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All Letters and Communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to Abbott & Brown.

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OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE Settler's Drug Store.

D. B. RICE, M. D., Surgeon and Physician.

THANKFUL FOR THE LIBERAL PATRONAGE received, continues to render his services to the citizens of Albany and surrounding country.

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AILORING ESTABLISHMENT

RE, CUT, AND REPAIR CLOTHING!

IN THE LATEST STYLES!

AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES!

MILLER & BRO., (Successors to Philip Miller).

ABLE WORKS, ALBANY, OREGON.

op on Washington, bet. 1st and 2d Sts.

THESE GENTLEMEN BEG LEAVE TO inform the public at large that they are now prepared to furnish

ABLE MONUMENTS

RAVE-STONES, OF EVERY STYLE AND PATTERN.

At the Most Reasonable Prices.

TOMBSTONES CUT TO ORDER

On the very shortest notice.

Mar 7 30 24 Miller & Bro.

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VOL. III. ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868. NO. 45.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. A. B. PAXTON. MISS L. D. A. MILLER.

MRS. PAXTON & CO., FASHIONABLE MILLINERS

MANTUA-MAKERS!

WOULD BEG LEAVE TO RESECTFULLY tender their services to the Ladies of Albany and vicinity.

BONNETS AND HATS, in the very latest styles; also, DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING!

In Any Fashion or Style Desired!

For references we will only state that our Dresses, Bonnets and Hats were awarded the FIRST PREMIUMS AT THE LATE LINN COUNTY FAIR!

We also receive constant supplies of the Latest and Most Fashionable Goods!

LADIES' FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT!

Cutting and Fitting Warranted Satisfactory!

Stamping and Braiding done to order, and all other work executed with neatness and care.

MRS. DUNNIWAY, TAKES PLEASURE IN INFORMING HER patrons that she has received her invoice of

MILLINERY

FURNISHING GOODS, DIRECT FROM NEW YORK!

BEST AND LATEST STYLES, At the Most Reasonable Prices!

As Agent for Madame Demorest's Incomparable Mirror of Fashions, I am enabled to furnish gratis a copy of the Magazine for one year, beginning with the July number.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF Very Choice Millinery Goods!

OTHER NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON!

She has also secured the Agency of

Madame Demorest's World-Renowned Patterns, and all of the many useful and ornamental articles advertised in her justly popular Magazine.

COME LADIES! "all of you together," and see if I have not the

Cheapest and Choicest Millinery Goods!

EVER OFFERED FOR SALE IN ALBANY!

DRESS AND CLOAK-MAKING! In the Latest Styles!

Perfect Fits Warranted.

BLEACHING AND PRESSING! In the best manner at the very lowest rates.

NEW STAMPING PATTERNS! BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS!

Don't forget the place. Southwest corner Main and Broad Albin streets, Albany March 30, 1868.—28v30717

LOOK HERE!

Patronize Home Industry, and Save Money!

The undersigned, having opened a

AILORING ESTABLISHMENT

(On First street, north side, next door east from Washington), in Albany, takes this method of informing the public that he is prepared to

RE, CUT, AND REPAIR CLOTHING!

OF ALL KINDS, IN THE LATEST STYLES!

AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES!

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POETRY.

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said, As he placed his hand on the young man's head.

"Go it, by all means—go it fast! Go it while leather and horse shoes last; Go it while bits and hair on horse Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course; Go it as fast as ever you can, Don't slop over—my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find some day That sloping an eye to windward will pay; A horse may run a little too long, A preacher may preach just a fraction too strong; A poet who pleases the world with rhymes May write and regret it in after times, Keep the end of the effort ever in view, And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over. The wisest men Are bound to slop over now and then; And the wisest at work or at rest, Are the very ones that blunder the least. Those that for spit milk never wait Are the ones that carry the steadiest pail. Whoever you go in for in the fat; But don't slop over—take care you don't.

"Don't slop over. Great Solomon Once went a little too far with his fun, Louis Napoleon, as we know, Slipped over on Max in Mexico; Horace Greeley, and Jefferson D., And Hilton Helper, and old John B., And Adam Johnson, the Great I won't, All slipped over—take care you don't.

"Don't slop over. Detroit yourself, We always reach to the highest shelf; The next to the highest will generally do, And answer the end of such as you. Climb, of course, but always stop, And take breath this side of the top; And you'll reach it in wind and strong, Without sloping over. Thus ends my song.

Josh Billings on the Crow.

Next to the monkey, the crow has the deviltry to spare. They are born very wild, but can be tamed as easy as the goat can, but a tame crow is actually worse than a sore thumb.

If there is anything about the house that they can't get into, it is because the thing ain't big enuff. I had rather watch a distrikt skull than one tame crow.

Knows live on what they can steal, and they will steal anything that ain't tied down. They are fond of meat vittles, and are the first to hold an inquest over a departed horse, or a still sheep. They are a fine bird to hunt, but a hard one to kill; they can see you ten miles fast, and they will smell a gun right thru the side of a mountain.

They are not songsters, although they have a good voice to cultivate, but what they do sing they seem to understand thoroughly; long pratikas has made them perfect.

The crow is a tuff bird, and can stand the heat like a blacksmith and the cold like a stone wall.

The bird thar nest among a tree, and la twice, and both eggs would hatch out if the wax had in a snow bank. There ain't no such a thing as stoppin a young kro.

Kroze are very lengthy. I believe the live always. I never knew one to die a natural death, and don't believe the know how.

Tha are alus thin in flesh, and are like an injin rubber sheet, poor inside and out.

They are not considered fire eating, altho' I have read somewhere uv billed kro, but still I never heard uv the same man hankering for some billed kro 2 times.

This essa on the kro is copied from nature, and if it is tru, I ain't to blame for it, nature made the kro, I didn't, if I had I would have made her more honest and not quite so tuff.

GRAMMAR IN RHYME.—We advise every young grammarian just entering on Murray, Brown, Smith, or any of the thousand grammars in use, to commit to memory the following lines, and then they never need mistake a part of speech. Who the author is we do not know, but he deserves immortality. With but one exception—Thirty days hath September, etc.—it is the most poetical effusion we ever met with:

Three little words you often see, Are articles, a, an, and the, A Noun's a name of anything, As school, or garden, hoop or swing, Adjectives tell the kind of Noun, As great, small, pretty, white, or brown, Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—Her head, his face, your arm, my hand, Verbs tell of something to be done—To read, count, sing, laugh jump or run, How things are done the Adverbs tell, As slowly, quickly, ill, or well, Conjunctions join the words together—As men and women, wind and weather, The Propositions stand before A Noun, as in or through a door, The Interjection shows surprise, As ah! how pretty—ah! how wise, The whole are called nine parts of speech, Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

A GOOD JOKE.—Among the rules in the office of a hotel in a Shaker village in N. H., is the following:

"Married persons tarrying with us are respectfully notified that each sex occupy separate sleeping apartments while they remain."

Some time since, a newly married couple, on a little bridal trip, visited the Shakers. The evening was spent in talk, bed time came, and the couple were invited to sleep. They passed out of the office, up stairs, and there saw two sober faced Shakers, a "brother" and "sister," each with a candle.

"Man to the left!" said the brother, and into a room he wheeled the bride-groom.

"Woman to the right!" as quietly said the sister, and into a separate room the bride was ushered—the newly made man and wife separating without even a good night kiss. The bridal party only remained one night.

Why are widows who want husbands like railroads that needs repairing? Because they are ready for new ties in lieu of the decayed sleepers.

THE FROZEN HEART.

A FRONTIER SKETCH.

In the western part of the State of Iowa there is a ridge of sharp bluffs, which for some distance flanks the Missouri River.

It was here the Indians met in treaty several years ago, and from the fact a city has taken its name—Council Bluffs.

Among the early settlers of this section of the country there was a family by the name of Denver, consisting of a father and mother, one son and two daughters, the eldest of whom was some sixteen years of age. She was a lovely young creature—lovely in her innocent goodness, and she was beloved by a young man named Edwin Hobart.

Hobart had formed his attachment for this young creature while she yet resided in the East; and when her father removed to the West, the young man followed. But he had never been an especial favorite of the father, and he now appeared to be less so than ever.

Mary Denver had formerly received the address of the young man with some degree of favor, but she saw the dislike her father entertained toward the young man, and although she could not give any reason for it, she felt that it could not be without foundation. So she frankly informed Hobart that he must cease to address her until her father should feel differently in the matter.

To this Hobart replied: "Mary, I have loved you long and tenderly—even from my earliest recollection. I have left my home to follow you, and I cannot find an intentional dishonesty one. I believe your father's dislike to myself to be entirely without foundation. But you know your own feelings. If you will love me and consent to be mine, your father will soon learn that he has hated without a cause. If you reject me, you will send me upon the world with a frozen heart; and God only knows, in my impulsive way, what I might do, or what would become of me."

"This sounds something like a threat," returned the girl proudly, and she turned away.

Two nights after the conversation the alarm of Indians was given. Mothers sprang from their couches and clasped their little ones to their bosoms in terror. Strong men seized their weapons, and prepared to defend their homes to the last.

One dwelling was already in flames. A few shots had been heard, a shriek had arisen upon the still night air, and then all was still save the crackling fire. No other house was molested, and the savages appeared to have withdrawn.

In a short time the daylight dawned, and the neighbors began to assemble around the destroyed house, which proved to be that belonging to Mr. Denver and his family.

A search for the inmates was at once instituted. The mother was found horribly mutilated and scalped. The son had died nobly fighting, as his wounds attested, and the youngest daughter was mangled in an equally horrible manner.

A still further search resulted in the discovery of Mr. Denver. He had been scalped, but was still alive, and had crawled into a ditch for concealment; but he was insensible.

All search for Mary was in vain—she was nowhere to be found.

Among those present was a young man who appeared to be deeply affected by this terrible deed, and even wept. But drying his tears, he exclaimed: "I must leave tears for women. Men must think of revenge. Where is Edmund Hobart?"

"He does not appear to be here."

"Not here! He must be found at once. He is a young man, like myself, and must become one of the leaders in this matter. It shall be followed up to the bitter end."

Hobart was nowhere to be found; and Charles Barry, the weeping man, appeared somewhat uneasy. Then he hinted his suspicions, and at last declared openly that if Hobart did not soon return he should believe that the deed was committed under his direction, by savages whom he had employed. Allusion was then made to the rejection of Hobart by Mary, and he was understood to have made a terrible threat at the time.

The blow was a severe one for all. Poor Hobart suffered an age of agony in the few short hours of that night, and he could not readily recover from the shock. His heart had been freed, but Mary, as his wife, warmed it into life again.

"Have you killed the white man with the other murderers?"

"There is the pale faced dog."

The Chief pointed to Barry, who attempted to escape, but was secured, and in ten minutes was hanging in the place he had prepared for Hobart.

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in his testimony. He was permitted to do so, and he declared that Hobart had tried to hire him, some days before, to engage in that work, but that he had declined.

This was enough. The Indian was a drunken, worthless fellow, but his words were believed—more especially as the accused had been recently seen in earnest conversation with him. Hobart was condemned to be hung at midnight.

Two hours were to elapse before the execution was to take place; during this time preparations for it must be made.

Barry had resolved that it should be a grand affair. An example must be made of Hobart for the benefit of all such as should be inclined to do wrong in the future.

The preparations were complete at half-past eleven. A gallows had been erected upon an open field. Around this, on every side, was heaped up quantities of brushwood, forming a circle. These were to be lighted and the prisoner then marched to his doom.

There was no place where Hobart could be imprisoned with safety, and so he was firmly bound with ropes and placed prone upon the ground. In addition to this, heavy chains were placed upon him, and forked limbs cut from trees, the prongs sharpened, and driven down into the earth over his limbs. In this painful position the poor accused was kept for two hours, unable to move, his face and form flat upon the frosty earth.

The citizens surrounded him, heaping their curses upon him, while some could not even refrain from inflicting blows upon him, though they felt sure that he would pay the penalty of his crimes with his life.

Everything is readiness, Hobart was taken to the fatal spot. The chains clanked fearfully at every step, and he staggered under their weight, but his bearing was that of a man resolved to suffer bravely, although in silence.

The fatal noose was placed around his neck, and then the fires were lighted. The flames shot up, throwing their red glare all around. And the scene was a sickly one.

The doomed man stood erect. His eyes shone like stars as he gazed upon the burning masses near him, and the crowd of angry citizens. His face was very pale, and wore a deathly hue in the light of the blazing log; but there were no marks of fear upon it.

"Have you anything to say before you die?" asked Barry.

"Only this," replied the doomed man, firmly. "If you ever see Mary alive, tell her that I loved her to the last, and that I am innocent of this crime."

"Up with the wretch!" cried Barry. "Stay! Let the white man live!" exclaimed a commanding voice, and a huge Indian Chief leaped within the circle.

"What wants the Chief?" asked Barry, evincing some fear.

"To speak with your people for a moment."

Then turning to them he continued: "You are children. The guilty die not like that man. You should know this."

"Is he not guilty?" asked a hundred voices.

"No."

"Who is the guilty one?"

"Listen, for the Chief speaks truly. A dog of the pale face came to my war-dance. He gave them fire water, and made them mad. Then he bribed them to do that deed of blood, and led them on. He told them that they should kill all in that wigwam but the pale maiden; she had refused to become his squaw; but he would take her to the mountains and make her his slave."

"Where is the pale maiden?" cried several voices.

"I have brought her back. I cannot give you back your murdered ones, but I will give you the dead bodies of those who murdered them, for I have slain the breakers of our treaty."

Mary now entered the circle, and was received with the warmest greetings. But the man asked:

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U. Samuel Grant.

The people of the United States were disposed to accord to General Grant all the honor, glory and renown claimed for him by his most ardent admirers, simply because he was the General of the Union forces in the late war. Had he been content to confine himself to the discharge of the duties of his office, the achievements in war made by the force of overwhelming numbers of brave troops and inexhaustible resources otherwise, might have been ascribed to his superior military abilities, and he might have lived an honored military chieftain and left behind him a reputation of being one of the first military heroes of his age and country; but now, he having suffered himself to be bribed by the blandishments and promises of political lucksters, and having entered into the arena of politics, and stooped to the most despicable means to satisfy the extreme and lawless wing of a radical, sectional and lawless party; that he is in harmony with nigger savages, high taxation for the masses and exemption for the rich, for subversion of the Constitution, and for military dictatorship, and the utter enslavement of ten millions of white citizens, in order to secure the votes of 600,000 niggers, the people are beginning to inquire into his public and private history, and he must now pass the ordeal of public scrutiny; he must now stand or fall upon his own merits; his military genius must be measured by the truth of history. If the history of his military operations shall establish the fact that he is a great military hero of superior abilities, we would not pluck a single flower from the wreath with which the Radicals are seeking to decorate his brow. No one claims anything for him on the score of statesmanship, private worth, moral and social qualities or relations. In these respects perhaps he DOES NOT COME UP TO THE EDITOR OF THE ENTERPRISE. His great exploits as the General of the army is urged in his behalf as his qualifications for the Presidency. But let the truth of his history speak, and then judge ye of his merits as a military chieftain. At the landing he was most shamefully whipped, and but for the timely arrival of General Buel he would have been entirely routed and driven into the river. In his march to Richmond, he had more men slaughtered than the estimate number of Lee's army. So frightful was the havoc and slaughter that the dead bodies of 15,000 of his men laid for six weeks upon the battlefield of the Wilderness, food for the birds of prey. Great generalship does not consist in rashly, foolishly rushing into the jaws of death.

Beginning with Lee's surrender, the entire rebel force surrendered to the Union arms was 174,223 men. (See report Secretary.) At the close of the War the number of Federal soldiers in the service was 1,1