

# THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

NO. 17.

## STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

ABBOTT & BROWN.

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.

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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.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

**I. LYONS.**

JEWELER AND CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRER. Shop in Gradwohl's new brick Store, Albany, Oregon. oct20/101y

**S. E. CRANOR.** GEO. R. HELM.

CRANOR & HELM, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Office—In Norcross' Brick Building, up stairs, Albany, Oregon. oct20/101y

**J. C. POWELL.**

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. oct20/101y

**D. B. RICE, M. D.**

SURGEON, PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHER. Tenders his services in the various branches of his profession to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country. Office up stairs, in Foster's Brick. oct20/101y

**DR. HICKLIN.**

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER. Having settled in Brewsterville, Linn county, Oregon, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of that vicinity. y25-3m

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HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS, GLAZIERS, etc. Paperhanging and Calendering done with neatness and dispatch. Shop at the upper end of First street, in Cunningham's old stand, Albany, Oregon. oct20/101y

**J. BARROWS, L. BLAIN, S. E. TONG.**

GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS. DEALERS in Staple, Dry and Fancy Goods. Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Albany, Oregon. Consignments solicited. oct20/101y

**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. Highest cash price paid on delivery of good work. Office up stairs in Foster's Brick. Residence corner of Second and Baker streets. oct20/101y

**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. oct17

**NOTICE! MONEY TO LET.**

A FEW TWENTIES left, to pay for good Wheat. Highest cash price paid on delivery of good wheat at my ware house, Albany, Oregon. R. CHADLER.

**WANTED:**

100,000 POUNDS OF WOOL. For which we will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. W. W. PARRISH & CO. Albany, January 27th, 1866.

**SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!**

\$50,000 WORTH! CHARLES BARRETT, Front Street, and No. 5 Washington Street, Portland.

The Largest, Most General, and Most Splendid Assortment of STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, LETTER PRESSES, & C., ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

RICHLY BOUND Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books. An Immense Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS! Orders From the Interior. Filled with dispatch and care. CHARLES BARRETT, Portland, November 16, 1865.

**Dissolution Notice.**

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due to the "Democrat Establishment," on account of advertising, subscription, or job work, will be paid to Abbott & Brown; and all debts against the firm are hereby assumed and will be paid by them. M. H. ABBOTT, JNO. TRAYLOR, Albany, Nov. 16, 1866.

N. B. The "Democrat" will continue regularly to be published by the undersigned, at the same place, and on the same terms as heretofore. We respectfully solicit, not only a continuance, but the increased patronage of the public. ABBOTT & BROWN.

## POETRY.

### SCANDALOUS.

We turn the other of the following lines over to the whims of the ladies. We make no apologies for him, as he has neither youth nor age to recommend him to clemency. We have reason to believe that this act of his was the result of mature deliberation. Hear what he has to say:

As along the street I blundered,  
Much I marvelled, much I wondered,  
Seeing sights and things of mortal  
Never saw or dreamed before;  
On the pavement came a rapping  
As of footfall gently tapping;  
And I heard a muffled tapping,  
Which my eye would fain explore.  
"Some female," then I muttered—  
I had need live thrice before—  
Only this and nothing more.

Came this female sweeping by me;  
Fearing she would chance to spy me,  
Suddenly I stepped into a  
Friendly, waiting, open door;  
Thence I saw the lovely maiden  
Being from some distant Alder—  
All perfumed and dight with golden  
Dress and make-up of the sort;  
Nought had I to do but follow  
And note down the dress she wore—  
'Twas a mystery to explore.

And I found—by close inspection—  
That her hair, upper portion,  
Somewhat shaggy and a trifle  
On its pericranium wore;  
And her breast was heaving slowly,  
"Neath the garment fashionably  
And that this movement wholly  
I had never seen before,  
For I knew "twas 'patent' heaving"  
And this was the only thing  
Only this and nothing more.

And her cheeks were full and rosy—  
I could tell you, very quickly,  
A secret that a druggist told me  
Of the color that she wore;  
Yet her cheeks were very pleasing,  
But her look at me was freezing,  
And she showed a sign of sneering,  
As she swept along before;  
And she sneered a pair of "plumpers"  
Out at least a yard before;  
Only this and nothing more.

Then I noticed an uncertain  
Lifting of the muslin curtain,  
That her face had definitely  
From my earnest eye before;  
With each lift came a desire  
That she would lift a little higher,  
And at last it did appear,  
Higher than I'd seen before,  
And I knew it was a "tilter,"  
To this salient feature;  
Just a "tilter"—nothing more.

And the tiling and the rocking  
Up and down the splendid stocking  
Garbed by a plush ribbon,  
That I chanced to see she wore,  
Showed me—'twas a sight for weeping—  
That a pair of calves were creeping  
Out of place as she was sweeping  
From my earnest eye before;  
Calves that she had lately purchased  
From a fancy dry goods store—  
Patent calves—and not much more.

And the fluttering and the flapping  
Of the maiden's gauzy trapping  
Showed me sights that never mortal  
Eye had dared to see before;  
Sights revealed by every lifting  
That her face had definitely  
From my earnest eye before;  
Round her, which the winds were shifting  
Eye-ward, higher, more and more,  
Sights that to mortal vision  
Never were revealed before,  
Nameless here forever more.

And while thus her rigging fluttered,  
Much I wondered, and I muttered:  
And you call this thing a woman  
The woman of the hour;  
She, the brazen doll of fashion,  
Wrapped in one tremendous passion,  
Sunk from her noble station  
To the thing that goes before;  
Oh! that ever mortal vision  
Should such mystery explore,  
This I muttered, nothing more.

And the thought came o'er me gushing,  
"Where has gone the art of blushing  
That would lift in wife or maiden  
In the saintly days of yore?"  
Call me, if you will, uncivil,  
But I think that I am right;  
I wish the very deed  
Had the tongsy she wore,  
And again she was arrayed in  
Dress that her mother wore,  
Vanished now forever more.

At a naval court-martial recently held in Brooklyn, the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court:

"Are you a Catholic?" asked the Court.  
"No, sir."  
"Are you a Protestant?"  
"No, sir."  
"What are you, then?"  
"Captain of the foretop."

"Why Didn't You?" "I came for the saw, sir."  
"What saucer?"  
"Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed."  
"I borrowed no saucer."  
"Sure, you did, sir; you borrowed a saw, sir."  
"O, you want the saw. Why didn't you say so?"

WHICH LICKED?—"Pa," said little Channing to his paternal ancestor, holding up a Sunday School picture book, "what is that?"  
"That, my son," gravely replied the father, "is Jacob wrestling with the angel."  
"And which licked, pa?" innocently continued the young hopeful.

Muggings was with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed, lying in a gutter. Muggings paused and gazed intently at the animal, and at last said, "Here's another shipwreck." "Shipwreck! where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

NOT NECESSARILY.—It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

"Landlord," said an exquisite, "can you enable me from your culinary stores to realize the pleasures of a few ducats murrines, rendered innocuous by ingenious martyrdom?"

Henry Ward Beecher rusticates on a \$40,000 farm at Peekskill, New York.

Jenny Lind's husband gets drunk and squanders her money.

## LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPAULDING

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

[NUMBER FOUR.]

A double purpose was accomplished.—The one only purpose of those two American heroes, both now walking the golden streets of heaven with some of their Indian converts, was to obey their Lord and carry the gospel to the Indians. God had also another, a great National purpose, to accomplish: the opening of the great emigrant wagon road from the Missouri to the Columbia, and the opening of the mines. These feeble women were selected of God to settle the question by their own sacrifices, and trials and hardships, that white women and wagons and cattle could cross the mountains—a thing pronounced impossible by hundreds of mountain men. The gold of California did not, and the gold of the world could not have induced them to undertake what they did. But God knew the power that would move them. He brought a single short sentence from the words of Jesus: "Go teach all nations," to bear upon their minds, and behold the stupendous national results; and the end is not yet. Mark the finger of God in directing the several agencies concerned. Had Mrs. Spaulding listened to the strong remonstrances of those who pronounced the undertaking an act of insanity; or had she yielded to his wishes and delayed, the fate of this country would have been fixed. It would have been to-day a British province. Two weeks later, after the decision was made and we had started, the report of Mr. Lee reached the States. Mr. Lee, after personally examining the whole route, pronounced it, as all the other mountain travelers had done, impossible for a white woman to endure the hardships and dangers of the overland route; therefore he changed his mission fields from the mountains to the coast, and sent for his lady missionaries to come around Cape Horn. Had our wives seen this opinion of Mr. Lee, they would have been deterred, and had they come at all they would have doubtless come around Cape Horn. Or had Dr. Whitman not come back from Green river the same year, the offer to cross the mountains would not have come before Mrs. Spaulding. And, whereas, these two missionary women were the first and only two women found in the United States up to 1836 who had the physical and moral courage, in obedience to their Lord, to face the self-denials and dangers of the overland route; and, whereas, that settled the question that women could cross the mountains, and as this mission called out a reinforcement of four lady missionaries, who crossed the mountains two years after, in 1838, and thus established the great emigrant wagon road from the Missouri to the Columbia; and as this, our mission party of 1838, afforded a convoy from the Popeye east of the Rocky mountains to Oregon, to Captain Sutter, who went thence to California, and ten years later opened in his mill race the first gold mines on this coast; and, whereas, the overland emigrant road led to the settling of this coast and finally the interior Territories, by American families and miners, and this again has secured this great country to the Government; and, again, as the remarkable man, Dr. Whitman, would not have been here to rush, as if supernaturally sent, to Washington in the winter of 1842-3, at the risk of his life, just in time to save this country from being traded off for a codfishery, but for the commencement of our mission then and there in the town of Howard, in the State of New York, by the decision of that remarkable disciple of Christ, under the judicious but energetic influence of the Doctor; and, whereas, the gigantic efforts of wise men and men of wealth to establish an American colony on the Pacific coast had thus far failed; therefore, to the self-exiling, the hardships and dangers of these two missionary heroes, as the American people and the American Government indebted more than to any other two persons, dead or alive, for all they hold valuable on this Pacific slope—their commerce now whitening every sea and river, their gold and silver mines pouring out every day increasing thousands to augment their National wealth, and for the civilization and christianity which are everywhere taking the place of the thick moral darkness that had reigned unbroken for unknown ages.

The Doctor, on receiving our consent to share with him and his fate of crossing the Rocky mountains, wrote by us to his intended companion, Miss Narcissa Prentiss, then living in Allegheny county, that he had obtained the required associates, and that he would be there at a given time to lead her forth forever from her parents and her home, to share with him the toil and dangers of the Rocky mountains, and the joy of preaching Christ to the benighted tribes beyond; and, as events have shown, to share with him the terrible death by the hand of savages. Miss Prentiss received this intelligence as only one would who had early made an entire surrender of all to Christ. She had given herself to the Lord at the early age of thirteen by a public profession, with seventy others the same day. Her writer was wicked by among the spectators that day, and it was until five years after that God, in His sovereign mercy, brought him unto the same church under the faithful labors of that most godly man, James H. Hotchkiss. Hence we were members of the same church, and for years of the same school, in that dear home, Prattsburg, and now to be companions in a fearful journey across the continent to erect a mission among the Indians.

Myself and wife spent the next Sunday in her town, Angelica, where commenced the acquaintance and christian fellowship of these two missionary heroes which was ended only by death. The real de-

light and great success of these two missionary women in their missionary work, and their parental faithfulness to their infant children, as God committed them to their keeping, will appear in extracts from Mrs. Spaulding's journal.

Observe, it is not claimed that no other white women would have crossed the Rocky mountains, or that no emigrant road would have been opened, or that some other agency would not have intervened to have stopped the trading of Oregon for a codfishery with England, or that the gold mines would not have been discovered. But it is claimed that the above named two women, not for gold or the hope of gain—for then such objects were not known in this direction—but solely in obedience to the command of their Lord, were the first and only two women in the United States, as late as 1836, willing to undertake to, and actually did, cross the Rocky mountains and reach Washington in March, 1843, through terrible sufferings and hazards from Indians, starvation and freezing in the mountains of Utah and New Mexico, not an hour too soon to save this country from becoming a British province in the Ashburton Treaty, by giving personally to President Tyler his knowledge of this country, its importance to the United States, and the fact that himself and associates had actually taken their wives and a wagon across the continent six years before, and that he intended, God willing, to take back that season a caravan of several hundred wagons through to the Columbia; and it is claimed that the actual, the world-wide magic history of this Pacific West, already happened out into three States and nine Territories, with its every where rising cities and towns and lively settlements, and the vast gold and silver fields, is the real, the natural, true results of the crossing the Rocky mountains in 1836 by these two God-chosen women, under the untiring energy and unyielding will of Dr. Whitman. And it cannot but be a source of satisfaction to our American ladies to know that two of their number were able, under God, to accomplish what strong men and men of wealth had failed to accomplish—an actual emigrant route from the Missouri to the Pacific, a sure basis for the settlement of the country. And it must ever be a satisfaction to the American Board and its friends who sent forth these humble missionaries, to be able to point the infidels and the fanatics in the American Government to such plain and undeniable results from the self-denying, hazardous, unrewarded labors of their missionaries—results of great value to the public good.

Observe again. Too much praise cannot be awarded to that great and good pioneer missionary, Lee, and the self-denying lady missionaries, who, by a sea voyage around Cape Horn, came early to his assistance in establishing his flourishing mission to the Indian tribes on this coast. This mission of the Methodist Board, while it brought to the Indian tribes the Sun of Righteousness, became the nucleus of the first American colony on the Pacific, and gave a healthy christian character to the provisional government of Oregon—which was organized five years after the first missionaries arrived in the Willamette. But while this is said with satisfaction, it must be admitted on all hands that the overland emigrant route was the essential element, the promoting cause of the settlement of this coast by American settlers. But this route owes its existence, in the first place, to Mrs. Spaulding and Mrs. Whitman, and in the second place, to the personal sufferings and hazards of the Doctor in the mountains in the winter of 1842-3, who learned enough from different sources, confirmed by the sudden appearance in this country, in the fall of '42, of a British colony of 140 souls, from the British settlement on the Winnipeg Lake, to convince him that his presence was needed that winter in Washington, and in the spring to bring a caravan of emigrant wagons over the mountains and through to the Columbia, or Oregon. The history of his mission to Washington will show that his fears were well grounded.

We spent our next Sunday in Kinsman, Ohio, with a college-nephew of our good old "Western Reserve," who, with the good people of the town, remembered us oft and again after we had reached our lonely mission field, by helping the Nez Perces Indians to some of their first cattle, and by sending barrels of clothing and valuables, to the amount of hundreds of dollars, for the use of our family. Here we left our runners and shipped our wagon wheels—for which we had made arrangements when starting from Holland Patent, New York, on the 1st of February. But for want of bottom in the roads we were compelled to take water at Pittsburgh, where we met with the celebrated George Catlin, and were shown his extensive "Indian Gallery" and paintings.

According to previous arrangements, Dr. Whitman overtook us at Cincinnati with his wife, his two Nez Perces boys and three missionaries for the Pawnee Indians. The good christian people of that city met with us in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Norton, and gave us a christian farewell, with many prayers for our success, but with many forebodings for our ladies. Mountain men pronounced the undertaking scarcely less than manslaughter, and suggested the idea of stopping Mrs. S. and Mrs. W. by the civil authorities, if they would not be persuaded. "They never can endure the hardships of the journey, or escape the frenzy of the tribes to get hold of white women." One white woman, in attempting to pass these tribes, had been taken by them and never more heard from. "Let the men go by the mountains, but the women must be sent via Cape Horn."

All the effect these strong fears, honestly expressed, had upon our heroic wives,

will be seen from two extracts from Mrs. S.'s journal:

"Cincinnati, March 23, 1836.—To-day we leave Cincinnati in company with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, who are to be associates with us in laboring to erect the standard of the cross on the heathen ground. May God bless us in our intercourse with each other; and if permitted to enter upon the great work we have in view, may we find favor in the eyes of the heathen, and our presence and labors among them be blessed to their spiritual and everlasting good."

March 26.—The waters of the grand Ohio are rapidly bearing me away from all I hold dear in this life, yet I am happy. The hope of spending the remnant of my days among the heathen, for the express purpose of pointing them to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," affords much happiness."

Not a word about the hardships to be encountered.

When we left Cincinnati the boat was to reach St. Louis Friday evening, but Saturday night overtook us considerably short of that place. We asked to be put on shore, but the captain, a member of the church, remonstrated; we might have to wait a week before a boat would stop for us; we could have the use of the cabin in which to hold divine service.—A clergyman from New England, who was on board with his little church and machinery for mills, desiring to commence a christian settlement in the West, advised us to remain on board. But here the decisive character of the religion of our wives showed itself; and to their unyielding love for God's holy day we owe, doubtless, the success of our enterprise. Our ladies calmly repeated to the captain and the New England clergyman the holy commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and asked to be put on shore with our effects. The steamer with the pastor and his mill went on to St. Louis.

The Emperor Napoleon's Phylaxis.

A Paris correspondent of a New York Journal, who writes that the Emperor's health is really in a bad condition, says:

For years he has been suffering more or less with catarrh of the bladder, and it is said now to daily a considerable quantity of blood. Diabetes is also reported to have set in. In addition to his personal friend and physician, Dr. Conneau, the Emperor now has constantly attending and consulting him the three most eminent in the profession in Paris—Drs. Rayon, Nelaton and Ricord.

Dr. Rayon is the *doyen* or president of the faculty of medicine of Paris, and in that capacity may perhaps be supposed to represent all the medical learning of the city. His opinion, indeed, bears great weight from it, and he is much employed in consultation by those who can afford to pay his large fees. Nelaton is, every thing considered, the most distinguished surgeon in Paris. He it was who went to Italy, and found and extracted the ball from Garibaldi's foot, and saved him from an amputation, after the Italian surgeons had declared that the ball was not there, but that amputation must take place. Ricord's reputation in his "specialty" is world-wide. His income from his profession is said to amount to about 500,000 francs, or \$100,000 a year. He receives his patients every afternoon after 5 o'clock, and it is said that he frequently employs in consultation by those who can afford to pay his large fees. Nelaton is, every thing considered, the most distinguished surgeon in Paris. He it was who went to Italy, and found and extracted the ball from Garibaldi's foot, and saved him from an amputation, after the Italian surgeons had declared that the ball was not there, but that amputation must take place. Ricord's reputation in his "specialty" is world-wide. His income from his profession is said to amount to about 500,000 francs, or \$100,000 a year. He receives his patients every afternoon after 5 o'clock, and it is said that he frequently employs in consultation by those who can afford to pay his large fees.

Such are the Emperor's medical advisers; and the fact of its being considered necessary, in addition to his regular physician—who is a very skillful man, and in whom the Emperor has great confidence—to call in such eminent men, is perhaps in itself strong evidence of the Emperor's bad condition.

PICTURE OF NAPOLEON.—He was everything. He was complete. He had in his brain the cube of human faculties. He made codes from Justinian—he dictated like Caesar—his conversation joined the lightning of Pascal to the thunderbolt of Tacitus—he made history, and he wrote it—his bulletins are Iliads—he combined the figures of Newton with the metaphors of Mahomet—he left behind him in the Orient words as grand as the Pyramids—at Tilsit he taught majesty to Emperors, at the Academy of Sciences he replied to Laplace, in the Council of State he held his ground with Merlin, he gave a soul to the geometry of those and to the trickery of these, he was equal with the astronomers and seditious with the astronomers; like Cromwell blowing out one candle when two were lighted, he went to the Temple to cheapen a certain tassel; he saw everything; he knew everything; which did not prevent him from laughing a good man's laugh by the cradle of his little child, and all at once, startled Europe, listened, armies set themselves in march, parks of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats stretched over the rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane, cries, trumpets, a trembling of thrones everywhere, the frontiers of the kingdoms oscillated upon the map, the sound of a superhuman blade was heard leaping from its sheath, men saw him, standing erect in the horizon with a flame in his hands and a resplendence in his eyes, unfolding in the thunder of his two wings the Grand Army and the Old Guard, and he was the arch-angel of war!—Victor Hugo.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

General Beauregard, who is still in Paris, will soon return to New Orleans.

Ben. Holiday has sold out his overland mail and express route, and realized a million dollars profit by the operation.

James B. Randall, author of the song "Maryland, my Maryland," is one of the editors of the Augusta Constitutionalist.

Admiral Raphael Semmes has purchased a third interest in the Mobile Gazette, and assumes editorial charge of the paper.

Charles Sumner, the Massachusetts Senator, is going to get married to some rich Boston widow. We trust the breed will not be perpetuated.

The New York Herald argues that the Pope will soon leave Rome and establish the Episcopal See in America. The Herald promises him a warm reception.

Mr. DeLafayette, the army correspondent of the Charleston Courier throughout the war, has in press a book entitled "The Boy in Grey, or Life Under the Stars and Bars."

General A. R. Lawton, of Albany, Georgia, who was Quartermaster-General of the Confederate States, boasts that he will raise the best crops of cotton and corn ever known in his section.

A grand-daughter of Count de Las Casas, the companion of Napoleon at St. Helena, is about to marry Baron Michelis, a young diplomatist, and grandson of an old servant of the Emperor.

"I cannot bear children," said Mrs. Prim, distastefully.

Mrs. Partington, looking over her spectacles, mildly replied, "perhaps if you could, you would like them better."

Dr. Craven, author of the "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," has already received from Carleton, of New York, the sum of \$12,000 as copyright on that volume, which still continues to sell just as rapidly as on the first day of its publication.—Craven has also received \$950 from the publishers of his book in England.

KOSSUTH.—The following touching description of Louis Kossuth is from a late letter from Paris: "It is the *Chef d'Etat*—a man of hair so white that you do not note their thinness, bowed down, and meek and silent, yet very kindly-eyed; but never flushed by any period to which he comes, passed in young dreams of a free state, but waiting yet, though death seems closer than freedom, reading the journal all apart."

REV. JOSEPH CROSS, D. D.—The Banner says—has been "most cordially received and entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Archbishop of New York. Both of these distinguished Prelates manifested an earnest interest in the object of his mission and gave it their warmest approval and endorsement.—Dr. Cross was in excellent health and much encouraged in the prosecution of the office of his mission."

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The following is an extract from the speech of Geo. H. Pendleton, in Flemingsburg, Kentucky: "I stood the other day in that beautiful cemetery which overlooks the valley of the Kentucky river and the capital of your State. I wandered among its beautiful trees, and looked upon the inscriptions upon its many tombs. I saw there the heroes of civil strife—I mean civil, as distinguished from military—who had died with the harness on. I saw the graves of the immortal dead, who had died in our late unhappy and wretched civil strife. Old and young all bore testimony to the courage and valor and heroism of Kentucky. There they lay laid altogether, those who died fifty years ago, and those who had died this year.—Confederates and Federals lay side by side, their battles over, their struggles past—there they lay in the calm and silent repose of a common death. Their spirits had ascended upon eternal wings of perfumery in concurrent harmony the duties assigned them by the divine appointment of their Almighty Maker. And why is it gentlemen that we, the living, feeling the necessity of harmony, must wait till a common death shall seize us, and until it shall be too late before we agree to strike hands together, bury our differences at the foot of our country's altar, and swear by the Eternal God to her, and to her alone, we will be true forever?"

ARISTIDES.—A tragedy by Eschylus was once represented before the Athenians, in which it was said of one of the characters, "that he cared more to be just than to appear so." At these words, all eyes were instantly turned upon Aristides, as the man who, of all the Greeks, most merited that distinguished character.—Ever after he received, by universal consent, the surname of the Just a title, says Plutarch, truly royal, or rather, truly divine. This remarkable distinction roused envy, and envy prevailed so far as to procure his banishment for ten years, upon the unjust suspicion that his influence with the people was dangerous to their freedom. When his sentence was passed by his countrymen, Aristides himself was present in the midst of them, and a stranger who stood near and could not write, applied to him to write for him in his shell.

"What name?" asked the philosopher. "Aristides," replied the stranger.

"Do you know him, then?" said Aristides, "or has he in any way injured you?"

"Neither," said the other; "but it is for this very thing I would he were condemned. I can go nowhere but I hear of Aristides the Just."

Aristides inquired no further, but took the shell and wrote his name in it as desired.

## [Written for the State Rights Democrat.]

The Union and its Principles.

LEBANON, NOV. 22, 1866.

MR. EDITOR: It is persistently asserted and too generally believed that the principles of our Republican institutions have been triumphantly vindicated; and by dint of the late civil war a guarantee has been realized that secures us against the danger of future disturbance. "That this is the heartfelt desire of every true patriot cannot be questioned. But it only requires a superficial glance at past and present developments to convince the most obtuse intellect of the fatal insecurity of our time-honored institutions.

Leaving out of sight the overpowering evidence of history, simple reason and a moderate knowledge of human nature constrains an unprejudiced mind to know that a more formidable and effectual enemy to the preservation of Republican government than civil war is not within the range of human agency. Then, to preserve unimpaired Republican institutions, and to perpetuate the principles of liberty, a strict adherence to the fundamental law of the land should be resolutely demanded and rigidly enforced by the people.

Never since the world began have civil belligerents been satisfied with the accomplishment of the object prompting the conflict. So soon as occupancy is subdued and no longer able to offer effectual resistance, the victors, through ambitious or mercenary motives, demand further and additional guarantees, not originally contemplated, from the prostrate party, as a pretext to protect public safety against similar repetitions. Hence, the leaders and heroes of the victorious party insidiously and insensibly prepare the people to accept any and every proposition, however much it may corrupt morals, violate law or efface humanity, if it only comes clothed in the habiliments of pretended patriotism. Thus, an unscrupulous and liberty-loving people are inveigled into the support of a system of public measures that effectually overthrow Republican government, leaving the people the unprovided but unprovided victims of a pitiless despotism.

Now, to sustain this startling proposition, let us look at a few of the prominent features that characterized the late rebellion, and still continue to give force and effect to its palpable consequences. When the Government of the U. States determined to defend itself against what was considered an unlawful resistance by an armed force to its legitimate authority, it was nowhere thought, nor by no one expected that any other than legitimate weapons taken from the armory of the constitution would be wielded against the enemy to restore, uphold and maintain the honor and dignity of the Government. For, at the outbreak of the rebellion it was a conceded opinion, among the intelligent classes, in every section of our country that the Constitution made ample provision to meet any emergency, or repel any attack that could be made on the Government either by foreign foes or domestic enemies. The sacred observance of this principle seemed so essential to the preservation of our liberties, the chief magistracy of our nation solemnly assured the people, in his inaugural, that he had no design or legal right to interfere with the established institutions of the States, or in any way employ any measures to crush the rebellion not warranted by the Constitution. But the Rebellion suddenly magnified itself into such formidable and menacing proportions that, under the influence of its stimulating excitement, the President assumed powers unsanctioned by the Constitution to "crush the Rebellion." The arbitrary act of the Executive, apparently sustained by the people, was followed by others more fragrant, bold and comprehensive. The marauding epidemic that then prevailed seemed to infect Congress, where the virus was fatally intensified, returned to the people, inoculating itself into the minutest ramifications of society—creating a morbid bondless desire for revenge, plunder and blood, regardless of law, gospel or Constitution. Unlimited power, for a time, seemed centered in the President—Congress pandered to the diseased exhortations of public clamor, and sustained the Commander-in-Chief. Striking down, everywhere, the rights of the citizen in utter contempt of law, justice and mercy. To quiet the patriotic fears and ease the distressing pains inflicted upon the country by this Union-saving crusade, the treacherous salvo of "necessity" was pleaded and applied. It was contended that an unlawful assault had been made upon the Government, placing the life of the nation in imminent peril. That "necessity" compelled a resort to unlawful measures to repulse the enemy and save the Union. That, just as soon as the rebels would stack their arms and resume their allegiance to the Government, all official violence to law should cease, and the insurgents be restored to their sovereign rights under the old Constitution. Thus the people, under the influence of a patriotic desire to save the Union, continued their aggressive onslaught till the rebels yielded the contest, and desired to resume their legitimate positions in the Government.—Have they been allowed to do so? No. And why? Because the rash and precipitate usurpations employed to save the Union have wrought a radical change in the organic form of our government. Likewise, impercept