

E. N. TANDY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

J. QUINN THORNTON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

W. J. HILTBEL, F. N. REDFIELD.

HILTBEL & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

BENJ. HAYDEN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

D. B. RICE, M. D., O. P. S. FLEMING, M. D.

DRS. RICE & PLUMMER, Physicians and Surgeons.

N. B. HUMPHREY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

X. E. CRANOR, GEO. E. HELM.

CRANOR & HELM, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

J. C. POWELL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

J. BARROWS, L. ELIAS, S. E. YOUNG.

J. BARROWS & CO., GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

EUGENE SEMPLE, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST, ALBANY, OGN.

I. O. G. T., "WESTERN STAR" LODGE No. 10, meets at Masonic Hall every Tuesday evening.

I. O. O. F., ALBANY LODGE, NO. 4.

RUSSELL & DALTON, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

A NEW BARBER SHOP IN ALBANY!

GEORGE ANTEMBRE WILL BE GLAD TO hold the public by the nose and exercise his barbership skill upon them.

J. F. MCCOY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

NOTARY PUBLIC, PORTLAND, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE SEVERAL Courts of this City and State, and of Washington Territory.

AGENTS for the principal daily and weekly papers on the Pacific coast.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

VOL. III.

ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

NO. 19.

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.

DEALERS IN HATS.

Made to Order, NEATLY REPAIRED.

J. C. Meussdorffer & Bro's.

No. 72 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

THE OLD STOVE DEPOT!

MAIN STREET - - - ALBANY.

JOHN BRIGGS,

(LATE C. C. GODLEY & CO.)

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--v2n254f

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

BUREAU, 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.

A. MARSHALL, PETER SCHLOSSER.

ALBANY LIVERY STABLE!

Opposite the Old "Pacific 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. 14, 1867--v2n231y

LECTURES BY REV. H. H. SPAULDING

For the State Rights Democrat.

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

(NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.)

ESCAPE OF MR. OSBORNE AND FAMILY.

Mr. Osborne is a worthy citizen of Linn county, and a devoted member of the church of Christ.

Mrs. Osborne, after enduring unceasing sufferings for 15 years from successive ulcers around the shoulders, occasioned by her child's and infant's sufferings, has, through a kind Providence, regained her health.

Mr. Osborne says: "As the guns fired and the yelling commenced I leaped my head upon the bed and committed myself and family to my Maker."

In five minutes the room was full of Indians, but they did not discover us.

The roar of guns, the yells of the savages, the crash of the clubs and knives and the groans of the dying continued till dark.

Soon after I removed the floor and we went out. We saw the white face of Francis by the door it was warm, as we laid our hand upon it, but he was dead.

I carried my two youngest children, who were sick, and my wife hold on to my clothes in her great weakness.

We had all been sick with the measles, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

A dense, cold fog shut out every star, and the darkness was complete.

We could see no trail and not even the hand before the face.

We had to feel our way, and I two infants had died. She had not left her bed for six weeks till that day, when she stood up a few minutes.

The naked, painted Indians were dancing the scalp dance around a large fire at a little distance.

These seemed no hope for us, and we knew not which way to go, but we bent our steps toward Walla Walla.

The Record of the Radicals.

The radical papers are casting about for some plausible excuse for the result of the elections in California and Maine, but seem to be blind to the real one.

The Belfast, Me., Journal thus enlightens them:

A war began in this country six years and a half ago. Ten States of the Union declared they would go out of it--that they had the right to go, and the power to go, and they would go.

Abraham Lincoln, then president, said they couldn't go. Rescendon said they couldn't go. Morrill said they couldn't go. So did Baine and Pike, and all the radicals.

All the governors of the States and all the State legislatures said they couldn't go out. All the radical papers said the same.

The small fry politicians and hangers on the party echoed the cry--

"They can't go out! THEY MUST GO OUT! THEY SHAN'T GO OUT!"

The ministers prayed that the States might all be kept in the Union. They implored the Lord to aid in compassing that end.

They asked him to counsel, direct and aid everybody who was trying to keep the States from going out of the Union.

The radical party claimed to be the party that was going to keep the States in the Union.

Mr. Lincoln said the party that elected him was strong enough to do it. No one was allowed to doubt that the party was going to keep the States in the Union.

If any one said he had doubts about it, the cry was "Mob him! Tar and feather him! KNOCK HIM DOWN! KILL HIM!"

Men were mobbed and beaten, and killed, and their murderers acquitted, because they doubted if the party meant to keep the Union together.

Jails, and prisons, and forts, were full of men who said they doubted it.

Men who couldn't persuade themselves that the radicals meant to do it, were habitually slighted, ill-treated, insulted.

They were called copperheads, knaves, fools, villains, rebels, traitors.

They were annoyed, insulted and injured in every possible way.

If a newspaper doubted that they would keep the States in the Union, it was speedily mobbed, its presses broken, its type thrown out of doors, its furniture burned by ruffians, superintended by very respectable radicals in the back ground.

Or else they indicted the editor by a jury of dirt eaters, and then refused them a trial.

To keep the States in the Union immense armies were raised. There was volunteering, there was conscription, there was drafting.

Nothing was heard but the din of arms. Steamers and trains carried men to the front and brought back corpses, for four years.

To keep the States in the Union, as they said, money was raised by the thousand millions. Bonds were sold. Greenbacks were made. Honest men became poor. Knaves got rich.

For four years this fair and heretofore happy land was made a hell on earth--to keep the States all in the Union.

At last the rebels yielded and surrendered one day under an apple tree at Appomattox Court House--acknowledged that they couldn't get out.

They acknowledged that secession was beaten out of them--that the confederacy had gone up. They were willing to stay in the Union.

Wasn't the question settled then? Settled that the Union was kept together.

Oh, no! The radicals in Congress said the war had been glorious--had been brilliant in achievement--had been wonderful in result--but after all, the States HAD GOT OUT!

The rebels had accomplished their object! The Union was not perpetual! It could be dissolved!

The people of the South sent us senators and representatives--Union men--men who never believed in secession--soldiers who had been in the federal army. Congress didn't know them! Congress said their States had got out, and they must stay out.

What a spectacle!

A half a million men in their graves, who died to keep these States in! Hundreds of thousands maimed for life, in efforts to keep these States in! The country filled with mourners, ravaged by war, impoverished by taxes, loaded with debt! And the Union not saved!

More than that. The men who persecuted those who could not believe that they intended to keep the States in the Union, are now equally vindictive toward those who insist that the States are still legally in it.

Did they dare, there would be again mobbing of men--there would be tar and feathering--there would be shooting. Men would again be imprisoned. Printing offices would again be sacked, and malicious prosecutions commenced against editors. They do what they dare to, towards compelling men to be as false to professions as they have been. They hold the South by military rule. They put ballots in the hands of blacks, who burlesque the franchise by their idiotic appearance. They override the constitution. They threaten the president. The man they themselves elected, they call a traitor, and threaten to remove him.

And this party had the effrontery to ask the people to vote their confidence!

After having kept the country four years in war, awful, shocking, bloody war--it pushes rebellion from its pedestal of secession, and placing itself thereon, proclaims secession to have triumphed! And this to lengthen out a little the power it has abused. This, that it may hope to rule a little longer an insulted and betrayed people.

Reader, we promised to tell you what the people voted on, and we will. It was the record of the radical party. The above is but a part of it.

A robe of point d'Alencon lace, in the Paris Exposition, represents 10,500 days labor in its manufacture.

Now read the next column.

"The Model Wife."

It is a singular fact that the most elaborate and extended characteristic in the Bible is the portraiture of the model wife.

The first feature of the picture is industry. Diligence is said by great writers to be the base of the world.

In every one of the twenty-two verses of this beautiful Scripture poem is the virtue of industry enjoined. At the present day there is too extensive and foolish a prejudice against labor for woman.

Our picture of woman nowadays is that of a slender body, a pale face, a fair, frail and lovely creature, entirely removed from the necessities of vulgar exertion.

Instead of girthing their joints with strength, they girthing them with weakness.

"They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Health and happiness are closely allied, and health can never be possessed without industry.

"Even an angel's wing would droop if long at rest."

The well known song of "Buy a Broom" would excellently suit such women, and I would repeat the words, and say to them, "use it until the merry blood shall burn in your veins, and the very flowers of the carpet blossom beneath your feet."

This scriptural picture of the true housewife enjoins also neatness and taste.

Her husband was "known at the gates" by a thousand evidences of her excellence. She looked to his linen and saw that it was clean and his garments in good condition, and not only his, but her own as well.

Her home was neat and inviting, purified by cleanliness and enhanced by the charming neatness of herself.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and the neglect of it in a house is sure to eat like canker at the core of domestic peace.

Another trait of this good housewife is her prudent and thrifty management of domestic affairs.

There are many wives who work hard all day long, and yet there is about them no neatness, no thrift. They have no tact for management.

The writer has heard of a judge who had inscribed on his wife's tombstone, "she was an excellent woman and a good cook."

Men