

# THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. II.

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NO. 19.

## STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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JEWELER, AND CLOCK AND WATCH REPAIRER. Shop in Gradwell's new brick Store, Albany, Oregon. oct20-1866

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ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
Over the "Narcosis" Brick Building, up stairs, Albany, Oregon. oct20-1866

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Dealers in Staple, Dry and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Albany, Oregon. oct20-1866

**LAWRENCE & SEMPLE,**  
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,  
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225-227-229-Over Killgorn's Auction Rooms, December 8, 1866.

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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. oct20-1866

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The Regular Meetings of Albany Lodge, No. 4, L. O. O. F., are held at their Hall in North Street Building, Albany, every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of the N. G. oct20-1866

**NOTICE: MONEY TO LET.**  
A FEW TWENTIES left, to pay for good wheat. Highest cash price paid on delivery of good wheat at my warehouse, Albany, Oregon. C. CHADLER.

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

**SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!**  
\$50,000 WORTH!  
CHARLES BARRETT,  
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**The Largest, Most General, and Most Splendid Assortment of STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, LETTER PRESSES, & C.,**  
ON THE PACIFIC COAST,  
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Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books  
An immense Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS  
Orders from the Interior,  
filled with dispatch and care.  
CHARLES BARRETT,  
Portland, November 15, 1866.

**Notice to the Tax-Payers of Linn County.**  
HAVING COMPLETED THE CANVASS OF the precincts according to law, the books are still open at the Court House, in Albany, for 30 days from the date of this notice, where the same may be settled; after which, when the same are closed, no property will be sold to satisfy the same against you. HARVEY SMITH, Tax Collector, Albany, Oregon, Nov. 28, 1866.—2166w

## POETRY.

### THE WATERMELON.

'Twas noon, and the reapers reposed on the bank Where our rural repast had been spread; Beside us meandered the rill where we drank, And the green willows waved overhead. Lucinda, the queen of our rustic treat, With smiles, like the seasons, sunshiny, Had rendered the scene and the banquet more sweet, But, oh! the dessert was delicious!

A melon—the richest that loaded the vine— The kind-hearted damsel had brought; Its crimson core treated with the sweetest of juices: "How much like her kisses!" I thought— And I said, as its nectarious juices I quaffed, "How vain are the joys of the vicious!" No tropical fruit ever furnished a draught So innocent, pure and delicious.

In the seeds which embellish the red, juicy core, An emblem of life we may view, For human enjoyments are thus sprinkled o'er With specks of an ethereal dew. But if we are wise to discard from the mind Every thought and affection that's vicious, Like the seed-speckled core of the melon, we'll find Each innocent pleasure delicious.

### THEY SAY.

They say—Ah! well, suppose they do; But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from thought; From malice, envy, want of thought; And it is not a noble plan To whisper what they dare not say?

They say—But why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse? 'Tis good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And it is not a noble plan To speak of all the best you can?

They say—Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it bring wrong redress, Will it the bitter pang remove? Will it the crying wrong rectify, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—Oh! pause and look within, See how thine heart inclines to sin; How, lest in dark temptation's hour Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power. Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall, But speak of good, or not at all.

Two QUALITIES OF MEN.—There is a negativeness of character which is often mistaken for amiability, or impartiality, or some other kindred virtue. The person possessing it never takes sides on a question of importance, and is equally well pleased whichever party wins in the contest. The future of the church, of the government, of society, of man, are of little account to him, so that he is left undisturbed in his quiet, plodding, aimless journey through life. He avoids the opposition, strife and bitterness encountered by the positive man, but then he is particularly, and for all useful purposes, nobody; accomplishes nothing in life, and dies, to be forgotten as soon as buried.

On the other hand, there is a positiveness of character not unfrequently mistaken for hardness, selfishness, arrogance, querulousness. The positive man has a purpose in life, and in all questions of great interest firmly plants himself on one side or the other, and will make himself unmistakably felt, whether the decision be for him or against his cherished view.

All matters of public interest engage his best powers, and find in him either an earnest advocate, or an active, persistent opponent. Men will call him hard names, and some heartily hate him. But then he is a force to the world, and all there is to science, art, education, government, is attributable to him. While he lives he is the only useful element in society, and after his death, even his enemies will rejoice at his virtues, and vie with his friends in their efforts to perpetuate his memory among men.

"HAPPY AS A BIRD."—Of animated nature birds are the happiest. Their joyful nature long ago passed into a proverb: "Happy as a bird." And of the happy birds the mocking bird (polyglot) is undoubtedly the happiest. It does not confine its expressions of joy to one note, or a monotonous series of notes. All the sweet sounds of all the birds, and many of the animals, contribute to its happiness, and it pours out ever changing, kaleidoscopic melody from the rising of the sun to its going down. Now warbling out the sweetest notes of the canary; then the robin, the blue bird, the oriole, the lark, the bob-link, and all the other "feathered songsters of the grove," are laid under contribution; and even the whistling of the colored hot bird is imitated to perfection. Like some politicians, it is "everything at times and nothing long." "Now grave, now gay, a whole band of music in its little throat."

If any man of fighting age favors the deposing of the President in the present state of the country, let him join a military company at once and drill as often as he can; and if he is not of that age, but has boys at home, let him call them to him on the first opportunity, and looking them fairly in the face, decide which of them, or how many of them, he is ready to send to die rather than have Andrew Johnson President of the United States till the 4th of March, 1869.—Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.

We heard of a Yankee and his wife at one of our hotels, the other day, who had brought a hired negro woman along to wait upon them. They told the negro that they would pay her regular wages, but that she would have to pay her own board. Her wages were ten dollars a month, her board twenty five dollars. At such rates how long will it take the negro wench to clear a thousand dollars?—Breman's (Texas) Banner.

It is said Count Bismark is not ill but had tempered, on account of the King attributing all the successes to Providence, and ignoring the handwork of his Ministers.

## LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPAULDING

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

### [NUMBER FIVE.]

That Sabbath was a day of refreshing to us. It was providentially the appointed day for a father in Israel to preach. He said he had been laboring eighteen years alone in this Southern Illinois, and the ministry had been with him. He had heard of missionaries passing up the river, but now his gaze beheld them for the first time—Christian men and women leaving sweet homes forever, to live among and preach Christ to the distant heathen. It is none other than an angel's visit."

Very early Monday morning God sent along the steamer "Majestic," which, contrary to predictions, answered our signal at once and took us on board, and we left this little town of Christ for St. Louis, followed by the prayers of this godly man and his few disciples. Before night we passed the steamer that could not afford to stop over the Sabbath, on a sandbar, with preacher, mill and all, on board, where they had been fast for more than twenty-four hours. How long they remained there I know not, as we saw no more of them.

We reached St. Louis March 30th; and here again there were strong remonstrances against the idea of our wives attempting to cross the mountains. It was urged by old mountain men that no caravan would be strong enough to protect them against the mountain tribes, who seemed frantic to get possession of a white woman. They repeated the report that one white woman, in attempting to reach the mountains, had been seized, in spite of the caravan of whites, and borne off by a powerful band of painted savages. Our ladies replied to these fears: "We are going to cross the Rocky Mountains in God's name."

The Fur Company's steamer would not leave St. Louis for two weeks; but the proprietors of the Company acknowledged their obligations to Doctor Whitman for his important medical services the last year, and they cheerfully renewed their assurance that our effects and ladies should be taken to Council Bluffs in the steamer. We should stop to purchase our animals and await their upward trip with goods for their caravan, which was to take up its march to the Far West from that point. Events will show how well they kept their word.

Dr. Wisner pronounced our mission "a mission to the Gray Bears." We here received our "Great Charter" by mail, from the American Government to open an Emigrant Wagon Road from the Missouri to the Columbia rivers; that is, the permit of that honest, Democratic Christian and patriot, Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, for us to enter and plant us in the Indian country west of the Rocky Mountains. This generous permit of the Government really established the Lapwai Mission claim to the writer and his sainted wife, as a mission home for life; but that home was still more securely confirmed to them by the Nez Percés Nation in council assembled at Fort Walls Walla, in November, 1834, after we had arrived in the country and selected the site, and as the chiefs were about to conduct us, with glad hearts, to their people as the teachers of God's book for whom they had waited so long, and to plant us in our new home, "a thousand miles from any place," but still doubly confirmed to the Board of Missions by a generous act of Congress approved August 14, 1848, confirming the title to 640 acres of land, to include the improvements at all the Mission stations in the Indian country to the several Mission Boards to which said Missions belong." But the Indian Department has seized and occupied the Lapwai Mission claim—disregarding the notification in the Land Office, the published notice in the public journals for years for settlers to keep off the claim, the notice served on the local agent by authority of the Board, to stop building, and my own repeated remonstrances for six years—and have steadily refused me my home, and have denied me the privilege of building any where on the old mission claim of 640 acres, or, indeed, anywhere on the Reservation.

This seizing of the Lapwai Mission claim by the Government, or the Indian Department, is most remarkable. And it is the more remarkable from the fact that some fifteen other mission claims among the Indian tribes, of another religious sect, in the same country, confirmed by the same act of Congress that confirmed the Lapwai claim to the American Board, remain unmolested by the Government; and some twenty-three missionaries of that sect are allowed to remain at their several mission stations and to go on with their mission work unmolested. And it is still more remarkable from the notorious fact that the missionaries of this said Society were ordered by the Government of Oregon in 1848 to leave the Indian country, as the country east of the Cascades was closed against all missionaries, consequent upon the massacre of Dr. Whitman and the long Indian wars that followed. The missionaries of this Society that are now allowed to remain in the country and on their mission stations, while the only Protestant Indian Missionary is expelled from his mission, openly defied that order of the Government in 1848, and have remained in the country to this day; and they were actually detected, soon after that order was issued, in the attempt to smuggle ammunition into the Indian country, by Lieut. Rogers, at the Dalles, who took from their boats 3,010 pounds of balls, 1,000 pounds of powder and 8 boxes of muskets. Myself and the remaining two brethren of our mission, Revs. Wells and Walker, who were escorted with their families from their mission in the Spoken country to

Oregon by a military force, cheerfully obeyed this order of the infant Government, and never attempted to return to our mission till the country was officially opened for missionaries in 1859. But now, in the year 1865, these missionaries who thus openly defied the orders of the Government, and attempted to furnish powder and balls to the savages to butcher or American citizens on their way over the plains, are allowed to remain at their missions un molested, as indeed they should be, while the writer, the oldest resident missionary or American on the coast, who obeyed their orders, is now expelled from his mission home, and by the Government.

But to return to St. Louis, which we left on the 31st of March, in the steamer "Chariton," for Liberty, Clay county, Missouri—then the frontier settlement. (Which is the frontier settlement now?) We observed the monthly concert of prayer on board, and were joined by the clerk of the boat, who was an Elder in Dr. Wisner's church in St. Louis. We arrived at Liberty, April 7th. Mr. Wm. H. Gray, of Tipton, Mo., appointed by the A. B. C. T. M., overtook us at this place, as also the Pawnee missionaries whom we left below St. Louis.

We remained at Liberty twenty days, and purchased fourteen young cows and two bulls, with the earnest prayer to God that He would bring them safely through. And I would here record, as a public thanksgiving to God, that, by the caution and patience of the Indian boys, He brought through eleven of these cows and one bull. I do this because they were the first to cross the continent, and became to us the greatest blessing in the way of milk and butter, beef teams, etc., and afforded a beginning of stock for the Indians. No cattle could be had on this side of the mountains at that date, short of California. The Hudson Bay Company had a large stock of Spanish cattle at Fort Vancouver, and some at all their posts, shipped from California, but they would sell none. They would loan, with the agreement to return all the original stock or pay for losses, at a given time, together with all the increase.

The Indian boys took the driving of our cattle into their own hands, and during our hot days and long marches they would fall behind, drive carrels and come in late at night. This saved our cattle. They never could have been forced to keep up with the caravan, and so white men would have been willing to fall behind. Why they were not picked up by some of the rear parties is due only to the protecting hand of God.

We furnished ourselves with riding and pack saddles, pickets and jacket, another wagon (I had brought a light one from New York), arms and ammunition, and 18 head of horses and mules; and on the 27th of April Mr. Gray, myself, the two Indian boys (who were soon joined by two other young Nez Percés) and a "free trapper"—that is, a young man trapping "on his own hook"—took up our march for Council Bluffs, leaving Dr. Whitman and our ladies and effects to come up the Fur Company's steamer, according to promise. Our baggage was anything but promising. New work in new hands. Neither Mr. Gray nor myself had ever seen a pack fastened on the back of a horse or mule—knew nothing of prairie life, preparing of meals with our own hands, the driving in the animals, the picket, the night-watch, and floundering and choking of horses all they learn the ropes. And at this almost impassable state of the country at that season of the year—one continual swamp, with here and there a patch of land above water. And, to make sure work of a rough beginning, one-third of the mules were wild—never had been roped till a few days before, when it required several negroes as many days, and high fences to get their necks into the "noose." Mr. Gray and one boy took the cattle and some loose horses, the trapper and myself took each a wagon, and the other Indian boy led the gang of mules, and looking toward the gang of mules, beheld a complete wind-up of some of their backs, and mules' heels and broken pieces of pack-saddles flying in the air like snow-balls. One mile and a half that day and a guard at night, with corn for feed.

Fourth night—a stampede and snapping of picket lines. At day-light Mr. Gray takes the track through the timber and returns in two hours with those words so cheering to the mountain traveler: "All here."

Fifth day—crossed Little Blatte at a Government ferry in the Indian country, where Platte City now stands; camped as usual in a swamp. On leaving this camp for the ferry at Fort Leavenworth, the wild mules, observing all the pickets loosened and on their way, ran backward and planted her lively feet in my breast, knocking me breathless. This scene was made painful and dangerous by a plunge into the Missouri river (in company with a cow) in attempting to save the cattle from jumping overboard. Both went down in the same direction, but, coming again to the surface, the cow struck for the shore and I for the boat. All over the river, and we had five miles to make camp, wood and water before sunset. On rising the bluff at the Fort, my eye rested for the first time on the "Great West." To one reared in a timbered country, and accustomed to wait a generation for timber, stumps and roots to pass

away, the scene, the view, was grand and impressive beyond the power of words.—I felt, as never before, the force of those words of God at the close of His work: "And behold it was very good!" A vast expanse of green meadow reaching beyond the distant blue, cleared and speeded down by Providence to the hand of the husbandman; but farmer, nor tree, nor fence, nor town were there. Great silence resting on the bosom of the sublime, but personified. The ocean has its beauty, and the heavens their charms, but the great prairie reflects the lovely smiles of our Father in Heaven. Awe-struck at the looming panorama, and in haste to reach our camp before dark, I forgot to present our passport from the War Department to the officers of the Garrison (the last military post standing between the countries of the white man and the Indian.—Where is the separating post now?)—Aware of our mission, the officers threw open the gates, and we stepped from the civilized world into this then "great and terrible wilderness," where thick moral darkness had reigned for ages unknown. I bid farewell to sweet home and dear friends; but God's promise was before me, and those precious words, "Lo I am with you," were in my bosom.

A hideous Burlesque.

The Journal of Commerce reminds men of order, in the Radical ranks, that:—

"We have no right, either by law or conquest, nor on moral principles, to treat the Southern States as conquered territories and populations. We may administer the law to individuals as severely as we please. We may punish men, women and children. But the U. S. Government might as well repeal the charters of New Orleans, Mobile and Charleston, and wipe them out as cities in the South, as to declare a Southern State dead or not a member of the Union. The moral right, the legal right, the Constitutional right is just the same in both cases.

"But," says a sincere Radical, "have we not the right to refuse them admission to the Union unless they adopt such laws and social principles as we think correct?" No, you have no such right under the Constitution and laws of our land, nor have you the moral right, unless you give them at the same time the right of accepting or rejecting your terms of union.—The grand wrong, and outrage to American principles, the rotten timber which men are now engaged in putting into the Constitution itself, is this plan of holding a State by the throat and declaring that it shall not come into your Union, nor be protected by your Constitution, unless it will agree with you to alter that Constitution and submit to amendments of your proposing; but when the State asks, "Will you let me stay out of your Union if I don't like your new proposal?" the answer is a fierce no. This is a hideous burlesque on the old idea of a free American Union. The quality of the Union thus constructed is but too plain. It has not the consistency of a summer morning cloud."

WHY NOT?—A Norfolk (Va.) paper says that Southern ladies "do not talk" to anything like the extent they used to. The editor thus theorizes on the subject:—

"We believe it is the result of a mysterious solemnity that has in the last few years of trial and mighty events crept over the land. Levity is not as widespread. Men and women look now more in earnest, and work harder; do more to ward carrying out the end of their being. We may be wrong, but such are our convictions in spite of the wickedness abroad in the land.

This may be perfectly sound—so far as the latitude of Virginia is concerned, says the Mountaineer, but it doesn't apply everywhere. Hereabout, as a general thing, when women do not talk (if they have any one to talk to), it is because they are either stupid or sleepy. The solemn one talk more than the glib;—only their lecture, moralize, preach and growl, instead of chattering.

"WOT OF IT?"—Mrs Swishhelm says that the young woman to whom the radical Congress voted \$10,000 for a bust of Lincoln, "calls upon Senators and representatives at their lodgings."

Yell, vot of it, says the La Crosse Democrat, you antiquated old Hen Convention? What do you mean to hit? Can't a young woman visit the leaders of the God-and-Morality party without purloining to seduce them from the path of routine, honor and virtue? Doubtless she visits them to consult concerning the size of the "bust," and to compare those of the living Rumpers with the dead "trailer." Now, Swishhelm, you don't like to speak roughly to such a female fossil as you are, but your goings-on will have to be punished—talking scandals is not a suitable occupation for a woman of your years old enough to be the grand mother to the oldest inhabitant! Read your Bible, and "dry up," it is time you did.

SHARP ANSWER.—At a New York hotel recently the landlord said to a boarder: "See here, Mr. —, the chambermaid found a lady's hair pin in your bed this morning and it will not answer?" "Well," replied the boarder, "I found a woman's hair in the butter this morning, but it did not prove you had a woman in it."

The two men looked at each other for about ten seconds, when each smiled and went his way, no doubt pondering over the peculiarities of circumstantial evidence.

WANTED.—A situation as a son-in-law in a respectable family. Blood and blood no object, being already supplied; capital essential. No objection to going a short distance in the country.

RELIGION.—We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, the source of all good and of all comfort.—Burke.

## A Curious Incident—The Grave of Roger Williams.

Ninety years after his death (1771) steps were taken to erect to him some suitable monument, but the storms of the revolution came on and the work was forgotten.

But recently the question has been agitated anew, and Williams may yet at last have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name.—During a period of 183 years not even a rough stone set up to mark the grave of the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality had almost been forgotten, and could be only ascertained after the most careful investigation. Suffice it to say, however, the spot was found, and the exhumation was made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume.—On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground, the dim outlines of the seven graves contained within one square rod, revealed the burial ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were those of children, the remaining four those of adults. The eastern grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "charnel house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion, the shape of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter, the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood, and a single round knot, was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair, which had survived the lapse of more than 180 years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree, when and by whom planted is not known.—This tree had sent two of its roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There making a turn, as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upwards to the toes. One of these roots had a slight crook of the knee, which makes the whole form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a great principle of vegetation, but for its historical association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all the flesh, gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of both graves was all gone! There stood the "guilty apple tree," as was said at the time, caught in the very act of "robbing the grave."

To explain this phenomena is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be given and many other similar cases adduced. But this fact must be admitted: the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmitted into the apple tree; it had passed into the woody fibre and was capable of propelling a steam engine; it had bloomed in the apple blossoms and had become pleasurable to the eye; and more to that, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, Who ate Roger Williams?—Hartford Press.

New Version of the Story of the Prodigal Son.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent speech, thus facetiously referred to the story of the Prodigal Son. Even those at whose expense the point is made will enjoy it:

"We all know the story of the Prodigal Son—how that self-sufficient youth, in the pride of his own self-conceit, sought from his father his portion of the patrimony that he might go out and live by himself. The father gave it to him and he went out; and, like too many other sons of rich men in our days, he very soon spent the whole of his patrimony, and wasted it in riotous living, drunkenness and debauchery; and when he was reduced to the most abject poverty and covered with filthy rags, was compelled to become a keeper of swine; and to save himself from starving, to feed on the husks that the swine did eat. But he came to himself at last and determined to turn towards his father's house, and how he was received? Why his father saw him while he was yet a great way off, and ran into him and fell on his neck and kissed him, and put a fine robe upon him and invited him into the parental mansion, where the fatted calf was killed and the feast made ready. That was the manner in which the prodigal was received, as we get the story from the lips of our Saviour; but when I was in New England not long ago, I heard another version of this story [laughter], which you may call the radical version. I will tell you what it was. When the young man came towards his father's house in filth and rags, his father closed the door against him. Says he, 'You vile wretch, you have spent all your patrimony, wasted your substance, and you are unfit to enter into my house. I know you have no money and no credit, and you cannot buy anything, but you must go and buy a fine silk robe before you can come into my house; and another thing, when you cross my threshold it shall be on two inexorable conditions: First of all, you shall take a solemn oath that you have never been away; and second you shall give good guarantees that you will never go again.' [Great laughter.]

FORGIVENESS.—A beautiful gem of Oriental literature is quoted by Sir Wm. Jones, from the Persian poet, Said: "The sandal tree perfumes when riven, The axe that laid it low; Let man, who hopes to be forgiven, Forgive and bless his foe."

## Who are the traitors?

Beast Butler proclaims that he would hang Jeff. Davis, as "the representative civil man," and "Robert E. Lee, as the representative military man," of the rebellion.

Very well; now what should be done with the beast himself? They organized armies to separate the Government.—Butler FRED THEM.

It is charged, as it is notoriously known, and testimony seems easy of access, that while Butler was in command at New Orleans, large supplies of the most essential importance and use, were offered the rebel army, in that part of the South, through his connivance, whereby he enriched himself in fabulous sums. His brother—whom he afterwards swindled, even when on his death-bed of remorse—was the main go-between!

The War Department was advised of these most infamous transactions, and the reasons extent of them, but paid no heed; as who expected that it would—probably being a party in the game?

Now if Davis and Lee are traitors, for taking up rebel arms, and marching at the head of armed forces, to break up the Government, is Butler not equally a culprit, in having provided portions of their armies with ammunition, stores, medicines, food, and other essentials of warfare—giving them aid and comfort?

Giving aid and comfort to an enemy is one of the defined conditions of treason! Butler is guilty of it. If they are traitors so is he. If they should be hung, so should he; only he should be strung up crosswise higher, for their treason, if it was treason, was open, bold and uncovered; his was covert, stealthy, treacherous and infamous to the last degree.—Empire.

Live Cattle Weight by Measure.

The only instrument necessary is a measure with feet and an inch marks upon it. The girth is the circumference of the animal, just behind the shoulder blades. The superficial feet are obtained by multiplying the girth and length. The following are the rules to ascertain the weight of the animal:

If less than one foot in girth, multiply superficial feet by eight.

If less than three and more than one, multiply superficial feet by eleven.

If less than five and more than three, multiply superficial feet by sixteen.

If less than seven and more than five, multiply superficial feet by twenty-three.

If less than eleven and more than nine, multiply superficial feet by forty-two.

Example: Suppose the girth of a bullock to be six feet three inches; length five feet six inches; the superficial area will then be thirty-four, and in accordance with the preceding table, the weight will be seven hundred and eighty-two pounds.

Example: Suppose a pig to measure in girth two feet, and length one foot nine inches. There would then be three and a half superficial feet, which multiplied by eleven, gives thirty-eight and a half pounds as the weight of the animal when dressed. In this way, the weight of the four quarters can be substantially ascertained during life.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDIES.—Arthur Williams, his wife, and two daughters, were recently murdered in Rome, Georgia. Two freedmen committed the murder, and they have been arrested. One confessed that after wounding Mrs. Williams he ravished her. His accomplice killed the father and daughters with an axe. The object of the negroes was money, but they found none. It was difficult to restrain the people from inflicting summary punishment upon the freedmen. They were committed to await due process of law.

WELL SAID.—A Memphis paper, speaking of John Morrissey, who was recently elected to Congress in New York on the Democratic ticket, says: "He is not a drunken bully, like Chandler, nor a drunken fanatic, like Yates, nor a drunk idiot, like Sprague. He is not a blackguard, like Ingraham, a poor Gravel, like Grinnel, an impracticable ass, like Galens Washburne, nor a beast nor a thief, like the probable Congressman Butler."

The girls in Michigan are taking decisive measures with the undecided young men. One of them asked a young man when he intended to marry her. The young man said he was not so married, and she broke a teapot, filled with boiling water, over his head. She was justified, of course.

The Chicago Republican, in one column eulogizes Butler as one of the greatest soldiers and as the greatest American statesman of the day and in the next column denounces Sherman as a more dangerous traitor than the president, and as an egotist, who without ability, aspires to act the part of a statesman!

JOHN O. CAMPBELL, of Rock Island, Illinois, has sent \$106 to Treasurer Spinner, saying: "I send the first three years' bounty and will send you my special as soon as I can. I want no bounty for shooting at men."

According to reports made by architects and builders, over 8,000 new buildings have been erected in Chicago during the past year, valued at nearly seven millions of dollars.

MRST.—Wendell Phillips says he was wedded to truth and philanthropy when a boy. He must have become a widower, says an exchange, when quite young.

A JUST PUNISHMENT.—A spy accustomed to peep through the key holes to watch the movements of Fenians in England has become blind of the right eye.

TRIX death is announced of M. Marie, the last survivor of the French fleet at Trafalgar. He was then surgeon on board the Formidable.