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Sal's Married.

[Scene—A Cabin.]

A letter from home!
And out of luck,
Too, they say.
Let's see: Ten years since
I left Kentucky,
To a day.

The old man is dead,
And mother, too bad!
She so old,
To be working out
And earning her bread;
Our farm sold.

What's that? Sal's married?
And throwed off on me!
That's queer!
Long time since I wrote
And she's married, let's see,
Ten year!

And our ore give out
In the winze, yesterday,
Luck's old game!
And the lower east drift—
Well! It may run that way—
Looks bad again.

Guess there's a load.
Won't Hank feel bad
And stare,
To find me dead,
Ball through my head,
Lying here?

Never thought it would come;
They say it's soon done;
Never fear!
Hope Sal's well mated!
Good gal! she waited
Ten year.

—Heene River Reville.

Miscellaneous.

A Contest with Foils.

Some thirty years ago I arrived in Saint Petersburg, with the intention of establishing myself as a fencing master in the capital. Introductions from distinguished individuals of my own country enabled me to make a friend of Count Alexis W., and that nobleman interested himself greatly in my success. Not content with procuring me several pupils, he urged me to petition the Emperor for the valuable and honorable appointment of fencing master to a regiment; and toward that end gave me a letter of recommendation to an aid-de-camp of the Czarwitsch Constantine, who was then at the Castle of Strelna, near St. Petersburg.

The morning after, I hired a droszki and set out for Strelna, armed with my credentials. I reached the Convent of St. Serguis, the saint most venerated in Russia after St. Alexander Niewski. A few minutes afterwards I arrived at the castle, and was soon ushered into the apartments of the Emperor's brother. In one of these I discovered him standing with his back to a large fire, and distinguished by the most forbidding countenance I ever beheld. He was tapping his boot with his riding whip, and the undried splash of mud on his pantaloons indicated that he had but recently returned from a ride or a review. At a table near him was seated General Rodna, pen in hand and apparently writing under the Prince's dictation.

The door was scarcely closed when the Czarwitsch, fixing on me his piercing eyes abruptly said:

"What is your age?"
"Six and twenty."
"Name?"
"G——."

"You want to be a fencing-master of a regiment?"
"May it please your highness, such is the object of my ambition."
"Are you a first-rate swordsman?"

"I have figured in public several times since my arrival in St. Petersburg, and your highness can easily ascertain the opinion of those who were present."
"I have heard of you, but you had only a moderate success to contend with."

"Which gave them just claims upon my forbearance, your highness."

"Forbearance!" he repeated with flashing eyes, and a scornful curl on his lips; "but if less considerate, what then?"

"I should have buttoned them ten times for every twice that they touched me, your highness."

"Ha, and could you do that with me?"

"That would depend on how you imperial highness might wish to be treated. If as a Prince, it is probable your highness would touch me ten times and be touched twice. But if your highness desired to be treated like any other person, the ten hits would be achieved by me, and the two by your highness."

"Lubenski!" roared the Czarwitsch, rubbing his hands; "Lubenski, bring the foils. We shall see Sir Braggadocio."

"It is possible your highness would condescend—"

"My highness orders you to touch me ten times if you can. Do you want to back out already? Now take this foil as a mask. Guard!"

"Is it your highness's absolute command?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I am ready."

"Ten times," repeated the Prince, as he attacked me—"ten times, mind you, less won't do. Ha! ha!"

Notwithstanding this encouragement, I kept merely on the defensive, contenting myself with parrying his thrusts, without returning them.

"Now, then!" cried he angrily, "what are you about? You are playing the fool with me. Why don't you thrust?"

"Your highness! the respect—"

"Confound your respect, sir. Thrust! thrust!"

Observing through his mask that his cheeks were flushed and his eyes bloodshot, I took advantage of the permission granted, and touched him three times running.

"Bravo!" cried he. "My turn now. Ha! A hit! a hit!"

He had touched me. I then touched him four times in rapid succession, and was then touched once.

"Hurrah!" he cried, exultingly.

"Rodna, did you see that? Twice to his seven!"

"Twice to ten, your highness," replied I, pressing him very hard.

"Eight, nine, ten! Now we are quits."

"Good, good!" cried Czarwitsch, approvingly. "Very good, but that's not all. The small sword, not enough, no use to the cavalry; want the saber. Now, could you defend yourself, on foot, against a mounted lancer? Parry a lance thrust, eh?"

"I think I could, your highness!"

"Think so! Not sure, eh?"

"Pardon me, your highness, I have no doubt of it."

"Lubenski!" again shouted the Prince.

The officer appeared.

"A lance and horse. Quick!"

"But your highness"—I interposed.

"Ha! You are afraid?"

"I am not afraid; but with your highness I should experience equal reluctance to be the victor or the vanquished."

"All nonsense and flattery! The first trial was capital. Now for the second."

At this moment the officer appeared before the windows of the palace leading a magnificent horse, and bearing a lance in his hand.

"Now, then," exclaimed Constantine, as he dashed out of the room, and made a sign for me to follow him. "Give him a good saber, Lubenski; and now, my Englishman, mind yourself, or you'll be spitted like one of the loads in my

Summer house. The last lived three days, Rodna," added he, turning to that General, "with a nail through his belly."

So saying, the Prince sprang upon his steed. With great skill he put the animal through the most difficult evolutions, at the same time executing sundry parries and thrusts with his lance.

"All ready?" he cried, riding up to me.

"Ready, your highness," was the reply, and he, setting spurs to his horse, galloped on to the further end of the avenue.

"Surely this is all a joke?" I said to General Rodna.

"By no means," was the reply. "You will either lose your life or gain your appointment! Defend yourself as if you were on a battle field."

Matters had taken much more serious turn than I had anticipated. Had I considered myself at liberty to return blow for blow, I could have taken my chance without uneasiness, but finding myself bound to control, as well as to use, a keen-edged saber, while exposed to the sharpened lance of a reckless antagonist, the chances of the diversion were decidedly against me. It was too late, however, to draw back.

I summoned to my aid all the coolness and address I possessed, and prepared to face the Czarwitsch, who had already passed the end of the advance, and turned his horse about. The animal advanced at full speed, Constantine being conched down upon his neck in such a manner that he was nearly concealed by the abundant mane.

When he reached me he made a point at my breast, but I parried his thrust, and bounding to one side, horse and rider carried away by their impetuosity, passed by without doing the slightest injury.

"Very good, very good!" he said, "try again."

Without giving me time for objection or remark, he took space for his career, and after asking me if I was ready, returned to the charge with great fury. As before, I kept my eyes fixed on his, and not one of his motions escaped me. At the decisive moment I parried en parle, and by a spring to the right, made his second attack as harmless as the first.

Uttering a bowl of disappointment, the Czarwitsch entered into the spirit of our match as ardently as if it had been a real combat, and had, moreover made up his mind that it should terminate in his favor, but when I saw him retreating the ground for the third assault, I resolved that it should be the last.

Again he advanced toward me with whirlwind speed; this time, however, without contenting myself with a mere parry, I dealt a violent back-handed blow on the poll of the lance, which was severed by the stroke, and Constantine felt himself disarmed. Then, quick as thought, I seized the bridle of the horse, and by a violent jerk threw him on his haunches, at the same time placing the point of my saber on the breast of the rider.

General Rodna uttered a cry of alarm; he thought I was going to kill the Prince. Constantine also had the same impression, for the color left his cheek for an instant. Stepping a pace backward and bowing to the Grand Duke:

"Your highness," I said, "has now seen what I am able to teach to Russian soldiers, and whether I am worthy to become their Professor."

"Yes, by my soul you are! Never saw a braver fellow; and a regiment you shall have, if I can get it for you. Now follow me," he added, as he threw himself from the saddle, and led the way to his apartments. When there he took

up a pen and wrote at the foot of the petition to the Emperor, which I had fortunately in readiness:

"I humbly recommend the petitioner to your imperial majesty, believing him in every way worthy of the favor he solicits."

It is only necessary to add that, after some short delay, I was fortunate enough in procuring the post I so anxiously sought.

The Two Extremes.

The following taken from Friday's Portland Bulletin, is a graphic description of the trials and tribulations meted out to the praying hands of women of that city, who are earnestly striving to suppress the traffic in intoxicating liquors: Although the ladies' praying band have been visiting the saloons during the present week, as usual, until yesterday their presence created but little excitement, and they passed from place to place, attracting but little attention from outsiders. Yesterday afternoon, as if by magic the whole thing changed, and the streets became thronged with an excited crowd. Some twelve or fourteen ladies appeared in front of the "Webfoot" saloon, owned by Walter Moffett, and commenced praying and singing. It was a signal for the gathering of a crowd, which came flocking in from every direction, and in a short time the sidewalk in front of the establishment was completely blockaded, and pedestrians were either obliged to content themselves with the middle of the street or cross to the other side. As soon as the singing commenced the proprietor appeared, followed by a large hand organ, which was placed in the door, and a man named Fritz commenced turning the crank, the instrument in itself creating but little disturbance. Very soon, however, two little boys appeared, beating gongs, and creating a din easier imagined than described. The ladies, however, seemed determined to brave it out, and continued their exercises without statement. Song after song, and prayer after prayer were offered, the crowd meanwhile increasing very fast, crowding and jamming forward, anxious to see all that was going on. Omnibuses, express and baggage wagons, hacks and drays, blockaded the street, while men and boys acted in the same capacity on the sidewalks. The proprietor blew his whistle time and again, without response. As for keeping the sidewalks clear, it seemed an utter impossibility, a passage way when opened, closing in an instant by the surging of the crowd. The ladies had probably been there about an hour when James Good the bar-tender, stepped out of the side door, and without further ceremony turned the water on from a near hydrant, and with the stream drove the crowd in front of it, wetting the sidewalk down most thoroughly. The ladies, however, were in front of the building, while the hydrant was on the south side, and none of the water touched them, except what was thrown over the corner of the building, from thence running down the awning and dripping on the ladies beneath.

The water also ran along the sidewalk, compelling the ladies to stand in it. This did not have the desired effect, the ladies still maintaining their ground. The noise still continued, abetted by the occasional firing off of fire-crackers, thrown from the side entrance of the saloon. The gong-beaters were relieved from time to time necessitating no cessation of hostilities. There were plenty of young hoodlums in the crowd, who were only too willing to take a hand, and the noise was fearful, completely drowning the voices of the singers and the "melody" of the hand organ. The proprietor was constantly on hand urging forward the opposition, while the bartenders saw to it that none of the older performers remained thirsty very long at a time. Liquor was furnished them and drank before the ladies in order to tantalize them. The proprietor at length secured a seat, and his example was soon followed by the ladies themselves, who had been furnished seats—chairs, camp-stools, etc.—by friends on the outside. Thus another hour passed. The boys had become exhausted in beating the gongs and men were engaged to take their places, and the excitement momentarily increased. One lady, in endeavoring to gain possession of a gong beaten in close proximity, had been shown a revolver and warned to desist. Abusive epithets had been showered upon them without stint. Continued drinking inflamed the passions of many, and trouble was imminent. It had commenced several times, but timely interference had prevented any serious results. Other entrances to the saloon were thrown open, and "Tripe Fritz" appeared, dressed in caricature, and made himself an object of general disgust to every one present, jumping and curveting around in the crowd. At length James Good, the bar-tender, mounted one of the chairs, and, being under the influence of liquor, used some very abusive epithets toward the crowd, and calling upon them to shoot him, if they dared, and using language foul-mouthed in the extreme. It was not resented for some time, but it very soon became monotonous and the first thing the man knew he was lying on the floor, having been knocked flat by a blow from the clenched fist of Mr. Grooms, which lit between Good's eyes with astounding force. The blow was no sooner struck than the crowd rushed forward pell-mell, blows falling thick and fast for a few seconds. Good and his friends retreated in the saloon, where he drew a revolver, which, however, was replaced, while trying to dodge a chair thrown at him. Mr. Moffett meanwhile getting out of the way of another that was coming toward his head. The excitement was intense, and men's faces paled for an instant as they imagined what might be the result. The praying band, meanwhile, retained their seats, and the appearance of several police officers, quelled the disturbance at once, the only damages being a few swelled faces and one man receiving a slight flesh wound in the right thigh. During the melee one of the gongs had been secured and broken beneath the feet of some enraged man. This little fracas added zest to the scene, and the crowd awaited another of like nature. Tina came at once took the place of the gongs, and the confusion continued, the performers, however, confining their entertainment to the interior of the saloon. A rival saloon keeper soon appeared, beating a bass drum, but he was at once attacked by an outside party, and

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