THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. I. EUGENE CITY, OREGON, AUGUST 9, 1862. NO. 30.

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.

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One square (ten lines or less) one month,	$3 00
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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.

LIFT OUR BANNER.

Lift freedom's banner! lift it high!
Fling its folds to the azure sky.
Its crimson stripes are streaming of blood;
Its stars are spirits gone to God.

Lift our banner—freedom's boast!
Beneath it strode a merry host;
A host that moved with firmest tread,
'Midst thickening death and carnage red.

Lift high our flag! In days of yore
It waved o'r fields of flame and gore;
'Mid frenzied rush and gloomy reel
Through iron stoms and tides of steel.

Lift high our banner! Let it ride,
Our father's pledge, our nation's pride.
Cursed be the hand by which 'tis riven,
Its flesh shall taint the winds of Heaven.

Lift our banner! Let it wave,
While mountains stand and billows heave.
O let it float till stars do fall,
And doom shall spread her mighty pall.

Powerful and Thrilling Sermon on the Curse of Cowardice.

By Rev. S. Marcz, Armageddon Baldwin, Great Interpretrer of the hidden mysteries of Gog and Magog. High priest of the Wheels of Ezekiel. Chief Opener of the Seven Seals of St. John. Expounder of the Billy Goat of Daniel, and Keeper of the Beast of Seven Heads and Ten Horns, in the Vision of Patmos. Delivered in Nashville during the fight at Fort Donelson, by request of Isham G. Harris, the Texan Ranger, and the Vigilance Committee, and furnished by the Author for publication in the Nashville *Union*.

We have the unspeakable pleasure of laying before our readers this morning, one of the finest efforts of the ablest and most incomprehensible of modern divines. Dr. Baldwin is a descendant of the prophet Samuel on the one side, and Habakuk on the other, and of course is a "good egg," or as has been beautifully said, a "whole team and a yaller dog under the wagon." Of his early history we can only say that his name had a significant origin.

When he preached his first sermon, an old lady remarked to one of the brethren as they went to lunch, "well that little hoss preached a screaming sermon." The brother replied, "I don't know about the *preaching*, but I am sure he *bawld one*." From that hour he was known as "brother *Bald-win*," by a slight orthographical corruption. Of his great book Armageddon, too much cannot be said. It would do credit to a lunatic asylum. It is a work of wonderful *weight*, being the *heaviest* thing of the kind extant. It is said, as an evidence of his systematic mode of doing things, that when writing the great chapter in Armageddon on the "*Goat with seven horns*," he was in the habit of drinking *seven horns* a day himself, on the sagacious supposition that "*like would produce like!*" The following sermon is, however, his great effort. It was commenced on the same day of the fall of Fort Donelson, and its delivery was unluckily cut short by that unlucky event. But we must no longer delay the sermon.

The services of the occasion were opened with a

PRAYER BY A TEXAS RANGER.

Oh, Lord, thou knowest that this thing of praying is altogether out of my line, and as hard for me to do as for Wigfall to keep sober, or Jeff Davis to be made to pay his debts, or Floyd to keep from stealing. But thou knowest we are some on tangle-foot whisky, good at horse-racing, and tiptop at poker, and can hold four aces about as often as John Morgan or "any other man." Help us this day, for we are in a peck of trouble, and it will be the last time I'll ever trouble you. Amen!

THE CURSE OF COWARDICE.

TEXT—"Curse ye Meros—Curse ye bitterly."

Beloved brethern and sisters, you are assembled to discharge the the most important duties of your lives. The Yankees, "in chariots of fire," are cavorting and charging like the "beast with seven heads and ten horns," spoken of by St. John—(brother McNairy, make that bloodhound of yours quit his indecency or I'll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue.) The uncircumcised Philistians are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Aminidab, and my soul waxeth "fearfully and wonderfully mad." Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave; I didn't mean a *gin sling*, but the sling of the "spirits of just men made perfect," which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincion.) Brethren, let us see if we can't perforate into the meaning of my text—ah! "Curse ye Me-roz"—ah. My text suggests two points—*the cowardice of a cuss*, and the *cuss of cowardice!*

Firstly, then, there is always a cowardice in a low ornery cuss. A cuss is always full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which you know, my brethren is an "exclusively religious concern," and publishes, among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy called Armageddon. Price only one dollar and fifty cents—ah!

Secondly. The *cuss of cowardice*. Who my brethren and sisters, is a *cuss of cowardice!* A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a "bull of Bashan" in time of safety, and then runs like a "fatted calf" in time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris who issued a proclamation a few days ago talking about "defending the sanctity of our homes and wives and daughters, and dying in the last ditch." Yes, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he "smelt the battle afar off," but to-day he remaineth like a disconsolate whanggoodle on the dark mountain of Hepsidam, roaring for her first born, and "will not be comforted because they are not." Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren he is a cuss, and a "*cuss of cowardice.*"

Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that "last ditch," of which you have heard so much. I am afraid the feathers will drop whenever that *case* is opened, and that Pillow will give us the *slip*. The "sword of the Lord" isn't the "sword of Gideon" Pillow, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a cuss, my brethren, and a "*cuss of cowardice.*"

There is Wash. Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying cosily at home, while "lewd fellows of the baser sort" do the fighting. I believe that this *Barrow* belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the new Testament, of whom the devel took possession. Why don't he *bristle up* at the Yankees? Dose he want to "save his bacon" more than to save the South? If he does, he ought to be *well smoked*. He too, is a "cuss," and a *cuss of cowardice.*

Then there is the Vigilance Committee of Nashville. Vigilant about what I'd like to know. As "vigilant as a cat to steal cream," I guess, as the Apostle Falstaff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets, and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are "cusses" and *cusses of cowardice.*"

My brethren and sisters, I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself the author of Armageddon, and Dr. McFerrin author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Summers author of the Confederate Almanac, and brother Houston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not *cusses of cowardice.* No, sir-ee.

My brethren, just get the almanac and look for that "Confederate eclipse of the sun," and then get down brother Mac's primer and read that heavenly little story about the "Smart Dixie Boy," and then buy a copy of my Armageddon for one dollar and fifty cents, and you will fight like—(Enter messenger, wildly exclaiming "Fort Donelson is taken and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!") Oh, Lord, my brethren!—ohh, Lord—let's skedaddle.

The discourse was here broken short, but the pious author assures us that it will be published in full in his next edition Armageddon, which he requests us to say he will still sell at one dollar and fifty cents.

Oglethorpe's Humanity.

About a century and a quarter since, Oglethorpe settled the present state of Georgia, which was the youngest of the thirteen. He freed many prisoners for debt in England, whom he, together with persecuted Protestants, took with him to America, thus giving a philanthropic character to the origin of this colony, far in advance of any other settler of the New World, with the single exception of William Penn. In obedience to the spirit of this great and high minded colonist, a corporation was raised in Europe, on whose official seal was stamped, in Latin, these remarkable words:—"*Non sibi sed aliis*;" "Not for ourselves but for others." He landed at Charleston, but proceeded onward and settled Savannah, the future capital of Georgia. He treated the Indians with great kindness. He framed laws for the colony, some of which, as the present state of our country proves, were more than a century in advance of his time. In one of them he anticipated the Maine Liquor Laws, by forbidding the introduction of intioxicating drinks. In another he put to shame the entire history of the country, by prohibiting the introduction of Slavery anywhere in the province of Georgia. At a later period, still true to his moral instincts, Oglethorpe resolutely opposed the efforts of the aristocrats to subvert his humane institutes, and not until after his death, about the middle of the eighteenth century, were his laws finally annulled, and the flood-gates of hell fully opened on that fair land of promise, making it the hunting ground of the tyrant.

It will be remembered that John Wesley, the man who uttered that powerful saying, and terrible in the ear of the nation—"SLAVERY IS THE SUM OF ALL VILLAINY"—came over in the second company of settlers as early as 1734, and contributed his moral power to stem the rising tide of despotism. His brother, Charles Wesley, was Oglethorpe's secretary.

This sketch is given to remind the reader of what he may forget, in these times of peril, of the existence of one oasis in the early history of our present Secessia; for never was a colony founded on a more liberal and humane plan south of Mason and Dixon's line. The lengthened shade of such an origin encourages the hope that Georgia will be among the first of the free States in the subsequent history of the country.—*Progressive Age.*

The countenance often exposes the falsehoods of the tongue.

Cataline and Jeff. Davis.

There are no two characters in history in which there are more points of coincidence than between Lucius Sergius Cataline of the Republic of Rome, and Jefferson Davis of the American Republic. Cataline, before his conspiracy, had been a Roman general in Asia, as Davis had been an American general in Mexico. Cataline's misconduct there, as Davis' motives should have done to him, rendered him ineligible to the office of Consul, to which he aspired, as Davis did to the Presidency. Failing twice in his ambitious projects, he set about destroying the government he could not control, not as an open enemy, but as a pretended friend. Cataline was a rich patrician by birth, as well as Jeff. Davis. Both affected to espouse the cause of the people, though both were intolerant aristocrats. In Rome, there were many debauched and impoverished nobles, who entered readily into Cataline's conspiracies, as in Washington, there were those who espoused the wicked cause of the great American rebel. Cicero traced out all the labyrinths of Cataline's plots, but the Roman law, like the American Constitution, provided that nothing but overt acts of Treason could be made ground for arrest. Cataline took his seat in the Roman Senate for weeks and months, while his conspiracy was maturing, as did Jeff. Davis in the American. Cataline thought there were two bodies in Rome—the nobles, weak, both in body and head, and the people, strong, but heedless—and it was his purpose to supply them with a head. Jeff. Davis entertaining similar political notions.

Measures being ripe for the revolt, some of Cataline's associates left Rome and went into Etruria, to raise the standard of civil war, and others went into other States of the Republic, as Jeff. Davis' associates left Washington to assail the Republic of South Carolina and other rebel States.

Still, at this time, Cataline walked the streets of Rome unarrested. Though guiding the complicated movements of a grand rebellion, he professed entire innocence, and declared his belief that the alarm that Cicero had raised was a mere pretense. In the morning of the very day he left Rome to join his rebel army in Tuscany, he walked into the Roman Senate with the same effrontery that Jeff. Davis did before he left the American Senate to take command of the rebel army. Even Cicero, as well as he knew Cataline, was amazed at his audacity. The mask once off, Cataline displayed great energy in marshaling his forces. His agents, like the minions of Jeff Davis, were everywhere busy in rousing the spirit of revolt. The conspirators left in the city of Rome, as our modern conspirators did in Washington, their supply agents, to murder the officials of the nation, and seize on the ruins of the government, and Cataline, by a secret and forced march of his army, was to be at hand and co-operate with the traitors inside, and take possession of the Eternal City.

The American rebellion has been but a copy of the Roman. But Cataline's plans to seize the city were frustrated, his co-conspirators were detected, tried and executed. An army was raised and sent in pursuit of Cataline, who had gone into Gaul, and was then at the head of 12,000 men. The two armies met and fought a desparate battle, the rebels were beaten and Cataline slain in the thickest of the fight—and thus ended the greatest conspiracy in history, till this of Jeff Davis, so similar in all its parts, shall be written.

As was the Roman, so the American traitor is—an arrant Demagogue, and is a traitor because he could not be chief without being at the head of a rebellion.—*Exchange.*

THE TONGUE.—The body or form of man is wonderfully constructed. The most noted or unnoted, of all its members is the tongue; for by it, in general, comes most of our hapiness or misery. Our feelings are borne in, or conveyed to, the mind, thence to the tongue, whence expression is given to whatever is conceived. I have said that our feelings are conveyed to the mind before they came to the tongue; this is not always the case, for they often come directly to the tongue, and terminate in scenes more disastrous than thunderstorms or earthquakes. The tongue, as it would seem, is master of the mind instead of the mind master of the tongue. I think it is owing to the tongue being a more expert operator than the mind, and, therefore is allowed to go ahead. The tongue may be compared to a printing machine, which we know will bring forth whatever may be set for it to make public; and unless its director be very careful, errors will be detected. It is quite necessary that the director of this machine be competent to decide the matter presented to it for publication, so that, when it is brought forth, it may be just the thing and right to the point.

Some printing machines are capable of putting out many more copies in a given time than others: it is so with the tongue. It will generally expel about one hundred words per minute, but if required will double this rate. And in times of excitement its power is very great, so much so that it often effects the habitation when it is at work.—*Boston Cultivator.*

HOLD HIM.—An up-country editor describes a calico party in the following alliterative poetic, prose style: "Fancy fantastic groups of fairy formes and faces floating on fleecy clouds of varied form and hue; recall the rarest recolection remembrance can review; no picture painter ever sketched, or poet's pen portrayed, can match the magic merry scenes on Thursday night displayed. Little, graceful forms chintz prints pure maids and matrons fair, each mazy floated through, like spirits borne on air. Fair flowers fragrant odors shed, melodious music charmed, great Washington in roses wreathed, all jealousies disarmed; God grant the happy harmony by all that night enjoyed, may aye continue, ay cincrease, unchecked and unalloyed."

[From the *Herald of Progress.*]

Who the Abolitionists are.

HOLLEY, N. Y., May, 1862.

MR. EDITOR: Two numbers of the Nashville *Daily Union* are before me, and if any further proof were needed to show that Southern Union men are just as intent on preserving the institution of slavery as the rebels, it is found in this Union paper. Kill the rebellion, but save slavery alive. The editorials show it. Gov. Johnson's speech to the 3d Regiment, Minnesota troops, shows it. Slavery, he admits, is the cause of the war, yet it must not be touched. "The Abolition fanatics," who would overthrow the institution, "are these, it is true—secessionists, traitors, brothers of Southern secessionists—but these creatures constitue but a fraction of the great body of the North. Nine tenths of them care nothing about the negroes," slavery, etc. Let not Gov. Johnson, nor Union slaveholders, slave lovers of the South, be deceived as to the temper of the North.

These Minnesota men, who are welcomed so heartily at Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, are there for what? To protect them from themselves—one portion of its citizens from another portion. And why is Tennessee unable to protect itself? Why do troops from this new State of Minnesota leave their plows in the furrow and tools idle in their shops, to fight the battles of Tennessee? She is but five years old—Tennessee more than half a century: admitted in 1796. The latter has more natural strength and power than the former.

Yet, after so long a time to mature, the young State of Minnesota goes down, or sends down her brave sons to defend Tennessee against herself! Young Minnesota was well enough off, was in no danger; she is able to protect herself from internal or external foes, and spare men to go down and help Tennessee. All the Free States are pouring out men and money like water to go down into the Slave States to defend them against themselves. The earth reels with the martial tread of vast hostile armies all over rebledom, while the Free States are experiencing very little inconvenience in their business relations in consequence of the war. Why all this? What makes the difference? Why are Minnesota men mustered and marshalled at Nashville? Why, Tennessee is a Slave and Minnesota a Free State. That is the reason. Yet, you men of Tennessee will blindly hug the viper to your bosoms, still urge to be left in their helplessness. Why do bold and open mouthed traitors parade your streets, and why is your school fund diverted to aid treason, as you complain? Slavery is the cause of it all. Shall we leave you thus, or help you to help yourselves in the future—to remove the cause of your weakness, that the necessity for the repetition of such a struggle may never again arise? We cannot afford to come down to help you again. C. ROBINSON.

EUROPEAN OPINION.—Thurlow Weed, who returned lately from his unofficial mission to Europe, in which he earned the gratitude of every loyal American—stated at a breakfast given in honor of his arival that even now the state of public sentiment abroad is far from gratifying. The French Goverament cherished no friendly sentiment towards us, and the people were little better. But Prince Napoleon was our most sincere and earnest friend, and lost no occasion to do us friendly offices. The British Ministry was divided. Lord Palmerston and Eral Russell were adverse to us, other members of the Cabinet were warmly affected toward the North. The Queen, whenever she could say a word, always expressed the most decided sympathy with us. Prince Albert had always been the devoted friend of this country, and his last public act had been to modify a despatch which the Ministry had prepared to send to Lord Lyons. The general unfriendly sentiment cherished toward us in the Old World, Mr. Weed attributed to the treacherous conduct of our diplomatic agents abroad. Full one-third of them had for years been engaged in preparing the public mind in Europe for the contemplated revolution, and a large number of Southern Congressmen had participated in the treason. We in America could have but an imperfect idea of the condition of popular sentiment on the Continent.

Boys.—The Nashua *Gazette* thus daguerrotypes the "boys" of the present age. All who read it will confess it is the best likeness yet obtained:—

This has deen termed the age of progress. The most striking exemplification of the progressive tendency of the age may be found in boys from fifteen to eighteen or twenty years of age. The boy of fifteen or upwards must wear better broadcloth than his employer, and boots to match. He gets the Spring and Summer style of hats as soon as they come on from New York. He has his hair curled and unctified by the most approved barbers. He would wear a moustache or imperial, if he could. He has a 'woman' whom he 'pays attention to.' He sometimes carries a cane as large as your little finger, with a ball of lead on the end of it. He struts. He smokes. He chews. He swears. Of a fair Sunday he stands at the corner of the streets to show himself. He stays out all night, or into the 'small hours,' 'sitting up with his woman,' or otherwise raising Ned, generally. He takes 'his woman' out to ride. During the winter he goes to all the dances, which come off every other night. He makes magnificent presents to 'his woman.' His 'horse-hire' bill is as large as the millionaire's He reads nothing but the 'pirate's own book,' 'Life in London,' and the works of the 'yellow covered species.

ENCOURAGING DOMESTIC PRODUCTS.—One of the features of the act which has passed the House of Represetatives, incorporating the Union pacific Railroad Company stipulates that none but American iron shall be used, and that of the best quality.

JUDGMENT FOR A NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT.—Among the recent decisions at the general term of the Supreme Court of the Albany (N. Y.) District, was one in favor of Mr. J. Seabury, against Bradford O. Walt, for seven years' subscription to the Catskill *Recorder* and *Democrat.* The New York *Observer*, one of the oldest religious newspapers in the country, says of this decision:—"It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibilities to publishers of newspapers. The law of which governed in this decision is a law of Congress, and is therefore applicable to every State in the Union. Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a newspaper the last to be settled, and especially the last which the laws will enforce. Responsible men, even under trifling whims refuse to take their papers from the office, regardless of arrears, and when half a dozen more years have been added to the arrears at the time of stopping, think it hard to pay the increased bill with interest and cost of collection."

THE CROPS.—As grain of all kinds is fast ripening in this Valley—much of it being ready for the sickle and the work of reaping having already commenced—we can form a tolerably correct estimate of the extent of the crop and the quality of the grain. The quality of all kinds is excellent. Owing to the favorable season for the "volunteer" crop, the number of bushels produced will be much greater than at first anticipated. There will be an abundance for home consumption, and plenty to spare. Much of the last year's surplus remains on hand. The hay crop is very heavy.—*Sentinel.*

WAR INCIDENT.—How many incidents like the following anecdote from Shiloh form the secret history of the rebellion: Among the wounded was a youth from Alabama. Both of his legs were shattered. During the battle he asked for water, and was supplied. He then said, "This is my mother's fault. I did not want to fight against the Union, but she called me coward and forced me to enlist." He gave the Nationalsoldier a ring, and requested him to send it to his mother, and say to her that he died a brave boy, but regretting that he had taken up arms against his country.

PRACTICAL EMANCIPATION.—The St. Louis *Democrat* speaks of an Emancipation meeting recently held at Hannibal, Missouri, at which some of the leading parties were large slaveholders, who are earnestly enlisted in an effort to rid that portion of the State of the incubus of slavery. The *Democrat* remarks: "They were not fanatics, or agitators, but sober minded practical men, who perceive the real state of the case that Missouri is in a dilemma, her position repelling all valuable immigration, and that her only mode of extrication is by adopting the emancipation policy."

A THICK-HEADED squire, being worsted by Sidney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove I'd made him a parson." "Very probable," replied Sidney, "but I see your father was of a very different mind."

COMING.—A private letter received from Kansas states, that 25,000 persons had passed through one single village, *en route* for the Pacific coast, previous to the 9th of May. They were mostly bound for Washington Territory. Knowing of the character of the Salmon mines, and the great number of people already there, these immigrants are doubtless coming with the expectation of taking out gold by the handfull. Failing in this they will seek homes throughout the country, and become citizens of the far North-west. We welcome them.—*Daily Times.*

INCREASE OF POPULATION IN NEW YORK CITY. Notwithstanding the immense number of men that have left New York in the service of their country, and the breaking up and scattering of families since the national troubles begun, there has been increase of population, as proved by Truw's Directory for this year, just issued. In last year,s Directory there were 152,825 names; this year, 153,186. This is contrary to the anticipations of some of the shrewdest calculators. Indeed, it has been generally expected that the Directory statistics would show a decrease of population. Perhaps no other large city will show a gain. What a striking contrast to the partial depopulation of some of the cities of Secessia. Instead of losing trade, and general stagnation of business by the war, it has only affected some particular branches temporarily, while the great current of foreign and domestic commerce has flowed on in full channels, and even with a great falling off in immigration from Europe our city population has increased.—*Tribune.*

AN eastern paper has the following good one from Louis Cass:

Somebody asked Gen. Cass the other day in Detroit: "General, what may we do to save the Union?" "Anything." "May we abolish slavery?" "Abolish anything on the surface of the earth to save the nation."

A NEW census of Nevada Territory is to be taken by the Assessors this season. The population of the Territory last year was 16,000. It is now believed to be from 20,000 to 25,000.

"I sell peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy-shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickled limes, you must come week days. they're secular commodities."

IF you want to make a pair of boots last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow; apply the mixture while warm; rub it well; then put the boots into a closet, and—go barefoot.