THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. I. EUGENE CITY, OREGON, JULY 12, 1862. NO. 26.

THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

Published every Saturday by

H. SHAW & CO.

Terms of Subscription.

The REPUBLICAN will be published at $2 50 a year in advance; $3 00 if paid at the end of six months; or $4 00 at the close of the year. One dollar additional will be charged for each year payment is neglected.

☞ No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at our option.

Rates of Advertising.

One square (ten lines or less) one month,	$2 00
Each additional insertion,	50
Business Cards, one square or less, one year,	12 00
" " " six months,	8 00
Four squares and upwards, one year, per square,	10 00
" " " six months, per square,	7 00
" " " three months, "	5 00
Administrator's Notices, and all advertisements relating to estates of deceased persons, which have to be sworn to, one square, four insertions,	5 00

All communications to this office should be addressed to H. SHAW & Co., Eugene City, Oregon.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Business men throughout Oregon and California will find it greatly to their advantage to advertise in the STATE REPUBLICAN.

Tribute to the Memory of Eva.

BY J. M. GALE.

Fair Eva was a lovely child,
Her eye so clear, so sweet, so mild;
The smile that played around her mouth
Was soft as the air of the sunny South;
The silvery music of her voice
Oft made a lonely heart rejoice;
And often 'round the family hearth,
Her sparkling eye and ready mirth
Created many a joyous thrill,
Which now in that sad home is still.
A mind so ripe in one so young
Is seldom for this earth-life long;
And now beneath the trysting place
The sod has hid her lovely face.
The swift Willamett's rippling wave
Goes murmuring by dear Eva's grave;
And a little fir tree shades the mound
Where her aged friend laid her body down.
Yet Eva lies not in that sand—
She's gone to the happy spirit-land;
Where lost and loved ones, gone before,
Receive her to that flowery shore.
And oft when weary hours beguile,
Will memory bring fair Eva's smile,
Until her smiling face seems here,
The hearts that love her best to cheer.
In visions oft of her ideal
Will that enchanting scene grow real.

How Gen. Banks' Army was Saved.

Williamsport, Md., May 26, 1862.

Dear Father and Mother: You have probably heard by this time of the three days' fighting from Strasburg and Front Royal to Martinsburg. Our company and Company B were ordered to Front Royal, in the mountains, twelve miles from Strasburg, last Friday, and when we got within two miles of our destination we heard cannonading. The Major ordered the baggage to stop, and our two companies dashed on, and found seven companies of our infantry and two pieces of artillery engaged with several thousand of the enemy. Just as we arrived on the field, Colonel Parem, who had command of our forces, rode up to me and ordered me to take one man and the two fastest horses in our company and ride for dear life to Gen. Banks' headquarters in Strasburg, for reinforcements. The direct road to Strasburg was occupied by the enemy, so I was obliged to ride round another road seventeen miles. I rode the seventeen miles in fifty five minutes. General Banks did not seem to think it very serious, but ordered a regiment of infantry and two pieces of artillery off. I asked Gen. Banks for a fresh horse to join my company, and he gave me the best one that I ever rode, and I started back. I came out on the Front Royal turnpike, about two miles this side of where I left our men. Saw two men standing in the road and their horses standing by the fence. I supposed they were our pickets. They didn't halt me, so I asked them if they were pickets. They said "No." Says I, "Who are you?" "We are part of General Jackson's staff." I supposed they were only joking. I laughed and asked them where Gen. Jackson was. They said he was in the advance. I left them and rode toward Front Royal till I overtook a soldier and asked him what regiment he belonged to. He said he belonged to the Eighth Louisiana. I asked how large a force they had, and the reply was "twenty thousand." I turned back and drew my revolver, expecting either a desperate fight or a Southern jail; but the officers in the road didn't stop me, and I was lucky enough not to meet any of their pickets. But if it was not a narrow escape, then I don't know what is. When I got out of the enemy's lines I rode as fast as the horse could carry me to General Banks, and reported what I had seen and heard. He said I had saved the army. In less than an hour the whole army was in motion toward Winchester. After I left Front Royal to take the first dispatch to Strasburg, our two companies of cavalry, who were covering the retreat of the infantry and baggage, were attacked on three sides by about three thousand of the enemy's cavalry. Our boys fought like devils, till nearly half of them were killed or wounded, and then retreated to Winchester.

From your son,

CHARLES H. GREENLEAF,
Company D, Fifth New York Cavalry.

Down East there resides a certain M. D. One cold night he was aroused by a very loud rapping at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked—

"Who's there?"
"A friend."
"What do you want?"
"Want to stay here all night."
"Well, stay there all night and be d—d."

SHORT settlements make long friends.

GEORGE F. TRAIN ON RUSSELL.

Russell is an Irishman, not an Englishman. [Hear, hear.] Russell was not the *Times'* correspondent in Italy, and you ought to know as well as I, that it was poor Bowlby, and not Russel, who succeeded Cook in China. Nobody seems to know whether Russell was born in 1816 or 1821; but, graduating at Trinity, he commenced writing for the *Times* in 1843. Living at a sensation time, when O'Connell was the sensation leader, Russell became a sensation letter writer, and, with the exception of the short period from 1845 to 1847, when he was on the *Chronicle*, he has been chief of the *Times'* staff. In 1850 he became a barrister, the literary dodge often practiced to open the door to good society. [Oh!] The gentleman says oh! but it is notorious that he never held a brief, wore a wig, or gave a legal opinion. He did what Carter Hall and Makepeace Thackery did before him—paid the hundred pound barrister license to obtain the *locus standi* of the West End. In 1854 and 1855 he was the tyrant of the army at the Crimea, and so unfairly did he use the means at his command, there are many officers in the British army who treat him with the contempt he deserves. His attack upon the Commissary department did more to prolong the contest than is generally known. I was told, when at St. Petersburg, after the war, that the Emperor received telegraphic dispatches from London as to the wretched condition of the allied forces, as described by "our own correspondent," which made the Russians more vindictive and more determined, more obstinate, and stimulated them to make greater exertions to pour down troops to the Crimea. [Hear, hear, and true.] England may thank Russell for additions to many a Crimean grave yard; many a noble home in England has been made sad by this reckless trader in human reputation, who yesterday came sniveling, like a whipped school boy, before the British people, in a three column attack on the American Government, simply because that Government has enforced its orders, not against Mr. Russell only, but against all the correspondents of the world, American as well as European. France, he forgets to mention, was the dear ally of England in the Russian war, yet he was refused permission to enter the French camps, although the allied Generals were acting in concert. [Applause.] The Emperor sent a special order prohibiting his entrance inside the ranks. It was enough to see the *Times* play into the hands of Russia by slandering the English army, without libeling the French as well. President Lincoln has only followed the action of some other distinguished names. Do you think that the British Government would allow any newspaper correspondent, in the employ of any other Government, to criticise any of the movements of the army on the field of battle? ["No."] How strange that he should ask a favor of the President whom a short time ago he accused of man slaughter in hanging the slave trader, Gordon. But, to continue—in 1856 he was sent to Moscow to paint the picture of Alexander's coronation, and I will do him the justice to say that he painted it well. [Cheers.] That year his college dubbed him LL. D. The next year he was in India, and, in 1858, established that lamentable failure, the *Army and Navy Gazette*. And now we come more directly to the question in debate—Was the President justified in his expulsion? [Hear, hear.]

Received at New York with open arms, introduced at our clubs, and in our families, he writes his first letter, and prints his first libel, declaring that there was no Union feeling, no Union sentiment, no Union army in the North; predicting the entire collapse of our Republic. He went to Washington, where doors opened wide again to give him welcome, and again he replied with another sneer at the Federal resources. He passed on to Charleston, and there it was that he found the gentleman, the chivalrous officer, the anointed Carolinian; and Abolition Russell fell violently in love with negro slavery, and Southern brandy. From this point he wrote that Republicanism was dead in the South—the Confederacy wanted a king—and the Prince of Wales was suggested. That noble Prince, who, a few months before, had been insulted in Richmond, the only place where he was not well received in the Western world. Acting on these letters, and his Confederate conspirator, Bunch, the secession British Consul at Charleston—Lord John Russell made his first false step in acknowledging the rebels as belligerents, and it is not the fault of those British spies that the Foreign Secretary did not acknowledge the Confederacy. Under the sacred cover of diplomatic letters, it is fair to presume that at this time he made his plans to furnish through the British dispatch bags to the rebel Generals the entire plans of the Northern army. [Oh! and where is your proof?] As well as to keep Yancey and the British Government thoroughly posted, through the dispatches of Lord Lyons to the Foreign Office; acting the double part of a British informer and a rebel spy! [Dissent, and proof, proof.]

You ask for proof—I refer you to the diplomatic correspondence, in the month of October, between Seward, Adams, and Lord Lyons, demanding the recall of Bunch, for sending rebel papers from the Southern leaders to their Commissioners here, through Lord Lyon's dispatch bag, and the Foreign Office. Seward having tripped up the British Government in this equivocal piece of diplomacy, Lord John Russell afterwards sent his special messenger by every steamer to Washington, and it is a singular fact that Yancey was the first to obtain every information on both sides of the line, the moment this arrangement was made [hear, hear]; but to go on, Russell was next at Fort Pickens, which he falsely predicted would soon be occupied by General Bragg; but recent events have proved that although General Bragg may be a good dog, General Holdfast is a better. [Laughter.]

At New Orleans he commenced to be disgusted with the South, and, believing that he could reach the North before his letters returned, he began abusing those who had entertained him, and ridiculed the riff-raff that composed the Southern army. His picture, however, of the poverty of the English wives and daughters, whose husbands and fathers had been impressed into the rebel army, together with the several British subjects who were imprisoned at New Orleans, created no such horror in England as the arrest of one British subject would have done in the North; but let me hurry on. At Cairo he thanked God that he had left the land of ruffians and gamblers, and was again under the stars and stripes. His letters having come back to America, he accused the Southern Post Office with having tampered with his correspondence, forgetting that his employers in Printing House Square are ever ready to cut a truth out of any letter and insert a lie when it answers their purpose. Not entirely corrupt, still respecting the lessons of the Puritan custom of keeping the Sabbath holy.

What must then be the disgust of the good people of Illinois to find this model churchman out in the prairie with his dogs and gun, disturbing the peaceful services in the little village church on its border with the report of firearms. An everlasting disgrace upon the English people, as well as an insult to our own. He was summoned to the Police Court, and out of respect to the church going nation he represented, as well as disgusted with his ignorance of our religious customs, he was discharged. He returned to describe as an eye witness the battle from which he acknowledges he was six miles distant.—It has come to pass that he arrived in Washington some hours in advance of the disorganized volunteers which he ridicules, and carved his facts out of his imagination. He is a wore painter, and can paint a truth as well as a lie; but his taste runs in the latter vein. Consequently, he sinks truth wherever he can, so that he may the more effectually float the lie with which he caters to the willing appetite of English secession.

DR. BROWNSON ON SLAVERY.

Dr. Brownson argues that slavery has produced our present national crisis—that the rebellion itself is only the armed phase of the slavery question—and that unless this question is disposed of so that it can never come up again, all the efforts of our Government and people will be idle, and all our sacrifices of men and money will be worse than lost. In his view, the time has come when the slave system and the free labor system cannot exist side by side in the same country. He says in his *Quarterly Review*:

It is, we suppose, the object of the United States in the present civil war to break up the Southern Confederacy, to put down and utterly extinguish the present rebellion, and, as far as human foresight and human ability can go, to guard against any like rebellion in future. The aim of every nation should be, first of all, self-preservation, or the maintenance of its own existence and the integrity of its territory. Our nation can do this only by rendering universal either the slave system or the free labor system, legalizing slavery everywhere in the land, or permitting it nowhere. Were we to beat, as we are beating, the armies of the Confederacy, and crush its present military power, we should so long as slavery occupied its former position, at best gain only a truce for some years, no solid or durable peace. The embers of the rebellion would still slumber, ready to break out and burn afresh on the first opportunity. The slaveholding interest might consent again to govern and use the Union for its own ends, but it would not be extinguished, and would break out in a still more formidable rebellion, and again convulse the nation, the moment that the interest of free labor should show itself able and determined to assert its own rights and legitimacy.

The attempt to combine the two systems has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, without success. The experience of the future, with the same object in view, would only be a repetition of the past.

It is useless to multiply words about it. There can be no permanent union of freedom with slavery, no national unity and integrity with slavery in one half of the States and freedom in the other. We have tried the experiment for the best part of a century, and it has failed, utterly failed. Freedom has made all conceivable sacrifices to slavery. Compromise after compromise has been consented to. We have suppressed the utterance of our noblest convictions, done all that we could to stifle the irrepressible instincts of humanity, lest by some word or deed we might endanger the Union, and the result has been contempt on the part of the South for the Union-saving North, and the present rebellion. A new trial of the experiment can succeed no better, for the people of the loyal States, if they would retain the slightest approach to self-respect, cannot possibly make greater concessions, or do more than they have already done to render practical and permanent that Union. The experiment has failed, as fail it always will and always must. It is not constitutional government, it is not Republicanism, as some of our European friends pretend, that has failed; but the attempted union of freedom and slavery, of two essentially hostile and mutually repellant systems in the same State.

MISS HINKLEY was visiting an artist's studio lately, and the painter pointed out to her a change he had been making in his picture, converting a male into a female; all he had to do was to turn a jacket into a shawl, and trowsers into a petticoat. "That's all the difference."

"On canvass" said the witty prima donna.

THERE is a good natured bachelor so generous that, poor fellow! he would even give his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it. What a pity.

NOBLE WORDS FROM SENATOR WADE.—"No jurist has the folly to limit the powers that a man may use in defense of his own life when assailed; and so no statesman will attempt to limit the power that a nation may use when the life of the nation is assailed. There is no limit to it. You have a right to go forward in an individual case in your might, and if your life is sought, any force, any power, anything you may do honestly in defense of your own life, the law pronounces a justifiable act. So when the life of the nation is assailed by vile traitors embodied in military array for its destruction, they are beyond all law, and the nation, in defense of its Constitution, its Union and its flag, may resort to any means that God Almighty has put into their hands honestly to maintain their constitutional rights. I know very well that small lawyers may get up on these great questions of statesmanship and pettifog as a man would to screen a felon before a Justice of the Peace, and place his arguments on those narrow principles of constitutional law. He may require all the assumptions of innocence that are so often resorted to to shield a culprit from the punishment of his crime. It is done here. But, sir, the man whose life is assailed does not summon a jury, and the nation whose life is assailed by traitors need not summon a jury. All you want is the power honestly exercised, to put it down.

I am tired of hearing arguments in favor of traitors. The Constitution takes their lives, their property, their all. Are they not in quest of ours? If there is any stain on the present Administration, it is that they have been weak enough to deal too leniently with these traitors. I know it sprung from goodness of heart—it sprang from the best of motives; but, as a method of putting down this rebellion, mercy to traitors is cruelty to loyal men. Look into the seceded States and see thousands of loyal men there coerced into their armies, to run the hazard of their lives, and placed in the damnable position of perjured traitors by force of arms. If there is a man there bold enough to maintain his integrity in the face of these infernal powers, do they scruple to take life, his property, his all? By our merciful course we have paid a premium to treason, and made it almost impossible that a loyal man in the seceded States can maintain himself at all. Those States are often overrun by lawless bands of rebels, who do not scruple to take their property and their lives, and treat them with every indignity and every cruelty that a perverse ingenuity can invent; but on the other hand, when our armies come along there they deal quite as leniently with the traitor as with the loyal man. What teaches human nature? A man, having solely a regard for his self-interest, living in one of these communities, will undoubtedly reason thus; 'I must profess to be a traitor; I must co-operate with them, for if their lawless bands overrun the country I in habit, if I show any Union sentiment, any love for the Constitution and the old flag, I shall lose not only my life, but all I possess; while on the other hand, if the Federal forces overrun the country, they are so lenient that, even professed traitor as I am, they will respect not only my life, but my property, and all I have.' This rule is as impolitic as it is unjust. You should carry the avenging sword along with your army and smite treason, and put it down, and yield protection to honest, loyal men. Until you adopt that course you will war in vain. For one, I say let us go forward against treason and traitors: let us put down this rebellion at all hazards. If it must come to this, that the Union and slavery cannot live together, let slavery die the death, for the Constitution, the Union, and the time-honored old flag *shall* live forever!"

DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—A case occurred in the District Court on Saturday last, which created no little amusement, and for a time the majesty of justice gave way to the risibilities of mirthfulness. It was "John Doe vs. Richard Roe," in which right, title and interest to certain cattle was at stake. The main witness in the case, for Doe or Roe, it matters not which, was one Steward, from Missouri Bend, "new Pike," on the Sacramento river. The opposite party sought to impeach this witness, and among others introduced a man from the land of Pike by the name of Hayes. The question was asked him, "If the said Steward was in his opinion a man of truth and veracity?" The witness answered, "that as far as the truth part was concerned, he never heard anything against his character for *truth*, that thar was no doubt but Steward was all right on the truth question, but his character for veracity war a heap bad." Here is where laugh came in—the Court shook his sides, the bar "came down" with a bumper, and the spectators joined in the chorus. The most severe cross-examination only elicited the same answer, that Steward might be all right as far as the truth was concerned, but his veracity was questionable. Hayes had got it into his head that veracity had something to do with stealing hogs or branding calves, and wouldn't yield an inch, "and his soul goes marching on," though his ideas of language most decidedly "hangs dangling in the air."—*Red Bluff Independent.*

THE *Boston Journal* has the following on the taking of Baton Rouge:

"At the approach of the ships the rebel flags were hauled down and the stars and stripes displayed from public and private buildings. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the inhabitants, who rushed down to the river and greeted them with cheers, and waving hats and handkerchiefs. One of the leading men of the town rode down on horseback, and cried out, 'Hurrah for Lincoln, bread and meat.' The people are represented as in the highest state of excitement, the Union sentiment overwhelming all sympathy with the rebellion."

A DOCTOR has got a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' work well worked in.

[From the REPUBLICAN-EXTRA of July 5.]

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

From the Daily Sac. *Union* we have the following summary:

The theater of war has been so far contracted that a good map of Virginia will probably answer for tracing the movements of the contending forces during the remainder of the struggle. It is in that triangular section of the Old Dominion, including the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and the tidewater region, which is about equal in area to Scotland, that the enemy have concluded to concentrate their strength for a final effort. Johnston, Beauregard and Jackson, the three most trusted leaders of the rebels, are there already, and nearly all the troops that can be raised by a rigid conscription are being mustered to swell the host that gives battle for the "rights of the South" and the glory of King Cotton. It is obvious that the policy of the enemy is favorable to a speedy close of the contest, as McClellan appears to be keeping open the North Carolina highways, so that the rebels may reach their chosen field. The more concentrated the forces the swifter will be the decision. With large reinforcements from the victorious army in the West, McClellan may soon have three hundred thousand men in Virginia—the greater number of whom are well trained soldiers. We question whether the rebel Generals can concentrate an equal number, and feel assured that thousands of their men will be raw conscripts, poorly equipped, and without heart for the struggle. Pope and Sigel, two of the ablest Generals of the Western forces, have arrived in Virginia. There will be no lack of active and skillful subordinates to execute the operations planed by the general-in-chief. The contest will be fierce and sanguinary. Of that there can be no question. But with such armies in close proximity, and maneuvering within a contracted area, the end must come speedily. Burnside will close the Southern doors of escape. A powerful column in the Valley will crowd Jackson down towards Richmond. McDowell will keep them below the line of the Rappahannock. They can only break the coil by defeating McClellan. In the meantime it is consoling to know, that by the choice of a battle ground, the rebels have saved the bulk of the Union army from the malaria of the Cotton States, and placed themselves just where it will be easiest for a General of skill, with sufficient forces, to annihilate the military power of the "Confederacy" by the close of July.

We have the winding up of the war in northern Mississippi; the evacuation of Memphis; the capture of Chattanooga; the Departure of Buell for East Tennessee; the advance of Morgan from Cumberland Gap upon Knoxville; the particulars of two battles between Fremont's and Jackson's forces in the valley of Virginia; the official report of the losses in the battle of Fair Oaks; the concentration of the rebels in Eastern Virginia, and the important proceedings of Congress. If the enemy fight a few more battles like that of Fair Oaks, the aristocratic class who hold the commissions will be sadly reduced in numbers. They admit a loss of five Generals, twenty-three Colonels, ten Majors, fifty-seven Captains, and eight thousand men killed, wounded or captured. McClellan's loss is officially stated at 5,734, of whom 890 were killed. The dispatches from the Virginia Valley show that on the 7th of June, Fremont defeated Jackson in a bloody battle at Cross Keys, a few miles west of Harrisonburg, in which each side suffered heavy losses. The next day Shield's advance, while in pursuit of the enemy, was checked and driven back with loss, after a five hours fight at Port Republic. Jackson having been largely reinforced, Fremont retired to Mt. Jackson, which he fortified. Sigel was at Strasburg; Banks at Winchester. The war rages fiercely in that quarter, and marching and fighting proceed with little intermission. Congress has nearly completed the more important business of the session. Its work marks a new era in the history of the republic. Besides devising a system of taxation for which no previous experience had fitted our legislators, this body has prohibited the extension of slavery into the Territories, enacted the Homestead Law, passed the Act providing for the construction of a Pacific Railroad, authorized the building of a fleet of iron clad vessels of war, overhauled plundering contractors and doubtful officials—and, in general, given an earnest support to the national Administration in the prosecution of the war. The Confiscation Bill is the only measure of much importance to be acted upon. Congress may conclude its labors by the Fourth of July.

Dispatches up to the 27th state that McClellan is steadily advancing, and holding all the ground gained. Gen. Pope has been assigned the command of the army in Virginia, consisting of Fremont's, Banks' and McDowell's forces.

VIEWS OF THE FRENCH CABINET.—M. Gallardet, in his letter from Paris to the *Courier des Etats Unis*, May 9th, states that the French Cabinet are as much divided on the American and Roman questions as the French people themselves. The South, he says, has strong friends in M. M. de Persigny and Pitlant; the North a well wisher in M. Thouvenel. On the Roman question, Prince Napoleon and M. Persigny are warm champions of Victor Emanuel, while the Empress and Count Walowski are as strong defenders of the Pope.

ANDREW J. VALLANDIGHAM, who represents himself as a brother of the Congressman of that name, has been arrested at Clinton, Missouri, for marauding upon Union citizens, horse stealing, robbery, bushwhacking and jayhawking generally.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

IN reference to ladies' dresses, it is no longer proper to say "the height," but breadth of fashion.