

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures or anonymously, must make known their proper names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

BUSINESS CARDS.

OFFICE OF COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, AT WATERLOO, SIX MILES ABOVE LEBANON, on the Santiam. Post office address, Lebanon.

C. G. CURL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SALEM, OREGON.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, Office No. 64 Front Street, Adjoining the Telegraph Office, Portland, Oregon.

SPECIAL COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS. Bonds, Promissory Note, Book Accounts, and all other Claims will be made a Specialty, and Promptly Collected.

S. A. JOHNS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ALBANY, OREGON.

DENTISTRY! PRICES GREATLY REDUCED!

DR. E. H. GRIFFIN

Proposes to make his rates for Dental services for the year 1869, as follows, viz:

N. H. CRANOR, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office—In Norcross' Brick Building, up-stairs, Albany, Oregon.

C. A. BLACKLEY, FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

JOHN J. WHITNEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public.

M. CANTERBURY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

G. W. GRAY, D. D. S., GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DENTAL COLLEGE.

J. C. POWELL, L. FLINN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

HILTBADDEL & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

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

ALBANY BATH HOUSE

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity that he has taken charge of this Establishment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying strict attention to business, expects to suit those who may favor him with their patronage.

First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons, he expects to give entire satisfaction to all who visit him.

RUSSELL & ELKINS, Office in Parrish's & Co's Block, First Street, ALBANY, OREGON.

Conveyancing, Examining Records, and Attending to Probate Business.

Deeds, Bonds, Contracts and Mortgages carefully drawn. Homestead and Pre-emption papers made and Claims secured.

ALL business entrusted to me will be promptly attended to. RUSSELL & ELKINS, Oct. 6, 1868—725191

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

FIRST ST., ALBANY, OREGON.

WE have connected with this office a first-class and are prepared, at shortest notice, to fill, in the neatest manner, any order that may be sent us.

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DILIGENT attention will be given to all business in his line.

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POETRY.

THE CHILDREN. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended, And the school for the day is dismissed,

And the little ones gather around me, To bid me good night and be kissed;

Oh! the little white arms that enclose me, My neck in a tender embrace;

Oh! the smiles that are balms of Heaven, Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming Of my childhood too lovely to last;

Of how that my heart will remember, While it wakes to the pulse of the past,

Ere the world and its wickedness made me A partner of sorrow and sin;

When the glory of God was about me, And the glory of gladness within.

Oh! my heart grows weak as a woman's, And the fountains of feeling will flow,

When I think of the paths step and stony, Where the little white arms that enclose me,

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them, Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;

Oh! there's nothing on earth so holy As the innocent heart of a child!

They are islands of hearts and of households, They are angels of God in disguise;

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses, His glory still gleams in their eyes.

Oh! these tyrants from home and from Heaven, They have made me more manly and mild!

And I know how Jesus could liken The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones, I have taught them the wisdom of knowledge,

But life may have just enough shadow To temper the glare of the sun;

I would pray God to guard them from evil, But my prayer would be sent back to myself;

Al! a sinner must pray for himself, But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bent, I have banished the rule and the rod;

I have taught them the wisdom of knowledge, They have taught me the wisdom of God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness, Where I shut them from breaking a rule;

My heart is a dungeon of darkness, Where I shut them from breaking a rule;

My heart is a dungeon of darkness, Where I shut them from breaking a rule;

My heart is a dungeon of darkness, Where I shut them from breaking a rule;

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

Once upon a time a traveler stepped into a stage coach.

He was a young man starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all gray headed and men.

The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our traveler was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow-passengers,

determined to ascertain the secret of a long life and the art of making old age comfortable.

He addressed the one apparently the eldest, who told him he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water.

The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life.

He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying he had always eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for the last seventy years, adding all depended on regularity.

The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; he fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political and religious controversies;

and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five, his hair was less gray, and there was more of it, a placid smile, denoting an easy conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocular and strong.

They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach.

How is it that you have preserved the freshness of life?" exclaimed our young traveler.

"I have drunk water and wine, I have eaten meat and vegetables, I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets, I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight, and got up at sunrise and noon," he, fixing his eyes intently upon the young man, concluded with this remark, "but I always pay promptly for my newspapers!"

Then the others chimed in with, "Of course we always pay promptly, and in advance, for our newspapers!"

Then the young man resolved that he also would render himself deserving of a long life, and immediately subscribed for five newspapers, paying for them all in advance. He is living yet at a ripe old age.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations.

He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which Nature always anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppress it unworthily of a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry.

He tells us of a man who reduced his pulse from a hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go in their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud yawn; and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system.

What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by the free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as older persons—and regard the through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

The pistols used in the Burr-Hamilton duel are in possession of a gentleman in Newburgh. Burr's is marked with an X. They are of the old style of manufacture, flint locks, mahogany stocks, the barrels carrying a half ounce ball.

The barrels are of the "double and twist" mark, they bear the name of "J. Twigg, London." The pistols resemble each other exactly. These weapons have been used in some ten or a dozen other duels, beside the one which has made them historically famous. We are not informed how many lives have been sacrificed by the use of them. The last owner, the late Commodore Salter, U. S. N., cleaned them and fired them off once a month regularly while he lived. It is said that they never miss fire.

A new series of postage stamps is in course of preparation by the Post Office Department. They will be smaller than those now in use, but of handsome finish and design. On the two cent stamp is an engraving of a post boy on horseback, and on the three cent a locomotive under full head of steam. The five cent stamp contains a head of Washington. The ten cent stamp is said to be very finely designed, and contains a picture of the Declaration of Independence. This engraving is very finely and delicately executed. On the twelve cent stamp an engraving of an ocean steamship is seen, and the thirty cent stamp is decorated with the surrender of Burgoyne.

The average price of horses in Vermont is \$110; in New Jersey \$140. The value of horses in Vermont is about \$4,000,000, and the value of horses in Orange county, N. Y., is \$5,000,000.

The Dayton Journal tells of a negro, at Brinley station, O., who stole a dressed hog, and had his neck broken by the hind legs of the porker, as he attempted to throw it over a fence.

The Ontario Government asks for an appropriation to erect an asylum for the 1,000 Canadian lunatics.

A GOLD CARRIER.

In the last number of Harper's Magazine we find the following description of a Wall street carrier and a Wall street load:

"All the bullion and coin of Wall street is carried about the streets in common open carts, precisely such as are used in carrying ordinary merchandise. For twenty-two years past one carman, John C. Barkley, best known in the street as 'Honest John,' whose three carts stand at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, has done the bullion dealers and bankers of the city, any of whom would trust him in their vaults with treasure uncounted. Tall, robust and ruddy, Honest John has in his countenance precisely the expression which we should expect to see in the face of one who for so many years has borne so honorable a name. He began in the street twenty-seven years ago, and after his fiftieth year, he became the established carman of the coin and bullion men. It is his carts that go to the California steamers and convey their kegs of gold to the vaults to which they are consigned. His carts assist to restore the financial balance between the two continents by conveying gold to and from the United States in Jersey City. He has occasionally carried for short distances, down hill, a million dollars in gold, which weighs two tons; but his opinion is that seven hundred thousand dollars is about as much as any humane man will ever permit his horses to draw over those rough pavements for any considerable distance. On a busy day he will have as many as twenty loads of precious metals. A load of gold, when it goes across the town, is usually accompanied by a clerk of the house to which it belongs; but it often happens that Honest John is quite alone when he has as much gold on his car as a horse can draw. For such service he gets higher compensation than when he carries an office desk or a load of printing paper; and, indeed, he has the air of a man who could show a little silver and gold of his own if there were occasion.

ARTHEMUS WARD'S TOAST.—Artemus Ward, being present at a celebration and exhibition, was called upon for a speech, when he reported in a "toast to the phair sex;"

Ladies, sez I, turnin to the butifal femaliss house presents was perfumim the fair ground, I hope you are enjoyin yourselves on this occasion, and that leinamid and water of which you are drinkin, may not agin you. May you allers be fair as the sun, bright as the moon, and butifal as an army with Union flags—also plenty of good close to wear.

To yure sex—commonly called the phair sex—we are indebted for borinns, as well as many other blessings in these low vales of sorra. Sum poor spirited fools blame yure sex for the difficulty in the garden, but I have no dowt but Adam would have rigged a cyber press, and like as not went into a big bust and drivon off onawar. Yure first muther was a lady, and all their dauters is ditto, and nun but a loafin cuss will say a yurd agin yu. Hopin that no waise of trouble will roll across your peaceful breasts, I konclude these remarks with the follerin contentment:

Women—she are a good egg.

GOOD HIT AT PULPIT PROFANITY.—Some years ago, at the conclusion of a sermon, the preacher asked some one to pass the hat around and take up a collection, a young man, a stranger in the place, immediately jumped up and commenced to circulate the hat in such a manner as to wind up at the door and pass out with the proceeds. The preacher, eying him as he went out, observed, "if that young man runs off with that money, he'll be damned." A deacon seated by one of the windows, seeing him make off down the street responded, "and if he hasn't run off with that money, I'll be d—d."

A SERVANT girl out West recently tried whisky to kill rats. She made it sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread and set it in the cellar. A few hours afterwards she went down and found several rats, gloriously fuddled, engaged in throwing potato parings and hauling one another up to drink.

"Has that gal got fits?" asked an old farmer who had passed by a young lady going through with her calisthenic exercises in the door yard. "No," replied the servant-girl, "that's jimmie bastie."

"Poor thing," said the farmer in a pitying tone; "how long she's had em?"

A young man about jumping from a train while in motion, was deterred by a reporter, who asked for his name, age, business and residence, for an obituary item.

"My dear said a cross grained husband to his long suffering wife, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No, my love, nature saved me the trouble."

An attempt to poison a miller in Saint Jonesbury, Vermont, was made recently by leaving a plug of tobacco in his mill, with strychnine enough to kill twenty men concealed in one end of it.

The venerable William M. Meredith, of Philadelphia, made his last plea before the United States Supreme Court lately, the case being the old Girard will suit.

Of the six last elected Pennsylvania Senators—Buckalew, Cameron, Cowan, Broadhead, Bigler and Scott—none have ever served in the lower House.

A Christmas goose, sent to two prisoners in a Canada jail, was stuffed with files and steel saws. They appreciated the stuffing.

"Cutting off a coupon from the marriage bond" is the ornamental synonym for having a baby.

CORRUPTION REIGNING.

Mr. Will Cumback has got himself elected United States Senator from Indiana by a species of swindling and corruption that would disgrace the lowest pot house politician in the business, and through an exposure of transactions incompatible with honor or decency of any sort. His election follows immediately upon the exposure of his baseness and unfitness, and seems rather to have commended him to his party friends.

Hannibal Hamlin is elected to the Senate from Maine under circumstances that indicate the same sort of party religion as that of Cumback; while the loyal of the New York Legislature are wrangling over carpet-bags full of bribes, brought to Albany to buy the members as a man would buy mules at a lively auction. It may seem singular that men will or can afford to pay such fabulous sums in money or such monstrous prices in baseness to get to Congress, a position, if honestly filled, full of labor and of inferior honor; but the explanation is at hand. The Washington machine has got to that level that corruption is its only strength if not its only virtue. It is simply a monstrous combination of rings to cheat the people, which it does at the rate of five hundred millions of dollars per annum. To get into one of these rings, or to have a vote in Congress is to be provided for for life. A man has but to vote himself a duke-dome of the public domain; a palace out of revenue frauds; pension all his relatives on the Treasury, and retire at the end of his term with millions; or buy himself back to his seat by a division of his plunder with other rings. This is an explanation of the immense sums expended to purchase positions under the Government, and one of the prolific sources of the wide spread demoralization of the people. Instances need not be adduced to prove these assertions; they will suggest themselves to all who read and understand. Indeed, the facts are admitted by the ruling party, and are sometimes boasted by the perpetrators themselves. Legislation and administration running through such channels, must necessarily partake of the taint; and we have tyranny, despotism, barbarity, crime everywhere rampant, while the victimized people suffer and sweat and die in the desperate, but unavailing struggle with their heartless oppressors.—Columbus Crisis.

HOW GOOD FARMERS SAVE MONEY.—Good farmers take good papers, and read them.

They keep a full account of farm operations. They do not leave their implements scattered over the farm, exposed to rain, snow or heat.

They repair the tools and building at the proper time, and do not suffer a subsequent threefold expenditure of time and money.

They use their money judiciously, and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap. They see that their fences are well repaired, and their cattle are not found grazing in the meadows, or grainfields or orchards.

They do not refuse to make experiments in a small way of many new things. They plant fruit trees well, care for them and of course get good crops.

They practice economy by giving their stock good shelter during the winter, also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten or mouldy.

They do not keep tribes of cats and snarling dogs around their premises, which eat more in a month than they are worth in a lifetime.

Successful farmings is made up by attention to little things. The farmer who does it best earns his money with best appreciation, and uses it with best results. Such men are the "salt of the earth."

NATIONAL FINANCER.—Senator Morton, in reply to a letter written to him by Greeley, says:

"Our bondholders understand perfectly well that, whatever may be the law on the question, the bonds, or any considerable part, cannot be paid in coin while the currency remains depreciated. It is folly to talk about paying the bonds in gold, if the government cannot procure gold enough to redeem the greenbacks. A return to specie payment is a necessary condition precedent to the payment of bonds in gold. They must look much more to the return of specie payments and the establishment of our finances on a solid basis, than to the mere form of the contract. As to how it should be paid then, the gold payments should begin with the debt that is due, which is the currency, not by shaving bonds that will not be due for fourteen years."

"THIS SMOKE, CHEW, SMOKE!—He sits in a corner from morning to night; 'tis smoke, chew, smoke! He rises at dawn his pipe to light, goes puffing and chewing with all his might, till the hour goes out; 'tis chew, chew, chew. He sits all day in a smoke or fog; 'tis puff, puff, puff. He grows at his wife, the cat and dog; he covers with filth the carpet and rug, and his only answer, when I give him a jog, is puff, puff, puff. The house all over, from end to end, is smoke, smoke, smoke. In whatever room my way I wend, if I take his clothes to patch and mend, ungrateful perfumes will ever ascend of smoke, smoke, smoke. At home or abroad, afar or near, 'tis smoke, chew, smoke; his mouth is stuffed from ear to ear; or puffing the stump of a pipe so dear; and his day will end, I verily fear, in smoke, smoke, smoke."

STONEWALL JACKSON'S daughter, who is said to have developed into a remarkably intelligent and beautiful young lady, is fast becoming the belle of old Virginia, and notwithstanding the toadyism of all rebeldom, she refuses to become the spoiled child of flattery, but maintains a quiet and dignified reserve, becoming a devout Christian and member of the church.

A popular Speaker has got up a lecture on "Getting Ahead." Ahead is a good thing to get—if there are any brains in it.

It seems no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, the old faller sooner or later pulls all their hair out.

SHILLABER TO JOHNSON.

P. B. Shillaber, Esq., ("Mrs. Partington"), of Boston, has written a letter to President Johnson, of which the following is a copy:

Boston, January 5, 1869. ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States.

SIR:—I am a humble citizen, whose name may have, or not have reached you, with no favor to ask beyond the wish to be credited with sincerity, and am desirous of expressing to you the admiration I feel at the course you have pursued since you assumed the reins of government. I am indifferent about doing it, lest you should interpret it as patronage; but I feel that none of us are praised for our bad ones. And for all you have done, the measure has been running over with abuse and vituperation from malignant friends and the faint praise of lukewarm friends, and, therefore, I decide to give one word of praise from an honest conviction that it is deserved. It was my fortune to oppose your election from a wrong impression regarding your position, and I was gratified to find how true you were to the old landmarks of the Constitution, and I have long wished to tell you so.—I have marked your course with profound interest, almost dreading lest you should waver, but found you indifferently constant. Such fidelity as you have shown, amid inducements to change such as no man ever met with before, denotes a character strong as adamant, and your place in the history of our times will be an illustrious one. Your enemies, and the enemies of our institutions, must admit your fidelity to your obligations. Good men however blinded, must see this, however far political demagogues, whose hatred for you extends just so far as they themselves have proved false and dishonest, denounce you. People are slow to think, but the right thought comes at last, in spite of prejudice, and those who have vilified you through a dogmatic devotion to party will grant you honesty and accord you justice. Your forbearance under abuse should assure you a niche as high as that of Job for patience. I thank you heartily for myself, and thousands would do the same for themselves, were they as I am. It is not often that men address a waning power thus, but the one who takes off the armor in tried service is more to be praised than he who at first assumes it; you will pardon my presumption in addressing you, but I could not help it;—but I presume also upon a tie that makes us brothers, that may serve somewhat as a voucher for my sincerity. With the profoundest respect, I am, dear sir, yours very truly.

P. B. SHILLABER.

ABOUT CANARIES.

The San Francisco Herald gives the following history of canaries:

Every one having had occasion to pass along Kearny street, must have been attracted by the twitter and carol of the hundreds of canaries, young and old, that are kept there on sale by bird-fanciers, as it forms one of the pleasant features of that much frequented thoroughfare. The canaries of these establishments, are mainly imported from Germany, where they are hatched in the Hartz mountains, adjacent to Hanover. When purchased for shipment, they cost about one dollar each, and upon arriving here in good condition, are readily saleable at five dollars each. The profits upon their importation would be immense, did not multitudes sicken and die on the voyage. Some of them are imported from China, but they are a small and inferior variety. In the aviaries of Germany they are hatched in thirteen days, and at incubation the male bird assists the female in the incubation each day. After being hatched the young have no feathers until the twelfth day; at fourteen days they twitter, and in four weeks with considerable strength of voice. If instructed while young, they can be taught many amusing tricks. There are twenty-nine varieties of canaries known to ornithologists, among which are the lizard spangle-back, jonquil, mealy bird, top knot, white, red, black and golden yellow. Of these varieties, the red is the most rare, and of the greatest longevity. The golden yellow is much sought after, and the black, with yellow breast, white head and tail, with top knot, is held in peculiar estimation. Irregular, spotted, or those of uniform brown or grey colors, are inferior varieties. Old birds may be known by the projecting blackish scales on their legs, and by their long, heavy claws. The canary bird was first found on the banks of rivulets, where they breed in the Canary, or Dog Islands of the Atlantic Ocean. From there they were introduced into Italy about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and from thence spread all over Europe. In a domestic state, they flourish in Russia, Siberia and America, and are everywhere prized for the beauty of their plumage, admirable songs and extraordinary docility. They are bred to some extent in San Francisco, and are found in a natural wild state in the interior of California and Mexico.—The wild canary is of a brown or gray color except in midsummer, when it becomes yellow. The most beautiful varieties are produced by bridging.

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