# THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

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


[For the REPUBLICAN.]

## THE VERMIN ON THE BODY POLITIC.

*And the Lord spake unto Moses, Go unto Pharaoh, and say unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go, that they may serve me.*

*And if thou refuse to let them go, behold, I will smite all thy borders with frogs.*—Ex. viii, 1, 2.

*And Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt; and the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt.*—Ex. viii, 6.

*But when Pharaoh saw there was respite, he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto them; as the Lord had said.*—Ex. viii, 15.

*And the Lord said unto Moses, Say unto Aaron, Stretch out thy rod, and smite the dust of the land that it may become lice throughout all the land of Egypt.*—Ex. viii, 16.

ARGUMENT.—A secessionist is a nondescript—utter depravity of intellect; its emanations suited to the taste of vulgar fools—is a deformed being damned to that condition for a purpose; deformities are caused by sin against natural laws; the immortal spirit deformed is the most horrible; such beings are the great source of danger, discord and difficulty in the world; great was the degree of criminality committed in the nation to damn to deformity so great a mass of people as that which abuses its freedom of late—the secession element. They are the curse for that criminality of the nation just as the lice, frogs, etc., were the curse of Egypt; man strives against God in doing wrong; man cannot expect the favor of heaven without doing right; no power can conquer effect without removing the cause, therefore the vermin on the body politic will continue to disgust and afflict all people until the nation is forced to the eradication of the great wrong that brought the curse, as was taught in the wonderful example of Pharaoh.

Ye Solons, and Savans, and Sages,
And Gorgons, and Furies of ages!

Ye Muses, and Witches, and Wizzards,
And Mortals with souls or with gizzards!

Ye Fairies, and Naiads, and Graces,
And Bogles, and all that have faces!

Ye Genii, and Griffins, of day-time or night,
And Goblins, and Spectres, and horrid Affrites!

Ye demons and devils of darkest design,
If all of your powers at once could combine,
Ye could not a picture successfully make,
In meanness, and grossness, and vileness of shape,
Displaying the features with paint or with dirt,
That mark a secessionist newspaper squirt!

All brushes, and pencils, and penning must fail,
Nor colors nor mixtures of painters prevail.
He's brighter than brightness—the glitter of brass,
Yet duller than dullness—a perfect jackass.
He's fairer than fairness—the brightness of light,
Yet darker than darkness—the blackness of night.
He's wiser than wisdom—each science his tool,
Yet wrong in his actions—a numskull and fool.
More honest than honor—yet steals if he can,
Is brutish and fiendish—yet looks like a man.
No picture can show him—you see at the start,
He's below and beyond all science and art.

His actions are foolish, yet mixed with the mean,
Though ripened in summers, he's smukey and green;
He's gaited quite "hossy," goes curring his neck,
And walking, he's prancing as bitted in check;
Is weedy and washy like a Siwash's hoss,
With airs as important as Sambo made boss.

His hat on his noggin lays over his nose,
Thus giving his back-hair the fairest expose.
The face on his noddle is hid from the sight,
For eyes of a traitor will shrink from the light;
His features cadaverous look sullen yet spry,
And villains by legions look out at each eye,
And shudders pass over each honest man's heart
At meeting such monster, mean, stupid and smart.

His voice it is blurty, and smurkey, and flat,
As squeakings or squawkings of weasel or rat;
Is snarlish and snappish with anger and hate,
And broken and ugly with horrible grate.
All tones and all cadence he well understands,
Can do them quite easy, excepting a man's.

But darker than blackness his region of brains,
No cesspool so filthy, in things it contains.
It's slimy, and nasty, and funky throughout,
And odors all rotten go floating about.
Here gasses engender, disgusting to men,
That being condensed to most odious phlegm,
Is smeared on a paper and sent to each fool
Whose appetite craves a secessionist's stool.

Deformity lingers in body and mind,
Yet straight to one purpose he's always confined;
As though but a being especially picked,
To worry and pester, disgust and afflict.

The body deformed in any respect,
Is painful, distressing, when e'er we reflect
That Unity's broken in laws of our God—
The body disfigured, but being his rod
To punish defections and sinning and wrong,
Preserving his system united and strong.

How horrid revolting the being to see,
In spirit immortal a deformity!
What dangers to mankind are lurking in store,
And rankle and fester, an ulcerous sore,
And deeply concealed, like scorpions' stings,
Quite filling the bosoms of secession things.

Great God of Creation! How crim'nal was man,
When doing, entailing the evil, to damn
A mass of his fellows proportioned so great
As that which abuses its freedom of late,
Afflicting the people like reptiles of old,
When lousy and froggy in Egypt, we're told,

The nation was punished for holding in chains
Their neighbors, as cattle, for miserly gains.

For kindred infractions of duty and right,
Committed thus lately in progress and light,
We suffer affliction by vermin or lice;
To cure th' disorder inspirations advice
Is, knock off the fetters that hang on the slave,
And then will the vermin sink into the grave.

A secession scribbler is only a louse,
And Scripture will prove it, to all but a "grouse,"
He also is froggy—and by the same rule
Which Scripture plain teaches, to all but a fool.

The figures of Scripture are wisdom's own types,
Explaining to mankind the cause of the stripes
Which mark him and bark him each day of his life,
And scourge him and purge him as if a great strife
Was going and blowing 'tween man and his God,
Which pain him and strain him till 'neath the cold sod;
Then spurning and burning each victim to life,
Nor ending but mending the furious strife;
Which cause is the hardness and coldness of heart,
As shown in man's actions, in doing his part.

Humanity shudders, in view of the pains
That innocent victims have suffered in chains.
While man is a tyrant, oppressing the weak,
How stupid and foolish one moment to seek
With prayer or petition God's merciful smile,
In sanction of conduct so vicious and vile.
Let man do his duty, forsaking the wrong,
Nor hold on to evil, a canker prolong
For fear of some danger, terrific and dark,
If mankind one moment from honesty's spark
Should dare to be subject to law and to right,
And trust in Almighty, His power and might,
As equal and potent to govern the flood
Of dangers unloosened, by man's doing good!

The politic body, though strong and immense,
Tremendous and awful in means of defense;
Full able to shatter all forts and all fleets,
And thrash out and flinder each foe that it meets,
And hurl back with thunder more dreadful and loud,
Than lightning that flashes and leaps from the cloud;
Yet wisdom must teach us, to conquer effect
No power can compass, and causes neglect!
While causes continue effects they must come,
No power in heaven or under the sun
But God of creation, can alter this rule,
Which Nature all teaches as in a great school.

So vermin and reptiles the portion will be,
And waxing severer, to force man to see
The reason, which simply is but the old vice
Which Pharaoh committed and brought on his lice.

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

## "FAST"—"SLOW."

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Glory!" exclaimed Henry Dayton, as he tossed the last piece of goods on the shelf, and flung his yard-stick under the counter, and then to an impromptu melody, he sang gayly:

"Another Tuesday's work is done,
Another good time has begun."

"Come Jimmie, hurry up," to another young man about his own age. "A lot of us boys have hired a big sleigh, and are going down the river a piece—say ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles, and then coming back as far as Holt's, where we're going to stop and have a nice little supper, broiled chicken, roast oysters, and other things to correspond. You'll join us won't you? Come, say yes, once, now, like a good fellow;" and he twirled his dainty moustache, and run his fingers lightly through his curly locks.

"Thank you, Henry, but I'm engaged this evening."

Engaged! *engaged!* I'd like to know if there ever was an evening when you wern't engaged. Pray, what do you do with yourself? Is there a pretty girl in the case? If there is I'll release you and say nothing.

No pretty girl; and James Seyton smiled—but an old man who expects me punctually at half past seven.

An old man! who is he, pray? an old man! What have you to do with old men, I'd like to know?

Considerable about these times, seeing I spend four evenings out of every week with them.

The deuce you do, though! But who are they, and what in thunder do you want with them?

One is Professor Molineux, of whom I take lessons in French, and the other is Professor Blackman, who is initiating me into the mysteries of book-keeping.

French! book-keeping! what do you want to know anything about either of them for? What's the use of a poor clerk bothering his brains about the *parly-vous* of folks over the ocean, or about single or double entry? Tell me if you can.

I will as we walk along, Henry, and James linked his arm in that of his gay companion. I am not satisfied with being a poor clerk; I want to rise a little in the world as I grow older. I want to earn me a competence, at least; I want a home, and a little something out at interest to look to if dark days should come. I have no rich friends to push me; I have only my head and these two hands to work with; and I mean to use them. I receive five hundred dollars a year now; if I understood book-keeping in part, only I could get a thousand; and if I understood it thoroughly and practically, I could get fifteen hundred; if I understood French, also, I could get two thousand. Think of that, Henry—it wouldn,t take me long to save enough to get me a snug little nest. And then, besides the money, I should have the satisfaction of knowing I had a capital in my head, of which no man could rob me.

And for this you shut yourself up like a hermit, deny yourself all recreation and never take a bit of fun.

You're mistaken, Henry. I have plenty of recreation. I get a good walk three times a day, going to and from my boarding-house. Then I attend a lecture at the Young Men's Institute every Wednesday evening, and Saturday night I have a good time practicing with the choir. My lessons never last later than nine, which gives me a good hour for reading before bed-time. And then I have the mornings, Henry, and much can be done in them, if you are an early riser, which I am habitually. In the summer I take a long walk into the country, and never fail to find something to add to my herbarium or specimen shelf; while in winter I have a grand time with my skates.

But your *fun*, Jimmie when do you get that? What do you call fun, Henry?

Why, getting together a lot of fellows' and having a grand time, a little dance, or a little spree of some kind, with perhaps a game of euchre or whist, and always a glass of old wine, or hot toddy, to finish off with. I don't see you have any such fun.

I do not, said James gravely; and Henry, let me tell you, the less you have the better for your future fortunes. Such fun is risky, even for rich men's sons, whose father's names and purses can help them out of many a scrape; but for poor boys like you and I, it is perilous in the extreme. A merchant may tolerate a fast young man in society, but never in his counting room. There he exacts sobriety, punctuality, and the most rigid morality. You are in a dangerous track, and I beseech you to leave it while you have strength. You have everything to encourage you in an honorable course. You have good looks, and those go a great ways with a clerk's fortunes; are quick yet easy in your movements; actually affable and polite; retentive in memory and able in calculations. You've done well so far.

And I mean to do well hereafter, Jimmie; but as to denying myself all youthful enjoyments—making an old *batch* of myself before I'm eighteen, I'm not going to do it. I have my aspirations as well as you. I shall yet be junior partner of this firm, or I shall greatly miss my guess; and that, too, without knowing how to *parly vous Francais*, or to read balance-sheets.

A crimson flush spread over the handsome face of James Seyton, as his rattling companion finished his last sentence; and making no further reply, he bid him good evening, as at the next corner they parted.

Punctually at half past seven he went to the private room of Professor Molineux, and spent an hour and a half reading French. A brisk walk brought him to his boarding house, where he found the coal fire he had kindled before he went out, now burning brightly in the grate and diffusing a cheerful light and warmth over his little bed-room. As he stood before it, rubbing his hands in the red blaze, he held an imaginary conversation in the language he had just been studying, and conjugated half a dozen of his most irregular verbs. Then, with a satisfied look, he sat down to one of the last publications of the day, and took his recreation. Shortly after ten, he retired. By eleven o'clock his measured breathing told that he was sound asleep, and if we may judge by the quiet smile that softened about his lips, listening to angel whispers.

Before day-light he was up and dressed. The first pale rays of morning found him out of doors with his skates on his arm. A walk of half a mile brought him to a large pond, now frozen to glassy smoothness. It was the work of a moment to strap on his skates, and then he started off on the ice with lightning celerity, and for nearly an hour enjoyed to the utmost, the quiet but exhilarating pastime. Then with quickened pulses and crimsoned cheeks he returned to his boarding-house, partook of his breakfast, gave half an hour to his morning paper, studying carefully the commercial items, and at eight o'clock to a minute, entered the counting-room.

Let us now turn to Henry Dayton, and see how *he* passed his evening. Immediately after tea he repaired to the hotel, where he agreed to meet his young companions. It was a frosty night, and just as the sleigh drove up to the door, it was proposed to take "a drink all round," to ward off the cold. A brandy punch was prepared, for which each one paid a dime; a cigar was selected for which each one paid five cents.

Then they started, going down on the frozen channel. They were a merry set, and their songs and laughter sounded far and wide on the night air. A few miles down they stopped to warm up, and, as one more reckless than the others, said, "to liquor up." Another dime for a punch, another five cents for a cigar. Five miles further, and they stopped again, each one paying twenty-five cents for a plate of stewed oysters, a dime for a punch, and five cents for a cigar. Turning their horses' heads up the river, they sped away fleetly, till within six miles of town, when they stopped at "Holt's" to spend the remainder of the evening, or rather night.—A number of "cutters" had happened down from the city, and, as a consequence, an impromptu ball had been suggested. The young men flushed with their three drinks, were only too ready to join in the dance. A hot supper had been prepared to conclude the festivities, of which Dayton and his friends partook, as a matter of course, paying fifty cents each for the privilege. Another punch, another cigar, and they started for home.

The city clocks were chiming five, when the young clerk reached his bed-room. It was a cold cheerless looking place, in that darkest hour of a winter's night; and after groping about the mantle in vain to find his match safe, he drew off his boots and overcoat, and tumbled into bed with the rest of his clothes on.

The first bell failed to awaken him out of the deep sleep which his partial intoxication had sealed upon his eyelids. The second also, and it was not until the chamber-maid pounded vigorously upon his door, that he rallied his scattered senses enough to know where he was.—Telling her he was sick and didn't want any breakfast, he turned over and took a new nap.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly in through the windows. He started up in terror, for punctuality was one of the most stringent rules of the counting-room, and twice already he had been tardy. A third time would lose him his place. He looked at his watch—it lacked five minutes to eight. Drawing on his boots and overcoat, he ran precipitately through the streets, and arrived at the store just ten minutes past eight. He looked around in distress, and then breathed freely. Neither Mr. Seymour nor his partner were there, while the head clerk and book-keeper were in the back-room too busy to notice his abrupt entrance.—His hair was matted, his unwashed face flushed with the hectic of liquor, his eyes swollen and heavy, and his dress disordered.

James perceived at a glance that something was wrong, and fearful for the consequences should either of the partners come in and see him in such a plight, he hurried to him, and putting into his hands a moneyed letter which the book-keeper had just given him to carry to the office, told him to hurry off with it, and he whispered very softly: "Harry, step into the barber's shop as you come back."

Dayton pressed his friend's hand warmly, and sped rapidly on his mission, but although his hair lay in glossy curls when he came back, and his collar and bosom were faultlessly white, for he had taken an omnibus and gone home and changed his linen, his countenance yet bore the marks of last evening's dissipation, and he blushed as he looked up once from the goods he was labeling, and saw the keen eyes of Mr. Seymour fixed anxiously upon him

As they went home at noon, James talked to him very earnestly on the course he was pursuing, and urged him to break off at once from his dissolute associates, and join him in his evening studies.

Mr. Seymour has been very kind to us both, Harry; taking us almost out of the poor-house, and not only giving a respectable livelihood, but admitting us to the friendship of his family. It behooves us to be grateful, and show him we appreciate his kindness. Besides, Harry, the course you are pursuing will end in your ruin. How much did last night's "spree" cost you?

Oh, a mere trifle—not worth mentioning, Jimmie!

But reckon it up, Harry. For the sleigh——

Well, we paid a dollar apiece, but it was a splendid turn-out—blood horses, sable driver, silver bells and wolf-skin wrappers.

And now your expenses on the road—how many times did you drink?

Why, let me see; once before we started; once—no, twice—down the river; and twice at Holt's.

And how many cigars?

You mean I shall make a clean breast, Jimmie. Well then, one to begin, two to keep up, and one to finish—four only.

You took a bite of something down the river, I suppose.

Only a stew—twenty-five cents.

Supper at Holt's?

Of course, and a grand one, too, we had; boiled turkey with oyster soup, and all sorts of nick-knacks—only fifty cents, too.

James reckoned up the items.

Your tan cost you, then, two dollars and forty five cents, Harry.

So much! why, I didn't dream of it! but then, a fellow must have a spree once in a while you know. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

But our recreations, Harry, should be in accordance with our incomes. Yours is five hundred a year; and yet you spend two dollars and forty-five cents for one evening's entertainment, and only last week you paid two dollars for a ball ticket, a dollar for a carriage to carry your lady to the ball, another one for your supper, and, if I mistake not, fifty cents for a bouquet. Harry, your money won't hold out at this rate. You'll soon, soon have to borrow, and once in debt, you'll find yourself deep in trouble.

Perhaps you think I ought to have paid you the ten dollars I owe you, instead of spending so much on fun first.

I am free to confess I do, Harry; but let not that debt trouble you I shall never press you for it. But it is not the money you spent last night that worries me most. You came within five minutes of losing your place this morning. Had either Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Seymour seen you as you looked when you entered the counting-room, you would have been discharged at once. And, Harry, it would have been a hard matter for you to have found another without a recommendation from our firm. Harry, I talk to you as I would to a brother, and I warn you to-day that, unless you reform your habits at once, you are a lost man. So begin *now* to do better. Go with me to the Institute to-night and hear a lecture. Come, won't you? It shant cost you a cent.

I can't, James; I'm engaged to a party; and he turned away abruptly, conscious his friend had spoken truths to him, but without sufficient manliness to treasure them up. There were tears in James' eyes as he went on alone, and he murmured: Sealed, sealed to ruin!

Time passed on, and the two clerks went on their respective ways—"Fast"—"Slow." For a time Henry was more cautious, and Mr. Seymour, who watched him closely, had hopes of him. But his love of liquor was stimulated by his late hours and evil companions, and it soon became a habit for him to drink at morning, noon, and night. His pleasures, too ,drained his purse. He borrowed of one; then borrowed of another to pay him. Then he resorted to cards, and for a time was flush with money, and, of course, spent more and drank deeper. But his luck turned, and he was penniless, and, what is worse, in debt to professional gamblers, who threatened to expose him to the firm if he did not liquidate their claims. Pushed to desperation, he did what many others have done before him—abstracted money from the till. Bold with success, he took another step in crime—a fatal one—forging a note upon the bank where his employers made their deposits. It was discovered at once, the money found on him, and he himself thrown into prison.

James, meanwhile, had progressed steadily in his studies. Twenty-one found him a good French scholar, and an adept in the mysteries of book-keeping. He, too, had his recreations, but they were the comparatively costless ones of reading lectures, and converse with Nature. Every Saturday night found him at the vestry of the parish church, practicing hymns and anthems for the Sabbath, and when the exercises were over, he was ever found at the side of Lizzie Seymour, who, with a timid grace took his offered arm.

Where is Mr. Banks this morning? said Mr. Seymour, kindly, to James, as he came in the day before Christmas.

He has not come down yet, sir.

Not yet' and it is nine o'clock! Something must be wrong, then. Run to his hotel, James, and see what it is. Heaven only knows what will become of us if he falls sick, only a week from New Year's, for, with this trial of Henry's coming on, and all else I have to see to, I can never steady my brain enough to draw balance sheets.

He is quite sick sir, said James, half an hour after; not able to sit up. Here is a note he has sent.

Mr. Seymour tore it open. Apparently the contents surprised him, for, turning to the clerk, he said, abruptly: What does this mean James? Mr. Banks says I can give up the books to you. What do you know about book-keeping?

I have studied it for four winters, sir, was the quiet reply.

But study and practice, boy, are two things.

I have had considerable practice, sir. I have posted books for two firms this last fall, and assisted Mr. Banks quite often.

Go to his desk, then, James I will trust you.

New Year's came, and so well had the book-keeper *pro tem.* accomplished his heavy task, that both partners were not only satisfied, but expressed their satisfaction by the gift of an elegant gold repeater. Mr. Banks continued ill, and James fulfilled his duties. Three months passed; Mr. Banks was dead; and the firm must supply the vacant desk. Who should they choose?

Call at my house to-night at eight o'clock, James, said Mr. Seymour one evening, as he was going home to tea.

James was punctual. A servant showed him to the library. Mr. Seymour and Mr. Gilbert were both there.

We have sent for you James, to offer you the post of book-keeper in our establishment, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. Will you accept it?

Most gratefully, sirs, was the answer.

It was brief, but there was a world of eloquence in his looks and manner.

You have already discharged the duties of one faithfully for three months. In this pocket-book you will find a check for three hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents. No thanks, my boy, you have earned it. But for you we should have been in a bad fix this winter. Then bending his head to the young man, he whispered: Lizzie is in the parlor. Go to her, and remember, if you can win her, you have my consent. You have no money to commence life with, but you have what I prize more, an excellent education and an unsullied reputation.

Three months later it became necessary for one of the firm to go to Europe, and remain there for a year or two. Which should it be?—Neither of them understood French practically, and they were in a sad dilemma. James came to their aid.

I understand your business as well as either of you, I believe. Why not send me?

Can you *parly-vous* with the natives? Mr. Seymour asked, ruefully.

Listen sir. And he ran on as though he were a Parisian born and bred.

Well done Jimmie, we'll take you in as a partner; and hark ye, my boy, as Lizzie would cry her eyes out if you should have to leave her so long—why, you shall just be married the night before the steamer sails, and kill two birds with one stone—have the *eclat* of a bridal trip to Europe, and do up the business of the firm at the same time.

What was then planned came to pass a few weeks later. A golden September afternoon found James Seyton, of the firm of Seymour, Gilbert & Seyton, crossing the plank that led to an ocean steamer, and leaning on his arm was his fair young bride—that bride whom Henry Dayton had meant to win with his handsome and elegant figure.

Poor Henry! A condemned prisoner, he was cutting stone in Sing Sing prison. And yet when he started in life, his path looked as fair as his friend's. To misspent evenings, to the many expensive balls and rides, which drew too heavily on his funds, he owed his ruin. Young man! young man!! consider well before you run your course.

A MARRIAGE PREVENTED FOR CAUSE.—We hear of a marriage having been broken off in our city within a few days in the following manner. The story is told as true, although we are not at liberty to give names. The parties were non-residents of the city, but had all the arrangements made to meet at the residence of one of our citizens and have the marriage ceremony performed.—When all things were nearly ready, the prospective bride stated to her husband elect that there was one question which she had forgotten to ask him, but it was not yet too late. She desired to know how he stood on the war and the Union. He responded that he was born in the South, his sympathies were with the South, and he was opposed to the war. She iformed him that she was born in the North, that her sympathies were with the North, that she was in favor of the war so long as there was an armed rebel in the land, and she thought it unadvisable to proceed further with the marriage. They thereupon parted.—*Sacramento Union*

The geographical point to which the Confeds just now are paying most attention is *Davis' Straits.*