The expected evening arrived. Accompanied by our friend, we departed for the residence of our fair hostess. The street was crowded with carriages, and we did not reach the door without some difficulty. The rooms were brilliant with the splendor of art, and dazzling with the loveliness of nature. Nothing was wanting in luxury or in elegance. Fletcher hastened on, until he reached the room where our hostess was standing. A small circle was in the middle, and several of the guests advanced to it. After a few minutes they retired. The lady of the house was manifestly *there*.

"Where is she?" asked Fletcher eagerly.

"That lady in the very center of the circle," answered our friend; "she with the cap."

"She dresses plainly, however, considering the occasion. What a little airy hand, and how nicely that white glove is fitted to it! I wish she would turn this way."

The lady *did* turn. My wonder-stricken companion danced about as if he had been stung by a nest of hornets, or bitten by a boa constrictor. The blood rushed to his face. He muttered an unintelligible exclamation, and hastened from the room as speedily as the dense crowd would permit. He seized the first hat he encountered, and in a few minutes was at his hotel.

"Birthday!" said some one in my hearing. "How old is she?"

"Fifty-seven!"

I did not laugh—I did not shout. I was rejoiced; and it was with no common joy. I felt assured that after this folly, Fletcher would become a sound old bachelor, a faithful old member of our club, and a useful one of society.

When I entered his apartment, he was busily engaged in packing his trunk. How chafallen! I addressed to him words of consolation. I flattered myself that, at that favorable epoch, remarks of due solemnity upon matters of matrimony and celibacy would sink deeply into his heart, and be productive of beneficial consequences.

"It is very like you," said Fletcher to his lovely wife, as they stood looking at her portrait, which had been transferred from an old bachelor's hall to an elegant parlor; "and how much I am indebted to it! Believe me, Ellen, I shall always patronize the fine arts."

"And birthday balls, too?" asked his wife with an arch smile.

"No—pardon me; I detest them, and if I ever attend another—"

"You will not mistake my old aunt for me?"

The world is full of changes. Politicians are not the only turncoats. I have, myself, a new set of opinions.

LOFTY METAPHORS.—In its jubiliations about the result of recent elections, the *New York World* gets of this transcendental metaphor, which it has evidently been keeping on hand a long time:

"The Democratic party stands, like the storm-beaten peak of Mount Washington, rock-rooted in the crust of the earth and buttressed with the eternal hills, still lifting its hoary summit into the sky after clouds have hidden it for many days."

"Hoary summit" and other expressions are good; but the *Detroit Post*, whose editor has seen the clam-beds of Puget Sound, thus responds to the *World*:

"This burst we have never known to be excelled but once. That was when Peter Merks, generally called 'Scab-nosed Pete,' was tried for stealing salmon from a pound net, before a Puget Sound Court, when the eloquent counsel for the prisoner remarked: 'The character of my client, gentlemen of the jury, towers aloft in the awful sublimity of unimpeachable virtue, like the cloud-capt summit of Mount Rainier, defying the storms which ravage the inhospitable solitudes of the resounding Pacific!'"

Respect for old age never had a brighter illustration than in the case of the young lady who always refuses to go to the wash-tub when her mother or grandmother is present.

The rallying cry in Kansas, upon which newspapers of divers views are unanimous is: "Let no man be elected to office who owes over five years' subscription to a local paper."

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Mr. Jennings, editor of the *N. Y. Times*, after an interview with President Grant and Secretary Fish on the evening of the 25th, telegraphed the following editorial, and commenting on the demands, he says: We have not the slightest doubt that when the official papers are published it will be seen that the Government has asked for a reparation of this kind with great decision, and not without due courtesy and consideration for the struggling republic in Spain. If Senor Castelar asked for reasonable time in order that the Government might acquaint itself with all the facts in the case, could we refuse it? No doubt an intimation has been made from the other side to the effect that the dispute might be referred to an arbitration; but there are some things which are not adapted to this mode of settlement. Among them is the gross manifest indignity to one great power by another. It is not therefore supposed for a moment that our Government will consent to any proposals for arbitration, at least so far as regards its principal claims for redress. If Spain asked for time, it was impossible to refuse; but, of course, to a reasonable time it must be fixed. It would never do to allow a controversy of this nature to be protracted over an indefinite period. Such limit we have no doubt was actually fixed. If we are not mistaken it expires on the 23rd inst, and then if the authorities of Madrid cannot decide on doing justice to our Government, the United States Minister there will close his legation. This, of course, would not shut the door upon all negotiation, but unquestionably it would be a startling event. The *Virginians* should have been condemned, it is condemned at all, only before a legal tribunal. Spain has clearly violated the treaty of 1795, and breach of faith could not be allowed to pass unchallenged. It seems very probable that the independence of Cuba will be the result of the difficulty, although we still hope it will be accomplished without war between the United States and Cuba.

The Spanish Cabinet as reconstructed is composed as follows: Minister of the Interior, Duke de Broglie; of Foreign Affairs, Duke de Cases; of Finance, Pierre Magne; of Justice, Ernoul; of War, Gen. Dubault; of Marine, Admiral de Harney; of Public Instruction and Worship, Balbie; of Public Works, Desseigny, and of Agriculture and Commerce, Boullerie. Duke de Cases is a new member of the Cabinet. M. Beule, who was Minister of the Interior, has retired, and Duke de Broglie takes his place, relinquishing the Foreign Ministry to Duke de Cases. These are the only changes made in the Cabinet as it existed before the last resignation of Ministers.

Washington telegrams of the 25th say that two thousand five hundred men were paid at the navy yard on that day, most of whom have been employed since the news of the *Virginians* outrage. The Spanish iron clad, *Zorales* has not yet left the yard, but was painted to-day, and the last work upon her in the dry dock will be done tomorrow. The work in the yard was going on as usual this afternoon.

So far as the Philadelphia navy yard is concerned, no orders have been received for suspension of the work. On the contrary work is not only being pushed to completion, but fresh orders have been received. Admiral Porter made a tour of inspection among the vessels of the yard on the 25th. A dispatch was received ordering the dispatch boat *Pinto* to proceed immediately to sea.

A Washington special says the Government at Madrid declares that it is willing and resolved to restore the *Virginians* and yield to other claims of the United States, its only request now being that the fact shall be first established that the *Virginians* was entitled to the protection of the American flag.

The anniversary of the massacre of Medical students of the Medical University, Havana, which took place some three years ago, was to be suitably observed in the Church of Santiago de Cuba in New York on the 27th. The massacre of the persons seized on board the *Virginians* will also be commemorated.

In the trial of Marshal Bazaine on the 25th, General Boyer testified that Bismarck told him that he was willing to grant an armistice if the army at Metz would declare in favor of Napoleon.

From Boston on the 25th, it was stated that the U. S. Cartridge Company will commence this week to run their works day and night. They have pressing orders for several million cartridges from the War and Navy Departments.

Eugene City Grange was organized on Tuesday, with Jesse Cox, Master, and St. John Skinner, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 22.—The steamer *Montana* arrived this morning from Panama. Private letters from Guaymas state that all is quiet at Sonora. Pesquera is stronger than ever.

One hundred iron workmen on the steamer *Costa Rica* struck for higher wages. Superintendent Waddell threatened to plank her up and take her out of the dry dock and send to New York for men. This closed the strike and the men went to work again.

Two thousand Springfield breech-loading muskets were shipped from Benicia arsenal last night to go by the overland train to the New York arsenal. It is supposed this shipment has something to do with the complications in Spain.

The body of Lieut. P. P. Hogan, of the First Cavalry, arrived here to-night via Vallejo. He was taking a detachment of troops to a point in Nevada, when he was suddenly taken ill and died after a sickness of a few hours.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The superintendent of the mounted recruiting service has been ordered to send all disposable colored cavalry recruits to Fort Brown, Texas, to the Ninth Cavalry.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—About 4,000 Germans held a meeting in Germania Hall to-night, to express sympathy with the Cubans. S. S. Cox read a series of resolutions which he intends to lay before Congress. Animated speeches were made by prominent Germans.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 21.—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held here to-night for the discussion of Cuban affairs.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 21.—News from Madrid causes great excitement, and much anxiety is felt about the condition of Fort Sumter and Moultrie.

We learn from the *Olympia Courier* that Gen. Sprague was indicted by the Grand Jury for granting permits to cut timber on odd sections of Government land.

Superintendent W. H. Watkins received a telegram from San Jose, Cal., that Shultz, alias George Bergeman, had been arrested and awaited a requisition. Mr. Watkins starts to-day overland after him.

Lieut.-Col. Houghton, of Victoria, has received instructions to organize the militia of the Province at once. Five companies of riflemen will be raised as follows: At Victoria, two companies of 50 men each; at New Westminster, one company of 40 men; at Burrard Inlet, one company of 40 men; at Nanaimo, one company of 40 men. The uniforms, arms and accoutrements for the outfits are already in the Province.

Rumors of a change of Administration in Spain.

No more annuities to be issued to the Comanches until the surrender of murderers.

The diplomatic relations of our Government and Spain are likely to require months in their adjustment.

The *Polaris* reached the highest point ever attained in the arctic regions by a ship, and within thirty miles of the highest latitude ever reached by civilized man. The *Saturday Review* thinks the results of the expedition are, on the whole, encouraging, and that in a short time trips to the pole will probably be as familiar and profitable as tours round the world now are.

Col. Wm. Farrar, formerly U. S. Attorney at Portland, died at Washington, on the 24th.

Benton county citizens are going to test the legality of acts of the State Board of Equalization. Taxes greater than they can stand.

A LOVE-LETTER.—Here is a specimen of Jamaica negro literature, in the shape of a love-letter from a colored school-master to his sweetheart: "Dear Eliza: I take the liberty to inform you this few lines hoping you may not offend as often as I had often seen you in my hearts. Their are myriads of loveliness in my hearts toward you. My loving intentions were really unto another female, but now the love between I and she are very out now entirely. And now his the excepted time I find to explain to my lovely appearance" (presumably apparent love in your hearts or mind towards me it is hard for I to know, but his I take this liberty to inform you this kind, loving and affectionate letter. . . . Your affectionate lover affracted. P. S.—Dear Eliza, wether if you are willing or not. Please to send me an ansure back. Do my dear."

Legal tenders in San Francisco 91 1/2 @ 32 1/2 c.