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State Rights Democrat

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ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1871.

NO. 44.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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JOHNS & GABY, SCIO, OREGON, Real Estate Dealers.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE! THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite 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.

ALBANY BROOM MANUFACTORY! THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW MAKING BROOMS OF THE BEST QUALITY!

AT PORTLAND PRICES!!! These Brooms will not be excelled as to durability and quality on the Pacific coast.

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DEPOSITES RECEIVED, SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.

Interest Allowed on Time Deposits in Coins. EXCHANGE ON PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, AND NEW YORK, for sale at lowest rates.

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Fresh Stock Just Received! DRY GOODS! GROCERIES!

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THE SPRING & SUMMER STYLES - - - FOR 1871, IN - HATS & CAPS!

STRAW HATS! are now ready and for sale at J. C. MEUSSDORFFER & BRO'S.

Among the leading styles are the Palmetto Hat, Dardanelles Hat, Cranville Hat, King William Hat, German Hat, Irvanoo Hat, Matinee Hat, Yangfrau Hat.

AND NUMEROUS OTHER STYLES! AT CORNER FRONT AND MORRISON STREETS, PORTLAND.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS! - - - ALSO - ATTRACTIVE TOYS!!! Including the Champion Mechanical Velociped: All of which, as a matter of course, to be had on Reasonable Terms.

THE PRESIDENCY IN 1872.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Sun.) A Democratic Statesman in Public and Private Life - Thomas A. Hendricks from Hanover College to the United States Senate.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 18. - There is no doubt that Mr. Hendricks owes much of his success to the prestige of his name. He belongs to an old family of Scotch Irish descent, and has been distinguished in the last two generations at least for a high order of intellect and strong reserve force of character.

From the village school he was transferred to Hanover College, where under the most liberal tuition he grew in knowledge and in that self-possessed dignity of character which was sustained him through life.

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vention. Here he first exhibited the strength of his understanding, but there were so many other men of established reputation in that body that his efforts were overlooked.

Nor was the Indiana mind impressed with Mr. Hendricks in Congress. He never attained to the prominence now given to Voorhees and Kerr, but he was a better student than either of them, and even then had a full share of lofty aspirations. They did not interfere with his usefulness. When appointed Commissioner he applied himself to his work with the regularity of a clerk.

Every hour of the day he was at his desk, and his decision of the old claims raised a howl of indignation from the corruption of that day. In the case of the Hot Springs claims, for instance, which has been hanging by the eyelids for twenty years, he made a decision which was appealed from to the Supreme Court, and it is in litigation to this day.

But the period of time Mr. Hendricks was Land Commissioner was set down as a form of involuntary exile from Indiana, during which other politicians fretted out their little lives on the democratic stage.

In the scene that followed, Mr. Hendricks, having turned his back on Washington (under Buchanan), appeared on the surface as the least objectionable mediator (Governor, in fact, there was nothing in his record to cavil at.

BUT HE STOOD NO CHANCE of success with the odds against him in the person of Henry Lane, one of the most popular men in the State, and he was defeated by a large majority. Still the canvass did him good; it made him known to the Democratic party throughout the State, and he gained a hold upon them which was the main-spring of the effort that secured him a majority in the year 1856. He was awarded a seat in the United States Senate.

His course in that august body is too recent and too well known to be reviewed in this letter, but consider for one moment. After the honors which were loaded upon him by the Indiana democracy, it is reasonable to suppose that he would surrender his hold upon them to any man living?

Just here it may be observed, that in politics Mr. Hendricks was never known to participate in a success. If the nomination of the Presidency were to be made to-day, he would be the candidate. But fifteen months must intervene before that event. What he has to fear is that the ambitious men from whom all hopes of the Presidency have dried will combine against him and spring a new man on the Convention.

It is the true dog in the manger trick of politicians.

WHAT MR. HENDRICKS IS DOING. As far as appearance goes, the Presidency is the last of his thoughts. He is devoted to his profession. His receipts for fees are enormous, ranging often as high as four or five thousand dollars a month. In the management of his cases, he does not go out of his way to hunt up evidence. His knowledge of the law is accurate and thorough, and he takes advantage of every development in the progress of the case. No discrepancy or sophism can escape his analysis, and he is merciless in its exposure. His sarcasm is as keen and cruel as a rapier thrust, while his manner is courteous in the extreme, and his speaking is a model of clearness and energy. In quickness of debate he is unrivaled, and in one trial he replied to no less than thirty interruptions in the course of his argument. He sits close to the bar, and his analysis, or his sarcasm can escape his analysis, and he is merciless in its exposure.

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back of Marion county, but they give the side hall, and with windows on the south and east, commands a view of the lawn and country neighborhood. The windows were filled with plants, and shall I tell it? - in entering the door I nearly tripped upon a brood of little chickens. Yes, a possible President sat writing in his library with an old hen and her chicks within half a dozen feet of him. To be sure, the hen was in a large doorway, but there were the chicks not a week old, pecking at the crumbs of bread scattered in the roses of the velvet carpet. The American Talleyrand, as I said before, is fond of pets, and when the wind blew high and cold he carried Dame Cluck and her brood in his library. Seated on a luxurious divan, my attention was next drawn to the ticking of a clock, that seemed somehow to keep time with the chirp of the chicks. By the door is a rosewood clock of exquisite workmanship and fair cast face with warning in it that I have seen in many a long day. The niches to the left and right of the south window are filled with books, among which I recognized the familiar lines of the early fathers, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, &c., on one hand, and scientific works on the other. There is a goody array of classical literature to the right of the mantle, and to the left Dickens, Scott, Irving, and other friendly companions. Between the front windows hangs a picture of some speaker in Congress, and to the left of the door is a small-sized portrait of

STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS. The library is not his only abiding place. He spends hours in what would be called "pottering around" looking after the stock, the pigs, and the chickens, and making believe to know something about farming. It is his chief delight to walk up and down in the shadow of the trees, apparently lost to all sensation but the consciousness of being.

In matters of business he is a very child, which may account for his not being a man of wealth. He has an interest in a California silver mine, which, as far as heard from, has proved his sinking fund. His home, though beautiful, is an inexpensive one, and he leaves the entire management of it to his wife, who is eminently capable of the charge.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF BROWNLOW. One of the saddest spectacles presented in the Senate Chamber, says the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is the big cushioned chair which holds the last mortal remains of poor Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee. It sits just at the left of the President's rostrum, on the skirmish line. There they bring every day, without remnant of the Apostle of Hate, and over the chair there seems to hover, at all hours, the black angel of death. Sallow and emaciated, trembling with palsy in every limb, he sits and watches the proceedings around him with what seems a tearful interest, and only the little light which burns dimly in his once vicious eye is left to tell of fierce spirit which, in times past, inhabited that never very prepossessing frame. His right arm hangs by his side, and the thumb of it twitches and vibrates with the regularity of a heart-beat. They set a glass of water upon his desk, but he never moistens his lips. Papers lay before him, but their neat order is never disturbed. There is no more expression upon his shadowy pincushion and lined with the rank weeds of bitter hate and partisan selfishness. Let us be charitable enough to hope that he has the satisfaction which comes of a belief that his life has not been without its fair proportion of honesty and sincerity.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS. WILLAMETTE ORCHARD, June 1. Mr. A. R. Shipley, Secretary of the Oregon Horticultural Society - Sir: I will offer special premiums as follows: To the person that exhibits the finest specimen of cherries, ten dollars, to be paid in fruit trees in the fall of 1871; to the person that exhibits the greatest number and best selection of Oregon seedling cherries, twenty-five dollars, to be paid in cherry trees; the person exhibiting the largest and best grown display of fruit, I will give five dollars, to be paid in fruit trees in the fall of 1871; to the person who exhibits the finest collection of berries, five dollars, all to be paid in nursery trees and plants to be selected from the Willamette nursery, G. W. Walling & Co., Proprietors. Yours respectfully, G. W. WALLING.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed and far-haired lassies were not so plenty in New York as they are now, there dwelt in the town of H---, (a pretty village distant then about five-and-twenty miles from "Market town") a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden who had a peculiarly grace-grained and ugly, but wealthy father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child; and reported truly she would be his legitimate. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth fully ten thousand dollars - at that period a very handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning smiles of the whole male population of the village were upon her, and suitors were numerous; but her father was particular and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret. Who would have supposed for one minute that such a fellow would dare to look upon beautey and comparative richness? His name was Walker, and he was generally called, "Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted him with the management of his place for three years.

But, a very excellent farmer, and a bright good manager was this plain unassuming, but good looking Joe Walker. He was young, too - only twenty-three - and had actually fallen in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love earnestly, and truly and frankly, and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them which excited his envy and suspicion. Very soon after Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that the case was a hopeless one unless he resorted to stratagem, and so he set his wits to work.

By agreement, an apparent coolness and distance was observed by the lovers toward each other for five or six months, and the father saw, as he believed, with satisfaction that his suspicious and fears had all been premature. Also by agreement between them, Joe absented himself from the house of evenings; and night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bedtime. This was usual and old Danforth determined to know the reason of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment of several months the old gentleman utterly refused to entertain his application for the hand of the young girl.

This was capital - just what old Danforth most desired. It satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child, and he would help Joe to get married, and thus stop all further suspicions of trouble at home. So he said: "Well, Joe, is she a buxom lass?" "Yes, yes," said Joe; "that's for other folks to say. I'm not much of a judge, myself."

"And do you like her?" "Yes, sir, yes."

"But the father objects." "Poh! Let him do so. What need you care? Runaway with her!" "Elope!" "Yes. Off with you at once! If the girl will join, all right. Marry her and bring her here. You shall have the cottage at the end of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not, as he will."

"But -"

"Go about it at once, and do as I bid you. You will stand by me?" "Yes - to the last! I know you, Joe. You're a good fellow, and will make anybody a good son or husband."

"The old fellow will be very mad." "Who cares, pray! Go on, quickly and quietly." "To-morrow night, then?" "Yes."

PLAIN LANGUAGE BY

Which I wish to repeat. And my language is plain. And my language is plain. And in tricks that are plain. The "girl of the Period" is it. Which the same I would like.

Lilly White was her name. And I wish to repeat. In regard to the same. What the name might imply. Lilly White was her name. And I wish to repeat. In regard to the same.

"Twas in Lent, third week, With most potent spells, Which it might be inferred, Lilly White was her name. And I wish to repeat. In regard to the same.

Which we had a small game. Called by some odds and ends; 'Twas a flirtation. The game. But also smiled as she glided. With a smile that was saintly and meek.

Yet the game it advanced. In a way I detect. And my language is plain. And in tricks that are plain. The "girl of the Period" is it. Which the same I would like.

Which I wish to repeat. And my language is plain. And in tricks that are plain. The "girl of the Period" is it. Which the same I would like.

Oh, many a day do I turn away With a weary sigh on my lips, Seeing someone on the thronging shore. But still in my dreams forever it seems They are sailing nearer to me; So every morn a new hope is born. And again I wander by the sea.

And oft when a fleet with music sweet Sails in for the young and the gay, I list to the shout that rings gladly out. But mine are still sailing away. You may, ah, me! that watch by the sea, Albeit in sorrow and pain, Though they sail and late forever they wait, Their ships will come never again.

Yet ever there stand on the pebbly strand An eager and hurrying hound; And oft I hear the clamor of cheer - Glad echoes of laughter and song. Do I hearken the anguished cry, When some tall that we joyous hail But a foaming streak goes by. Will ye anchor soon, and with every boom That I bade ye seek and bring? Or far will ye sail, until darts fall The flowers of life's beautiful Spring? Until you're dead, until Hope is dead, Still waiting and watching in vain, With silvery hair, with wrinkles of care, My ship that sailed over the main.

SCISSORINGS. Labor lost - An organ-grinder playing at the door of a deaf and dumb asylum. An arch girl should always be an archer, for she can bend her beam, as she pleases.

Many live upon the promises they make. They never expect to keep their word, but to be kept by it. What is the difference between a sailor or a soldier? One tans his ropes, the other patches his tent.

The reason why woman has her way so much often is, that both she and she are conscious that her way is the best. We think it no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or latter, pulls all their hair out.

An Irish magistrate, ensuring some boys for loitering in the street, said, "If every-body were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get by?" An Irish schoolmaster recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, except mail steamers and men-of-war.

Five hundred applications a week is about the average filed in the patent office in Washington, and two or three hundred new patents are generally issued in the same time. The New York World says, "If Congress is allowed, without rebuke, to enact the Ku-Klux bill, it can next year decree a national temperance law, and expel all lager beer from the States."

A person at Pike's Peak, writing to a Minnesota journal, says the miners are very much discouraged in that region; they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold.

"Ah, Jimmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jimmy, "I ran quite fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

It may seem strange, but it is true, that a man in New York, perfectly educated, in art, took half a dozen exquisite portraits in less than half an hour. We must add, that he himself was soon afterwards taken for the theft.

A Hoosier critic compares Nilsson to the "Venice of Media," and declares that her "dulcet and divine warblings" fell upon his "beautified heart" like the "splashing music of the melodious waterfalls upon a bed of smoothed rocks."

An appeal will be made on Monday to the Supreme Court, but the Court will not pronounce its term until July - a long, weary month of hopeless, hopeless brooding in the solitude of a prison.