State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VI. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1870. NO. 17.

STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

MART. V. BROWN.

OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, $3; Six Months $2; One Month, 50 cts.; Single Copies, 12½ cts.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING: PER YEAR: One Column, $100; Half Column, $60; Quarter Column, $35.

Transient Advertisements per Square of ten lines or less of this sized type, first insertion, $3; each subsequent insertion, $1.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

J. QUINN THORNTON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

Office No. 111 First Street, between Morrison and Alder, opposite the Occidental Hotel,

PORTLAND - - - OREGON.

Will practice in the superior and inferior Courts of the State, and in the District and Circuit Court of the United States, giving special attention to the collection of debts in all parts of Oregon, and to obtaining discharges in bankruptcy, which, since the last amendment to the law, may be obtained from all debts contracted prior to January 1st, 1869, without regard to the per centage which the assets may finally pay.

November 25, 1870–y1

GEO. R. HELM,

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Will Practice in all the Courts of the State.

OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.

Nov. 11, 1870.

JUDGE KELSAY. JOSEPH HANNON.

KELSAY & HANNON,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.

ALBANY, OREGON.

Partners for Linn County.

Office up stairs in Post Office Building. v5n4y1

OFFICE OF SCHOOL SUP'RINTEND'T

—FOR—

LINN COUNTY,

AT HARRISBURG.

oc30v6n7y1. T. J. STITES.

G. F. SETTLEMIER,

Druggist and Apothecary!

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, Paints, Window Glass, Dyestuffs, Liquors, Fancy Soaps, Brushes, Perfumeries, &c.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

All articles and Drugs in our line warranted of the best quality.

First street, Post Office building, Albany. jul5v5n48y1

N. S. DU BOIS,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND RECEIVING a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, Wood and Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery, Yankee Notions, etc., etc.

Wholesale and Retail.

Opposite R. C. Hill & Son's Drug Store, Albany, Oregon. jun10v5n43y1

D. B. RICE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Office: On South side of Main street. Residence: On Second street, opposite Pearce's Ferry. apr15v5n35tf.

N. H. CRANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

OFFICE—In Noreross' Brick Building, up-stairs Albany, Oregon. au4

JOHN J. WHITNEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Notary Public.

Special attention given to collections.

OFFICE—In the Court House, Albany, Oregon. v3n33tf.

J. C. POWELL. L. FLINN.

POWELL & FLINN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)

ALBANY, Oregon. Collections and conveyances promptly attended to. oc20n10ly

W. J. HILTABIDEL. D. ANDREWS.

HILTABIDEL & CO.,

DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, Wood and Willow Ware, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc. Store on Maine street, adjoining the Express office, Albany, Oregon. se28v3n7tf

CHAIRS AND TURNING!

ALL SIZES OF

RAW-HIDE BOTTOMED CHAIRS!

of the best quality, well-finished, can be had at

METZLER'S SHOP!

Also, all kinds of TURNING done to order. Timber for Hubs on hand and fixed for turning paling.

Metzler's Chairs are kept on hand by E. B. Mount & Co., Harrisburg.

fe25v5n28y1. J. M. METZLER.

J. C. MENDENHALL,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

ALBANY, OREGON.

Legal Instruments of all kinds made and attested: Conveyances and Collections promptly attended to. v5n41tf

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 all those who may favor him with their patronage. Having heretofore carried on nothing but

First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,

he expects to give entire satisfaction to all. Children and Ladies' Hair neatly cut and shampooed. JOSEPH WEBBER.

apr4v3n33tf

CORVALLIS COLLEGE!

—FOR—

MALES AND FEMALES.

CORVALLIS, OREGON.

YEAR DIVIDED INTO THREE SESSIONS. Tuition (per Session of 3½ months,) from $6 to $15, according to studies.

MALE BOARDING HOUSE, by Prof. J. Emery. Board, including room, fuel and lights, $5 per session (14 weeks). Washing, $5 per session. Tuition: One-half in advance and the other half at the close of the session.

se18v6n3tf W. A. FINLEY, A. M., President.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW ENGLAND

MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPN'Y

OF BOSTON.

The Oldest Purely Mutual Life Insurance Co. in the United States.

INCORPORATED, - - - - - 1835.

Dividends of his Company are paid ANNUALLY to the Assured, in CASH.

It was chartered in 1835, and its unbroken history, during Twenty-Six Years' active operation has thoroughly established its reliability.

Its Record Stands as Follows:

Cash Assets, January, 1870	$9,000,000 00
Cash Dividend of 1866	675,000 00
Cash Dividend of 1867	576,573 55
Cash Distributions of 1868	736,197 85
Cash Dividend of 1869	480,339 00
Total Surplus divided	4,000,000 00
Total Losses paid	4,200,000 00

By the Acts of Massachusetts, incorporated into the General Statutes of 1861, a policy of life insurance for the benefit of a MARRIED WOMAN OR ANY PERSON OR PERSONS SPECIFIED, goes to them independently of the Debts and Liabilities of the Party who effects the Policy.

The New England is the only Massachusetts Company doing business on the Pacific Coast, and therefore the only Company governed by the equitable Massachusetts Large Law.

EXAMPLE SHOWING THE WORKINGS OF THIS LAW

Plan Ordinary Life.

FOR EXAMPLE: A party insuring at the age of thirty five, *Premiums all Cash.*

One Annual Premium will continue policy in force 2 years and 3 days.

EXAMPLE: *Premium all Cash*—Age, 35; Plan, Ten-Year Endowment, payable a the age of 45. One Annual Premium will continue policy in force as a Term Policy, 7 years.

If you wish to make it absolutely certain that not a dollar you invest will ever be forfeited—*Insure in the New England.*

If you wish to get your dividends with the second annual payment, and annually increasing on the contribution plan, that is—TO GET JUST WHAT IS YOURS—NO MORE AND NO LESS, and just when it is due—*Insure in the New England.*

NO STOCKHOLDERS IN THIS COMPANY.

Its business in Linn county in the last year and a half exceeds that of all other companies combined.

EVERSON & MIDDLEMISS, Gen'l Agents, San Francisco, Cal.

S. M. HOLDREDGE, 102 Front-st., Portland, Ag't for Oregon and Washington Ter.

JAMES ELKINS, Ag't, ALBANY, OREGON.

au12v5n52m3

L. ELKINS. WM. S. ELKINS

ELKINS & SON,

AT LEBANON.

One of The Oldest Mercantile Firms in Linn County!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING A

NEW AND FRESH STOCK OF GOODS!

DIRECT FROM THE EAST!

Which will be sold at the Very Cheapest Figures! Offering every inducement to their old customers and others to purchase their

SPRING SUPPLIES

—OF—

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING!

GROCERIES!

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes!

BUILDING MATERIALS & HARDWARE.

PAINTS AND OILS, A Special Feature!

Quick Sales, Small Profits and Prompt Pay!

L. ELKINS & SON.

Lebanon, April 1, 1870—v5n33m6.

UMATILLA HOUSE!

DALLES CITY.....OREGON.

HADLEY & SINNOTT, Prop'rs.

THIS WELL KNOWN FIRST CLASS HOUSE, having been recently repaired and renovated throughout, offers superior accommodations and gives better satisfaction to the Traveling Public than any Hotel in Dalles City. It is the only First-Class Hotel in the City, and really the only Hotel the Traveling Community patronize.

Suits of Rooms for Families, and Superior Accommodations for 300 Guests!

This Hotel is located near the Steamboat Landing and Railroad Depot.

THE HOTEL OMNIBUS

Will always be at the Railroad Depot and Steamboat Landing on the arrival of Passengers, to convey them and their baggage to and from the Hotel free of charge. Particular attention paid to calling guests in the morning for the boat and cars; and extra attention paid to seeing families off on the cars and boat.

They have two large FIRE-PROOF SAFES in the office, for the use of their guests.

Hotel open all night in charge of a careful Watchman. In connection with the Hotel they have a fine

Billiard Saloon and Reading Room!

March 11, 1870–v5n30tf.

NOT COUNTY CLERK!

—BUT—

CLERK OF THE DRUG STORE!

—WITH—

G. A. HILL,

R. C. Hill & Son.

Will take pleasure in waiting on the needy with

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, Glass, Varnishes, Putty, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Combs, Brushes, &c.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

Doors open all times of night.

Orders from the interior promptly attended to. v5n51tf

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A SOLILOQUY AFTER THE STYLE OF HAMLET.

To vote, or not to vote, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler to forego the suffrage
And bear the arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or take arms against our sex's troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To live—to wed—
No more; and by a marriage say we end
The heartache, only to nurse the little ills
Women are heir to; 'tis a consummation
Not for Joseph, if the Court herself doth know;
And that she doth is most indubitable!
To vote—to act—to act, purchance, a farce; aye,
There's the rub; for by this act what fights may come
When we have shuffled off our crinoline?
This makes us pause; this, too, is the respect
That makes calamity of woman's suffrage;
For who would bear the kicks and cuffs of men,
The oppressor's frets, our lord's contumely,
Assault and battery, and the laws delay,
The insolence of bummers, and the spurns
That patient women from rough traders take,
When, to avoid it, she could stay at home
And use her bodkin? Who would muskets bear,
Or groan and sweat under a mechanic's line,
But for the pleasures of Emancipation—
The rich Golconda, from whose gaping jaws
The flesh-pots yawn in tantalizing plenty?
But there's the after-clap! This puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to the hurtful inexpressibles
Thus cowardice makes babes of us all;
And thus our potential suffrage resolutions
Are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And enterprise of glorious ballot stuffing
Must fade, alas! because our suffering sex
Dare not imbibe the soul-inspiring rye
To give us vim and action.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY ANONYMOUS.

A woman's love is a very unmanageable thing; generally a very absurd thing. It is almost quite sure to fall on the wrong object, and to shun the proper one especially if the woman is romantic.

But, to my story:

Nothing could have been more sensible than for Rosetta Muir to give her heart to the handsome Maurice Darrow, who had courted her smiles for two long years, and who was not only rich, but good and noble into the bargain; but, instead, she chose to fall desperately in love with Charley Carlton, who, besides being by no means handsome, was comparatively poor, and cared just nothing for her—nothing from her point of view, at least, though he liked her well enough, was often found in her society, and thought her very pretty.

He was by no means to be blamed for the affair. It would be more sensational to say that he had striven to win her heart merely to play with it and cast it aside; but truth compels us to aver that he had done no such thing. The poor girl had managed the affair entirely herself—and had made him her *beau ideal;* invested him with all the perfections under the sun; humbly made up her mind that she was quite unworthy of him, and taken to tears, red eyes, deep sighs, and the composition of sensational poetry, which she copied in a little red book, with a lock and clasp, and had some faint idea of forwarding it to him at her demise, which, according to her calculations must occur very shortly.

All this sounds very foolish, little short of idiotic; but just as every man can recall that awful space of time which followed the consumption of his first cigar—such a horrible thing to him, such a funny thing to everybody else—so most susceptible women look back on a dreadful season of secret sorrow, when life seemed to have nothing left of brightness, and only the poor little foolish aching heart knew its own bitterness.

After the first experience, your smoker takes his cigar in peace and comfort; so a woman, having eaten her own heart a while suddenly finds it gone, and generally turns to flirtation very merrily, and becomes one of those happy creatures who, while wounding, themselves receive no wounds.

Poor little Rosetta would not have believed you had you told her this; and she was really wasting away, and growing pale and hallowed-eyed, to the sorrow of Maurice Darrow, who guessed the truth well enough and wondered not a little that Rosetta could smile on any one without bringing him instantly to her feet. But besides Maurice, whose eyes love had brightened and sharpened, no one had any suspicion of the truth. Old Gramma Muir thought "Rosa was taking after her mother, who died from consumption."

Old Uncle Rufus Muir sent for a physician, who prescribed "country air;" and to a certain far-away farmhouse poor Rosetta was sent forthwith. That little red book with clasps, in which to describe her secret thoughts, went with her.

"Come back fat and rosy, my pet," said grandma, as she kissed the girl goodby.

"And break all the young farmers' hearts, my dear," said Uncle Rufus.

Rosetta said nothing; she kissed them mutely. She was going into the country to die, and intended to be buried under a certain willow, even more beautiful than most willows, which stood in the cemetery of the place. She took great though painful pleasure in the idea, especially when, as the carriage rolled down Picadily, she caught from the window a glimpse of Charley Carleton promenading with Fanny Flutter, carrying her parasol, and "looking in her eyes, love," said Rosetta, quoting from her little red book, "as you never looked in mine." Before this, Rosetta had made up her mind to die slowly of consumption;—now she resolved upon a rapid decline.

To further this—though to do her justice, not premeditatedly—she went to the cemetery with her little red book and pencil, on the damp spring afternoon following her arrival, and sitting under the willow, in a white dress and no shawl, began to compose the first verse of a poem which had haunted her throughout the journey.

TO CHARLES.

I shall cross o'er the river before you,
Death's dusky river, my dear;
Will you pause by its marge in a moment
And drop, as you stand there, a tear?
Will you say, "There are many the world will
Miss more, when they pass from her ken—
But here lies a woman who gave me
All mortal could give of her soul?"

Here she paused. What the Rev. Robin Ray, who had so often questioned her from the catechism, and pronounced her perfect, would have thought had he taken a theological view of the last line, Rosetta did not ask herself. It sounded very well to her. She read it over. She could see Charles Carleton standing under that willow, dropping tears upon a new made mound, under it herself, with her hands crossed on her bosom.

She sighed deeply at the thought.—Something else bellowed. Rosetta turned sharply. Opposite her, staring with all his might and main, stood a mad bull.

Cattle, mad or not, are no respecters of persons or places. He had walked into the graveyard, and there he was and there she was. Rosetta wanted to die of quick consumption, but to be gored by a mad bull, did not present itself in attractive light. She looked for some means of escape; behind her were the willow and the church wall. The bull lowered his horns; Rosetta shrieked, and in a moment a tall figure leaped the fence beyond the bull, and flew to the rescue.

What was done was done in a moment. Perhaps the bull was of a sounder mind than one might suppose. At all events, he succumbed to the remonstrance of a stout stick, and rushed through the gate head down, as though he meant to burrow in the bowels of the earth, and made for his native meadow.

Then, and not till then, did Rosetta recognize the form and figure of Maurice Darrow.

"Providence certainly sent you," she said.

"Providence sends me every summer," said Maurice. "I have been sketching those poplars yonder, and the little house and the fence, and a pretty girl looking over it.

Come and see my picture, and tell me what you think of it. And, then, if you'll let me I'll walk home with you."

Rosetta acquiesced, but looked about for the book—the book full of heart-broken rhyme and melancholy jingle—of hearts and darts and tombstones, of false love, and broken vows, and early death, and all the rest of it; but it was not to be found, and explanations would have been awkward. Suppose Maurice had opened it and saw the little "Hearts Tombs!" suppose she was compelled to admit herself the poetess! She decided to return when she was quite alone and look for it, and went off with Maurice. She looked a his picture, she talked and he talked.—The sunlight fell over his gold-brown hair, and his bright cheeks and sunny eyes, and made a very handsome man of him.

At last he saw her home, and went in to tea with her, and was so entertaining, that, not until after he had gone, and she had actually and fairly retired for the night, did Rosetta remember that her heart was broken.—She found she could not cry about it, and decided that it must have been despair that dried her tears; but she slept very comfortably notwithstanding.

The next day she went after the little red book, and could not find it.—She searched the grass through with her hands. She looked behind tombstones. She asked a little boy, who stood staring at her, if he had not "seen a small red book." The boy had not, of course. She could not write any more poetry until it was found; and, not finding it, gave up scribbling altogether. Then, too, at an unexpected moment, Maurice appeared; always gay, bright and cheerful—always proposing some new expedition. It was astonishing that since all her joy in life was over, she should enjoy the weather so much.—Of course, it was the weather, and the sky, and the trees, and the flowers.—Nature was the broken heart's consolation. She never thought that Maurice had anything to do with it.

She did not, on the morning when he called in to bid her good by, before a day's fishing excursion with certain masculine friends; but she knew he was a very kind and brotherly friend, and felt very thankful to him.

He looked handsomer than ever too, as he marched away with his fishing tackle over his shoulder. But what mattered it to her that any one was handsome. Her heart was broken.—She wandered about a little disconsolately, and tried to shed tars that afternoon; and at dusk she went out upon the lawn to see the moon rise. Moons and broken hearts are always associated in romantic minds; and she had really made herself rather miserable, when there came up the lane Tom Blavers, her landlady's eldest hope, who, regardless of muddy feet and rent jacket, rushed into the maternal presence, shouting, "Oh, mother, what d've suppose Jack and me seen?" The boat them two went down in, Mr. Darrow and the other, floatin' down stream, bottom up. They're both drowned."

"Nonsense! 'taint the boat!" cried the mother. "There's plenty of boats."

"They hired it to Jack's brother, and he named it after his sweetheart," 'The Arabella,' and there's the name on it," said Tim. "Yes they're gone to the bottom, sure."

And then, as she sprang to her feet, Rosetta knew that there was something left in the world—a great deal of misery and sorrow, if Tim was right, and Maurice Darrow had really "gone to the bottom,' and lay there cold and dead.

"Oh, don't take on so, don't!" pleaded the landlady. "Though I can't wonder, to be sure; and he a courtin' you so beautiful, and such a handsome gentleman, with such kind ways! We'll send out an I see; p'raps it ain't true. There's other boats named 'Arabella,' p'raps."

And through the still summer evening Rosetta sat crying, lamenting too late her ignorance of her fondness for Maurice Darrow, and longing for him, now that perhaps she should never see him more.

Nine o'clock came—ten—eleven—midnight. Still she sat in the porch, sobbing softly. In those four hours she had not once thought of Charles Carleton.

All of a sudden the tramp of men sounded on the road. Had they found him? Were they bringing him back as drowned men are brought?—Her blood curdled in her veins. She started to her feet. The landlady ran out. The feet stopped at the fence.

"All right!" cried a voice. "They're safe, and comin' along. The boat got away, that's all, while they was landin', an' come down the river. They've walked it home. Be here in a minute. Told 'em you'd made up your mind they was drowned."

"Oh, what a fright for nothing!" cried the landlady.

Rosett said nothing but "Oh, dear!" but she could have said a great deal. In a moment there were other steps—those of Maurice. The landlady, because of her night-cap, had slipped away. They were together quite alone. The moon seemed to smile down upon them graciously.

"Did you think me gone to the bottom?" asked Maurice.

"I thought you were dead," said Rosetta.

"Have you been crying about it?" asked Maurice. "Why, I thought you would not have cared so much as that. Rosetta, do you really like me just a little?"

She let him keep her hand, but said nothing.

"You know I love you," said he.—"Won't you think better of what you said once, long ago, and promise what you would not promise then? I believe that you will never repent it, for I will try to be a true and tener husband to you, darling Rosy, you do love me?"

I suppose she did, for she let him kiss her. Every one don't think a kiss the seal of love; but Rosetta did.—She would neither kiss in fun nor for simple liking. She not only let Maurice kiss her, but she kissed him back.

"Oh, if you had been drowned, Maurice," she said, "what would have become of me?"

A month later Rosetta went with Grandma Muir a-shopping for white satin and tulle for Rosetta's wedding; and in the midst of Oxford street a familiar face met them. It was that of Charles Carlton.

Rosetta's first thought was that he had grown very small and mean-looking, somehow. He had not altered in the least; but Maurice was her standard now. Charley was very pleasant and civil—as why should he not have been?—and hinted a congratulation. Then he wondered why he had never seen before how pretty Rosetta Muir was.

There were two dimples in her cheeks, and her mouth seemed overflowing with smiles. She was choking back a laugh. She had just remembered that three months before she had gone into the country to die of a broken heart, and that this was the insignificant cause.

"Grandma," she said to the old lady, going home, "don't you suppose that people are sometimes insane without any one guessing it?"

"No doubt of it,' replied Grandma; "no doubt at all."

And so that was the end of it, except the wedding, the arrival of a very muddy and much stained volume, with a clasp and key, which Mrs. Landlady forwarded with the information that Tim had found it in the grave-yard, and knew immediately that it was Miss Rosetta's. Miss Rosetta, then Mrs. Darrow, at once stuck it in the fire.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.

Sick gent (walking into a whisky shop): "Well, I'll spend my dime in crackers this morning."

The bar-keeper hands him crackers which he tastes.

"I cann't stand them: give me some brandy for the crackers."

Bar-keeper gives him some brandy; he pours it out, smells of it, and shakes his head.

"Don't think I can go that; give me whisky for the brandy."

Bar keeper hands him out the whisky; he turns out a full glass, drinks it down and starts out.

Bar keeper—Hold on, there? You havn't paid me for that whisky.

Sick gent—I gave you the brandy for the whisky, sir.

Bar-keeper—Well, you havn't paid for the brandy, sir.

Sick gent—I gave you the crackers for the brandy, sir.

Bar keeper—Well you havn't paid me for the crackers.

Sick gent—Well, sir, you have the crackers yet.

Bar-keeper said no more.

A Nevada editor annihilates a political opponent by calling him, in very large and very black letters, a bullet-headed old blather-skite.

A CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENT.

Among the many striking incidents of the late flood in Virginia is one related by the correspondent of the Richmond *Whig*, from Fluvanna county, of that State, of the attempt of three heroic white citizens of Fluvanna to rescue a colored ferryman and his wife at the ferry house at the junction of the James and Rivanna rivers. In making the attempt these brave men, by name, Davis, Fauqua and Agee, the latter a youth, lost their noble lives. The incident illustrates not only the self-sacrificing courage of a generous and brave people, but the traditional friendship of Southern whites to the colored race. It is an illustration of genuine sentiment in that regard much more reliable than the inventions of the manufacturers of Southern outrages.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

We find the following in the Washington correspondence of the Chicago *Journal* (radical): The Democratic committee claim that they will have in the next House one hundred and eight members, and that they only require a few revenue reformers (free traders) to secure an organization in the House. Overtures will at once be made to revenue reformers elect, with a view of securing their co-operation. The Democrats propose to throw their strength for revenue reform for speaker and other offices, with a view of defeating the straight Republicans.—Eight or ten of this class, they think, will be sufficient.

THE *Oregonian* is certainly a negligent statistician. In giving the status of the next Congress it figures up a Democratic gain of 28 members, but in its calculation omits a Democratic gain of 2 from Missouri and 7 (not admitted to last Congress) from Virginia, making the little item of *nine* additional Democratic Congressmen entirely ignored in that "very respectable metropolitan journal's" count.—That paper ought to state facts or not attempt to "figure" on the situation.

A FAMILY QUARREL.—The New York *Herald* has the following: How venomous the women can be when they make up their minds to it! See how Mrs. Cox, the ex-Secretary's wife, took up her husband's quarrel with the President, and sent a printed criticism, cut from a hostile newspaper, to Mrs. Grant, anonymously, and how Mrs. Grant, spying out the source whence it came by the Cox monogram on the envelope, sent it back with compliments.

QUITE TRUE.—The Boston *Times* (Republican) says: Speaking in very general terms, it may be said that recent elections have not been discouraging to the Democrats. They manage to keep alive, although stump orators and newspapers have buried them over and over again. There must be two parties in the country, and the Democracy demonstrates that it will continue to be one of those parties.

AMONG the thousands of the same stripe, appointed by the federal authorities to aid in "preserving the purity of the ballot box" in New York, during the late election, was the notorious Kit Burns, proprietor of a rat pit and dog-fighting den. Appointments of this character go a great ways toward establishing the justice of the Radical claim for all the intelligence, morality and religion in the country.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S horse stable is lighted throughout with gas, and well-filled with splendid animals, most of which are "presents." Some, however, were stolen, of which number is his favorite saddle horse, "Jeff Davis," which was captured on the plantation of the Confederate chieftain during the war. The gas light is furnished by "government" and paid for from the earnings of the working-men.

IT is said that President Grant has expressed the opinion that Bazaine might have saved his army, had he exercised proper skill. He says if he had been in Bazaine's place he would have got out of the fix some way. He don't say in what way, but that isn't material. It is probable that Bazaine will commit suicide when he learns what Grant thinks about the matter.

THE name of the wife of the newly elected King of Spain is Victoria Carlotta Henrietta Gianna del Pozza de la Cistema. What a fortunate thing it is for the census takers that she does not live in this country. There is a name to write for two cents in currency!

[From the New York News.]

A CHANGE DEMANDED.

On all sides and among men of all shades of political opinions, it is conceded that the days and years of the republican party are numbered.—Prominent men acknowledge privately everywhere that the leaders have committed political suicide. The office-holdes will make a desperate struggle, but it will be in vain. The honest men of the opposition acknowledge that a change will be best for the country. Any intelligent man can readily answer why such a change is demanded. What political party has dared to override all law, invade the constitution of the land, place the military power in the several of the states over the civil? Is it not the republican party? Who have voted away millions of acres to gigantic railway monopolies? was it not the republican members of Congress? We appeal to our readers to keep these facts before them. They are indisputable. The people of the States are tired of being plundered. The power attained by the Republican party has fostered within our nation a horde of political vampires, who are sucking out the very life blood of the nation. The people have patiently submitted to the burdens imposed upon them until longer endurance ceases to be a virtue. Corruption pervades the party—its nominees are the nominees of fraud. High-minded and honorable men have no say in the nomination of its candidates. The cry for reform has gone forth from nearly all sections. The people long for a change. Grant and his followers, or leaders, promised economy, but they have increased expenses. They promised peace, but we have no peace. The so-called reconstruction policy of the administration has been a disastrous failure. If Gen. Grant was a success, President Grant is a failure. He has supplied the wants of his relations, but not the wants of the country.

"CHEER UP MY LIVELY LADS!"

Courage, Democrats!

At last the revolution has commenced. We have been waiting for a long time and now the good time is coming.

The Radicals will not have a two-thirds majority in the next Congress.

They will scarcely have *twenty* majority!

There will be about one hundred Democrats in the next House of Representatives!

It may be that a coalition will be formed between the Democrats and the Tariff Reform men and then goodbye to a Republican speaker; goodbye to Mr. Grant's administration!

Courage, Democrats! Stand fast to your principles! Encourage all accessions! Welcome every man to your ranks who is disgusted with the indecencies of Radicalism! Heal all dissensions among yourselves! Remember you are brethern working in the same cause and wait just a little while longer for a complete victory!—*Oltumwa (Iowa) Copperhead.*

The amendments to the Constitution, voted upon and carried by the people of Missouri, at the last election, were as follows.

I. The first abolishes the District Court system.

II. The second abolishes the jurors' test oath.

III. The third abolishes the double-liability clause for private corporations.

IV. The fourth abolishes the voters' test-oath.

V. The fifth abolishes the disqualifications for holding office on account of color, "disloyalty" &c.

VI. The sixth prevents the General Assembly, or any city, town or municipal corporation whatever, from voting money for any sectarian purpose, or giving any sectarian denomination any grant or donation whatever.

ALABAMA.—A dispatch from Montgomery, Ala., dated last Saturday, says that the vote for Governor and Treasurer was counted, and it has resulted in 1,420 majority for Lindsay, Democrat, and about 2,000 for Grant, Democrat. Lindsay took the oath of office as Governor, and the State, for a time, will probably have two Governors. The Senate will recognize Smith and the House Lindsay. The matter will be in the Courts soon.

MRS. PARTINGTON has been sick, and being inspired, expressed her feelings in the following language: "La, me! here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First, I was seized with the bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an information of the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when your real sick."

A TERRIBLE LOSS.—An Illinois woman committed suicide by hanging herself to an apple tree. At the funeral a neighbor, noticing the sad appearance of the husband, consoled him by saying that he had met with a terrible loss. "Yes," says the husband, heaving a sigh, "she must have kicked like thunder to shake off six bushels of green apples that would have been worth a dollar a bushel when they got ripe."

IN Prussia, at the primary schools for girls, the girls are usually taught plain sewing, knitting and embroidery; but now all those are superseded by lint picking.