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MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds Where Charity is seen; that when We elude to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds Of love to Heaven.

I hold all else nam'd piety A selfish scheme—a vain pretence; Where centre is not, can there be Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare Affirm where'er my rhyme may go; Whatever things be sweet or fair Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullaby That charms to rest the restless child, Or that sweet confidence of sighs, And blazes without word.

Whether the dazling and the flash Of lofty sunbeams garden bowers, Or by some subtle door, or bush Of ragged fowls.

'Tis not the wide phylactery, Nor sturdiest staff, nor staid prayers, That make us saints; we judge the true By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart From work, or thought, or heat, I know the blessedness of his heart Is dry as dust.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following is the conclusion of the address delivered by Rev. R. A. Holland, to the Literary Societies of Washington College, Lexington, Va., at the recent commencement at that Institution. The subject of the address was "Integrity of Character the proper aim of Education."

"Where, if not here, may one feel, in expatiating upon the nobleness of character, that the theme is in echoing accord with the spirit of the place. We are near the grave of a martyr chieftain, whose name I need not mention in the village where his memory, like a precious gem, is set in the rock of the rocky broken altar-stone of a life, has been adorned with the perfume of a breath of Paradise. We are on the hallowed soil of a State which for the illustrious dead that sleep beneath its cloud-fretted roof, seems nature's own Westminster Abbey. Its Valleys, like a sacred altar, are hung to fancy's eye with battle scenes that depict the sacrifice of self for principle. Its mountains, like memorial pillars record the pure-heartedness of heroes who in the path of duty marched up to death as to a friend, and took from his outstretched hand the victor's wreath of immortality. Under its soil, as in sacred crypts, repose the dust of an army whose remembered deeds of valor, make us proud, notwithstanding all the corruptions which degrade our race, that we, too, are men. From its wind-swept forests, as from the pipes of a grand cathedral organ, rolls a ceaseless requiem for the fallen, which ever and anon swells with swifter time into a martial strain that bids the living emulate their virtues. Here, then, as in a quiet chapel of the sublime, as in State-Basilica—where to testify excellence of manhood is to hold intercourse with the spirits of its best examples—so order the steps of your ambition, that when, in pursuing its celestial end, you depart from the time-shore of life it may be but to join the glorified band of soldiers for the true and Right who have 'crossed over the river and with Jackson, 'are resting in the shade of the trees.'"

YOUNG MAN WANTED.—A lady writer under this heading hits off the men as follows: A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to get rich; if you do, let me see you are not fit to be married. Mary while you are young, and struggle up together. But marry a young man, the woman don't want you. She has to divide her affections with a cigar, a bit of whisky, and neither does she want you if you do not care for her and the little "after thoughts" which are sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stovepipe on his head, swears like a pirate and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate; she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; in short, in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purposes, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thoughts and actions as you require her to be—and without inward purity neither of you are fit for man or wife—if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud talking, exciting and brutal, young man, that woman wants you; that modest, fair, cheerful, bright looking woman wants, we mean, who fills your idea of maiden and wife. It is she that wants you. Marry her when you like, whether she is poor or rich; we'll trust you both on the above conditions, without further security.

At one of the last bull fights in Madrid, one of the most pugnacious and stubborn animals was called Andrew Johnson. This horned Andrew Johnson died game after ripping up the bellies of several horses and hurling the matadore twice into the air.

The Union Pacific Railroad bridge across the Missouri river at Omaha will be the largest one yet projected over the Missouri river. It will consist of 11 spans of 250 feet each, and is estimated to cost, when completed, nearly \$2,000,000.

The six months old babe of Francis Joseph of Austria is to have a home in an English household, so that it will first learn the English language. The Empress so directs.

Three thousand five hundred papers published in the United States.

STORY FOR MARRIED FOLKS.

Andrew Lee came home from his shop, where he had worked hard all day, tired and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be," said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either; Mrs. Lee was getting supper and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but he controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" These words were on his lips; but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply.

And so, in moody silence, the twin set together until Andrew had finished his supper.

As he pushed his chair back his wife arose and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory," said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing and taking things into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and placing a fresh-trimmed lamp thereon, suffered her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for a few moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, set down by the table, opened the sheet and commenced reading.

Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the paper before him and he read on: "Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement. It won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered, "Oh yes, that's all very well—praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen and making her home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it. It will make her eyes wider than they have been for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you to."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written expressly for him and just for this occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it also a rebuke. He read no further, for thoughts came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made her home as comfortable for him as she could make it, and had he offered the light return of praise or commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known in the comfort he had experienced?

He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him she was at work.

"Praise your wife." These words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill-nature, for he had had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that was lying spread out before him and he read the sentence, "A kind cheerful word spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered first, his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of the many things to say, and yet he feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his address with a rebuff. At last leaning toward her, and taking hold upon the shirt bosom at which she was at work, he said in a voice that was carefully modulated with kindness.

"You are doing that work beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to notice that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid seriousness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are made better and whiter than those of any other man in the 'shop,'" said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness.

LORD BYRON AND MRS. STOWE.

We cannot but deplore the publication of a narrative such as that which Mrs. Stowe has thought proper to lay before the world. It sets no question at rest, and consequently it will not even satisfy the morbid curiosity of those persons who are more interested in the scandals of Lord Byron's life than in his works.

Mrs. Stowe has been made the means of circulating a revolting suspicion on Lord Byron's half-sister—Mrs. Stowe calls her—of whom all that is known is that she was faithful to him in the darkest hours of his life, and followed him with her sympathy in his exile. It is no justification of the course which Mrs. Stowe has unfortunately been advised to adopt, that Lord Byron originated the calumny on an innocent lady. Lady Byron pursued the poet with a systematic malignity which was sometimes scarcely compatible with the theory of her sanity. There was no offence of which she did not accuse him. It was only after he and his half-sister had been dead for years that she ventured to link their names together in infamy. Then it was done in a conversation with a comparative stranger, and no proofs whatever were given in support of the odious charge.

Mrs. Stowe was not called upon to revive this miserable story of domestic unhappiness. She can produce no evidence in substantiation of the narrative. All the facts and all the probabilities contradict it. Respect for the memory of Lady Byron would certainly have suggested the propriety of allowing a mystery which can never be cleared up to sink into oblivion. She has now stepped forward with unsupported allegations of a character so abominable as to compel us to receive them with incredulity, and it is but little extension of her fault that she ordered herself to be imposed upon by a woman of impenetrable disposition and relentless temper.

It is quite evident that Mrs. Stowe approached her task in the spirit of a novelist. Her account of Lord Byron's affection for Miss Chaworth is of the gushing and sentimental order which certain writers of fiction habitually affect. Her moralizing, her eloquent digressions on the subject of angels, her reflections, which are meant to be pious and narrowly escape being profane, her ecstatic account of Lady Byron's struggles, her "hand of darkness" for the redemption of her "hand band's soul" may also be tolerated on the ground that they are part of the stock in trade of an imaginative writer. When Mrs. Stowe comes to deal with facts we get upon ground where we at once discover her singular incautiousness in dealing with a subject of extreme delicacy. Every detail of her story is contradicted by the circumstances attending the separation of Lord and Lady Byron. She is wrong in her quotations, wrong in her dates, wrong in the account she gives of the mode in which Lady Byron quitted her husband's roof. She speaks of Lady Byron having lived two years with her husband. The truth is that they were married on the 3d of January, 1815, and on the 15th of the following January they were separated. She states that Lord Byron wrote a note to his wife, ordering her to leave him. "He could not and would not," says Mrs. Stowe, "have her about him, when her child was only five weeks old he carried this threat of expulsion into effect." This is quite contrary to the actual facts. The child was born on the 10th of December. Lady Byron went to her father's house at Kirkby Mallory in the ensuing month, for the benefit of her health. She wrote a letter from thence to her husband which has always been deemed a strong presumptive proof that Lord Byron was guilty of no gross offence towards her. Leigh Hunt, Captain Medwin and Tom Moore read this letter. A writer in a recent number of Blackwood's Magazine recalls their testimony in regard to it. Leigh Hunt says it "was written in a spirit of good humor, and even fondness, which though containing nothing but what a wife ought to write, and is the better for writing, was, I thought, almost too good to show." Moore describes it as "full of playfulness and affection." Captain Medwin states that it began "Dear Duck." A few days afterward Lord Byron received another letter from his wife's mother, in which she informed him that Lady Byron had left him forever. "Let it be remembered that Lady Byron parted from her husband on good terms, that she wrote to him in a very affectionate manner, and that without seeing him again she suddenly cast him off. These are facts which have never been disputed. Now listen to the romance which Lady Byron appears to have foisted on Mrs. Stowe.

"On the day of her departure she passed by the door of her room, and stopped to caress her favorite spaniel, which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into his room, where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, 'Byron, I come to say good-bye,' of which she put her hands behind him, and leaning around on the two that stood there with a sarcastic smile, said, 'When shall we three meet again? Lady Byron answered, 'In heaven, I trust; and these were her last words to him on earth.'"

We have no hesitation in asserting that whenever and wherever this story was invented, it is entirely without foundation, and we believe that it now makes its appearance for the first time. If it has been published before, it must be one of those tales which Lord Macaulay refers to as "loathsome slanders" on Lord Byron's character, and Macaulay's comment upon them is singularly appropriate to this particular specimen: "It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit and the degradation of such a name."

We have no inclination to undertake the vindication of Lord Byron's general moral character. Probably Mrs. Stowe's estimate would not materially differ from our own. But we may believe him to have been guilty of many faults without crediting the disgusting story now made public. And we are quite sure that so unprofitable a topic as his misdeeds ought not to be general moved from the field of publication. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Stowe has again invited attention to it. We must repeat that we are sorry for the part she has taken in the affair. It has rendered no service to literature, it reflects no credit on Lady Byron, and it will not enhance the debt which the present generation owe to Mrs. Stowe's useful and amusing pen.

MR. GREENLEY CONSIDERS HE SHARES IN CHURCH.—We are for treating our Chinese fellow citizens as kindly as possible, but it should be understood that when they become converted to Christianity, there must be no smoking in church, nor must they bring chickens "for to sell" to the congregation; nor must they strip themselves half-naked if it happens to be warm in the sacred edifice; nor must they interrupt the service by begging loudly for cash; nor must they rush out if a procession should chance to pass. These Chinese neophytes in San Francisco mitigate the tedium of church by all these devices, but as they are quick to learn, they soon find out our sovereign defense against bad sermons, and slumber in their pews as sweetly as we do.—New York Tribune, Aug. 4.

CHIPS.

It is a singular fact that most of crack rifle shots have blue eyes.

The original name of the "Hub" must have been Tish-town, corrupted afterwards to Boston.

What is the difference between a pill and a bill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

"My son, know thyself!" solemnly said a father to one of his offspring. "Thank you, sir," replied the son, "but my list of acquaintances is sufficiently large already."

What should a young man carry with him when calling upon his affianced? Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and confetti in his pockets.

A young Welshman, jilted by the girl of his choice, has sent in for a bill for damages; in which perhaps the most cruel item is: "To twelve days lost in your company, £4 7s 6d."

Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence at Ypsilanti, Mich., by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment:—"Oh, he recited it well enough, but darned if I believe he wrote it."

A well-known physician used to say that roast beef, serenity of mind, cold water baths, and an amiable wife, would make almost any man healthy, wealthy and wise.

An old offender was lately introduced to a new county justice of the peace as John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'm the two women first," said the thick-headed justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."

The ability of the female tongue to keep a secret is proved by the conduct of a St. John's girl, who did not tell her lover that she was worth four million in her own right until after the marriage. But who will believe that he didn't know it?

A person was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Because said he, 'My father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't read them through yet.' He afterwards became a pauper."

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son is invaluable in all kinds of business—except love making."

On a certain occasion of an eclipse in Virginia a colored individual became greatly elated: "Dress de lord" said he "de nigger's time has come at last, and we's gwine to hab a black sun."

An Irish emigrant, hearing the sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply; and down the sun in this country with such a bang as that?

A GHAVE JAKE.—Some wag took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin, with the lid so he could raise it, placed it in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect.—After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and looking around; "Wal, I am the firstest that's ris'd or else I am confoundedly belated."

An Irish gentleman, resident in Canada, was desirous of persuading his sons to work as backwoodsmen, instead of idling away their constitutions and money in luxuries and pleasure; and, as chattering costs something more than five shillings a bottle, whenever the old gentleman saw his sons raise the sparkling mixture to their lips he used humorously to exclaim to them: "Ah, my boys, there goes an acre of land, trees and all!"

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