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9 In.	9 00	18 00	27 00	36 00	45 00	108 00
10 In.	10 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	50 00	120 00

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WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

BY MRS. A. M. FREEMAN.

Solomon Brown had five daughters. The oldest of these was twenty-six, the youngest seventeen. In some of the healthiest countries it is considered a misfortune when a girl is born. Solomon Brown's mind may have been colored with this heathenism—though he owned a pew in the church, and contributed conscientiously to the donations—for he shook his head in solemn disapproval as his family increased, declaring that girls were, and had been since the world began, a failure.

Dear little Mrs. Brown emphatically declared her skepticism as to this broad assertion, saying with some spirit, "that the girls could not be dispensed with, and as the great Father had seen fit to create them, it must have been with the consciousness that they might be pronounced good. Of course they were good." She would just ask Mr. Brown, what there was, that might be said truthfully, in disparagement of their own children.

"If they were boys, Lucy," says Brown, frowning up a dry good's bill, "they would be self-supporting. If, for instance, Matilda had been named Solomon—and, you know, that name has fallen to the eldest in our family for generations—she, or he rather, might have learned a trade and would now be able, not only to care for himself, but to render needed assistance to the family. I am sure I never blamed Betsey Trotwood, though I didn't understand her, that she couldn't forgive David for not being a girl. I have never forgiven one of my girls that they disappointed me."

"Dear me, Solomon, I'm sure the girls are doing the best they can. Matilda is a very good dress maker—"

"Boh!" cries Solomon, impatiently, "the country is over run with dress makers. I tell you all this feathers, tuss and flummery is ruining us—that is the people. Don't you understand every additional girl is an additional burden to some one? How much do you suppose, Lucy, I paid out for ribbons last year? Only one hundred dollars."

"But, my husband, there were five of the girls you know, not counting myself, and that makes twenty dollars only, for each. I am sure that is not extravagant at all. There's deacon Smart's Sallie paid that much for one Roman sash. Our girls are very handy about turning their things, and fixing them up as good as new. There were only twenty-four yards in the dears' dresses this spring—that is in the dress of each—while Mrs. Mullin used thirty-five, and I must say that our girls' were much the prettier."

"And would have been prettier still if they'd been made out of eight," growled Solomon, desperately frowning up the accounts again.

Figures are obstinate facts. Solomon, in facing the sum total of united columns, became an obstinate man.

"I tell you, Lucy, we can't go on in this way, that's certain. Something must be done. Why don't they get married?"

But that was a useless question, for this was a New England State, and there were several thousand more women than men, and as one man was allowed only one wife, it was quite impossible that all could be provided with a husband.

"Dear me, Solomon," said the little wife, smiling humorously. "You forget that this isn't Utah—that there is actually no one to whom we may sell our daughters; that you, yourself, would quite disapprove of their going husband-hunting."

Now, while Solomon had been talking in this complaining and countenancingly to his wife, his five unappreciated daughters had been listening from the next room.

"The old bear," cried Matilda, the oldest, under her breath.

"Poor papa," said Lucy, the youngest, her blue eyes full of tears.

"Poor papa, indeed," snapped out the second sister. "I do believe he begrudges us the bird's allowance which we eat."

"Bird's allowance! Josephine, I'm sure there isn't a heartier family of girls in this country than ours. No! Canary's portion would do for me—that I'm sure! I do think it is a shame, that five great girls, able to work as we are, should depend upon one little, old broken down man for their support. Come now, Tilda, isn't it ridiculous? Don't you think that we might do something?"

"I'm sure," Matilda said, "that I've been saying just the best that I know how to do, couldn't I bought the machine, and they—there—"

"Well, Lucy said, laughing, "poor papa had to make the payments on it."

"I'm sure I couldn't help that, because I had expected to get plenty of sewing to do, and sewing you see—"

"Is a drug in the market. No," Tilda, and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, all of those pretty, traditional ways of a woman turning an honest penny are out of date. I've been thinking this over, and I've made up my mind. Come girls, will you stand by me? Have you the courage to lay aside your dainty slippers, to encase your feet in heavy shoes, to let the sun kiss brown freckles on your face, in fact—to wear a bloomer?"

"A bloomer," the four cried together.

"Yes, my dears, for of course the work that I have laid out for us to do, couldn't be done in trains. I have been thinking that we had better take Jacob Sloan's farm for a year," and Miss Lucy, as she spoke, opened her pocket knife and commenced whittling a bit of stick in the Yankee style.

"Jacob Sloan's farm?" they cried again.

"Yes, dear, I was over talking to Jacob yesterday, and he's quite de-

THE VILDE DE HAYRE.

The following additional particulars of the loss of this steaming and the horrors of the wreck, came from New York telegrams of December 14th.

By the Liverpool steamer arriving last night, several of the survivors of the Ville de Havre disaster returned. Mr. Wait, a passenger says that on Thursday, the 20th, the fog cleared off and the weather was clear. This continued until Friday night, up to the hour when the disaster occurred. The lights were all in order when she was struck by the Lochreen amidships. The force of the collision was so great that the Lochreen cut into the side and deck of the Ville de Havre ten or twelve feet deep and twenty-five or thirty feet long. She began to fill at once, and sank in about twelve minutes. The scene on board of being passengers and 40 officers and crew; 236 went down with the steamer. The captain remained bravely at his post and was rescued. Three-quarters of an hour after the collision other passengers were seen floating on planks and some clinging to life-boats. The captain and mate showed great courage. They sank with the steamer, but rose again to the surface, and after remaining nearly an hour in the water, were picked up. The mental anguish of some of those saved, but whose relatives were drowned, was frightful to witness. Mrs. Spofford, of Chicago, was saved, but lost her four children. Mrs. Binkley lost three children. When all the rescued were transferred to another vessel the picture of shipwreck was realized in all its terror. James Bishop, of New York, floated three-quarters of an hour and was saved. Mr. Cramer, of Troy, New York, sank with the steamer, but arose and floated an hour on a timber and was also saved. The lost father, mother and sister. Miss Mary Hunter, sister of the above, was saved in the same manner. The same experience fell to the lot of Misses Madeline and Helen Mixer, of Boston, who sank with the steamer, but arose and floated an hour on loose timbers, and the latter over an hour on the pilot house. Both were finally picked up by the boats of the steamer.

THE SECRET OF A WIFE'S POWER.

Nothing is more beautiful than the belief of the faithful wife that her husband has all the talents, and could, if he would, be distinguished in any walk of life; and nothing would be more beautiful—unless this is a very dry time for signs—that the husband's belief that his wife is capable of taking charge of any of the affairs of this confused planet. There is no woman but thinks that her husband, the great grocer, could write poetry if he had given his mind to it, or else she thinks small beer or poetry, in comparison with an occupation or accomplishment purely vegetable. It is something to see the look of pride with which the wife turns to her husband from any more brilliant personal presence of display of wit than his, in the perfect confidence that if the world knew what she knows there would be one more popular idol. How she magnifies his small wit and dons upon the self-satisfied look in his face, as if it were sign of wisdom. What a counselor that man would make! What a warrior he would be! There are a great many corporals in their retired homes who did more for the safety and success of our armies in critical moments in the late war than any of the "high-cock-a-jenny" commanders. Mrs. Corporal does not envy the reputation of General Sheridan, she knows very well who really won Pyre Forts, for she has heard of the story a hundred times, and will hear it a hundred more with apparently unabated interest. What a general her husband would have made, and how his talking talent could shine in Congress.

There isn't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her own mind and knows him as well as if she had ordered him after designs and specifications of her own. That knowledge, however, she ordinarily keeps to herself, and she enters into a league with her husband, which he was never admitted to the secret of, to impose upon the world. In nine out of ten cases he more than half believes that he is what his wife tells him he is. At any rate she manages him as the keeper does the elephant, with only a bamboo wand, and a sharp spike in the end. Usually she flatters him, but she has the means of pricking clear through his side on occasion. It is the greatest secret of her power to have him think that she thoroughly believes in him.

HOW A CLAUDELINE COURTSHIP WAS BROKEN UP.

A most ingenious device for carrying on a clandestine courtship was brought to light by a grape skin, Friday evening. The young lady lives with her parents and a brother on Pine street. The young man, whom she favored, was a little obscure in his own family, and it has been their aim to keep him at a distance. As he had not been to the house for some time, and as she had not been discovered with him on the street, the family flattered themselves that the ill-starred match was broken up. On Friday evening the brother arrayed himself in his best suit and went down street. An hour later, while passing along the dark side of the street, he encountered the objectionable suitor engaged in close conversation with another man. Not wishing to notice him he lifted his eyes above the level of the other party's head, and was preparing to sail by with an unconscious demeanor, when he unfortunately stepped upon the skin of a grape, and losing his balance, shot violently into the air, and fell upon himself. The young man's embarrassment was changed to horror and astonishment, when the stranger cried out in the voice of his sister, "Oh Tom how could you!" He sprang to his feet in an instant. The stranger was also getting up, and presenting a most remarkable appearance. His face was red as scarlet, and his glossy moustache was turned half way around, one-half going across his mouth, and the other hugging the lee side of his nose. "Why Mary!" exclaimed the shocked brother. But Mary said nothing, and held her head while the sister home, and her mother escorted her to her room, where she wept at once undressed and put to bed, with hot bricks to her feet, and a quart of honest down her throat. Her mother, who could not believe all of her sister's story, was in a case of billions fever, and determined to get the best of it. The lover has secured work at New Haven for the winter. —Dabney News.

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

"We accept the treason, but despise the traitor!" was the practical expression of British sentiment when Arnold, one of the bravest of the American generals, was purchased by British gold, and attempted to betray the trust of his country. He was a native of Norwich, Conn. He was born on the 3d of January, 1740. He was a descendant of Benedict Arnold, one of the early governors of Rhode Island, and was blessed with a mother, who, according to her epitaph, was "A pattern of patience, pity, and virtue." But he was a wayward, disobedient, and unscrupulous boy; cruel in his tastes and wicked in his practices. (1) He was bred to the business of an apothecary, at Norwich, under the brothers Lathrop, who were so pleased with him as a young man of genius, that they gave him two thousand dollars to commence business with. From 1763 to 1767, he combined the business of bookseller and druggist, in New Haven, when he commenced trading voyages to the West Indies, and horse dealing in Canada. He was in command of a volunteer company, in New Haven when the war broke out, with whom he marched to Cambridge, and joined the army under Washington. Then commenced his career as the bravest of the brave. His first bold exploit had been in connection with Ethan Allan in the capture of Ticonderoga, in May, 1775. In September following he started from Cambridge for Quebec, by way of the Keenebec and the wilderness beyond its head waters, in command of an expedition; and after an unsuccessful attempt to take the capital of Canada, he joined Montgomery, and participated in the disastrous siege of that walled town on the last day of the year. There he was severely wounded in the leg, but escaped up the St. Lawrence, held command of a broken army until the arrival of Gen. Wooster in the April following. Arnold retired to Montreal, then to St. Johns and left Canada altogether, in June, 1776. During the Summer and Autumn of that year, he was active in naval command on Lake Champlain. He assisted in repelling the invasion of Connecticut, by Tryon, in April, 1777; and during the latter part of that Summer, he was with General Schuyler, in his preparations for opposing the attempt of Burgoyne to penetrate beyond Fort Edward, or Saratoga. While the American army was encamped at the mouth of the Mohawk, Arnold marched up that stream and relieved the beleaguered garrison of Fort Schuyler (or Stanwix) on the site of the present village of Rome. (2) He was in the battles at Still-water, and despite the jealous efforts of Gates to cripple his movements, his intrepidity and personal example were chiefly instrumental in securing the victory over Burgoyne, for which the commanding general received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal. While Arnold was not even mentioned in the official dispatches. This was one of the first affronts that planted the seeds of treason in his mind. He was again severely wounded at Saratoga, and suffered much for many months. When, in the Spring of 1778, the British evacuated Philadelphia, Arnold was appointed military governor there, because of his incapacity for active field service on account of his wounds. There he lived extravagantly, married the beautiful daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading Tory of Philadelphia, and began a system of fraud, peculation, and oppression, which caused him to be tried for sundry offenses by a court-martial, ordered by Congress. He was found guilty on some of the charges, and delicately reminded him in debt, he brooded upon revenge on one hand, and pecuniary relief on the other. He opened a correspondence with the accomplished Major Andre, adjutant general of the British army, and after procuring the command of the fortresses at West Point on the Hudson, and vicinity; he arranged, with Andre, a plan for betraying them into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York. His price for his perfidy was fifty thousand dollars and a brigadier's commission in the British army. After a personal negotiation with Andre, the treason became known, but the traitor had fled to his new friends in New York. He soon afterwards repudiated a marauding expedition into Virginia, (4) and then on the New England coast, near his own birth-place, everywhere exhibiting the most cruel spite toward the Americans who had espoused the British cause. He was everywhere shunned as a serpent, and he made his abode in St. Johns, New Brunswick, from 1780 until 1783. He went to the West Indies, in 1794, and from thence to England. He died in Gloucester Place, London, on the 14th of June 1801, at the age of sixty-one years. Just three years afterward his wife died at the same place, aged forty-three. (5)

MR. JONES' LOVE LETTERS.

A young man whom we shall call Billy Jones, could be seen in the postoffice a few days ago, boasting to a crowd of friends of the soul inspiring letter which he would soon receive from his Dulcinea. The mail being distributed, Mr. Jones hurriedly unlocked the box, and there before him to his heart's delight, was the long-looked-for white-winged message, bearing the well known initials of his punctual correspondent. Desiring to show the production of her soulful imagination to a couple of his intimate friends, he sat down on the iron stairway in the postoffice, and broke the latter open. He bewildered countenance plainly showed that something was not right, and folding it up, he gave it to one of his companions to read. That companion has kindly furnished us with the following copy:—

October 6th, 1873.

"MY DARLING BROTHER:—I have just written Billy the spooniest letter ever penned by a silly girl to a moonstruck youth. I dislike to continue corresponding with him while you are so strenuously opposed to it, but his nonsensical answers to my foolish letters afford me so much amusement that I cannot give it up at present. I write him pages of the most familiar quotations from Shakespeare, and he thinks it all original with me. But to view my position more practically, you must remember that I am twenty five years of age, with nothing to support me and very little prospect of getting married. Trust Mr. Jones and myself are engaged, but he is so slow, and I fear he will eventually sever our association. If I thought of doing better, I believe I would marry Billy as a last resort. You must admit that he is a young man of some ability, however limited that may be, and his prospects of making a living at least, are pretty good considering the times and his childishness. After a few years of contact with this working-day world, I think Billy will be something, and if not, his submissive disposition and genuine affection for me are commendable qualities in his composition. Now, brother, give me your consent to keep Billy on hand until I am sure what course Mr. Jones will pursue in relation to our engagement. If you can spare fifty cents please send it to me so I can have a gem taken of me for Billy's watch-case. Your loving sister,

Billy now went to his box again, and received a brief and explanatory message:

"DEAR BILLY:—I sent you brother's letter by mistake. Mail it to him in—immediately, and he will send you yours. Your sweet chuck."

Billy is now in a quandary in relation to the course to be pursued by him in the future.—Mobile Tribune.

A PRISBY old gent, of sixty summers, accompanied by a blooming damsel of fifty-six, called at a justice's office in Des Moines, the other day, and requested him to unite them in matrimony. The "squire" demanded the license. The would-be groom produced from a pile of old newspapers that he carried in his pocket, a decree of divorce separating him some time in the far past from another Eliza Jane. The justice scanned the document with critical eye, and promptly informed his customer that he couldn't marry him on "those papers." A bystander suggested to the amorous, aged individual that he would escort him to the office where licenses were sold, and the offer was accepted. The twain got a dollar and a half's worth of thumb papers, and returned to the justice, who speedily made them one. The groom inquired what the charge was. The "squire" replied that two dollars would liquidate the financial claims against him. The old man demurred. Said he: "It's too much. Them license cost a dollar and a-half, and them divorce cost fifteen dollars; and now you'll two dollars atop of that is too steep." The "squire" calmly and firmly declared that he wouldn't take any less, and intimated that he would summon them instantly unless the groom forked over the charge. That threat brought him to Linnick, and he paid up.

Those old souls never lack for arguments. Lately one replied to a temperance lecturer by the following poser: "If water runs the soles of your boots what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

SEE GENTLE WITH THE WIFE.

The gentle, for you little know
How many trials run;
Although to those they may be small
To her of giant size.

Be gentle, though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone;
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to thy own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
The woman's lot is hard;
Time yield her what support thou canst
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle, for the weak hearts
As times may leave some grief,
And even in a fretful hour
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle, for unkindness now
May raze an angry storm,
That all the after years of life
In vain may seek to stem.

Be gentle, for kindness, that is noble,
Though it's a secret, shall be known;
Though it's a secret, shall be known,
Then husband, bear and still forbear,
Be gentle to thy wife.

JOAQUIN MILLER SHOWS OFF.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Rome, November 24, relates an incident characteristic of Miller, and which corresponds with the eccentricities exhibited by him on this coast and in London:

Joaquin Miller, the Oregon poet, was here yesterday, and I requested a friend to present him to Miss Hosmer, the sculptor. The interview was thus described to me: When the studio was reached Miss Hosmer appeared on the threshold to receive her guest. After the presentation, without making the usual salutation, Miller stopped short, and in his peculiar manner, examined minutely his hostess, and then, blurted, "Hosmer, I like your eye." The circuit of the studio was then begun. Miller had but little to say until the party approached a fine statue, around the base of which were two serpents twisted about one another. These he gazed intently, exclaiming, "Hosmer, I'm a savage. I don't know much about your beautiful forms and figures, but I do know what a serpent is in life, and form also if they ain't the best I ever saw." The last sentence was so beautiful indeed in the mouth of Miss Hosmer. This seemed to attract the poet immensely, for, after a long stare, he ejaculated, gazing upon the marble, "Hosmer, you're a great man!" It is needless to say that our gifted countryman prizes highly the rough but sincere and complimentary criticism.

THOMAS LAGUNA AND RELIGION.—A lady who had charge of a young ladies' Bible class, speaking of defective home training, said her best pupil, eighteen years of age, had caused her the most acute anxiety. Rain or shine she was always at her post. The girl's whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the straightening out of intricate theological problems, and yet, said the teacher, "the girl was so pale and wan that I was afraid every Sabbath would be her last in the class. One day she fainted, and in trying to restore her I loosened her dress, and what do you think I found? Corsets so tightly drawn that a full respiration was impossible! I removed them and found the girl's ribs actually lapped! I took her to her mother, a very prominent and useful church member, and stated the case without reserve. 'Wally, you see,' said the parent, 'Fanny never had any figure. I shouldn't be surprised if the lacings were drawn a little too tight. Her waist is naturally so large that it is almost impossible to fit anything gently to her. How is your class prospering, Miss—? I hope you are drawing many souls to Christ!'

UNHAPPY THOUGHTS.—That so few people should know beans.
That so many want to be President.
That money continues to make its ways go.
That men of small calibre should be such good horses.
That it is easy for a man to make a donkey of himself.
That there is no process by which you can make two and two five.
That 'Old Prob' can't furnish us all with the kind of weather we wish.
That there should be so much thinking in the world and so few thoughts.
That there should be so many more lunatics out of the asylums than in them.
That people should drink to keep themselves up, when it only keeps them down.
That nearly every English author should think that he can come here and play the Dickens.

HERETOFOR there has been a miserable sameness in the defalcations that have started the financial world; it has been more embezzlement or using other people's money for private speculative purposes, and there was a terrible monotony running through all the stories of fiscal folly or crime. But now the absconding cashier of the Security Bank of New York has stolen \$25,000 outright—there is no pretence on his behalf that he has been engaged in unwise speculations—he has fled to parts unknown, and if rumor does not belie him, is accompanied by an accomplice before or after the act, who will help him to spend his ill-gotten gains. The novelty of the crime is noticeable. It is the first case of the kind for a long time past, in which the blame has not been laid upon Wall street.

It is stated in connection with insurance that in 1873 more than fifteen times as many policies in life insurance companies were dropped by parties holding them as expired by death or limitation.

A New York street car conductor who said "Yes, madam," to a lady, had been presented with a new overcoat, and they talk of a statue of him.