

THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

NO. 7.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
ABBOTT, BROWN & TRAVERSE.

M. H. ABBOTT, M. V. BROWN, JOHN TRAVERSE.

Office—Over H. Oliver's Store, First Street.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, \$3; Six Months \$2; One Month, 50 cts.; Single Copies, 12 cts.

Payment to be made in advance in every case. The paper will not be sent to any address unless ordered, and the terms for which it shall be delivered be paid for. No departure will be made from these terms in any instance.

N. B. Timely prior notice will be given to each subscriber of the week on which his subscription will expire, and unless an order for its continuance, accompanied with the money, be given, the paper will be discontinued at that address.

RATES OF ADVERTISING, PER YEAR: One Column, \$100; Half Column, \$50; Quarter Column, \$25. Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent insertion, \$1.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

All Letters and Communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to Abbott & Co.,

BUSINESS CARDS.

CRANOR & HELM,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office—In N. Corcoran's Brick Building, up-stairs,
Albany, Oregon.

DR. HICKLIN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER
Having settled in Brownsville, Linn county Oregon, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of that vicinity.

WINTER & MCHATTAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS, GRAINERS AND GLAZIERS.
Also, Paperhanging and Calcining done with neatness and dispatch. Shop at the upper end of First street, in Cunningham's old stand, Albany, Oregon.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST, ALBANY, OGN.
Performs all operations in the line of DENTISTRY in the most PERFECT and IMPROVED manner. Persons desiring artificial teeth would do well to give him a call. Office up-stairs in Foster's brick. Residence corner of Second and Baker streets.

I. O. O. F.
ALBANY LODGE, NO. 4.
The Regular Meetings of Albany Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., are held at their Hall in N. Corcoran's Building, Albany, every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.

HUELAT & M'KENNEY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS,
OREGON CITY.
Particular Attention given to Land Claims and Land Titles.
Oregon City, Ogn., Dec. 26, 1865.

GARDENING!
ANDREW GILGRIEST,
Florist, Botanist, Gardener,
Orders left at the Eagle Hotel, Albany, will be punctually attended to.
Will attend to orders in the country, or will garden on shares.
Albany, April 14, 1866.

A. F. WHEELER,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Albany, Oregon.
WILL PROMPTLY ATTEND TO THE writing and taking acknowledgments of Deeds, Mortgages, and Powers of Attorney. Also, Depositions, Affidavits, &c., &c.
OFFICE—In the New Court House.
Albany, January 27, 1866.

GOLDSMITH BROS.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER WARE,
MILITARY GOODS,
CLOCKS, &c., &c., &c.
No. 93 Front Street, Portland.
Portland, Dec. 29, 1865.

L. M. PARRISH, J. D. HOLMAN
PARRISH & HOLMAN
PORTLAND, OGN.
Real Estate, Commercial and Stock Brokers,
AND
General Intelligence and Collection Agents.
OFFICE—No. 80 Pioneer Block, Front Street.
Portland, Dec. 29, 1865.

JOHN FERGUSON,
(OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.)
Will attend in person to the
Prosecution of Claims Arising in Oregon and California,
And to the Settlement of Accounts with the STATE, TREASURY, WAR, NAVY AND POST OFFICE DEPARTMENTS.

IN THE INDIAN BUREAU, LAND OR PATENT OFFICE.
Persons having business can have it promptly attended to, and obtain information from time to time, if desired.
ADDRESS—No. 476 SEVENTH STREET,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C. a228

ALBANY FERRY.
AT THE SOLICITATION OF many citizens of Linn and Benton counties have fitted up the lower Albany Ferry, at Albany, Oregon, at heavy expense, and in such a manner as to accommodate the traveling public at all times that ferrying is wanted to be done.

AT REDUCED RATES,
Hoping thereby to secure a liberal patronage.
My Ferry Boat is well constructed, with all the latest improvements for safety, and strongly secured by a good winch rope.
ASHER FRAROB, Proprietor.
Albany, Aug. 18th, 1866-ly

POETRY.

SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

BY N. DRUM CLARK.

In the dust, in the dust, and the foe that o'ercame us,
Exultingly point to our desolate homes;
With hearts like the rock, and the features of
Janus,
They deservingly echo their countrymen's groans.

They deservingly echo their countrymen's groans,
Again with new vigor in glory shall rise;
And the God of our martyrs in might will average us

Of the wrongs we endure from a foe we despise.
In the dust, in the dust, with their banners above us,
That trailed on our fields with the blood of the slain;

We'll arise, we'll strike for our homes and our altars;
We'll arise, we'll arise from our mountains and plains.

In the dust, in the dust, and our weapons are broken,
And the flag we've defended 's extinguished in gore,
Will the watchword of freedom be never more spoken?

Yes, yes, by our heroes we'll shout it once more.
In the dust, in the dust, the hope that we cherished,
Like the light of the morning star 's vanished away;

But we swear by the memory of those who have perished,
That our country shall rise in the splendor of day.

We're in chains, we're in chains, but we heed not their rattle,
Though clanking they are from the hills to the sea,
In triumph we'll shout about thunders of battle,
We've subdued the oppressor—our country is free.

In the dust, in the dust, the night is upon her,
But her history 's as bright as the gems of the sky,
And her long roll of names is resplendent with honor;

We'll strike and regain our lost freedom or die.
In the dust, in the dust, but the prestige of glory
We won as a people, by conflict sublime,
Will illumine the world through the pages of story,
And adorn with its fulgurances the annals of time.

THE RECOGNITION.

BY AMY GRAHAM.

"We are all sorry!"

Emily Dunbar, looking through the mist that tears made over her dark eyes, saw faces round her that fully certified to the truth of the exclamation.

She was standing in the broad hall of the Young Ladies' Seminary, of Oak Hall, the center of a group of sympathizing schoolmates who had assembled to bid her farewell. Only one hour before, a telegram, cruel in its brevity, had summoned her home to her father's death-bed, and before her melancholy packing was finished a second brief message told her she was too late for one parting word, and could only see the face she loved still in death. Her breaking heart silenced all words of answer as her companions' words of sorrow fell upon her ears; she could only grasp the hands extended to her in close claps of friendship, and sob broken words of thanks. One hand, the hand extended, lingered long in hers, and Fanny Watson's low, sweet voice broke the stillness that followed the departure of the others from the hall.

"Dear Emily, I have no words to tell you how I grieve for you! But you will consider me your best friend always, will you not? You will come to me if you need any service, Emily?"

"Indeed, indeed I will!"

"Good-by, then. Remember I am first friend."

And with the fond kiss of friendship upon her lips, Emily drove away to the station.

She had been very happy in her school life, for from her early childhood home had been but a pleasant visiting-place for the holidays. Her mother she had lost before she was old enough to print her face upon her memory, and she had gone from her nurse's care to that of the principal of Oak Hall, under whose care she had been educated and trained. Her father, the indulgent master of the lonely house where she and Rupert, her only brother, passed their holidays, she had loved tenderly, and it was with a sore heart and bitter sense of orphanhood that she obeyed the summons to his funeral.

Other troubles were to follow. Lovingly, and with gentle preparation, Rupert broke to her the news of utter destitution, of debt contracted to maintain an expensive household of indulgences for these idolized children beyond their father's reach, and finally of failure, bankruptcy, and death. Lying in her brother's arms; in the luxurious drawing-room, looking into his bright, earnest face, the truth did not seem too terrible to bear; but when the house was sold, a little room for each taken in a boarding house, and when day after day the animated face that had been so hopeful grew paler and sadder under the burden of enforced idleness, then Emily realized where was the sting of poverty.

Educated for a physician, without having had time to gain practice, Rupert Dunbar found no employment that he dared undertake. Clerking required some experience before the salary could support two; of trade he knew nothing;

his diploma but a month old when his father died, seemed valueless when compared with that of established practitioners, and there seemed no opening for his labor, no prospect of work.

"Let me try."

Emily fairly trembled at her own audacity, when she saw the pain her proposal gave; but under her slight girlish figure she carried a brave woman's heart, and she persisted in her resolve to do something.

"Let me try. I received a finished education, can draw, paint, speak German and French, and certainly understand enough of music for a really good teacher. Do let me try to get employment, Rupert."

"You, lady-bird, darling. What would our father say if he saw me thus shirking my duty to you?"

"You are not shirking. You have tried, and you will yet succeed in obtaining work, but in the meantime let me be a help and not a burden to you. Fanny Wilson was here this morning, and she—"

"Well, Emily?"

"Told me of a situation."

"She is very kind!"

"Don't speak bitterly, Rupert; she is very kind. She has seen for weeks how I longed to aid you, and to-day she told me of a family who are looking for a governess, and would take me upon her recommendation. You will let me go, brother. Think how much more you can do, if you are not hampered by me. We can still see each other, and I know you will feel freer to seek employment if I am in a pleasant home."

"How do you know it will be pleasant?"

"I will make it so."

"It required many a long argument to win the loving brother over to view the case as his warm-hearted sister did, but an interview with Mr. Lee, the father of the children Emily wished to instruct, turned the scale so long quivering. The gentleman, a prosperous merchant, was deeply interested in the orphan, idolized Fanny Wilson, his wife's niece, and was delighted with Emily. Hearing of Rupert's situation, he offered him a seat in his counting house to learn business, and placed a salary, small, but enough for a support, at his command. Feeling that he could still protect his sister, and see her constantly, Rupert gave a reluctant consent to her entering upon the duties of a governess in the merchant's family.

Two years passed pleasantly for the orphans, with but one cloud to mar their happiness.

"Something," Emily whispered to her heart, "something ailed Rupert." From a frank, merry boy, full of mischief and animation, he had become a grave, reserved man, shrinking often from his sister's offered caresses, growing pale and careworn, and evidently suffering much mental pain.

Emily watched and wondered; striving by every feminine art to win his confidence, but finding her efforts vain, suffered in silence. It was the second anniversary of her father's death, and she was seated in her little room, after school hours, when Rupert came to her. Something of the old light was in his face, some of the long-lost spring in his step as he entered.

"Emily, can you spare me for three years?"

"Three years, Rupert?"

"Yes. Don't look so white; don't faint!"

"No, no—but three years—what?" she gasped.

"Assistant-surgeon in the Navy. Think what a chance! The commission is offered me. Oh, let me go! Emily, sister, darling, let me go!"

Down, down, toward heart! Was not his heart in his profession? Did not each hour at the desk steal from his very life? Was her selfish love to take away this joy from him? All surged up in her heart, to her lips, as she said:

"Yes, Rupert, you must go."

He appreciated the sacrifice, and drew her to his heart in one long, fervent embrace.

There was little time for thought in the next few weeks. An outfit had to be prepared from limited resources, and the sister's fingers busily stitched, whenever blinding tears did not arrest her needle.

Little luxuries Rupert had long given up, found their way into the sea-chest, and Emily never valued her salary as when it permitted such purchases.

It was all ready at last, and the evening for farewell came only too soon. The vessel was to sail from New York for a three years' cruise, and Rupert had waited for the midnight train; to spend the last precious hours with Emily. Something of the sadness which had yielded to his late joy, came to cloud this farewell interview. Some untold grief marred the confidence Emily hoped for. Some secret rose in his heart to check words she knew were almost on his lips, and grieving over his reserve, she yet strove to let no word of question pain him.

As he pressed his farewell kiss upon her lips, he said:

"Emily, Mr. Lee to-day sent me to his head clerk for my quarter's salary, though it is one month short; you must let me leave you this, to repay some of the expenses you have incurred for my outfit—"

"Good-by, darling!—God keep you!" and he was gone, leaving a note of one hundred dollars pressed in her hand.

She scarcely heeded the gift in her first agony of grief, tossing it carelessly into an open drawer when she sought in her own room to wrestle with the bitter pain of separation, and try to banish the overwhelming thought of three years of loneliness.

Mrs. Lee was kindly thoughtful the next day, sending the children abroad for a long walk, and trying, by gentle caresses and loving words, to make the orphan feel that she was not friendless.

At dinner time the master of the house wore a clouded brow. The children's

clatter, so unfeeling at other times, passed unheeded now; even his wife's low voice seemed to fall on deaf ears. Suddenly, pushing his untasted dinner from him, he spoke the cause of his deep abstraction.

"Lucy, I have been robbed!"

"Robbed? I echoed round the table.

"Not once, nor twice, but many times. I have been convinced for some months that money was abstracted from my private desk. Twice I have had the key altered, but still missed money. At last I placed a marked note for one hundred dollars there, and took the number. It was on the 11—Bank, No. 2,800, and I put a cross in red ink in one corner. Last night I missed it. To-day there has been a search made, but the note cannot be found. To-morrow I shall place the whole affair in the hands of a detective."

"Do you suspect any one?"

"Yes; but cannot fix my suspicions enough to warrant me in naming them. To-morrow I will take active measures to prove them false or true."

"Have you lost much?"

"More than I can well afford, though not enough to injure my business. You see it must have been going on for some time before my suspicions were aroused. So much unaccounted money goes into that desk, that even when I feared there was less I could not be certain."

"Do your hands know?"

"Not yet. I hope to catch the thief off his guard."

More conversation on the same subject followed, until the whole family left the table, and Emily went to her own room. Feeling that it was wrong to give way to her despondency, she resolved to occupy herself with the children, and called Sophie, the eldest, a lovely girl of fourteen, to take a French lesson.

"You will find your last exercise in my table drawer, Sophie," she said, as the willing child answered her call. "Bring it to me for correction."

The little girl opened the drawer, and stood as if spell-bound gazing into it.—Every shade of color left her face, and she trembled violently.

"Come, Sophie! Why, dear child, are you ill?" cried Emily, going quickly to her side, and the red glow came into her cheeks, and she said, as if from a heavy blow. For there, where she had tossed it the night before, lay the note, Rupert's parting gift, the note 2,800 on the H—Bank, with Mr. Lee's red mark in one corner. There was a long silence, broken at last by the child's sobbing voice—

"Oh, Miss Dunbar, how did it get there?"

"Hush, Sophie, hush, let me think. I—I think I know. Stay here for an hour, and if I am not back then, take the note to your father."

An hour and a half had passed, and she could catch the afternoon train for New York. Perhaps Rupert had not sailed. He would explain! She almost ran to the nearest corner, caught the car, and was on her way to the depot before Sophie realized that she was alone, with the stolen note.

Only to see Rupert! Rupert would explain. Emily repeated this hope to her sick heart as she was carried rapidly over the New York road. Her purse still held some twenty dollars of her last quarter's salary, and she could return after her father's death, and tell her how the note came into his possession. But as the hours crept on, other thoughts crowded on her brain, and would not be driven back—Rupert's long reserve, his pale face and restless manner, the many instances of his want of confidence, that had puzzled and pained her, all came rushing over her heart, till she could have cried out with agony. A thief. Her noble brother, whom she had almost worshipped, a thief! Yet, in moments of temptation, when Poverty's face was too black for his countenance, he had—what?—robbed of his employer.

"Oh, if the train would fly forward. To see him—only to see him!"

It was night when at last the ferry boat left its load of passengers at the New York wharf, and Emily engaged the first hackman who spoke to her.

"Can you tell me whether the Ariadne has sailed?"

"Lor' yes, man; sailed at six this morning!"

"Last hope was wrenched from her."

"Certain, ma'am. What hotel?"

"What hotel? Where could she go?—She stood, stunned and bewildered, hardly conscious of the jostling crowd or impatient hackman."

"Miss Emily? Can it be possible this is my little Miss Emily?"

"A friendly voice and grasp of her hand. Emily's pale lips quivered a moment, and then she flung herself into the arms of the speaker.

"Bless my soul! Here, Martha! Ellen! Where are you girls?"

"Here, papa! Can we ever get out of this crowd? Why, where? What?—Papa?"

"Yes, my dear. It is Emily Dunbar."

"Emily Dunbar? Alone here on the wharf?"

Propriety shrank back, but papa called a hack and carried his senseless burden into it, the two girls following with puzzled faces.

"There, now, take care of her while I get the baggage." And papa hustled away.

Something in the pallid, inanimate face of their old friend and schoolfellow awakened the womanly hearts of Martha and Ellen Baxter, and before their father returned they had found salts and wine in their neat travelling bags, and were working heartily to call life back to the pale face.

"There, never mind; you can tell us all about it at the hotel," said Mr. Baxter, as Emily opened her eyes and attempted to speak. "Don't talk now.—You're all right! I'm taking you to the St. Nicholas, and to-morrow you can go wherever you were going when you met me."

"There! there! don't cry! Poor

child! some new grief. Think, Martha and Ellen, if it were I you were wearing this for," and he touched the black dress.

"Rupert," gasped Emily.

"Not dead?"

"No—sailed this morning in the Ariadne!" Assistant Surgeon. I was too late to see him."

"He didn't run away?"

"No, no; but I was too late!"

"There, there, don't talk about it. Too bad! You can tell us all about it to-morrow."

And, overcome by fatigue and excitement, Emily was only too glad to be taken up to a bedroom and told to rest quietly until morning.

It was a night of sore perplexity; but before morning her resolve was taken.—She could never return to Mr. Lee. They would suppose her a thief when Sophie told her story. Well better so than to think Rupert one. She would tell all the Baxters enough to explain her appearance upon the wharf, and then try to gain employment in New York. They would recommend her, she felt sure.—They had known her from a little child, and only her deep mourning and busily employed time had caused the intimacy to languish in the past two years. Yet, if they ever met the Lees! Poor Emily was dizzy with painful thought long before the breakfast gong broke in upon her reflection.

Mr. Baxter listened with kind interest to her story. That she had been a governess, but had left her situation suddenly, to try to see Rupert once more, was all she told of herself, and their inference that she had come from some far distant point, she did not contradict. She had lost her baggage, she said, left it behind her in her haste to catch a train.

"Dear, dear, what a pity! I have no time to hunt it up for you, for you see the girls and I are going to Europe in to-day's steamer. Now, my dear, are you going back?"

"I cannot! I forfeited my situation by running off so suddenly."

"What folly!" rose to Mr. Baxter's lips, but he glanced at the pale face and suppressed the exclamation.

"Papa!" said Martha, and dragged him to a distant window for a long while the confidence, while Ellen crossed Emily and scolded at the hard-hearted people who would have prevented her seeing Rupert off. The pair at the window became very animated, but at last Ellen's curiosity was relieved.

"Emily," said Martha, crossing the room with a jump and a slide, "you can speak French, can't you, and German?"

"Yes."

"Then papa wants you to come with us. You must not have a kind of hedge-podge we call French, but are ignorant as owls of German, and you can be our interpreter."

"Miss Dunbar," said Mr. Baxter, will you accompany us as a governess and companion to these two mad-cap girls of mine?"

"Ah, do say yes!" said Ellen, kissing her.

"You say Rupert will be gone for three years. We will return before then, so you can be here to meet him. Martha says she can help you about the lost baggage."

"Oh, yes, we have oceans of clothes.—You will only want a black dress or two. Do say yes," pleaded Ellen.

"But I have no references, no—"

"Pshaw! Who is a better reference than your father's old friend, who has known you from a baby. To be sure, you have buried yourself pretty well since your father died, but Martha and Ellen never tire of telling wonders of your scholarship at Oak Hall. Look in my eyes, Emily."

"She obeyed."

"Steady now. You have never done anything that makes you an unfit companion for my motherless girls!"

"Most need!" said Emily, solemnly meeting his eyes with a steady, firm gaze.

"I believe you, dear. You will go with us?"

"Thankfully."

It was vain to attempt to describe the consternation at Mr. Lee's when Sophie, having patiently waited her hour, came to the sitting room with the lost note in her hand. Emily or Rupert? Emily or Rupert? Who was the thief? The one far on the Atlantic before this; the other—where?

All night the gentle mother watched for the unhappy girl's return, in vain.—Mr. Lee could but place this new evidence in the hands of the detective; the none of his former suspicions pointed to Rupert. Indeed, some of the evidence he laid before that grave official contradicted entirely, any such appearance of guilt. Fanny Watson's distress was uncontrollable. She would not hear her friend's name coupled with guilt, and indignantly protested against any accusation of Rupert. Yet, there was the note!

And while Mr. Lee advertised for his runaway governess, in terms that only she could comprehend, while Fanny distractedly haunted railroad depots and the dark eyes in the vain hope of seeing the wharves and curls of her friend, while the grave detective steadily sifts evidence and watches hourly for proof of guilt, Emily, in her new position is far away, "outward bound."

Meeting only love and kindness from her new friends, filling her hours with teaching and study, training the girls in French, and initiating them into the mysteries of German, she passes the days peacefully, and thankfully realizes the mercies of her lot. Yet the agony of suspense, the bitter suspicions are undermining her health and spirits, and it requires all her self-control not to let her pupils see her grief. Worst of all, she has cut herself off from communication with her brother. She cannot write, and his letters will be directed to Mr. Lee's care. They will write, will tell him all,

and then—will appreciate her sacrifice, or, himself innocent, blame her for thus casting suspicions upon him?

The foreign lands that would have been a dream of delight to her a year ago, the galleries and scenes, the wonders of the old world of which she has heard and read, pass before her numbed heart like a dream, and only duty keeps her calm and attentive to her pupils. Still, as the months passed on, she found youth would seek relief from sorrow, and unconsciously the entrance came back, and her sore heart clung to the kind friends who met her in her desolation. Time, which heals the sorest wound was laying his fingers over her heart, and ever present duty and constant change were bringing back her smiles, while hope whispered words of comfort. Three years would soon pass, then she would see Rupert and he would explain all.

Two years passed rapidly, and then the Baxters received the Atlantic steamer in July that they landed in Boston, and resolved before returning home to pass away the last months at Nahant. Emily who had shrunk from parting, willingly agreed to accompany them to the watering place, to remain until fall. Return before the three years were over, she dared not. She had seen in her long exile, notice of the Ariadne's safety, and more she could not hope for until Rupert's return.

There was one spot not far from the hotel, where she became fond of lingering. It was not in the regular walks taken by frequenters of watering places, and she soon made it a daily resort.—There with her sketch-book or some needlework, she passed the hours when most of the visitors slept away the time—namely, the early afternoon. She had learned, early in her self-imposed martyrdom, to avoid sleeping through the day, finding every hour's work and wakefulness added to her rest at night; and while Martha and Ellen napped away the hours, she touched up sketches, read or sewed till they were awake and ready for her chat or music.

It was not many days after her arrival when she was seated in her favorite spot, fancying herself safe from any intrusion, that close behind her she heard:

"Fanny, look! look at that young girl sketching! I am sure it is Emily Dunbar."

She tried to rise to flee, but could only look up in wild helplessness.

A cry of "Emily dear, dear Emily!" followed Mrs. Lee's recognition, and Fanny Watson was sobbing over her, kissing her lips, cheeks and eyes, scolding and caressing all at once.

"Oh, how could you? how could you? Do not speak! I know why you ran off. You simper, not to wait till the truth came out."

"The truth," gasped Emily.

"You don't deserve to hear it! It was the head clerk. Uncle Robert suspected it, and the detective proved it. He took thousands of dollars."

"But the note?"

"He confessed, when he saw that all was found out. The note he took the day before Rupert left, and slipped it in amongst his money, knowing he would sail the next day, and hoping he would not pass it at home."

"But," said the bewildered girl, "what made Rupert so, strange, so—"

Hot blushes rose on Fanny's cheeks as she whispered:

"He was in love, and—afraid I would not love a poor clerk. He has written it all since, for his position now is secure, and his anxiety about you broke down all fancied barriers. He will be home in a year, and—Emily will you have me for a sister?"