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By order of the N. G.

UNCLE INGOT.

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madame, before I die, I promise you you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word." So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, dry-salter and common councilman of the city of London, to Dorothy Elizabeth, a widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succor about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There was harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mr. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary man. Mr. Ingot said "legitimate"—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot had such general intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable school for him, and he had finished off as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable body of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—allying herself with commerce, some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more on that account; for he was one of those radicals who are not 'snobs' at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that nobles and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and 'blew' like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so comically expressive, that his opponent rarely pursued the subject. He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would doubtless largely have assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of each other. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age as Isaac had done, (in youth, he had not time for such follies,) and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time wore on, and the education of both boys and girls grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expansive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened toward them; but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their high-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure, and she wickledly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much humor, as ligneous, and his profile, Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a noble tree in the lime walk of Clare Hall, at Cambridge—much more than any sketch ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "if ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madame, before I die, I promise you you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not poverty, at least very urgent want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot's slippers and book-marks for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that Bacon's emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term.—He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerly letter, but there was never any enclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pine apple for the desert of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling toward his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for 'making it up' with his sister-in-law within the first year or two of their fall-

ing out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not easily to be repaired. What he had so satirically written when he declined her invitation had grown to be true; he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous.—He had few old bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various of the year as regular as they came round. On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading and see the old year out and the new year in, in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in those school days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom's disposition that account: secretly I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore.—Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last of the year.—Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy. On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him.—Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hand clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set your eyes on! "Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag and books which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance. "Only engaged to you, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?" Mr. Beardmore never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time his heart sank within him at the reflection that the train was not to stop till he had reached his destination.—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and, at this idea, Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration. "Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger, playfully, as the train flew by Ealing. "Nothing, madame, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly patented inventions for affording communication with the guard. "Well, then, I'll take one and leave it to you, madam," continued the young lady with a peal of silvery laughter; and with that she lightly rose and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps or ward her off with his muffedets, she had imparted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "O, no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?" "I shall give you in charge to the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading!" "Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?" "For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent, in this manner?" Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes. "Do you suppose, you poor old dotting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion; but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous. "What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor, in an agony of shame and rage. "I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds! What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You

will have to give it to the poor's box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of your disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that I kissed you, and not you me. What 'roars of laughter' there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous.—True, he hated to be imposed; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind? In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old dysalser was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been 'done' oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon him; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which he carried a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, seeing the old year out and the new year in, his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and gin-punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance. "I could really almost forgive the jade, for having taken me in so cleverly," said he. "I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was good, and ladylike looking a girl as ever you saw." "Was she anything like this?" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph. "Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest. "Ha, ha! Tom; so you, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary." "Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother, too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun." "A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me?" "But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, yes or no?" "If she will give me back my money." "Very well," returned the host; "mind you asked for her yourself," and he rung the bell prettily sharply twice. "Here she is; it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under the very roof." "Yes, uncle," said the young lady, demurely. "Here's your five-pound note; please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come." "There go the church bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enemies.—Give your uncle a kiss, child." Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between themselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

SUBJECTS TO THINK OF.—The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is thirty-three years. One quarter die before the age of seven. To every 1,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years. To every 100, only nine reach sixty-five years; and not more than one in 500 reaches the age of eighty years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 39,333,333 die every year; 7,780 die every hour, sixty every minute; or one for every second. The losses are about balanced by an equal number of deaths. The married are longer lived than the single; and, above all, those who observe sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to 100.—Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes—that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in Spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.

THE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE recommends a cure for felons that as soon as the parts begin to swell, cloth, saturated with the tincture of lobelia, should be wrapped around them. This kills the felon; and is said never to fail if applied in season.

THE PREMIUM.—Said a certain individual to a wag: "The man who has raised his cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world!" "Then," replied the wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

BY TELEGRAPH.

Election Returns.
CHICAGO, October 10.—The returns from the Indiana election are meagre and slow, but it is generally conceded that the Republicans have the Legislature and a majority in the State. The 2d, 7th and 8th districts are very close. The Democrats carry the first district and the Republicans all others.

CINCINNATI, October 10.—The total vote in this city yesterday foots up over 29,000, which exceeds by over 3,000 any previous vote. Eggleston's majority in the first district is 900; Hays, in the second district, 2,600.

DES MOINES, IOWA, October 10.—Returns from remote counties show that 34,000 to a moderate estimate for the Union majority. The vote is much larger than any polled in the State heretofore.

CHICAGO, October 11.—Further election returns do not change the results heretofore given.

The Indiana delegation stands eight Republicans and three Democrats, the Democrats gaining Holman in the sixth district by 300 majority. Hepburn (R.) is elected in the seventh Indiana district by 600, and the other Republican in the eighth district by 800 majority. General Hunter (R.) has 5,000 majority in the third district. The Indiana Legislature is Republican by six majority in the Senate and twelve of fifteen in the House.

CLEVELAND, October 11.—The twenty-first district in Pennsylvania.—The tenth Pennsylvania district is claimed by both parties.

The Philadelphia Bulletin of last evening estimates Geary's majority at 17,800; while Democrats count 10,000 majority. The Democrats claim the election of Morgan, in the thirteenth Ohio district; by 200 over Delano.

PHILADELPHIA, October 11.—The Bulletin says that General Geary's majority will be from 18,000 to 20,000. The reported action of the President, published in the Ledger this morning, causes much distrust in mercantile circles.

INDIANAPOLIS, October 11.—Official returns are coming in slowly, but show nothing to indicate a change in the result given in last night's report.

The Legislature, from returns received up to this time, stands: Senate, Rep. 32, Dem. 18; House, Rep. 64, Dem. 36.—The Radicals will certainly have 40 majority on joint ballot. Congress has 8 Radicals to 3 Democrats. Washburn and Orth, Radicals, in the 7th and 8th districts, are conceded by both parties.

BOSTON, October 11.—The Republican have nominated for Congress Samuel Hooper in the 6th district, F. Butler in the 5th district, General S. Boutwell in the 4th district, John D. Baldwin in the 8th district and Thomas D. Elliott in the last district.

Vermont Legislature.
MONTPELIER, Vt., Oct. 11.—The Legislature assembled to-day. The House elected J. W. Stewart, Speaker.

Democratic Nominations.
NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The Mozart Democrats last evening nominated James Brooks for Congress in the 8th district and Fernando Wood in the 9th.

Catholic Council.
BALTIMORE, October 11.—The session of the Plenary Council of the Roman Catholic Church to-day was public.—Bishop Blanchet, of Oregon, celebrated solemn mass for the repose of the souls of deceased prelates, and Bishop Bayley, of Newark, delivered an eulogy on their lives and services.

Jeff Davis Not to be Tried Soon.
CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—D. W. Middleton, Clerk of the United States Supreme Court, gives notice that at the ensuing December term, that several cases will be called in this court by writs of error on appeals from Circuit and District Courts for the several States within the United States to be in rebellion by the Proclamation of the President, dated August 16th, 1866, and disposed of under the rules and regular order as they may stand upon the docket.

TRENTON, N. J., October 11.—In the United States Circuit Court to-day a letter was read by Judge Field, from Judge Grier, stating that he had received a letter from Chief-Justice Chase with an opinion showing that the United States had no right to hold Circuit Court anywhere until there is a new assignment of the Circuit lately made at Washington; so that he can hear no more cases as Circuit Judge until after next December.

HEROISM.—Heroism is of no country; and liberty is the best breeder of it everywhere. When Naples was ruled by the Bourbons the Neapolitan troops fought so badly that King Ferdinand replied to his son, who asked permission to change their uniform from the Austrian white to the British red: "As you please, my son; dress them in white, dress them in red—they will always run away!" Now that they are Italian soldiers, in the army of an independent Italy, a Naples letter tells us this story: "One of the flags conquered from the Austrians, in the late battle of June 24, was taken by a young soldier of the Section Fenestella at Naples. 'I can be killed now,' writes the young man to his parents, 'because the recompense voted by our municipality for acts of valor of this kind is sufficient to insure a provision for your old age.'"

THANKS.—One day, at the table of late Dr. Pease, Dean of Ely, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse was that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace. "For this and every other mercy the Lord's name be praised."

NOT MUCH.—"I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.