

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.

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State Rights Democrat.

ALBANY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1871.

NO. 11

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DANIEL GABY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. SCIO, OREGON.

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Real Estate Dealers. LAND, IMPROVED OR UNIMPROVED, in any other part of the State.

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NOT GUILTY.

In the spring of 18—I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been called to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. The stolen bag had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled.

These letters were given me for my examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off till the next day, I went into court in the afternoon to see what was going on.

The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Medworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which is seldom found in a culprit.

She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her she became too frightened to weep more.

The complaints against her set forth that she had stolen a hundred dollars from Mrs. Nasby, and as the case went on I found that this Mrs. Nasby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl declared her innocence in the wildest terms, but the circumstances were hard against her.

A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only person that had access there.

At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm, and said:

"People tell me that you are a fine lawyer."

"I am a lawyer," I said.

"Then save her! You certainly can do it, for she is innocent."

"Has she no counsel?"

"None that is good for anything—nobody will do anything for her. Oh, save her, and I will give you all that I have got. I can't give you more, but I can raise something."

I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes toward the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. I then informed the court I was ready to enter the case, and was admitted at once. The loud murmurs of satisfaction that ran through the crowd, told me where the sympathies of the people were. I asked a moment's permission that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and then asked her to state candidly the whole case. She had lived with Mrs. Nasby nearly two years and had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago, she said her mistress had missed a hundred dollars.

"She missed it from her drawer," she said, "and I was asked to look about it. That evening I know that Nancy Luther told Mrs. Nasby that she saw me take the money from the drawer—that she watched me through the keyhole. Then they went to my trunk and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money there. But, sir, I never took it, and somebody else put it there."

I then asked her if she suspected any one.

"I don't know who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me because she thought I was treated better than she. She is the cook. I was the chambermaid."

She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years of age, with a low forehead, small eyes, a pug nose and thick lips. I caught her glance at once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was a rogue.

"The hotel cook who did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken upon me.

"Yes, sir."

I left the court room and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one I returned the rest to him. I would see that the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court room and the case went on.

Mrs. Nasby resumed her testimony. She said she trusted the room to the prisoner's care, and no one else had access there save herself. Then she described the missing money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money that she had lost, in two ten dollar, and one five dollar bank notes.

"Mrs. Nasby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk, had not Nancy Luther advised you?"

"No, sir."

She said that on the night the money was taken she saw the prisoner go up stairs, and from the sly manner in which she went up, she suspected that all was not right, so she followed her up.

Elizabeth went to Mrs. Nasby's room, and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the keyhole, and saw her take the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw she was coming out I hurried away.

I will not describe the scene that followed, but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least if they had not done more.

The next morning I received a note handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of the poor defenceless maiden. It was signed "Several

trunk. I called Mrs. Nasby back. "You said no one save yourself had access to your room; now couldn't Nancy Luther have entered the room if she wished?"

"Certainly! I meant that no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. Nasby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by the misery of poor Elizabeth.

"Could your cook have known by any means in your knowledge where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she often comes to my room for the purpose of getting money to buy provisions of market-men who happened to come along with their waggons."

"One more question: have you ever known of the prisoner using money?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was as bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," I said, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about her money?"

"Because I could not at once make up my mind to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the keyhole and saw her take out the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she place the lamp when she did so?"

"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What do you mean by that?"

"The girl hesitated, and finally she said she didn't mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp."

"Very well; how long have you been with Mrs. Nasby?"

"I do not know."

"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three-quarters."

"Have you drawn any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"How often I have taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and kept no account."

"Then you haven't laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir; only what Mrs. Nasby may owe me."

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?"

"In what town?"

She hesitated and for a moment the bold look forsook her. I next turned to Mrs. Nasby.

"Do you take receipts from your girls when you pay them?"

"Always."

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth about the payment," said Mrs. Nasby.

"Oh, I don't doubt it; but particularly proof is the thing for the court room. So, if you can, I wish you would procure the receipt."

She said she would willingly go, if the court said so. The court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned with four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strong, staggering hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking steadily in the eye, "please tell the court and jury where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in your letter to your sister over in Somers?"

At this she stared as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion, and then I repeated the question.

"I never—sent—any," she gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited him.

"I—I didn't," she faintly murmured, grasping the railing by her side for support.

"May I please your honor and gentlemen of the jury?" I said, "I came here to defend a man who was arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examination had been told open and robbed of money. When I entered upon the case, and heard the name of the witness pronounced, I went out and got this receipt, and I have remembered having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail bag, and it contained seventy-five dollars; and by looking at the post-mark you will observe that it was mailed the day after the hundred dollars was taken from Mrs. Nasby's drawer, and is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery county, Alabama. And now I will only add it is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five dollars were placed in the prisoner's trunk, for the purpose of covering the real criminal. I now leave the witness in your hands."

The case was given to the jury immediately after their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats, they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

I will not describe the scene that followed, but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least if they had not done more.

The next morning I received a note handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of the poor defenceless maiden. It was signed "Several

Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterward the youth who first begged me to take up the case, called upon me with all the money he had raised, and refused his hard earnings, showing him that I had already been paid. Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client being the happy bride.

[From the Washington Republican, Sept. 23.] ALLMAN-JACOBS.

A Young Jewess Elopes With a Christian—Her Father Discards Her—A Jewess.

The police authorities are often called upon to perform queer duties in a fact which was fully demonstrated Thursday.

On the evening of the 19th instant a telegram was received by Mayor Richards requesting him to look out for and arrest a couple named James W. Allman and Bettie Jacobs, whose descriptions were given.

The telegram was turned over to detective George O. Miller, and that officer was on hand at the early train next morning to capture, if possible, the fugitives.

But early as he was, he was too late, and instead of seeing the runaways he met the father of the truant young lady, and from him learned who they were and why they were to be arrested.

Mr. Allman is a Jewess; the parties are both young—the gentleman about twenty eight and the lady about eighteen. Shortly after the close of the war Mr. Jacobs here was doing business in Fairfax, Va., so was Mr. Allman.

The young people met and got together at the same time, and the objection of race interfered with the otherwise smooth current of their affection.

Mr. J., after a time, removed to Baltimore, and Mr. A. to Alexandria, in which respective cities they engaged in business. The young ones were separated but not estranged, and they returned to their respective States to keep the flame brightly burning.

On the 18th Mr. A. visited his in-law at her home; on the 19th

both were missing; hence the despatch and the visit of the old gent. On their arrival in this city the couple repaired at once to the City Hall, interviewed Mr. Meigs, the clerk of the Supreme Court, gave him a small amount of currency, and got the return of the consent of the law to be "applied." Armed with this document they called on Rev. J. C. Smith, D. D., of the Fourth Presbyterian church, who saw no plausible objection to their request, and in his good natured way tied the knot and sealed them off from matrimony, which he knew not. But we saw that the young couple, at the Continental Hotel, where they took a room.

THE NEXT MORNING the detective and the father called at the hotel, and were informed that the party had been there, but had left about an hour before in a carriage. The Alexandria boat was then patronized, the ancient burg reached and thoroughly searched, but no trace of the fugitives found.

The father was disheartened, and although he did not give up the search, he returned to the city, where he remained over night. During the night they got a clue to the truant, and took the first boat for Alexandria, where they arrived about seven o'clock. They proceeded immediately to the house where the parties were stopping, and were informed that Mr. Allman was not in, and that Mrs. A. could not be seen.

The officer, however, informed the landlord that his companion was the father of the girl, and that he must see her. They were then shown up stairs, and the meeting between the sorrowing parent and the apostate daughter is said to have been truly affecting. As the door was opened, and she saw her father, she fell into his arms, and they were legally married, and burst into tears. Her father, equally affected, upbraided her for her act, and forbade her to call him father again, as she had disgraced both him and her mother.

A DIALOGUE WAS CARRIED ON between the two amid their cries and sobs, which was only interrupted when the landlord declared it was attracting too much attention and must cease. The father turned to go, and as he did so cast a fond look at his daughter, and to her frantic "Good-by, father," said: "I will go home, put erace on my hat, and mark you on the record," died, September 19th, 1871.

The scene ended; the daughter of the Jew was discarded and disgraced in the eyes of her people. Her only refuge now is the husband she has chosen. May he ever remember the sacrifice, and deal lovingly and kindly with her who forsook all the world to cling only to him.

FRIGHTFUL BALLOON ACCIDENT.—A few days ago a terrible balloon accident occurred near Paoli, Indiana, of which the following is a brief account:

It appears that while two aeronauts were getting into the car, the ropes gave way, and the balloon shot upward with great velocity. One of the two voyagers let go and fell to the earth uninjured, but the other still clung to the ropes until he had a height of about a mile or more had been reached, when he, too, let go his hold. His descent is described as having presented a frightful spectacle.

Striking the earth his head was mashed into an indistinguishable mass, and the body was crushed and bruised horribly. The body made a hole in the ground eight inches deep, and rebounded four feet from where it struck. The wife and child of the unfortunate aeronaut were witnesses of the terrible accident, and their horror may be easily imagined. It is not time that this ballooning experiment should be placed in a par with trapeze performances and prohibited by law?

SAM. GRANT'S RISE.

A Boy Chapter of Unpublished History.—How the General Got out of the Army and Into it Again—His Promotion Due to Fremont.

New York, September 8. In 1854, Lieut. U. S. Grant was the quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, stationed at Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific coast.

Alfred Pleasanton was lieutenant of dragoons, and Rufus Ingalls was the quartermaster of the regiment. Grant had been addicted to drink to that extent that he had been several times cautioned by his friends, and he, to prevent trouble and as a guarantee of future abstinence, placed his resignation in the hands of Colonel Buchanan, to be used in case of another disgraceful spree.

Soon after this Grant went to San Francisco, and while there got on another "tear," an overstay of his leave, being seduced by the wonderful temptations and fascinations of the Occidental city, so noted for its wonderful and accidental changes of fortune and life.

When he returned to his post he found, much to his surprise and mortification, that his resignation had become known and his resignation had been forwarded with such an endorsement as secured its immediate acceptance. In due course of time, Grant became a private citizen. He was now in a bad fix. Impetuous and despondent, he tried to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. Pleasanton and Ingalls were warm friends of "Sam," Grant, and together they "staked" him, as to enable him to reach the States via Panama. He proceeded to St. Louis, and there lived the life of a vagabond of the first water, loafing about the city, alternating between the city and old Dent's farm, several miles out of the city. At this time Gen. William H. Hillyer and Gen. Hawkins were in business together as accountants, and attorneys at law, and Grant used to make their rooms a sort of headquarters, dropping in almost every day, and passing hours with his feet cocked on the table or a chair, enjoying his inevitable smoke, and no less pleasant chat. In this way the friendship between Hillyer and Grant became cemented, and this account of the selection on Grant's personal staff when he became a brigadier general. Every one knows how Dick Yates, then governor of Illinois, took him for his military secretary, and afterward gave him the colonelcy of an independent regiment which had been tried by two or three colonels, who were unable to subdue their riotous and mutinous disposition. Grant soon straightened them out, and demonstrated his value as a disciplinarian. Being sent to the department of Missouri, then under command of Gen. J. C. Fremont, Grant was assigned to General John Pope's command, and was the senior colonel in that army.

On one occasion Pope had business away, Grant, as senior officer, was in the command. On Pope's return he found Grant in his headquarters tent, writing and doing such business as was incident to his command. Pope with that brusqueness and discourtesy for which he was noted, said to Grant that he wished he would get up and in his own tent and not intrude himself so much at headquarters. Naturally indignant, Grant wrathfully stepped out and proceeded to the tent of the sutler, with whom he was very intimate, and whose whisky he had drunk ad libitum. To this bosom friend he poured out all his woes, and as he sipped his "Doulton" straightened him, he vindictively ejaculated: "I hope I shall live to see the day when I will out-rank Gen. Pope!" One of his most intimate friends here was a Col. Hulbert, and he loved his "tod" as well if not better than Grant did himself. So outrageous did these two officers become in their cups, that Pope finally found it necessary to send them to St. Louis, with a recommendation that they should be both dismissed for drunkenness. Although Mr. Lincoln had placed almost autocratic power in the hands of General Fremont, he hesitated to dismiss them, and let their case hang on from day to day, awaiting a leisure moment to give the matter his personal attention. Major Pope, however, and Hulbert loafed about St. Louis, neglected, impetuous and shabby, danced attendance at headquarters every day in the hope of a speedy settlement of their difficulty. At this time the enemy were advancing upon Cape Girardeau, which was then occupied by a force of regular troops, and was drilled, under the command of General Prentiss, of Illinois. Owing to Prentiss' want of experience, Fremont deemed it advisable to supersede him, but in the absence of other more experienced officers the general hardly knew whom to select to relieve him.

While he was in this quandary