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Music in Camp.

BY JOHN B. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The Summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random can-
nonade

Rolled slowly from the river.
And now where circling hills looked
down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself a flame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which ere and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively dash of symbol.

Down flocked the soldiers to the bank
Till margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with
"Yanks,"

And one was gray with "Rebels."
Then all was still; and then the band
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished
glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed valorous,
And Yankee Doodle was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the crowding Boys in
Blue

Defiance to the Rebels.
And yet once more the bugle song
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, lone stream its noiseless tread
Spread o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels:

For each responsive soul had heard
That plaintive notes appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had
stirred

The hidden founts of feeling.
Of blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cottage by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Sending the tear-mist in his eyes—
The dear ones stand before him.

As fades the Iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shined,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still "mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

Dr. Kenally, counsel for the
Tichborne claimant, has published a
protest against the language of the
press and the conduct of the court,
particularly regarding the one-side
use by the latter of its power of com-
mitting parties for contempt, which
he declares to be an unconstitutional
revival of Star Chamber tyranny. He
adds that the prosecution, having
succeeded in destroying the claimant,
now seek to ruin his counsel.

BURNING THE DEAD.—An epidemic
is gaining favor in England. Re-
quests for such a disposition of the
body are now quite frequent in wills,
and the advocates of the process an-
nounce that there will be no occasion
to request unclaimed bodies for the
purpose of cremation. It has been
suggested, since many persons have
left directions that their remains
should be buried, that the bodies of
several have been already offered by
relatives for the purpose.

Miscellaneous.

Saying Hateful Things.

BY A. B. HARRIS.

Aunt Kitty was in a high state
of indignation; and this is what she
was saying as I entered the room:
"Men don't do it. At least the
men I know, do not."

"What is it, Aunt Kitty, that
men don't do?"

"They don't say hateful things:
A man may call another one a
scoundrel," in good, out-and-out,
unmistakable words; or order him
out of the house; but men do not
say those little spiteful things that
women are guilty of towards one
another."

"Not all women, let us hope,
Aunt Kitty. Not the majority of
them, surely. Not educated, not
Christian women, I am certain."

"Too many! too many!" rejoined
the irate spinster, proceeding to
tell her experience after this fashion:

Why, I know three houses on
this very street which some of the
neighbors dread to go into, because
they are liable to hear some petty
sins, some fling, such as you cannot
meet in any way but in silence. And
some ladies in good society, some
cultivated ladies, are guilty of this
very thing.

This afternoon I was in Mrs.
Hyde's; and Anna was making
over an old dress. She cannot have
many new things since her father's
failure; but she has taste and econ-
omy, and "fanciful," and she will
take an old suit of her own or her
mother's, turn it upside down or
wrong-side out, or have it dyed;
buy a bit of silk or something else,
and remake and trim it; and when
she wears it, she looks as well as
anybody; and she has a mind that
is superior to little worries over
what she cannot help. She was in
the midst of her work, when who
should call but Miss Tuttle, who is
worth a half million for ought I
know, but who never looks well,
and she knows it. She cast her
eyes around, and then, "Is it one
of the new 'diagonals' you are mak-
ing up?" said she. She might as
well have asked if it was a new
camel's hair; for she knew Anna
Hyde could not spend so much as
five dollars for a dress this winter.

"Oh, no! My old, express cloth
died over," was the answer.

"Oh!" said Miss Tuttle—and
that Oh! was a most insolent one—
"those were very pretty when they
were worn."

Anna received it in silence, but
after a moment said: "It is not
pleasant to be obliged to economize
so; but there is no help for it."

"I am sure," said Miss Tuttle,
"you have more elegant clothes
than I. Where you contrive to get
them I don't know."

"What do you think of that for
pure malice and envy? It takes a
woman to say such things," Miss
Tuttle is in the highest society,
thinks herself a lady, and calls her-
self a Christian! But she said it!

I heard her. It does not sound well
to repeat, and it would not look
well on paper.

I can tell you another experience,
which I have up to this time kept
to myself. It happened last sum-
mer when we were up in the country
boarding with Miss Girder. One
day she told us that a lady, an old
school-mate, was coming on a brief
visit. The house was full, and she
was under the necessity of making
some change in the sleeping arrange-
ments. She gave up her own room
and otherwise "put herself out," as
housekeepers say, for the comfort of
the expected guest.

When the latter arrived, some of
us noticed that she expressed no

pleasure at the appearance of the
house or grounds, or anything else.
And it struck me that finding her
old acquaintance better situated
than herself, or than she had ex-
pected, her envy was roused and
she was determined not to praise
anything or even approve. Cer-
tainly no other construction could
be put on her manners or conver-
sation that evening. She seemed any-
thing but a friend—the most un-
gracious of guests; and yet she too
was a lady, a scholar, and a Chris-
tian.

The next morning as Mrs. Burt
—that was her name—seated her-
self at the breakfast-table, our hos-
tess asked if she had slept well.

"I can't say that I did particu-
larly well," with spiteful emphasis
on the second syllable.

Of course the mistress of the
house was covered with confusion;
and she began to explain about the
mattresses having become matted
and uneven.

"I sleep on a hair mattress at
home," said Mrs. Burt sententiously,
and that settled the matter.
But the enormity of her rudeness
became more apparent to us when,
afterwards, it came out in her con-
versation with one of the lady
boarders that she was never a good
sleeper.

This was only the beginning of
things. She seemed to have a special
small spite towards her hostess,
on account of her being happy and
well situated. To the rest of us
she was gracious and lady-like,
agreeable in her ways and words;
but towards Miss Girder in a con-
stant state of antagonism which
broke out in the most uncivil things
that ever were said. If that lady
likened a person who happened to be
named, the other did not; she found
some fault with Miss Girder's
friends, and approved of nothing
proposed by her. Little words of
disparagement, small slurs, harsh
judgments, fault-finding, seeing a
flaw in everything, characterized
her remarks.

On the second morning no one
asked her had she slept. She
might have sat in her chair all night,
for ought any of us knew or cared.
But the breakfast was not allowed
to pass without something unpleasant
being said. We had excellent
coffee—so specially excellent that
almost every one spoke of it, because
they could not help it—and it does
the heart of a hostess good to be
assured that her guests appreciate
her food—light good rolls, baked
potatoes, slices of cold ham, and
boiled eggs; and every one was en-
joying the sensible meal when we
became aware that our difficult
companion was refusing everything
offered her.

"What no rolls? They are so
nice!"

"No, I thank you. I never eat
warm bread."

Upon which Miss Girder, having
heard the proffer and refusal, rung
for cold bread.

Would she take a potato, asked
the same gentleman; they were
"dove to a dot," he said.

"No, I thank you!"

"A bit of ham? It is excellent; do
try it with your cold bread."

"No, I thank you!" in a way
that was an insult.

She would take an egg.

Our hostess remarked that these
had been in the water four minutes—
they might be a trifle hard.

"Three minutes and a half is the
rule," was the rejoinder from the
guest, who proceeded to slowly eat
the egg with the air of one who
knew she was hastening her own
death by doing it.

The feeling of the company was
expressed by one of the gentlemen,
who was overheard asking another:
"Is not that rather a hateful
woman? Some time I would have

eaten breakfast if I had known it
would kill me."

At noon there were tomatoes on
the table—the first of the season;
and very early it was, too; and they
were uncommonly fine ones. Miss
Girder had saved them on purpose
for her guest, and said at the table
that they had never raised any so
early as these.

"We had them two weeks ago."

This was rather a drawback; but
Miss Girder persevered, and added
that they had never planted this
kind before, but were sure they
should like them best of any.

"Have you ever had the Tro-
phy?" demanded Mrs. Burt. "We
used to have the kind you have
here, but the Trophy is so much
better that we never sow the others
at all now."

I might go on. I might tell you
fifty things you would hardly be-
lieve a woman would say to another,
much less to her hostess.

After about a week of this, she
announced that one of her family
had been taken sick and her brother
had sent for her; and she had re-
plied that she would be at home by
such a train, and he was to meet
her. This arrangement the vener-
able grand father of our hostess knew
nothing about; and being a most
hospitable old gentleman, when he
found that she was going away, he
began to urge her to stay longer.

"I think I'd better go."

"Why, no," he said; "there is
nothing to call you home."

"I think I'd better go."

"Oh no! Stop with us over an-
other Sabbath. I would not go to-
day."

"I think I'd better go."
This was too much for me; and
knowing that he was very scrupu-
lous about keeping an engagement,
I rose and walked across the room;
and said to him—I suppose it was
"spiteful" in me:

"Her sister is sick she has had a
letter from home. Her brother is
to meet her by the three o'clock
train. She has sent word that she
would go."

"Oh!" said the unsuspecting old
gentleman; "that makes a differ-
ence. People should always keep
their engagements."

And Mrs. Burt flushed a rosy
red.

After she had gone, some of the
ladies said she ought to be made
an example of; but Miss Girder
said, "No," she was "her guest."

But she was not mine.

And she was not mine.—*Hearth
and Home.*

"Here's 'Super Old Man.'"

Barney Aaron has demonstrated
the usefulness of a pugilist. He
should have the full credit of the
discovery. While riding down
town in a Fourth avenue street
car, he discovered on the rear
platform Rev. Henry Thorpe, of
Pittsburg, an elderly clergyman.
Barney and the clergyman got into
conversation; and after talking a
little while, separated, one on the
opposite side of the platform to the
other. At Eighteenth street two
noted pickpockets, James Henry
and Wm. Jackson got on the car.
They are residents of the Fifteenth
Ward, and knew Mr. Aaron. They
did not think he would interfere
with them, and so proceeded to rob
the clergyman. Jackson crowded the
minister against the car door,
and Henry took his gold watch.
They had not calculated on any
interference, and were sadly disap-
pointed when Mr. Aaron exercised
his science on them with startling
results. Mr. Jackson received a
slight testimonial of Mr. Aaron's
science in the jaw, which tumbled
him over the dashboard into the
street. Mr. Henry attempted to
make remonstrance, but to no pur-
pose. Mr. Aaron took the watch,
he had wrung from Henry's hand
and by a manual application sent
Henry to join Jackson. After ar-
ranging his disturbed sea-kin coat
Mr. Aaron handed the recovered
watch to Rev. Mr. Thorpe, remark-
ing, "Here's your super old man.
Don't you never stand on a car
platform again. You're the worst
old sucker I've met in a year."
After his exploit Mr. Aaron is said
to have looked very refined and
virtuous.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

**End of a Suit to Recover Damages
For a Murder.**
It will be readily recalled by the
readers of the Times that after the
conviction of Foster for the murder
of Avery D. Putnam, the widow of
the latter commenced a suit in the
Superior Court to recover \$5,000
damages against the Broadway
and Seventh Avenue Railroad
Company. The suit was based on
the theory that the company was
responsible for the alleged neglect
of the conductor in not having put
Foster off the car when his intoxi-
cated condition became apparent.
On the trial Mrs. Putnam recovered
judgment for the full amount
claimed, that being the limit per-
mitted in case of death, and an ap-
peal being taken to the General
Term, the judgment was confirmed
by a majority of the court. Chief
Justice Barbour dissenting. On an
appeal being taken to the Court
of Appeals, the judgment of the
court below was reversed, Judge
Allen, who delivered the opinion
of the court, holding that the evi-
dence produced on the trial failed
to show negligence on the part of
the conductor of the car. Inas-
much as this decision has declared
against Mrs. Putnam's right to re-
cover, she has now discontinued
her suit, such discontinuance being
without costs to either party as
against the other.—*N. Y. Times,*
Feb. 10.

Shipping Elephants.

A Calcutta newspaper says: The
hoisting into the air and lowering
elephants into the hold of a vessel is not
only an unusual sight to most men,
but also a strange experience to most
elephants. They were lashed with
strong ropes, slung as far as practi-
cable in slings, hoisted up with cranes
with three foot tackle, and lowered in-
to the steamer's hold like a bale of
cotton. When in the hold, they were
placed in pens, built of strong teak
timber baulks, bolted to the ship's side
to keep them from breaking loose.
The fear the animals suffered was the
only pain they underwent, and by
watching the eyes of the poor beasts
their terror was very manifest. Tears
trickled down their mild countenances,
and they roared with dread more es-
pecially when being lowered into the
hold, the bottom of which was sanded
for them to stand on. We are told
that one female elephant actually
fainted, and was brought to with a fan
and many gallons of water. As sea it
appears that they got into a curious
habit of occasionally—evidently with
a preconceived signal—getting to work
rocking the ship from side to side, by
giving themselves simultaneously, a
swinging motion as they stood athwart
ship the vessel rolling heavily, as if in
in a seaway. When they reached
port they were hoisted out of the hold
and swam on shore, thirty-five being
thus safely landed without any acci-
dent whatever. When they were re-
leased from the slings it was a su-
preme moment for the mahout, who
was always on the elephant's neck
from the time of its touching the wa-
ter to letting go. As the word was
given to let go, each of the elephants,
either from the lightness of his heart,
or from his own weight, we are not
sure which—lightness of heart as well
as lightness of head, causes elephants
and men to play pranks—plunged
deep into the water, the mahout on
his neck. The striking of the side of
the mahout just one minute before the
plunge was a study as to how it
would be when elephant and man rose to the
surface. Again, the mahout blowing
water from his mouth and the water
from his nose.