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THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

"It is only an every-day face," "Every-day faces have histories..."

"What is that, Jane?" "The door opened unheeded in their conversation and an elderly lady stood looking in on the threshold."

"Not so long, my dear," said Mrs. Burgess, shaking her head, a little sadly.

"I wish I were a young girl," said Mrs. Vincent, as she afterwards became.

"Oh, I am sure there is a story about it," said Fanny, eagerly.

"It is hardly a cheerful one, my dear, but open the window, these rooms have been shut up so long, and I will try and retreat it."

"Jane flung open the window, letting in a shower of rain drops which had gathered on the sash, and a current of sweet June air, laden with scents of apple blossoms and lilacs."

"Mr Vincent, who owned the house, and these lands, stretching far as you see on every side, was my uncle—my uncle by courtesy—he was my aunt's husband."

When I first saw Rachel Richards, who smiles so sorrowfully upon us from that portrait—she was a young lady of twenty, ten whole years my senior."

"She had no father or mother, was a poor orphan, and had been brought up by my aunt out of charity, having very nearly a servant's place in the family."

"She was very pretty; this picture here does not do her justice, though it would have been hard to catch the light and play of those fine features; if it might have been happier for her in the end, if she hadn't been so handsome; it looks so, but I can't say."

"My uncle and aunt had only one child, a son; how very, very fond they were of him; they made an idol of him, which we shouldn't do of human beings. Of course he disappointed them. He was three years older than Rachel, and brought up with her."

Arthur went away to finish his education, and was gone two years. The last year was spent in traveling with his tutor. He came back a very accomplished gentleman, and his fond parents doted upon him more than ever. His coming home fell just in the beginning of my visit; I was here with an old sister; my aunt had begged of my mother permission for us to come and stay through the whole summer."

"After his greeting from his parents was over, he went out into the servant's hall. Rachel was there; she was too proud to come with the rest to greet him. I was there, too, having just run out. I saw her draw back, and her face flush, as, after speaking to the others, he came towards her; poor thing, she felt her position, she was very proud; it must have been intuitive in her, brought up as she had been."

"Why, Rachel, how you have changed," he said, holding her hand. "I shouldn't have known you anywhere; and his eyes spoke a very warm admiration, tempered with respect."

"I thought it, child, as I was, and wondered why the color went out of her face, and her look fell."

"You can guess what comes next. Arthur was a very honorable young man; he had no thoughts of deceiving her; he came very soon to the point. He must have loved her very dearly to bring such grief to his parents. I think they had rather he would have died—his mother, at least—tenderly as she loved him. But the discovery did not come for a long time. Rachel had another lover. I believe in love she loved him best, but he was poor. He was a poor clerk at the chief shop in the village—the village was much larger than it is now; you don't know how the place had dwindled since those days—and his mother was a poor widow, entirely dependent upon him for support. If she had engaged herself to Robert Leavitt it might have been a weary waiting; to have married him at once would have been to step into poverty."

"But, Mrs. Burgess," interposed Fanny, "why do you suppose she had a preference for Mr. Leavitt? Mr. Vincent was more accomplished and agreeable, wasn't he?"

"I will tell you, my dear, something that I saw, a meeting between them. It was a June twilight, and I had wandered out alone in the garden. I heard voices, and came nearly upon Rachel and Mr. Leavitt close by the arbor. They were talking together about. They were talking together about. They were talking together about.

"I thought her life had not proved all she expected; she had begun to tire of its hollowness and splendor."

"She was too gay and charming to be natural. I began to think, young as I was, that much of her gaiety lay upon the surface. Perhaps an accident which took place one day helped me in the discovery. We rode out in the green, country lanes, and stopped our horses before a cottage to get a drink of water."

"It was one of the loveliest land-

scapes I ever looked upon—hills, vales, and groves, and a silver river threading close between the green banks.

"The farmer's wife—or such I thought her—came out with a glass and pitcher of sparkling water in her hands. We quenched our thirst."

"Mrs. Vincent, whose eyes had been fixed intently on the little child toddling at her feet, bent forward suddenly as she turned away to make some remark on the beauty of the scenery, and closed by asking the stranger's name."

"Leavitt, ma'am," said the woman, looking rather surprised at the question, "Leavitt."

"I turned, struck by a curiosity, to glance at the woman as she disappeared. I saw a fair graceful figure, a countenance both strikingly beautiful than Rachel's but more winning in its expression. This, then, I knew at once, was Robert Leavitt's wife, Rachel's old lover. He had reconciled himself to his disappointment. I stole a look at her. I saw her hand tremble as she held a cluster of roses lying on her lap, and her face growing white under her veil. No one else noticed her emotion. There were two other ladies with us, and soon she was chatting away gaily as usual; but we never came that way again."

"I think Rachel and her husband did not live very happily together. He had something of his mother's imperious temper, and I think, as I have said before, that he began early to doubt the wisdom of his choice."

"The next few years were very important ones in her home. My sister married, my father died, and our little household was completely broken up. I heard about that time suddenly of a separation between Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, and that the former had sued for a divorce. Of course everybody took the gentleman's side. He had friends and means—the wife had not a relative in the world. He got his case, low, I do not know; but I suppose by some quibble of the law. I cannot think Rachel was criminal. She did not go away from home. If she had done so, people would have said she was with her alleged lover, Captain Lexington; but, on the contrary, she hired a room in the village and took in sewing to support herself. She had a brave heart. Most women would have shrunk from such a course, but she chose to live scantly down, and took the only way she could to uphold her innocence. She had been generous in her days of prosperity; no one laid a word or act of pride against her, and she hereafter very few, to rejoice in her lowliness. She had taken her old name of Rachel Richards again. I wonder if she did not wish she could go back to those dear old days, happier with all their petty mortifications and griefs than the gloomy years of wealth and honors."

"Mr. Vincent was not happy. He had won his case, but how could he be? I think there was a lingering tenderness in his heart toward his wife, after all. He could not convince himself of her sin and, though she had erred, he must have known that he, too, was in fault. They met sometimes in the village streets, the pale seamstress on foot, the rich country gentleman in his carriage."

"These were bitter meetings, but I think the husband bore the keenest pain. You look surprised. I know that Rachel was poor, and poverty and labor are no light things when one has no object but the common bread they must eat to strive for; still, you forget that, even in the beginning, the claims of her married life were woven out of a very different material from wreaths of roses, and that, when harsh words came, as no doubt they soon did, the bondage might well grow intolerable."

"As for Vincent, he had what his wife had not—recollections of family honor, and the consciousness, too, that he had acted hastily, both in his marriage itself, and in its late repudiation."

"'What became of her?' asked Fanny. 'Did they come together again?' 'No, a strange thing came about. After more than twelve years of this life, when Rachel's dark locks were thickly woven with silver and the bloom of youth had quite passed away, Leavitt, then a widower, came and renewed his suit to her.'

"'Why, Mrs. Burgess, how could he?' 'It was very natural, my dear, though such romantic events seldom come around. Mr. Vincent was dead, and Mr. Leavitt, knowing her as well as he once did, never could have believed the aspersions on her character. Her life, too, by that time, had lived their own down.'

"'But she refused to marry Mr. Leavitt?'" 'Yes, and no doubt he felt it keenly enough, but his own marriage had followed afterwards, and he had had an ample time to lose the freshness of his mortification and anger. She had suffered enough to atone for her error, he knew that.'

"'She was wonderful in that they should come together at last. I don't think she deserved so much happiness.' 'God knows best, my dear. She had some excuses for her faults. She never had any mother, poor thing, to remember—and as I have told you, her lot with my aunt could not have been a very happy one. If Mr. Vincent had been more patient, more tolerant with her faults, though she never could have loved him, she might have made a better wife.'

"'Did you see her after her second marriage, Mrs. Burgess?' 'Yes, once; that was not long after my brother-in-law had purchased this property, and just after my husband's death. My health was much broken, and

my sister-in-law persuaded me to come here to try the benefit of the fresh country air."

"We drove out often together, and once we came upon one of those fresh green lanes where the incident I have described took place."

"'That,' said my sister-in-law, as I looked out at the cottage, 'is the residence of Mr. Leavitt. Quite a romantic history is connected with his second marriage—oh, I forgot!'"

"'She stopped in confusion. 'The late Mr. Vincent was your cousin?'"

"'But how,' said I, wondering, 'did Mr. Leavitt purchase this farm?' I understood he was a poor clerk. I supposed he remained in that position always."

"'No; his uncle died about the time of his first marriage and left him this place. He was a hard, avaricious man, I believe, and had never taken any notice of his relatives in his lifetime.'"

"'I felt curious to see her; but did not know how to gratify my interest. An old chance helped me. I chose this direction for our drives often. This was not singular, for, as I have told you, the landscapes about there were very beautiful. One day an accident happened to our carriage in this very spot—one of the wheels gave way; the fastening, I think, had got loosened, and we were compelled to alight.'"

"'Fortunately, we were at that moment walking our horses, and they did not take fright. A light spring shower was beginning to fall, and our condition was not very agreeable. Mrs. Leavitt came out of her cottage, and with grateful hospitality invited me to enter. She did not seem to remember me; perhaps time and sorrow had changed my face, or, most likely, she did not desire to renew our old acquaintance.'"

"'It was a homely farmhouse, but I could not but notice the exquisite order and symmetry which pervaded its humble appointments. A vase of white and red roses on the table, evidently fresh culled from the little garden beneath the windows, brought up the strange morning of the discovery of her first marriage with startling distinctness.'"

"'I looked at her as she sat entertaining her guests, with very much of her old ease. Her dark hair now thickly threaded with gray, was parted smoothly back, and her eyes wore a look of serene content, such as I had never seen in them in the old days. A slight, pretty girl, evidently a step-daughter, came in; her face, too, wore a cheerful look.'"

"'Very plainly Rachel's declining years were better, much truer, happier, than any other part of her life had been—I looked back at her when we had parted from her, and saw her standing in the door, where she had received our thankful adieus.'"

"'Copied her portrait have been taken at that moment to stand side by side with this, you would see the fruits of the lesson she was only learning when the painter made it.'"

"'And she never had my regrets for her old fortunes?' said Jane. 'Well, I am glad she was happy at last. Now I come to look clearer at this painting, I think it is not an every-day face.'"

"'The sun broke suddenly from the clouds, still dripping with rain, and shone in the chamber, flinging a mournful glory around the portrait.'"

"'The dark eyes seemed to kindle, the sorrowful lips to curve into a smile upon it with deep interest, the same thought stirring silently in the hearts of each—'Every human life has a history.'"

"'AVFUL SLEEPY.—'Clerk,' said a tall Kentuckian to a hotel official, 'this young woman and me have eloped.—Have you any marrying facilities around here?'"

"'The clerk replied in the affirmative, and the two were bridged in less than an hour. The bridegroom was evidently not very satisfied, and lingered around the hotel book.'"

"'Clerk,' said he, confidentially, at length, 'hadn't ye better change the register, and give us one room, now we're married?'"

"'It's already done,' replied the clerk, 'you're marked for the same room.'"

"'Well, clerk,' replied the Kentuckian, quickly, 'won't you just show me up, then, for I'm awful sleepy!'"

"'ON DRESSING.—A friend in South Carolina writes of a little favorite, Helen, who lately being much interested in her doll's wardrobe, wished her to tell some stories about dressing.'"

"'I intend my little doll shall be a nice young lady like you,' she said, which meant among other things that dolly was to be prettily dressed. The teacher proceeded to tell the story of mother Eve's costume, and of its being unnecessary for her to wear any clothing until after the fall by sin. Helen looked in utter astonishment at the new dress she was arranging for dolly, as the teacher gave the narrative, and at last dropping the tiny garment she held, at the thought that it might have been no use had Adam not disobeyed, she said, 'I'm real glad he sinned, ain't you, Miss Sarah?'"

"'A hat manufacturer claims for himself the title of "Universal Sympathizer" because, he says, he has felt for every one

[From the St. Louis Times.] HILDBRAND.

An Authentic Letter from Him—His Own Statement of Affairs from the Beginning of the War to the Present Time.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Oct. 17, 1869.

"As 'fair play' is one of the jewels of American character, and as it is considered right and proper to give even the devil 'his due,' I hope you will not refuse to give to the public, through your widely read paper, Sam. Hildebrand's own statement of his history since the beginning of the late terrible war; for the end that fair minded men may judge whether there were not some good reasons and strong provocations for the desperate deeds charged against me."

"When the war began I was leading a quiet, peaceable life, trying to provide for my family in an honest though humble sphere of life. In the condition of affairs in my part of Missouri, I had made up my mind to keep out of the troubles and take no part in the war. In 1862 my brother, Frank Hildebrand, went into the State Guards under Jeff. Thompson. On Frank's return to see our mother and family, he was captured by a mob headed by young McElvane. My McElvane's order, Frank was killed after his capture; his head was smashed, his body mangled and cut to pieces in such a shocking manner that the most barbarous savage would have blushed to have been guilty of the deed. His body was then thrown into a mineral hole 50 feet deep, and left to rot."

"The next outrage committed on my kindred and family was the murder of my brother, George Washington, and a Canadian named Eustache Landsky, who was engaged to be married to my sister Mary. These last murders were perpetrated by men in Union uniform, and who were soldiers of the Federal army. Two weeks after these tragedies my sister Mary died of trouble and a broken heart."

"Two weeks later these men came to my mother's house and loaded several wagons with our property, drove off all our cattle, and set fire to her house, the best stone dwelling in the settlement. My poor, dear, broken hearted mother, seeing the house burning, sent my little brother Henry to those heartless wretches and asked for the family Bible as a relic to be kept when all else was gone. Not dreaming of harm to the little tender boy, what can express her horror and agony when these demons shot my little brother, not 12 years old, through the bowels, and a lead then put his foot on his head and cut his throat."

"Thus were these atrocious deeds of blood and cruelty and robbery committed on my kindred and family. Let any man put the question to his soul, whether such outrages would not have aroused him to desperate retaliation, at the time when the law no longer had power to avenge a man's wrongs for him and for the sake of justice. And yet, even then, I bore these accumulated outrages without lifting a hand to avenge my brothers' and sister's blood. Loving my darling wife and little children better than anything else on earth, I forced my heart to bear on in silence. Though crushed like a worm, I refused to let the foot that crushed me."

"During all these outrages I had resolved to not go in the Southern army, nor to meddle in the troubles in any way; I removed from Big River to Flat Woods, distant 25 miles, hoping that no harm would befall me or my wife and children, if I would get out of the immediate neighborhood of those who had murdered and outraged my family."

"But to my surprise, about the middle of May, just when my crop was looking well, and hope was strong that I would be left in peace, about sunrise one morning my house was surrounded by McElvane and his crew of some 30 or 40 men, all well armed."

"I remembered the fate of my brothers and friends, slaughtered in cold blood, like sheep, after their capture, and I knew there was no hope of mercy or justice from such demons; no help except in the courage and strength that God had given me."

"The die with me was cast. I had sought peace and quiet, but the blood-hounds had trailed me. I was at bay. The conflict that I had fled from was forced upon me. The alternative was life or death."

"I met my pursuers at the door. I shot down two of them in their tracks, made a rush for the woods and escaped. Finding it impossible to live at or near home, I went to Arkansas, and afterward got my wife and four children."

"The two men I killed in my door was the first blood ever shed by me. Then, when a price was set on my head, I determined to revenge the death of my brothers. I rode seven times from Arkansas before I could get to shoot McElvane, the infamous butcher, who had murdered my brothers and sought my life. Then I meant to harm no one else, if they would leave me undisturbed, but some of the soldiers, piloted by Jim Craig, a very meddlesome spy, undertook to have me killed."

"In self-defense I turned loose on them and made many of those who sought my life bite the dust. I often met them in the woods. They all knew me, and would offer to assist me. They would make an appointment to bring me provisions to my hiding places, and then would pilot soldiers there to try to have me captured. I always killed that kind of men. I have captured many Union soldiers, but I never hurt or treated them unkindly unless it was one who had brutally treated Southern prisoners, and I knew it."

"I have had hundreds of hair-breadth escapes for my life; but I know there is a merciful God that knows and does all things right—an all-powerful hand has protected me. I have twenty times been suddenly waked, and fled from my bed, when a shower of Yankee balls would rattle the bed I had sprang out of. I have had my clothes torn from my body

with Yankee bullets, but two only ever drew blood from me."

"I wish to say that I saw a Republican of June last, which contains some charges against me that are not true. It speaks of many cruelties committed by Hildebrand in Calloway county which are utterly untrue. I never was in Calloway county in my life. It also charges me with cruelty to a little boy. That is also false. I never harmed a woman or child in my life. I waited only with men who had made war on me. I was also accused of taking stock of Jim McLane to the amount of \$2500. The neighbors all know that Jim McLane always lived from hand to mouth, and never had anything to be stolen or taken from him."

"I wish to add a few remarks to explain my late troubles."

"After the excitement about the war and my troubles seemed to die out, and men seemed disposed to heal over past sorrows, in the spring of 1869, I came back to St. Francis county, and talked to many of the good people of the county concerning the propriety of returning to my old home. All I spoke of to all parties was, 'Sam, come home.'"

"I came back in good faith. I moved to my mother's old place and lived there six months. I then moved to Hillboro and stayed there until last fall. Finding it hard to make a living there, I moved on the Mississippi river, near Rush Tower, and chopped wood all last winter. I then moved back to the Three Rivers, on the Sam Hill place to raise a crop. There I lived and worked until the fourth of June last, when I was waylaid and shot by Jim. McLane, or Walter Evans and others, that I or my friends may yet call to account. They waylaid my house to murder me in April last, for several days. On the fourth of June I was shot through the thigh at my house."

"I went to my uncle William's where they attacked me six days after. They shot all day at me there. I selected Jim McLane, whom I knew only by reputation, and shot him from the house. Sheriff Loozekridge and the balance of his party took good care of their scalps after I killed McLane. It was then that they came to my house to murder me in April last, for several days. On the fourth of June I was shot through the thigh at my house."

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"I wish to say to the Radicals in and about Farmington to beware how they mistreat my wife and children, as I hear they have had them under arrest by order of the drunken Bowen, and I will say to Bob Hill and Joe McGahan to walk smoothly and not let my family suffer. They helped to kill my brothers, but they have not yet killed me."

"Jim McLane was a tool in the hands of that infamous creature and coward, Gust. St. Gen, of St. Genevieve, who will some day, no matter where he may hide himself, have to answer for many crimes he planned, and was too cowardly to execute, but got others to do for him. McLane murdered Judge Burk, of St. Genevieve, and preacher Polk, over eighty-three years of age."

"I wish to say to Gov. McClurg that I could have easily killed him while I was in Farmington, if I had wanted to do so, but I look upon him as a gentleman, and that he is misled by hearing lies from bad men, who are Radicals."

"All I have written is every word true, I do not want to be killed yet awhile; neither do I wish to kill any one if they will let me alone. My enemies have charged me with being a thief during the war. I was not. All that I fairly captured I gave away to the widows and orphans who had been robbed and were suffering."

"I will refer to any honest man who knew me, whether I was not an honest man. In the latter part of August the Radical Government of Missouri had four or five hundred armed men surround me down, and declared martial law. What a tempest one poor hunted man can rise! It is because of guilty consciences. They know the wrongs they did, and know that vengeance should fall upon the guilty."

"I have had two bushel of Radical bullets shot at me, but only two ever drew blood. The old Indian when he fired fourteen shots at Gen. Washington, and missed him every shot, said that the Great Spirit had turned the balls aside. God has turned away the bullets aimed at my life, and I put my trust in Him, and believe the balance of my days will be spent more happily."

"I am in fine spirits and good health as I ever was. My wound is entirely healed, and I am good for many years of life if my foes allow me to live in peace; and if they do not, on them be the consequences."

"Let spies and informers keep at a safe distance from me. I do not think I can be easily trailed, but it is the safest for any person that has a desire to hunt up Hildebrand to let that alone. Remember the greenhorn that started out to hunt grizzly bears in California."

"In order that those who know me and my family may know that the writer of this is 'Sam' Hildebrand, and not a fictitious person, I will here give the names of my wife and children. My wife, Margaret; children, Henry, Rebecca, Mary, Elizabeth, Nancy, Catharine, Margaret Ann, George Washington."

Yours, SAM. HILDBRAND.

The London papers are discussing the question as to whether it would be proper to kill incurable lunatics.