STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

OLDEST DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN OREGON.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

MART. V. BROWN.

OFFICE IN PARRISH'S BLOCK, FIRST STREET.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, $3; Six Month $1 One Month, 50 cts.; Single Copies, 12½ cts.

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.

State Rights Democrat.

VOL. VI. ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871. NO. 36.

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.

A square is one inch in space down the column, counting cuts, display lines, blanks, &c., as solid matter. No advertisement to be considered less than a square, and all fractions counted a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.

BUSINESS CARDS.

F. A. CHENOWETH. I. N. SMITH.
Corvallis. Linn Co.

CHENOWETH & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Corvallis, Oregon.
OFFICE at the Court House. v6n27

W. S. ELKINS,
NOTARY PUBLIC
—FOR—
LEBANON, OREGON.
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, and all Legal Instruments Drafted and Attested with dispatch.
v6n25y1

M. Y. THOMPSON. C. B. BELLINGER
THOMPSON & BELLINGER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 89 First Street,
PORTLAND, - - OREGON.
Special attention given to matters in Bankruptcy and all business in United States Courts.
v6n24tf.

J. C. MENDENHALL,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.
ALBANY, OREGON.
Rents Collected and Taxes Paid for Non-Residents and others. Making Real Estate papers, etc.
Office in Parrish's Brick, up stairs.
'n41tf

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,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Will Practice in all the Courts of the State.
OFFICE: ALBANY, OREGON.
Nov. 11, 1870.

HUGH 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.
se30v6n7y1. 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 art cles and Drugs in our line warranted of the best quality.
First street, Post Office building, Albany.
jul15v5n48y1

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 Norcross' Brick Building, up-stairs Albany, Oregon, an4

JOHN J. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
and Notary Public.
Special attentions given to collections.
OFFICE—In the Court House.
Albany, Oregon. v3n33tf.

A. 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. oc30n101y

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

NOT COUNTY CLERK!
—BUT—
CLERK OF THE DRUG STORE!
G. A. HILL,
—WITH—
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. v3n51tf

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DANIEL GABY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
SCIO, OREGON.
Special attention given to the collection of notes, accounts, &c. dec16v6n18

E. W. PIKE,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER!
—AND DEALER IN—
FANCY GOODS!
ALBANY, OREGON.
In addition to a full supply of Staple Goods in the
BOOK LINE,
ELEGANT GIFT ANNUALS.
PARIAN MARBLE VASES.
STATUARY.
BOHEMIAN WARE.
WRITING DESKS,
POTFOLIOS,
WORK BOXES,
BIRD CAGES,
PIANOS,
ORGANS,
VIOLINS,
GUITARS,
FLUTES,
—And many other—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!
—ALSO—
ATTRACTIVE TOYS!!
Including the Champion Mechanical Velocipede. All of which, as a matter of course, to be had on *Reasonable Terms.*
v6n15y1

RATES OF TOLL,
—OVER THE—
WILLAMETTE VALLEY AND CASCADE MOUNTAIN WAGON ROAD.

To Deschuttes River,	4-horse or mule team,	$4	50
To " "	2 " " "	3	00
To " "	1 " " "	2	00
To " "	ox team, 3 yoke	4	50
To " "	every additional yoke		50
To " "	loose horses, per head		25
To " "	" cattle, "		15
To " "	sheep or hogs, "		3
To " "	pack animals, loaded		50
To " "	" " unpack'd		25
To " "	horse and rider	1	00

Teams returning empty, half price.

To FISH LAKE:			
4-horse or mule team, each way		2	00
2 " " " "		1	50
1 " " " "		1	00
Pack animals, loaded	"		50
" " unloaded,	"		25
Horse and rider	"		75
Ox team, 3 yoke	"	2	00
To UPPER SODA SPRING:			
4-horse or mule team, out and back		2	50
2 " " " "	"	2	00
1 " " " "	"	1	00
Horse and rider	" "		50
Loose animals,	" "		25

Ox teams the same as horse teams.
LUTHER ELKINS, Pres't.
JAS. [illegible], Sec'y.
April 22, 1870. v5n36tf

STORE AT LEBANON!
A. COWAN & CO., Prop's.
S. H. CLAUGHTON, Agent.
Fresh Stock Just Received!
DRY GOODS!
GROCERIES!
CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS!
Boots and Shoes!
GLASS AND QUEENSWARE!
Iron, Hardware, &c.
Which will all be Disposed of at Albany Prices!
PRODUCE TAKEN FOR GOODS!
se25v5n6tf. A. COWAN & CO.

JOHN CONNER'S
BANKING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
ALBANY, OREGON.
DEPOSITES RECEIVED,
SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.
Interest Allowed on Time Deposites in Coin.
EXCHANGE ON PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, and NEW YORK, for sale at lowest rates.
COLLECTIONS MADE AND PROMPTLY REMITTED.
Banking hours, 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Refer to H. W. CORBETT, HENRY FAILING, W. S. LADD.
Feb. 1, 1871–y1

ALBANY BOOK STORE
E. A. FREELAND,
BOOK-SELLER AND STATIONER
Albany - - - - Oregon
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE PUBLIC that he has removed from the old stand to
PARRISH'S BLOCK,
Where all are invited, assured that Goods in his line are sold at the lowest cash prices.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND:
STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.
Juvenile, Toy Gilt and Blank Books,
—COL LEGE, AND—
SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY!
Of every kind used in the State.
BOOKS IMPORTED TO ORDER, at short notice. Dec1n16ly

BROWNSVILLE.
A. WHEELER,
—DEALER IN—
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS!
HATS, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES,
Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Steel,
Wagon Timber, Plows, Agricultural Implements, Etc., Etc.
MOTTO—"Small Profits and Quick Returns."
v5n30y1.

KATE MAYO'S RESOLVE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I don't believe in love in a cottage," said Kate Mayo, looking defiantly round. "I, for one, mean to marry rich!"

Miss Mayo shook the tiny golden ringlets that hung like spirals of sunshine over her pretty forehead, while a mischievous sparkle came into her blue eyes; she rather seemed to enjoy the consternation she had created.

"Well," Kate Mayo, "I *mean* it.—Who wants to be a drudge, in an ill-fitting calico dress and last year's style of bonnet, just because some idiotic young man asks you to be his wife? My taste is for thread-lace shawls and moire antiques, and bonnets that look as if they had floated across the sea on a Parisian zephyr! Moreover I have a fancy for brown stone houses and chocolate-colored coupes, and a box at the opera, and a French maid. Oh, I tell you, girls, I mean to marry rich!"

Kate Mayo spoke as if fate were at her own command, as if she were crowned queen of her destiny. And she was, in so far as wit and beauty and certain royalty of self-possession may constitute the sceptre of one's own existence. Tall and gracefully formed as a Greek statute, her loveliness took you as it were by storm. She was fair as the waxen leaf of a white rose, with pure, straight features, cheeks just tinted with the faint delicate pink that comes and goes like a fleeting shadow, and a little ripe mouth that made one think of the crimson sugar hearts that little children delight in. And Kate had been sent up from the old Mayo farm to see what a winter in New York would do for her, in the way of a life establishment; and Kate had some very decided ideas of her own upon the all-important subject.

"My dear," said Aunt Dewey solemnly, "all this sounds very mercenary!"

"I can't help it, aunt," was Kate's rejoinder. "I *am* mercenary."

"At your age, Kate?"

"What difference does age make, I wonder?" said the beauty, with a petulant shrug of her shoulders.—I'm going in for diamonds and a tour in Europe. Sentiment is very well in a novel, but in real life it don't work."

And Aunt Dewey's face of horror only made Kate Mayo laugh.

Miss Mayo was decidedly a "success" in the brilliant circles of metropolitan society that winter. It was not entirely her faultless beauty, nor her quick readiness of rapartee, nor yet the bewitching confidence with which she seemed to take the world's favor for granted, but mixture and mingling of all three—something which could hardly be expressed, save by the word "fascination." But notwithstanding her triumphs, Kate Mayo had, as yet, made no election in life.

"My dear," said Aunt Dewey solemnly "what was the reason you refused Harry Pelham?"

"The reason? Why, aunt, he's a Custom-house clerk, as poor as Job's cat."

"Kate! what a very inelegant comparison!"

"As a church mouse, then ma'ma, if you like that better."

"Mr. Ryerson, then?" pursued Mrs. Dewey.

"I've no idea of coming to the poor-house before my time."

"Mr. Ryerson is well off I'm sure."

"The positive degree won't suit me, aunt; I must have the superlative!"

"Kate, you will die an old maid yet!"

"Better an old maid, aunt, than a care-worn wife."

Aunt Dewey shook her head."

"Kate! Kate! there is such a thing as going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick. What do you value yourself at, pray?"

"A hundred thousand dollars at least, aunt, from that up to half a million!" laughed Kate, as she put the rose into the vase of flowers she was arranging.

"Where will you get such a price as that?"

"Not in society just now, to be sure, aunt, but its representative will be here yet."

"Who do you mean?"

"I mean Mr. Emmett."

Aunt Dewey sat down with unlifted hands and eyes.

"What! the millionaire of St. Augustine's Place?"

"Yes, aunt."

"But he is in Europe."

"*Nimporte*—he is coming home soon."

"You have never seen him?"

"I dare say I *shall* see him."

"Kate, you are crazy!"

"No, I am not, aunt; you yourself will own it when you see me Mrs. Emmett!"

The audacity of the girl fairly bewildered her sage relative; it was as if a little French grisette had aspired to share the august throne of the Napoleons!

"Well, I *never* did!" gasped Mrs. Dewey.

"But that's no sign you never *will*, aunt," said Kate. Evidently the mischievous elf enjoyed the old lady's sore perplexity.

"But Kate," suggested little Helen, who had sat by demurely listening, "suppose you fall in love with somebody else?"

"Me fall in love!" said Kate, with a merry, mocking laugh. "Rest assured, Helen, I shall never commit any absurd piece of folly like that! Haven't I told you forty thousand times that I intended only to marry for money? It may sound a little conceited, but I do consider myself a jewel, and I want a choice setting—a bird that will sing only in a gilded cage! Helen, you shall be my bride's-maid when I marry Lawrence Emmett!"

Things were at this interesting juncture when, one delicious moonlight evening, Miss Mayo went up to the Central Park to skate, and came back under convoy of a tall, handsome young man, who had been introduced to her there.

"Did you say his name was St. John?" asked curious Helen, when the *cavalier servante* had gone. "Oh, Kate, how handsome he is!"

"Nothing of the kind," said Kate, tartly; "only rather pleasant looking."

"But who is he, Kate?"

"Oh, I don't know; a clerk in some bank, I believe."

"Poor fellow!" said Helen reflectively.

"What do you say that for?" asked Kate, suddenly turning round upon her cousin.

"Because, Kate, if he is poor and obscure, and has come within the magic circle of your fascinations—"

"Nonsense!" said Kate almost angrily. "Do you suppose every man I look at must of necessity fall in love with me? I think you are a goose, Helen Dewey."

Little Helen looked amazed; this was rather an unexpected mood on Kate's part.

As the bright winter days went by, Kate changed more and more.—Sometimes she was strangely soft and lovable; sometimes capricious, and given to sudden gusts of tears, like April showers, succeeded by brief sunshine.

"Kate," said Mrs. Dewey, coming one evening into the room where Kate sat, gazing out into the twilight, "have you thought of your dress tomorrow evening?"

"To-morrow evening!"

"Yes; at Mrs. Allaire's. Don't you remember? Mr. Emmett is to be the there—your rich husband."

Aunt Dewey spoke almost jocosely; she had come to look upon Kate's *castle en Espagne* as an actual reality.

"Yes," said Kate absently; "I remember."

"He saw you at the opera last night, and asked who you were?"

"Who did?"

"Mr. Emmett."

Kate looked up with a momentary interest.

"Did he? Then perhaps I will wear my blue silk, with the Roman pearls and blue violets in my hair."

Kate looked lovely as Venus of old in that same blue dress with the Roman pearls, and Mr. Emmett, a stout, short man, with a very rudy face and glossy blue eyes, evidently appreciated it all.

"Oh, Kate!" cried Helen gleefully, as they were rolling homeward in their carriage, "all the girls are envying you. Mr. Emmett is certainly in love with you."

"He's a clumsy old clown, old enough to be my grandfather!" said the ungrateful Kate.

"But he's so rich," pleaded Helen.

"Yes," said Kate "he is rich."

And that was all was said.

"Kate," said Mrs. Dewey one morning, coming in with a sort of triumphal air, "I've got a grand piece of news for you!"

"And I've got one for you, Aunty," said Kate, looking up with eyes that were unwontedly tear-wet.

"Mr. Emmett has called to see me. He requests the privilege of paying his addresses formally to you."

"Tell him he can't have any such privilege."

"Kate!"

"I'm in earnest, aunt. Lawrence St. John has asked me to be his wife, and I have said—Yes!"

"Lawrence St. John—a clerk in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred a year!"

"We can live on fifteen hundred a year, aunt, and Lawrence is the dearest fellow that ever breathed.—As for being a clerk in the bank, I don't care if he was a street sweeper!"

"But, Kate, I thought you were so bent on marrying rich."

"Oh, aunt, don't remind me of that! I have been a silly goose, but I have learned my own folly."

"And do you mean to say you will reject Mr. Emmett, a man worth a million of dollars at the very least, in favor of this young St. John."

"Yes, aunt. I love Mr. St. John."

And in the last words, spoken very quietly, Aunt Dewey learned the folly of further remonstrance. Miss Mayo, with an inconsistency which is not usual in girls of eighteen, had decided to set all her previous declarations totally at defiance. She had laughed at Love all her days. Love was having his revenge at last.

But Mr. Emmett was not to be put off thus. He insisted on a personal interview, not satisfied unless he learned his fate from Miss Mayo's own rose-bud lips.

"So you won't have me?" he said bursquely.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said Kate, falteringly, "Lut—I would rather not."

"Like another fellow better, eh?"

"Yes, Sir."

"St. John, eh? penniless chap, with nothing on earth but a handsome face!"

"You are wrong, sir,'" said Kate, firing up. "He has a noble nature and a loyal soul."

"All humbug!" quietly commented Mr. Emmett. "However, do as you like. *I've* nothing to say. Only I thought you wanted to marry rich!"

Kate colored scarlet—the old folly coming back to taunt her.

"We *shall* be rich, sir," she said softly—"rich in our own love and mutual confidence."

"I suppose, now," said the ruddy-face old gentleman, "you would not believe me if I told you you were going to be Mrs. Lawrence Emmett after all.

"No, sir; I should not, most certainly."

"It's the solemn truth, notwithstanding. Lawrence Emmett will be your husband!"

Kate looked at Mr. Emmett—was he going crazy?

"He is telling you the truth, Kate," said a gentle voice behind her, and she turned to feel her hand in the clasp of Mr. St. John. "When you are my wife, you will be the wife of Lawrence St. John Emmett."

"And *my* daughter-in-law," said the old gentleman gleefully. "Kate, Kate, we've been too much for you, you little fortune-hunter. You've promised to marry a bank clerk, just because you fell in love him, and you'll marry Mr. Emmett the millionarie, after all!"

Yes, Kate Mayo had been outgeneraled. The stratagem by which Lawrence Emmett had won her disinterested love had succeeded, and the little wayward, capricious bird had folded its wings in the gilded cage, in spite of fate!

Kate kept her word, and Helen Dewey was bride's-maid to Mrs. Lawrence Emmett after all.

THE GREAT RADICAL SPLIT!

Synopsis of Hon. Charles Sumner's Great Speech in the United States Senate, Monday, March 27th, on the San Domingo Question.

Sumner in his opening paragraph definitely asserts that there is now in evidence before the Senate that the navy of the United States, acting under orders from Washington, has been engaged in measures of violence and belligerent intervention; being war without authority of Congress. The whole business, he adds, is aggravated, when it is considered that the declared object of this violence is the acquisition of a foreign territory—being half an island on the Carribean Sea; and still further that this evidence has been employed first to prop and maintain a weak ruler, himself a usurper, upholding him in power that he might sell his country, and secondly, it has been employed to menace the black republic of Hayti. Such a case, Sumner continues, is too grave for silence. For the sake of the navy, the administration and republican institutions, and for the sake of the Republican party, which cannot afford to become responsible for such conduct, the case must not then pass without inquiry. But beyond all these considerations there is a commanding rule of justice. The question is not whether the acquisition of San Domingo is desirable, but whether we are justified in the means employed to accomplish this acquisition, and evidence now before us shows but too clearly that means have been employed which cannot be justified. He had supposed that the proceedings regarding the treaty for the annexation was blameless until, while pending before the Secretary of State brought him a number of dispatches, among which was one from our Consul Agent there, from which it distinctly appears that Baez, while engaged in selling his country, was maintained in power by the navy of the United States.

Other evidence has been accumulated to show that we were engaged in forcing upon a weak people the sacrafice of their country. The State Department also contained a record disgraceful, intolerable and deplorable.

Unless the reports of the State and Navy Department are discredited, it is obvious beyond doubt that our government has seized the war powers, carefully guarded by the Constitution, and without the authority of Congress, has employed them to trample on the equal rights of two nations with ours.

The Senator then characterizes Baez and Grant as co-partners in this melancholy affair, and carefully reviews the history of the former and his unscrupulous usurpation; he recited the origin of the scheme of annexing half of the island, which is generally known. Quoting the exclamation of the Duke of Wellington: "There can be no such thing, my Lords, as a little war." The Senator asserted that there may be a war without a battle, and so far our navy has, thus far, conquered without a shot, but its presence in Hayti and Domingo was war. He then minutely reviews the testimony to this effect, furnished by the State and navy departments; from which it appears that the very agent who signed the treaties officially reported that the usurper was officially maintained in power by our guns. But intervention in Dominica was only one part of the story, even according to the reluctant confession of the navy department. In the effort to secure the much coveted territory, our government, not content with maintaining the usurper Baez in power, and occupying the harbors of Dominica with war ships of the United States, sent other war ships, being none other than our powerful monitor, Dictator, with the frigate Severne as a consort, and with other monitors in their train, to menace the black republic of Hayti with an act of war. An American Admiral was found to do this thing, and an American Minister, himself of African blood, was found to aid the Admiral. The dispatch of the Secretary of State, instituting this act of war, is not communicated to the Senate, but we are sufficiently enlightened by that of Bassett, our minister at Port au Prince, who under date of February 17th, 1870, informs the State department in Washington that he had transmitted to the Haytien government notification that the United States asked, and expected them to observe a strict neutrality in reference to the internal affairs of San Domingo. The assault upon the independence and equality of the black republic, Sumner adds, appears more fully in the report of the navy department which is an authentic record of the acts, flagrant and indefensible.

Sumner proceeds to show that this conduct is a gross violation of the international law and the constitution of the United States; that every employment of these war powers in pursuance of this assumption was usurpation, and that the assumption in the San Domingo treaty is exceptional and abnormal, being absolutely without precedent. But, continues Sumner, even admitting some infinitesimal semblance of an excuse or apology during the pendency of the treaty, all of which I insist is absurd, beyond question, though not impossible in a quarter unused to constitutional questions, and heeding them little, and conceding that the assumsit asserted in the treaty by the secretary of state had deceived the President into the idea that he possessed a kingly prerogative, declaring war at his mere motion, and wishing to deal gently even with an undoubted usurpation of a kingly prerogative so long as the Secretary of State and the President supplied the formula for usurpation; and you will bear witness that I have done nothing but state the case. It is hard to hold back when the same usurpation is openly prolonged after the Senate has rejected the treaty on which the exercise of kingly prerogative was founded and when the assumsit devised by the Secretary of State had passed into the list of things lost on earth. Here there is no remote infinitesimal semblance of excuse or apology—nothing, absolutely nothing. The usurpation pivots on nonentity, always excepting the kingly will of the President, which, constitutionally, is a nonentity. The great artist of Balogra, in a much admired statue, sculptured Mercury as standing on a puff of air. The President has not even a puff of air to stand on.

Sumner concluded: In the evidence adduced, I have confined myself carefully to public documents. On this unanswerable and accumulative testimony where each part confirms the rest, and the whole has harmony and truth, I present this transgression, and here it is not I speak, but testimony. Thus stands the case: International law has been violated in two of its commanding rules—one securing the equality of nations, and the other providing against belligerent intervention—while a distinct and fundamental principle of the constitution which deprives the President of the kingly prerogative, is disregarded, and this very kingly prerogative is asserted, by the President, This is the simplest statement. Looking still further at the facts, we see that all this disobedience has for its object the acquisition of an outlying tropical island with a large promise of wealth, and in carrying out this scheme, our government has forcibly maintained a usurper in power that he might sell his country, and has dealt a blow at the independence of the black republic of Hayti, which being a wrong to that republic was an insult to the African race, and all this has been done by prerogative alone without authority of Congress.

If such a transaction, many headed in wrong, can escape judgment, it is difficult to see what securities remain; what other sacred rules of international law may not be violated; what other foreign nations may not be struck at; what other belligerent menace may not be hurled; what other kingly prerogative may not be seized. Never before has there been such Presidential intervention in the Senate as we have been compelled to witness. The President's visits to the Capitol, with appeals to Senators, have been followed by assemblies at the executive mansion, also with appeals to Senators, and who can measure the pressure of all kinds, by himself or agents, especially through the appointing power, and all to secure the consummation of this scheme. Thus do we discern in the acts of the President, whether on the coasts of San Domingo or here at Washington, the same determination, with the same disregard of the great principles, as also the same recklessness toward the people of Hayti, who have never injured the United States. In view of these things, the first subject of inquiry is not of the soil, climate, productiveness, and possibilities of wealth, but the abnormal proceedings of our own country. Before condensing the treaty or any question of acquisition, we must at least put ourselves right as a nation, nor do I see how this can be done without retracing our steps and consenting to act in subordination to the international law and the constitution of the United States. Therefore, on the question of acquisition I will say nothing to-day, only alluding to some questions involved in the question whether we will assume the bloody hazards involved in this business as it has been pursued, with alternative expenditures for war ships and troops, causing the most painful anxieties while the land of Toussaint L'Overture listens to the constant whispers of independence.

And there is still that other question of debts and obligations, acknowledged and unacknowled, with an immense claim by Hayti, and an unsettled boundary, which I have already called a blood law-suit. These annexations I state only in the meanwhile to my mind. There is something better than belligerent intervention and acts of war which menace an absorption of an untold cost of treasure. It is a sincere and humane effort on our part in the spirit of peace to reconcile Hayti and Dominica and establish tranquility throughout the island. Let this be attempted and our republic will become an example worthy of its name and the civilization which it represents, while the republican institutions have new glory. The blessings of all good men would attend such an effort, nor would the smile of heaven be wanting, and may we not justly expect of the President to unite in such a measure of peace and good will. He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. And so the President who in ruling his spirit in subjection to humane principles of international law and constitution; his country will be greater than if he had taken all the islands of the sea.

Enlarging upon the declaration that the President had placed himself at the head of a more powerful and costly Ku Klux than those of the South, Sumner proceeded: Had the President been inspired as to bestow on the Southern unionists, white and black, one half the time, with personal effort and personal intercession, which he has bestowed upon his attempt upon half an island in the Carribean Sea, our Southern Ku Klux would have existed in name only while tranquillity would have reigned everywhere within our borders. [General applause in the galleries and hisses.]

Vice President in the chair—I can not consent that there shall be any manifestations of approval or disapproval in the galleries, and if they are repeated I must enforce the orders of the Senate.

Sumner proceeded: Now as I desire the suppression of the Ku Klux where it exists or shows itself in the elevation of the African race, I insist that the President's scheme, which instills Ku Klux on the coasts of San Domingo, and which at the same time insults the African race in the black republic, shall be fairly represented. I speak now of that Ku Klux of which the President is the declared head, and I speak for the African race, whom the President has trampled down. Is there any Senator in earnest against the Ku Klux, let him arrest those on the coast of San Domingo. Is there any other Senator ready at all times to seek the elevation of the African race, here is an occasion for his best efforts.

(From the Concord (N. H.) People.)

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE VICTORY.

It is done. New Hampshire is redeemed. The Democratic banner once more waves in triumph over our granite hills. The dark night of fifteen years of Radical rule is succeeded at last by glorious day. James A. Weston is to be our next Governor, and three honest Democrats and true patriots will succeed the late Radical delegation in Congress. Well may the dauntless Democracy of New Hampshire rejoice as they do to-day, and thousands of patriotic men who have heretofore been their opponents join them in their rejoicing.

Ours is not a mere party triumph in the narrow sense of the word. It is a triumph of honesty over corruption, of justice over oppression, of State Rights and the free ballot over Federal dictation and Presidential usurpation. It is a blow struck for the supremacy of the Constitution and for the restoration of the real Union. It is a signal rebuke of the conduct of the Federal Administration and the late Radical Congress. It is an emphatic protest against the reign of extravigance, unjust taxation, class legislation and military intimidation. It is a glorious victory won by the people over monopoly, aristocracy and privilege. It will send a thrill of joy to the hearts of the people all over this broad land.

While we cannot say that we fully expected such a glorious result, we felt all through the campaign that it was in the power of the Democracy to elect their candidate for Governor, and one or two of their Congressional nominees, and that all that was needed on their part was a resolute determination to do their duty. Thank Heaven, they have done their whole duty and done it nobly. All honor to the New Hampshire Democracy. All honor, too, to the hundreds of honest Republicans in the Second Congressional District who did not hesitate to rebuke corruption in their own party openly and boldly.

That we have elected a Democratic Governor, a Democratic Railroad Commissioner, three Democratic Congressman, two Democratic Councillors to one last year, five Senators to one last year, and cut down the Radical majority in the House at least two-thirds is glory enough for one day, and one year. So much we have done, and next year we will finish the work, and give the five electoral votes of New Hampshire to the Democratic nominee for the Presidency by five thousand majority.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Boston *Traveler* states that a school teacher, who had enjoyed the benefits of a long practice of his profession, and had watched closely the influence of newspapers upon the minds of a family of children, gives as a result of his observations, that, without exception, those scholars of both sexes, and all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a partial knowledge in geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of important places and nations, their governments and doings.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, and still more clearly expressed.

From these simple facts three important things can be deduced:

1. The responsibility of the press in supplying literature which shall be understandingly expressed.

2. The absolute necessity of personal supervision of a child's reading by his parents.

3. Having once obtained a good able paper, no matter what the price don't begrudge it a hearty support.

They figure it out down in Brooklyn that thirty five years hence, at the present rate of increase, that city and New York will reverse their relative positions and Manhattan Island be merely Brooklyn's suberb. New York's population increasing in the last ten years at the rate of 15½ per cent., will then be 1,448,775 and Brooklyn, at its present proportion of 40½ per cent., will be 1,612,406.

AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

BY HENRY MONFORD.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were school-boys in olden times,
When manhood was a dream.
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been plowed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still!
The birds yet sing upon the boughs,
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
That same half-pannel in the path,
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

RUBY.

Ruby was an humble maiden,
In a lowly cot,
And she had a lowly lover
Lowly was his lot,
Dark may be the wing of raven,
Darker was his eye;
On the lea they walked together
In the days gone by.

Now she is a cultured lady,
Decked in rich array;
You can see her rich equipage
Passing any day.
Lived and died a rich old miser,
She, his luckless heir,
In her hand she holdeth millions—
In her heart, despair.

For her slow-eyed, humble lover,
Nursed an inate pride;
Sees he Lady Ruby's carriage,
Seeks the other side.
He will lift his hat in passing,
But his glance is cold;
And the Lady Ruby, weeping,
Curses lands and gold.

Lordly lovers come to woo her—
Come and go in vain;
In her eyes they read the answer,
Read the hungry pain.
Land and houses, gold and jewels,
She would cast all down
For the lowly cot and lover,
And the homespun gown.

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE

Sum marry bekauze they have been highsted sum whar else; this is a cross match, a bay and sorrel; pride makes it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate; *but it is the strength of the game.*

Sum marry bekause they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game, the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry to be happy, and not finding it, wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they can't tell why, and some live, they can't tell how.

Almost everybody gets married and it is a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over carefully fast, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This is like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the ballance ov yure days to clear oph the mortgages.

But, after all, married life is full as certain as the dry goods biziness.

No man kan swear exactly whar he will fetch up when he touches calico.

Kno man kan tell jist what calico has made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't know even herself.

Dry goods ov all kinds is the child ov circumstansis.

The man who stands on the bank shivering, and dassent, is more apt to ketch cold than him who pitches hiz hed fust into the river.

If enny boddy asks you whi you got married (if it needs be,) tell him *you don't recollect.*

SCISSORINGS.

Is it wrong to take any one in when it rains?

What is the most bashful letter. Modest T.

The flower of the new year—the early flower.

Something you are sure to have at your fingers' ends—nails.

If you wish to show a pair of clean hands, never try washing them at the sink of iniquity.

A stingy Quaker is a desirable neighbor, as he is always a close friend.

There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is a police station.

When women come to sit in the jury-box possibly infants may get to be criers in Courts.

"Don't be alarmed," as the steel trap said to the fox when it bit off his leg.

"Nought but a dreary void behind," as the loafer said when he lost the seat of his inexpressibles.

"He is a great bore," as the block said of the augur.

Why does the washing come home on Saturday? Because it's the close (clothes) of the week.