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BUSINESS CARDS.

I. LYONS,
JEWELER, AND CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRER. Shop in Gradwohl's new brick Store, Albany, Oregon. oct26-1y

CRANOR & HELM,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office—In Norcross' Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon. oct26-1y

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
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Teaches his services in the various branches of his profession to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country. Office up-stairs, in Foster's Brick. oct26-1y

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Having settled in Brownsville, Linn county Oregon, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of that vicinity. oct26-1y

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Also, Paperhanging and Calcining done with neatness and dispatch. Shop at the upper end of First street, in Cunningham's old store, Albany, Oregon. oct26-1y

J. BARROWS, L. BEAUF, & E. YOUNG,
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G. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST, ALBANY, OREGON.
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. oct26-1y

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 Norcross' Building, Albany, every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the N. G. oct26-1y

Domestic Recipes.

SPRIT PEAS SOUP.—Soak the peas all night, then cook them three or four hours, or until perfectly soft. Add a little sweet cream just before they are done.

BREAKFAST DISH.—Beat one egg, add a teaspoonful of salt, pour in about two-thirds of a pint of warm water, slice some bread dip it in and fry in a little butter.

TRIP PUDDING.—One cup each of raisins, sultana, treacle, milk; and three and a half cups of flour, a little salt, a teaspoonful of soda. Flour a pudding cloth and tie it loosely; boil three hours. Serve with sauce.

APPLE PUDDING DUMPLING.—Put into a nice sauce, ground apples, six up in floured cloth, and boil two hours; serve with sweet sauce. Pears, plums, peaches, etc., are fine done this way.

BAKED POTATO PUDDING.—Twelve ounces of boiled potato skinned and mashed; one ounce of suet; one ounce of cheese grated fine; one gill of milk. Mix the potatoes, suet, milk, cheese and all together if not of a proper consistence, add a little water.

QUINCE PUDDING.—Scald the quinces tender, pare them thin, scrape off the pulp, mix with sugar very sweet, and add a little ginger and cinnamon. To a pint of cream put three or four spoons of eggs, and stir it into the quince till they are of good thickness. Butter the dish, pour it in and bake it.

COOKING CABBAGE.—Boil until tender, in clear water, or with other vegetables as may be convenient, then chop fine. To one medium sized cabbage head add two tablespoonful of thick cream, a bit of butter half as large as a small hen's egg, salt and pepper, or add vinegar to suit the taste.

MARLENES.—Half a pound of eggs (four), half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar and yolks of eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon rind. Put in small paper filling each about a third full and bake till done. To be served at dinner for dessert.

PRESERVING MILK.—When milk "turns" this effect is caused by the development of an acid in the liquid. This acidical change may be effectually prevented by adding to the milk a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda. This addition is by no means injurious to health, on the contrary it carbonate of soda aids digestion. One of the great diseases of Paris, especially in the summer, is due to this for preserving the milk it keeps un-

BARB IN THE LANE.

After the milking was over
Ann's wife, down to the shore,
And turn them in to beaver.

Next little Aggie is Annie,
Handling the bars in the lane,
Laying down ever so many
No one, at the sunlight's glance.

And the young woman beside her
Matched her cheek's lovely red;
And the leaves trying to hide her
Dance at her musical tread.

Wishing curls peep from her bonnet—
Peep like bright birds from their nest!
And her heart, oh to have won it—
Beats with a gentle unrest.

Lips may be humming a ditty,
And faces may show unconcern;
But secrets there are what a pity
That some are so easy to learn!

Now while the robins are nesting
Why does she wait in the lane?
Though, if white arms need a resting
No one, of course, could complain.

Light in the farm-house are gleaming,
And bars must be laid in their place,
But little Annie stands dreaming,
A blush on her beautiful face.

Is it late? Not that she cares now;
Her merry eyes, mild and brown,
Could you tell why she wears now
Just the least mite of a frown?

Over the path by the hill-side
Some one would stand by night;
Some one who came from the mill-side,
Lured by two eyes that are bright.

Meadow and valley grow stiller
Under the earlier stars;
When the miller, with his miller
Help Annie to put up the bars?

LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPAULDING

Early Oregon Missions—Their Importance in Securing the Country to Americans.

To the Citizens of Oregon:
The following lectures were delivered in Walla Walla county, during last winter, to full houses of most attentive listeners. Immediately after they began to be published in the Walla Walla Statesman, I received letters from Oregon and Washington Territory, requesting copies of the paper. This I could not furnish.

On arriving in this lower country I have been requested to publish in some journal, and Mr. Abbott, the gentlemanly editor of the STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT, kindly offers his paper. H. H. S.

[NUMBER ONE.]

I appear before you to-night, partly by request, partly from a desire to correct grave and widespread mistakes concerning the first settling of this coast by American settlements, partly from a wish to defend the unsullied character of my angel wife, now in Heaven, which has been cruelly and shamefully slandered—first by the Cabinet of President Lincoln, and finally by the Cabinet of President Johnson and his friends; partly to answer the oft-repeated question, "What good has missions done among Indians?" and partly from a desire to lay before the citizens of this coast the herculean and hazardous labors of Dr. Whitman and his lady associates in securing this country to the late strange conduct of that same Government in counting the labors of the good Doctor as an account, while those masters and notorious robbers are richly rewarded in seizing the old Mission at Lapwai, of thirty years residence, confirmed to one of these associates by an act of Congress of August 14, 1848, driving the Missionary from his home, his orchard, mill-race, farm, school, church and people, and the only Protestant Indian Missionary and Mission in that large field—while twenty-three Missionaries and their helpers of the Catholic Church, and fifteen stations, are left unmolested.

I have no controversy with any political party or with any church. I am here to-night to detail facts as they have come under my observation or as I have received them from good authority. I have no controversy with the Catholic Church. In that Church I have found some of the warmest and most substantial friends of my life. Dr. McLaughlin, emphatically the father of the Catholic Church on this coast, was ever a most devoted and faithful friend to me and to our mission. A father could not have done more for us or taken a deeper interest in our success. Messrs. Pambram, Toine, and others of that Church. I would say the same of the Methodist Church and of the Republican party; but I shall speak plainly of individuals and of events.

As events are opening on this Pacific coast, it appears that in the progressive development of human redemption, the great end of this created world, with its hidden and revealed wealth, the all-wise God had determined that these vast gold and silver mines, in and west of the Rocky Mountains and throughout the Pacific slope, for nearly six thousand years hid from the eyes of mortals, should, in these latter days, be developed and given to the commercial world, and by American hands. And that this gigantic, this strange, wild, man-killing and withal soul-destroying work, should be accomplished and ready, in part to speed the chariot wheel of human salvation, and in part to meet the stupendous National Debt to be incurred by our infant American Republic in a terrible war waged on behalf of human rights and the last command of Jesus Christ, "go teach all nations," and against the combined despots of earth who thought to lay both in the new made grave of our American Republic.

But for this end, this then unknown, this strange, dark Northwest coast, must be traversed and settled by American families and governed by American commerce and become a live and shining part of the American Union. But as new countries are usually settled by frontier emigrants, at first, and as these were confined to the Western States, and as they could not reach the Pacific coast via Cape Horn, with their indispensable herds and family wagons, a great emigrant wagon road must be had from the frontier settlements to the Pacific shores; over the

hinted, snow-capped Rocky Mountains through the broadless, boiling sand-plains; across the trackless continent, infested with sleepless, tireless, bloodthirsty and savage tribes. This road must become a fact, not a possibility, or even a probability, before the worthy emigrant will venture his wife and children upon the stupendous undertaking. It was pronounced impossible, by wise men, by mountain men (and among them George Catlin, who had spent years among the mountain tribes), for a white woman to live on a journey of months and perhaps two years, through this great and terrible wilderness, on account of the hardships, the privations and hazards to be encountered. Many caravans of hardy mountaineers and trappers, in attempting to reach the Pacific coast, had been subjected to most terrific hardships and sufferings. Some had lost all their horses from the thieving tribes, or starving, or snows and hardships, and thus compelled to traverse half the continent on foot, and much of the way barefoot, to climb rocky precipices, travel over prickly pears and through wild snows, live on berries and horse and ox hides. Many had perished from starvation, many from sickness and suffering, and many by the Indians. But man continued to put forth "many devices" concerning the Great Pacific West. Wise men and men of wealth sent forth expeditions both by sea and by land, aided in part by the strong arm of Government, to establish colonies on the Pacific coast.

In the first place Captain Grey of the American ship Columbia, of Boston, discovered and entered the Columbia in 1792, and thus gave this part of the continent to his country and the name of his ship to the river.

In 1793, McKenzie, the Englishman, the first white man that crossed the Rocky Mountains, reached the Pacific coast at the mouth of Frazer river.

In 1804, Lewis and Clark, under Government, with a strong convoy of 38 men, were furnished with everything required and left St. Louis in May to proceed up the Missouri river in three boats, one of 55 feet with 22 oars, and the other two of 30 oars each. The first season they ascended the Missouri river 1,900 miles, to latitude 47°, where they built a fort for winter quarters, which they named "Fort Mandan." Here they found plenty of corn and pumpkins raised by the Indians. The next season they reached the Great Falls of the Missouri, which is a succession of 22 rapids and six falls in a distance of two miles and three quarters, during which the river falls 352 feet; the greater fall being 87 feet. These falls are in lat. 47° 8', 2,825 miles from the mouth of the Missouri river, 18 miles above Fort Benton, and 175 miles below the Three Forks. Here they left their boats in the willows and their specimens, charts and medicines and some other articles in "caches," and made a canoe for their goods, with which they ascended to the Three Forks, 3,000 miles from the mouth. Here the Shoshone woman, whom they had found on the Missouri 2,400 miles below, and whom they employed as interpreter for the rest of their route, visited her people, the Shoshones or Snakes, and on the very battle ground where six years before she had been taken prisoner and sold from tribe to tribe till she had fallen into the hands of her present half-breed husband at the great distance above-named. One of her fellow prisoners, a young woman, who had been sold from tribe to tribe, till she had probably reached the Pawnees, had made her escape, and reached her people the year before. They manifested great joy and interest for her, and she returned to them unexpectedly meeting this woman and her husband continued with Lewis and Clark to the mouth of the Columbia, and returned with them the next year to the lower Missouri.

From the Three Forks Lewis and Clark crossed the mountains from the head waters of Jefferson's Fork, in lat. 45° 21'. In that Church I have found some of the warmest and most substantial friends of my life. Dr. McLaughlin, emphatically the father of the Catholic Church on this coast, was ever a most devoted and faithful friend to me and to our mission. A father could not have done more for us or taken a deeper interest in our success. Messrs. Pambram, Toine, and others of that Church. I would say the same of the Methodist Church and of the Republican party; but I shall speak plainly of individuals and of events.

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the immense wealth and the great soil of that remarkable man, John Jacob Astor, to commence an American colony at the mouth of the Columbia, which Jefferson counted upon as a great public acquisition to become a connecting link between the Indies, the United States and Europe. The expedition under Hunt was nearly two years in reaching the coast, arriving in small parties during the months of January and February, mere skeletons, mostly naked and barefoot, having traversed half the continent, from the head waters of the Snake river to the Columbia, on foot. Several were left in the sand deserts of the Snake country, and never saw Astoria; several perished outright from starvation, hardships and snows, in that "great and terrible wilderness."

The expedition by sea was not less destructive of human life, and more stupendous in the sinking of human wealth and human hopes, and the world fell sad to-day in contemplating the total failure of this almost superhuman enterprise of the great man, with his iron will and his immense wealth, to light up the base of a new American Republic on the north-west coast.

An Eastern Juggler.

While traveling through India, between Surat and Bagpore, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.
"Almost everything that is marvelous, I've been told," was the answer I received.

"Admit him,"
My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark, like a cat, but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observed in night-prowling animals. He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a sort of crimson pocket-work with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck wore bangles, and with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty. His short moustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostanee.
"Paujar, your excellency."
"I am told you wish to show me some wonders?"
"If your excellency wills."
"Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so—
"Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver, that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll; and apparently drop into my lap, so that quickly I brought my knees together to catch it—and yet, when I put my hand down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there—and at the same instant I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his finger.

"Pshaw!" said I, "you deceived me by making me believe you threw it toward me."
"Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked; and before I could answer, I saw in place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position, and scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.
"While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in his left a rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table, with its false top, concealed apartments, and confederate, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped around almost as near. Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for I saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjurer resumed his former place, and said—
"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagged a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had let go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request, stepped forward, and raised the cup; but instantly it dropped, and I bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small, glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as these, conjurer!" said I, sternly.
"I myself will undertake that business," said I drawing my sword.
The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and said, very positively—
"Never fear, good sir! I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil!"

"My life is at your excellency's mercy. Remember the name! When I raise my sword, my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument not unlike a small fagot, or to his lips, he began to play a shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of a tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my utter astonishment, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dreaded cobra capella, the most venomous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with its spectacle eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backwards slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length, in this manner, he had drawn the hideous creature ten or fifteen feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make its death-

ly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Guardedly and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have its skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any quantity of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount paid.

A NIGROO TAKES TO KISS A WHITE WOMAN.—On Sunday, says the La Crosse Democrat, Marshall County visited an "American citizen of African descent," who made an attempt that afternoon, to kiss a respectable white woman on the street. Cully, was escorted to the jail, and the woman, who was on her way to the store house, in the strong grip of Cully, he gave vent to his feelings in such remarks as these, gathered by our special reporter on the spot: "How Massa Cully, that you took me up for only being doing what the Civil Rights Bill allowed me—exercising the rights given me by Thaddeus Stevens' Congress. White trash ought to be glad to be kissed by a respectable colored gentleman; feel honored by a salubrious. Didn't de Supreme Court make us citizens—didn't Bradder Brown say we was intelligent voters—didn't de pretty white ladies come to our assable last week, and jine wid us colored people in working for the glory of de Lord and apposed Neibuchnesseder? Uh! And now you put me in de jug! Look out you don't get all de old ladies of our Sixty, and doze pretty white gals what sociate wid us colored people, down on de Democrat and Brick Pomeroy. Us colored people is not to be deposed upon any more."

Fired with his exhortation, Cully simply laid him "shut up," and the nigger passed into the portals of the jail to reflect upon "the impudence of white trash, who made such a fuss when a gentleman was only going for to kiss 'em."

His PEDIGREE.—Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Biography gives the following account of one of the Butler family. With such an ancestor, says the Santa Clara Argus, it is no wonder that the hero of Great Britain is a beast. Blood will tell.

"Butler, John.—The atrocities committed by this miscreant during the revolutionary war, almost exceed belief. He was a native of Connecticut, but removed to the Valley of the Wyoming, where in 1778, at the head of 1,600 men, of whom 300 were Indians, he attacked the towns and villages of that beautiful, romantic region, and indiscriminately shot down those who were as well as those who fought, women and children as well as men. To the question 'what terms would be granted he replied: 'The hatchet!' People of both sexes and every age were indiscriminately shot up in houses, which were then set on fire; some were held down in the flames by pitchforks, and in one instance, at least, a poor wretch had his body cast full of pine-knot splinters and then burned."

DIRECTIONS FOR SPOONING.—As the sporting season is now in full blast, the following suggestions from an excellent writer, not to be considered out of place by the Fraternity: To break a dog take a clothes line and the ordinary length, tie it around his collar and attach the other end to a patient windlass under your arm. When he has been shot at and killed or missed, wind him in to charge. If after trying the rope and windlass, the dog proves incorrigible, and you cannot break him, break his neck.

To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow the muzzle, letting the handle slip from under the foot and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded you will be notified of the fact by the report of the hammer.

When two birds get together, and you miss both, right and left, while the dog—It has a good effect.

SAY what you will of old midsie, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the milk-and-water creatures whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the disquisitions of the ball-room. Until the heart of the young lady is capable of setting firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like May showers, which make rainbows, but fill no cisterns.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the sincere love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a falsehood. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

A MOTTO FOR THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.—The corner stone of the Douglas monument having now been laid, we take the liberty of suggesting the following, as a most appropriate motto to be placed upon it:

"I hold that this government was made on the white basis, by white men, for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever; and should be administered by white men, and none others. I do not believe that the Almighty made the negro capable of self government."

These are the most immortal words that Stephen A. Douglas ever uttered, and they ought, by all means, to be engraved in imperishable letters upon the marble that shall perpetuate his memory.

—[N. Y. Day Book.]

BOYAKIN.—We infer from an item in the Appeal, that this very worthy gentleman, who honored Colts with his most fascinating company, has turned teacher. In speaking of the "Institute," it says a resolution was read by Rev. W. F. Boyakin, asking the State to adopt text books for the use of schools, American in tone, sentiment and authorship. They ought to engage him at San Francisco, he could instruct them how to educate girls. A most accomplished teacher!—[Colts Sun.]

The expedition fitted out at San Diego to search for quicksilver mines in Lower California, near the mouth of the Colorado, was a perfect success, finding gold in paying quantities also.

ly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Guardedly and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

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"Butler, John.—The atrocities committed by this miscreant during the revolutionary war, almost exceed belief. He was a native of Connecticut, but removed to the Valley of the Wyoming, where in 1778, at the head of 1,600 men, of whom 300 were Indians, he attacked the towns and villages of that beautiful, romantic region, and indiscriminately shot down those who were as well as those who fought, women and children as well as men. To the question 'what terms would be granted he replied: 'The hatchet!' People of both sexes and every age were indiscriminately shot up in houses, which were then set on fire; some were held down in the flames by pitchforks, and in one instance, at least, a poor wretch had his body cast full of pine-knot splinters and then burned."

DIRECTIONS FOR SPOONING.—As the sporting season is now in full blast, the following suggestions from an excellent writer, not to be considered out of place by the Fraternity: To break a dog take a clothes line and the ordinary length, tie it around his collar and attach the other end to a patient windlass under your arm. When he has been shot at and killed or missed, wind him in to charge. If after trying the rope and windlass, the dog proves incorrigible, and you cannot break him, break his neck.

To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow the muzzle, letting the handle slip from under the foot and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded you will be notified of the fact by the report of the hammer.

When two birds get together, and you miss both, right and left, while the dog—It has a good effect.

SAY what you will of old midsie, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the milk-and-water creatures whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the disquisitions of the ball-room. Until the heart of the young lady is capable of setting firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like May showers, which make rainbows, but fill no cisterns.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the sincere love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a falsehood. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

A MOTTO FOR THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.—The corner stone of the Douglas monument having now been laid, we take the liberty of suggesting the following, as a most appropriate motto to be placed upon it:

"I hold that this government was made on the white basis, by white men, for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever; and should be administered by white men, and none others. I do not believe that the Almighty made the negro capable of self government."

These are the most immortal words that Stephen A. Douglas ever uttered, and they ought, by all means, to be engraved in imperishable letters upon the marble that shall perpetuate his memory.

—[N. Y. Day Book.]

BOYAKIN.—We infer from an item in the Appeal, that this very worthy gentleman, who honored Colts with his most fascinating company, has turned teacher. In speaking of the "Institute," it says a resolution was read by Rev. W. F. Boyakin, asking the State to adopt text books for the use of schools, American in tone, sentiment and authorship. They ought to engage him at San Francisco, he could instruct them how to educate girls. A most accomplished teacher!—[Colts Sun.]

The expedition fitted out at San Diego to search for quicksilver mines in Lower California, near the mouth of the Colorado, was a perfect success, finding gold in paying quantities also.