

THE STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

NO. 42.

VOL. II.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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ABBOTT & BROWN.
M. H. ABBOTT. M. V. BROWN.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

S. WHITMORE, 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, at Whitmore & Co.'s Drug Store, Pariah's Block, Albany. 725714

N. B. HUMPHREY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office in the Court House, cor. 2nd and 3rd streets.

F. H. CRANOR, 400, S. B. BLDG.
CRANOR & HELM,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office—In N. Oliver's Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon.

J. C. POWELL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
ALBANY, OREGON. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. oc20n101y

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 Building, Albany, Oregon. oc15 no15y

WINTER & MCHATTAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS, GRAINERS AND GLAZIERS.
Also, Paperhanging and Calicoing done with neatness and dispatch. Shop at the corner of First Street, in Cunningham's old stand; Albany, Oregon. oc22 no15y

J. BARROWS & CO.,
GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS
DEALERS in Staple, Dry and Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Books and Shoes. Albany, Oregon. oc20 no15y

LAWRENCE & SEMPLE,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
Portland, Oregon.
Office—Over Kilbourn's Auction Rooms, December 1, 1867.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST, ALBANY, OGN.
Performs all operations in the line of DENTISTRY in the most PERFECT and IMPROVED manner. Persons desiring artificial teeth would do well to give him a call. Office up-stairs in Foster's brick. Residence corner of Second and Baker streets. an25-1y

J. O. G. T.,
"WESTERN STAR" LODGE No. 16, meets at Masonic Hall every Tuesday evening.
Wm. Briggs, W. S. an25-1y

J. O. O. F.,
ALBANY LODGE, No. 4.
The Regular Meeting of Albany Lodge, No. 4, L. O. O. F., are held at their hall in N. Oliver's Brick Building, Albany, every WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. Strangers in good standing are invited to attend.
By order of the W. M. an-1y

INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL MUSIC
MISS PHIMELIA ABBOTT
IS NOW PREPARED TO GIVE LESSONS on the Piano Forte, at her residence in Albany. She prefers to those who she has taught, both here and in Corvallis.

TUITION:
Per quarter, 24 lessons,\$15 00
Use of Piano for practicing, per quarter, 2 50
Total,\$17 50

J. F. MCCOY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
ALBANY, OREGON.
Office—Over Kilbourn's Auction Rooms, December 1, 1867.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Office—Over Kilbourn's Auction Rooms, December 1, 1867.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SEVERAL Courts of this City and State, and of Washington Territory. All kinds of claims and demands, notes, bills, book accounts, subscriptions, &c., collected on commission, by suit or collection. Real Estate bought and sold. Taxed paid. Buildings rented, and rents collected on commission. Title to Real Estate searched, and abstracts made. 725714

AGENT for the principal daily and weekly newspapers on the Pacific coast. Subscriptions and advertisements solicited.
All collections promptly remitted.
OFFICE—205, 2d Street, Portland.
725714

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HATS, & HATS.

MEUSSDORFFER & BRO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HATS AND CAPS,

HATTERS' MATERIALS,
No. 72 Front Street, Portland.

ARE RECEIVING, IN ADDITION TO their extensive Stock, by every Steamer, all the LATEST STYLES of New York, London and Parisian HATS.

Gentlemen's and Children's Wear.
Which they will sell
CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE ON THE COAST!

DEALERS IN HATS

Will consult their own interests by examining our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

MADE TO ORDER,

Hats of every style and Description

NEATLY REPAIRED,

J. C. Meussdorffer & Bro's
No. 72 Front Street, Portland, O'g'n,
Cor. D and Second Sts., Marysville, Cal.
No. 125 J Street, Sacramento
No. 635 & 637 Commercial St., San Francisco.
No. 428 Commercial through to 637 Clay street.
Dec. 1, 1866—72n1614

THE OLD STOVE DEPOT!

MAIN STREET . . . ALBANY.

JOHN BRIGGS,

(LATE C. C. CODEY & CO.)
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

STOVES!

Of the Most Favorite Patterns.
Cook Stoves,
Parlor Stoves,
Box Stoves!

With a full and general assortment of

TIN, SHEET-IRON, COPPER AND BRASS-WARE!

And all other articles usually found in a

TIN STORE!

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.

TERMS—Cash or Produce.

"Short reckonings make Long Friends."
Feb. 2, 67—72n245

FURNITURE AND CABINET WARE.

C. MEALY & CO.
Corner of First and Broad Albin Streets,
(First Door East of J. Norcross' Brick)

Albany, Linn County, Oregon.
Keep constantly on hand

A FULL ASSORTMENT

Of everything in their line of Business,
At Lower Figures than any other House
This side of Portland.

WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION

In the line of

UPHOLSTERY, PARLOR SETS

Chamber Sets, Picture Frames
BUREAUS, SAFES, WARDROBES, ETC. ETC.

We have also on hand the celebrated

"ECONOMY WASHING MACHINE,"

Which has no equal in the world. Get one and satisfy yourself.

Particular attention paid to all orders in our line.

UNDERTAKING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

an15-1y

ALBANY LIVERY STABLE!

Opposite the Old "Facino Hotel" Stand.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD INFORM the public that they have on hand a good supply of

DOUBLE AND SINGLE BUGGIES,

Together with the best of Livery and

SADDLE HORSES.

All of which will be let on

REASONABLE TERMS—

GIVE US A CALL!
MARSHALL & SCHLOSSER,
Albany, Jan. 24, 1867—72n2314

POETRY.

THE DYING WIFE'S APPEAL.

The following beautiful lines were placed in a scrap book of a now deceased wife about a week before her demise. How beautiful and touching they are under the circumstances. She expired at the time to live but a short time:

"Come near me, let me lay my hand
Once more upon thy brow,
And let my fingers linger on
Love's last and fondest vow.
The lips that breathe these trembling words,
When they lie cold in death,
And thy dear cheek can feel no more
Their warmth and loving breath.

I go from thee: God only knows
How I have longed to stay—
How I have pondered this to read,
The lines and should have said,
Faith tells me that I soon must know
The joys the blessed dead,
And yet I falter, while I see no more
A lingering look behind.

I see thee loved before me here,
In bitterness and tears;
But I can leave thee something still,
To light thy weary years,
Young tender forms, and things to thee,
Perhaps will miss my tone,
And though they may not share thy grief,
Thou wilt not feel alone.

Fold them closer to thy breast,
And seal them to thy child's eye,
And cheer thy many lonely hours
The motherless must know,
The world, with all its hopes and joys,
Will sometimes make thee glad;
But they must linger 'round the hearth
Still dearest and best.

And O, when time shall claim thy grief,
Forsake the grave, my dear,
When thou wilt visit another form
To share thy heart and home—
When thou wilt welcome to thy board
A younger, fairer face,
And bid thy children smile on her,
Who takes thy mother's place.

But think not, could I speak to thee,
That I would frown or blame,
Though they should bring the stranger one,
And call her by my name,
For they will speak to thee of me,
My memory is their trust,
A word, a smile, a look like mine
Will call me from the dust.

Yet make my grave no place of tears,
But let the dear one bring,
The blossoms of the spring,
And there thou mayst kneel,
And softly press the earth
That covers her, and once again
A brightness to thy heart.

Then will the forms of early years
Seal softly to thy side,
And for an hour thou canst forget
Thou hast another bride.
She may be all thy heart can ask,
So dear, so true to thee,
But O, the spring time of thy love,
Its freshness was for me.

May she be blest, who comforts thee,
And with a gentle hand
Still guide our little trembling ones,
Who make our household band.
She cannot know the tenderness
That fills their mother's heart,
But she can love them for thy sake,
And make thee more than blest.

Private Letter of Gen. Lee.

The original of the following letter was found at Arlington House by a Federal soldier. As anything relating to the personal history of the great captains of this war must be of interest to the public, we give the letter a place in our columns.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, April 5, 1862.
MY DEAR SON: I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My fine old regiment has been ordered to that distant region, and I must hasten on to see that they are properly cared for. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 29, 27 and 28. Your letters breathe a true spirit of frankness; they have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just as you mean to do on every occasion, and take for granted that you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing that requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor. In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—well known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty—Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part—Your affectionate father.

R. E. LEE.

To G. W. CURTIS LEE.

The side degree of Masonry—the Evening Star—is being generally taken by the ladies of Indiana, whose husbands are Masons. Thus will woman's curiosity be satisfied.

For the State Rights Democrat.

LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPALDING.

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

[NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.]
On the fourth day the vastly important intelligence that should have been brought by Mr. Parker, came, unexpectedly, by Captain W. H. W. Smith, who arrived at the mouth of the Lower Columbia. It will be recalled that he crossed the mountains in 1834. At that time, under his command, the great pioneer missionary, Lee, reached the Willametta Valley. He established himself on Soovis' Island, at the mouth of the Willametta, and commenced the sale of goods in connection with the fur business; but, as he said, he "was politely bowed out of the country" by the superior advantages of the H. B. Co. He sold his mission to the H. B. Co. for \$4,000. A few weeks ago, a party of four—two Scotchmen, one Englishman, and one perfect gentleman and ready to aid us in our enterprise to the best of their ability; that we would find civilization fairly begun; that Vancouver and the salient points were well filled with merchandise, which the Company would cheerfully afford us on reasonable terms; that the soil and climate of the Pacific coast had been found adapted to cultivation, and that the H. B. Co., direct from Fort Walla Walla, had arrived that day (he had traveled with them), and were accompanied by Mr. Spalding, and the two partners, McKay and McKay, would be our camp that evening, and advised us to put ourselves at once under their protection.

This intelligence was most like electricity. We could hardly believe our ears. How joyfully different from what we had feared or even expected. How wonderful! How timely! We saw in it at once the kind interposing hand of our Heavenly Father, which had been stretched out so often to deliver us, but now so memorable; and we gave Him praise and thanksgiving.

That evening Messrs. McClod and McKay (the latter well known on this coast), arrived at our tent and kindly invited us to join their camp as soon as Mrs. Spalding should sufficiently recover to be able to ride. They assured us that the Snake River route was the only one by which our ladies and cattle could possibly reach the Nez Perce country that year; that they would most gladly afford us every facility in their power. But they told us we must not believe that it was possible to take a wagon through the rugged mountains of the Bear River and the volcanic burning sand-deserts of the Snake country; but they would select the possible route, and give us a chance to settle the question that wagons and cattle, as also white women could be taken through this "great and terrible wilderness," which had proved so many the wilderness of death. They assured us that they would not share equally with them the meat brought in by their hunters, if not daily, yet as often as it could be obtained from the distant mountains. And most faithfully did these gentlemen perform their promise. They were particularly attentive to the needs of our ladies. And time and again did they direct their march to accommodate our wagons, and our cattle, as the one could not penetrate some of the narrow defiles, and the other could not endure the long stretches over the burning and desolate, like native Indian horses of which their caravan was composed. Mr. Gray is mistaken in his opinion published about these gentlemen, and their great injustice to them. They certainly gave him no grounds to say what he has. Indeed, but for their kindness and unceasing attentions, we would not probably have reached this country that day. To have attempted it with a few stragglers, and without an experienced hunter, as we would have been compelled to do, would have been certain destruction to our animals, and perhaps to ourselves.

On the 13th of July, 1836, having prepared our Report to our Board in Boston, and letters to friends in the civilized world, to go back by the Am. Fur Company, we exchanged earnest prayers and hearty good wishes with our brethren in the military world, as they were to return to the Christian world, and to plunge deeper into the moral darkness—to camp no more together till the last Great Day of the Lord our Saviors. The famous military rider, Bridger, was particularly warm in his good wishes and thanks to Dr. Whitman for his valuable services to him the year before, in extracting a dangerous arrow-head from his backbone. He declared that he would send his little half-breed daughter to his care, as she had become old enough; and he made good his vows, and the dear child fell one of the victims of the Waitai-pu tragedy; which bloody and noted event. Capt. Mallan, in his own military route, and during the same year, he was in the "Alta California," for the probable reasons which will hereafter appear. The Great Camp at Ruclevan's was to break up in a few days, and the valley of Green River to rest on in silence till other years.

Mrs. Spalding, through a kind Providence, was able to ride in the wagon by driving slow. I wrote to our Board: "Never send another white woman over those mountains if you have any regard for human life." But the great deed was done, never to be undone. Two years later and four women crossed, and every year after that to the present has witnessed the crossing of more or less—the first four years by missionary ladies only, and after that by emigrant ladies. In 1842 the track had become so plain that the famous "Pathfinder" was able to follow it as far as Wind River Mountain, where he deemed it too dangerous for himself and brave men, to advance further into this Great Wilderness, without "bread and coffee," returned to the city of Washington and reported progress. The next year, the path having been greatly improved by the footsteps of some three hundred mothers and daughters, in the emigrants brought over by Dr. Whitman, the "hero" and his party rolled out again, and was able this time to follow the white woman's path over to the Dalles, the Tolamias, and seven years after the first white woman had passed, and for which hazardous and self-denying enterprise, he came very near being made President under the significant title of the "Pathfinder."

On our way to the English camp we met one of the partners, Mr. McCoy, who cried out as he saw our ladies: "There is something Dr. M'Laughlin will not get out of the country so easy." This English half-breed, though American born, saw once the future consequences of the crossing of the mountains, and the continent, by these two women, and nobly did he help them on.—The English historian, Duncan, declares this event sealed the fate of this country to England.—The United States secured the country by plowing with the heifer.

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That evening Messrs. McClod and McKay (the latter well known on this coast), arrived at our tent and kindly invited us to join their camp as soon as Mrs. Spalding should sufficiently recover to be able to ride. They assured us that the Snake River route was the only one by which our ladies and cattle could possibly reach the Nez Perce country that year; that they would most gladly afford us every facility in their power. But they told us we must not believe that it was possible to take a wagon through the rugged mountains of the Bear River and the volcanic burning sand-deserts of the Snake country; but they would select the possible route, and give us a chance to settle the question that wagons and cattle, as also white women could be taken through this "great and terrible wilderness," which had proved so many the wilderness of death. They assured us that they would not share equally with them the meat brought in by their hunters, if not daily, yet as often as it could be obtained from the distant mountains. And most faithfully did these gentlemen perform their promise. They were particularly attentive to the needs of our ladies. And time and again did they direct their march to accommodate our wagons, and our cattle, as the one could not penetrate some of the narrow defiles, and the other could not endure the long stretches over the burning and desolate, like native Indian horses of which their caravan was composed. Mr. Gray is mistaken in his opinion published about these gentlemen, and their great injustice to them. They certainly gave him no grounds to say what he has. Indeed, but for their kindness and unceasing attentions, we would not probably have reached this country that day. To have attempted it with a few stragglers, and without an experienced hunter, as we would have been compelled to do, would have been certain destruction to our animals, and perhaps to ourselves.

On the 13th of July, 1836, having prepared our Report to our Board in Boston, and letters to friends in the civilized world, to go back by the Am. Fur Company, we exchanged earnest prayers and hearty good wishes with our brethren in the military world, as they were to return to the Christian world, and to plunge deeper into the moral darkness—to camp no more together till the last Great Day of the Lord our Saviors. The famous military rider, Bridger, was particularly warm in his good wishes and thanks to Dr. Whitman for his valuable services to him the year before, in extracting a dangerous arrow-head from his backbone. He declared that he would send his little half-breed daughter to his care, as she had become old enough; and he made good his vows, and the dear child fell one of the victims of the Waitai-pu tragedy; which bloody and noted event. Capt. Mallan, in his own military route, and during the same year, he was in the "Alta California," for the probable reasons which will hereafter appear. The Great Camp at Ruclevan's was to break up in a few days, and the valley of Green River to rest on in silence till other years.

Mrs. Spalding, through a kind Providence, was able to ride in the wagon by driving slow. I wrote to our Board: "Never send another white woman over those mountains if you have any regard for human life." But the great deed was done, never to be undone. Two years later and four women crossed, and every year after that to the present has witnessed the crossing of more or less—the first four years by missionary ladies only, and after that by emigrant ladies. In 1842 the track had become so plain that the famous "Pathfinder" was able to follow it as far as Wind River Mountain, where he deemed it too dangerous for himself and brave men, to advance further into this Great Wilderness, without "bread and coffee," returned to the city of Washington and reported progress. The next year, the path having been greatly improved by the footsteps of some three hundred mothers and daughters, in the emigrants brought over by Dr. Whitman, the "hero" and his party rolled out again, and was able this time to follow the white woman's path over to the Dalles, the Tolamias, and seven years after the first white woman had passed, and for which hazardous and self-denying enterprise, he came very near being made President under the significant title of the "Pathfinder