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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.

"UNION—LIBERTY."

The following verses were written by a citizen of South Carolina some years ago:

Who would sever freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars pure and free,
By our laws deep rooted tree,
By the past's dread memory,
By our Washington,
By our common, kindred tongue;
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young;
By the tie of country strong,
We shall still be one.

Fathers, have ye died in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Maker, shall we rashly stain,
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Even to maintain as now,
Union, Liberty!

Gen. Rousseau on the Slavery Question.

Gen. Rousseau attended a banquet given in his honor recently at Louisville. His speech was very interesting. The following extract will deeply interest the country, as the utterance of a loyal Kentuckian and brave General serving his country, on the slavery question:

"I wish to say a word of the 'situation' as it called by the reporters of the day. I propose to advise nobody. I pretend to no extraordinary foresight. But I desire to state that this rebellion is a lie from the beginning. There never was any cause for it. To begin and keep up a system of wholesale lying was adopted, and is pursued industriously to this day. It is the only stock in trade they have. They could teach the devil himself much he never knew before about lying. Wherever the army has gone, it has met this fell spirit of falsehood. We have taken none of their property; when needed, we have placed a guard around their houses to protect them; and yet they persist in calling us Abolitionists and negro thieves. And in spite of our disclaimers and our soldiers' asservations to the contrary—of our words and acts, they have insisted that our object is to liberate and steal their slaves.

And if we fail to restore the Union, 'the everlasting nigger' will be the cause of the failure. They know what they say is false, yet they never cease repeating it. Behind and before us this has been the cry of the enemies of the Government. Now, the army of Gen. Halleck is eminently conservative. I believe there is not an abolitionist or a secessionist in it. If there is one of either faction I do not know it. So orderly, so patriotic and so conservative an army of men I believe never before assembled together. That army in its intercourse with the secessionists has pleaded and is still pleading for peace under the old Government, offering our southern brethren all they ever had, and claiming nothing except in common with them. They want to take nothing from any one, but desire their southern brethren shall enjoy all their rights unimpaired. But the negro is in the way in spite of all that can be done or said. Standing before the eyes of the secessionist, the negro hides all the blessings of our Government, throwing a black shadow on the sun itself. If it had been any other species of property that stood in the way, the army, provoked as it has been, would willingly have seen its destruction. But the negro they did not wish to interfere with in any way. Yet, with all its conservatism and patriotism, the army has grown weary of this insane cry of 'abolitionism,' as a cause for breaking up the Government.

I have warned our southern friends of the danger of continuing it much longer; and I tell you to-night, that if this war continues a year from to-day, there will not be a slave on this continent. The great revolution will take care of itself—the dead will bury its dead—and those who are causing all the bloodshed and desolation around us, under the false pretense that we desire to free the negroes, will, if they persist, one day find slavery snuffed out as you snuff out a candle. Slavery is not worth our Government. It is not worth our liberty. It is not worth all the precious blood now being poured out for our freedom. It is not worth the free navigation of the Mississippi river. No; we must still have our Government—if not as it now is with slavery in it, still we must have our Government. We cannot be slaves to Jeff Davis & Company. We must and will be free. We must have the free navigation of the Mississippi river; and if slavery gets into the way of these rights, why, slavery must get out of the way. That would be the last resort, and I should be sorry to have recourse to it; but I am for the Government of our fathers against all things and every body. Whilst the liberties of the people are secure under it, as they ever have been, I will allow nothing but death to prevent my upholding it. And loth as you may be to decide, you will soon, as I believe, be called upon to do so. In spite of your entreaties, the issue will be cruelly thrust upon you, and you will be forced to decide between slavery and your wives and children. As for me, I am ready for the responsibility. A southern man, as I am, born and brought up in the South, I could not hesitate when the issue is presented between the negro and the Government of our fathers. I am for the Government of the United States against *all* its enemies. I hope and pray that our southern friends will not force us to extremes on this sensitive point. We deprecate such a result; for we want our rights under the Constitution, and we are all ready to fight for theirs under the good old Government. I would to-day most willingly gird on my sword and fight for any right belonging to them, slavery included; but they must not put slavery between me and the Government of the United States. I will not consent to become a slave that the negro may be *kept* a slave. I will not sacrifice the happiness of my wife, children and friends, the welfare of my beloved State, and the glory of the country on an altar dedicated to an 'Ebony Idol.' When I see placed on one side a Government formed by the noblest men the world ever produced, the legacy of Washington to the human race, a glorious country filled with a happy and enlightened people, and admired or feared on every spot that is trodden by the foot of civilized man; and on the other, a country rent into insignificant fragments, engaged in continual wars with each other, each on his knees begging assistance from some foreign monarch or against some rival fragment, an object of contempt to him who uses it for his own purposes, then I shall not be long in coming to a decision, though negro slavery may be on one side and not on the other.

John Day Mines.

Mr. Brentz, the expressman, left the South Fork of John Day on Wednesday, the 30th ult., and from him we derive much information relative to the mines. A large number of miners have come in from Powder river, and these, with others who have gone in, swell the population in the mines to fully one thousand.

A company has been organized for the purpose of introducing water on Rich Flat. They expect to complete their ditch in about four weeks, and will furnish water to a large number of miners who now pack the dirt on their backs.

The river has been turned in several places by wing-dams, and wherever holes have been sunk in the bed of the stream, good prospects have been obtained. A majority of the miners have just completed their dams and are now engaged in rigging pumps.

New discoveries of gold have been made in a dry gulch, about five miles beyond Canyon creek. Smith, Murray & Co. were the fortunate discoverers. They sank three small prospect holes near the head of the gulch, and out of them obtained $57. They have brought a ditch from a creek two and a half miles beyond, furnishing eight or ten sluice-heads of water. About three hundred yards below the prospect holes, two men, with sluices, are taking out an average of about seven dollars to the hand. They have taken out two pieces—one weighing fourteen and the other fifteen dollars. The gold contains some quartz. In sinking the first hole they struck a quartz bed rock at the depth of six or seven feet.

Bozarth & Co., on Canyon Creek, three miles above its mouth, have sunk a hole three feet square down to the bed rock, and got out $24. They find about three feet pay dirt.

W. S. Ebey & Co., still above Bozarth & Co., on Canyon Creek, have gone down ten feet to the bed rock. They found about four feet pay dirt. Half way through the pay dirt they got one dollar to the pan. Mr. Ebey feels sure the pay dirt will average fifty cents to the pan.

Page, Rice & Tuthill, on Rich Gulch, in four days' work, took out $221 50. The claim will average from an ounce to twenty dollars a day to the hand. Rich Point prospects from three to ten dollars to the pan on the rim rock.

New discoveries have also been made about twelve miles above the mouth of Canyon Creek. Two pieces have been obtained weighing about an ounce each. On the hill near the mouth of the creek, Richard Whitton took out with a pan upwards of $160, in a single day's work. In one pan he got $118 50, and from an ounce to sixty dollars in several others. Another man in the creek sunk a hole six by two, seven feet to the bed rock, and got over one hundred dollars—in one pan $14, in another $3 75.

The supply of provisions and miners' tools is quite limited. An invoice of the articles most in demand would meet a ready sale.

A town has been laid out on Canyon Creek, two miles above its mouth. It has been named Orodelphia, and bids fair to become a flourishing place. Already a store, blacksmith shop and express office are under way. In addition to these, there is any number of tents and canvass houses.—*Mountaineer.*

THE Editor of the Eugene *Register* complains that he is unable to procure the services of a boy to distribute his budget of treason. This speaks well for the boys of Eugene, and shows that they are sound on the Union question. The boys failing him, we suggest that Joe Lane would be an admirable person to disseminate the *Register*. His recent numbers and Joe's "dead body" speeches, would do well to go together, and we recommend that the ex Senator be appointed general distributing agent for that and similar papers published in Oregon. Joe's literary attainments eminently fit him for the "posish."—*Mountaineer.*

An Artilleryman's Description of the Fair Oaks Battle.

One of the most interesting accounts we have seen of the desperate fight at Fair Oaks, near Richmond, is given in a private letter from an artilleryman attached to what is known as the "Napoleon gun battery" in Casey's division, and which was in the front line on the first day's battle before Richmond. After describing the opening of the fight he says:

The pickets soon began to fire rapidly and came running in, while the infantry, posted behind a fence to support them, blazed away into the woods. The artillery on our right opened fire and mingled their thunder with the sharp roll of the musketry. Soon our Napoleon guns (three of which were posted in an unfinished redoubt, and three on the left near a rifle pit), opened with case shot, which went whizzing through the air, over the heads of our own men, right in the midst of the enemy, and there exploded, scattering death through their ranks. On the left the rebels were seen coming through the woods to flank us, and wheeling three of our guns so as to bear upon them, we poured case shot among them with unexampled rapidity and terrible effect.

The destruction was horrible. Our spherical case shot are awful missiles, each of them consisting of a clotted mass of seventy-six musket balls, with a charge of powder in the center that is fired by a fuse the same as a shell. The missile first acts as a solid shot, plowing its way through masses of men, and then exploding, hurls forward a shower of musket balls that mow down the foe in heaps. Our battery threw twenty-four of these a minute, and as we had the exact range of every part of the field, every shot told with frightful effect. But the enemy were not at all daunted. They marched steadily on, and hailed a perfect tempest of balls upon us. Why we, as well as our horses, were not every one shot down will forever remain a mystery to me. We did not mind the leaden hail, however, but kept pouring our case shot into the dense masses of the foe, who came in prodigious and overwhelming force. And they fought splendidly, too. Our shot tore their ranks wide open, and shattered them asunder in a manner that was frightful to witness; but they closed up again at once, and came on as steadily as English veterans.

When they got within four hundred yards we closed our case shot and opened on them with canister, and such destruction I never elsewhere witnessed. At each discharge great gaps were made in their ranks—indeed, whole companies went down before that murderous fire; but they closed up with an order and alacrity that was awe-inspiring. They seemed to be animated with the courage of despair blended with the hope of a speedy victory if they could by an overwhelming rush drive us from our position. It was awful to see their ranks torn and scattered by every discharge of canister that we poured into their faces, and while their dead and dying lay in piles, they closed up, and still kept advancing right in the face of of that fire. At one time three lines, one behind the other, were steadily advancing, and three of their flags were brought within range of our guns shotted with canister.

"Fire!" shouted the gunner, and down went those three flags, and a gap was opened through those three lines as if a thunderbolt had torn through them, and the dead lay in swaths. But they at once closed up and came steadily on, never halting or wavering, right through the woods, over the fence, through the field, right up to our guns, and sweeping everything before them, captured every piece.

When we delivered our last fire, they were within fifteen or twenty paces of us, and as all our horses had been killed or wounded, we could not carry off a gun. Our whole division was cut to pieces, with what loss I do not know. We fell back to a second line of intrenchments, and there held the enemy in check till reinforcements arrived, and then we kept our position till night put an end to the battle.

LIVERPOOL AS A SLAVE TRADING PORT.—The Liverpool *Mercury* warns the British Government that the slave traders who have been expelled from New York find refuge in Liverpool, and boldly prosecute their atrocious traffic under the shadow of the British flag. The business is shrewdly done. Secret agents in New York fit out a vessel here with a legitimate cargo for Liverpool, the cargo is discharged at that port, and the vessel is then laid up for a few weeks, while preparations are being made for the voyage to Africa. Ostensibly the ship is put up for the East Indies, but it is known that her destination is the slave market. The old crew is got rid of by harsh treatment on the outward voyage, and a motly collection of foreigners shipped to take their place. According to this account the slave traders have actually established their headquarters at Liverpool, and the authorities find it difficult to trace their operations, so secret and so sure are they. The English journals which have reviled New York as the center of the African slave trade—unhappily with more justice than falsehood—will now see the difficulties under which the Federal officials here have labored. The sin lies at the door of the British Government if slavers fit out at Liverpool. Recent convictions here have altered the position of New York and changed the venue.

GENIUS.—There is much called genius that would find a more fitting title in the word oddity. True genius may sometimes appear eccentric, but eccentricity is not genius. Many of the speakers of the day put on an air of peculiarity that may be considered as a substitute for talent. One young minister of some note, had a habit of going up one or two of the pulpit stairs, and then throwing his hat up ahead of him, much to the amusement of the younger portion of his flock and the lovers of decorum generally.

Kentucky Conservatism.

"Orpheus C. Kerr, in the New York *Sunday Mercury*, gives the following amusing description of conservatism:

Upon quitting the strawberry festival, I returned again post-haste to Paris, where I arrived just in time to start with Captain Bob Shorty and a company from the Conic Section of the Mackeral Brigade, on a foraging expedition. We went to hunt up a few straw beds for the feeding of the Anatomical Cavalry horses, my boy, and the conservative Kentucky chap went along to see that we did not violate the Constitution nor the rights of man.

"It's my opinion, comrade," said Captain Bob Shorty, as we started out—"It's my opinion, my Union ranger, that this unnatural war is getting worked down to a very fine point, when we can't go out for an armfull of forage without taking the Constitution along on an ass. I think," says Captain Bob Shorty, "that the Constitution is as much out of place here as a set of fancy harness would be in a drove of wild buffaloes."

Can such be the case, my boy—can such be the case? Then did our revolutionary forefathers live in vain.

Having moved along in gorgeous cavalcade until about noon, we stopped at the house of a First Family of Virginia, who were just going to dinner. Captain Bob Shorty ordered the Mackerals, to stack arms and draw canteens in the front door yard, and then we entered the domicil, and saluted the domestic mass meeting in the dining room.

"Welcome, sir," says Bob, addressing the highminded chivalry at the head of the table, "we come to ask you if you have any old straw beds that you don't want, that could be used for the cavalry of the United States of America?"

The chivalry only paused long enough to throw a couple of pie plates at us, and then says he:

"Are you accursed abolitionists?"

The conservative chap stepped hastily forward, and says he:

"No, my dear sir, we are the conservative element."

The chivalry's venerable wife, who was a female Southern Confederacy, leaned back a little in her chair, so that her little son could see to throw a tea-cup at me; and says she:

"You an't *Tribune* reporters, be you?"

We were all noes and no ayes. Quite a feature in social intercourse, my boy.

The aged chivalry caused three fresh chairs to be placed at the table, and having failed to discharge the fowling piece which he had pointed at Captain Bob Shorty, by reason of dampness in the cap, he waved us to seats, and says he:

"Sit down, poor hirelings of a gorrilla despot, and learn what it is to taste the hospitality of a Southern gentleman. You are Lincoln's hordes, says the chivalry, shaking his white locks, 'and have come to butcher the Southern Confederacy; but the Southern gentleman knows how to be courteous, even to a vandal foe."

Here the chivalry switched out a cane which he had concealed behind him, and made a blow at Captain Bob Shorty.

"See here!" says Bob, indignantly, "I'll be——"

"hush!" says the conservative Kentucky chap, agitated, "don't irritate the old patriarch or the future amicable reconstruction of the Union will be out of the question. He is naturally a little irritated just now," says the Kentucky chap soothingly, "but we must show him that we are his friends."

We all sat down in peace at the hospitable board, only a few sweet potatoes and corn-cobs being thrown by the children, and found the fare to be in keeping with the distracted situation of the country—I may say, war-fare.

"In consequence of the blockade of the Washington Ape," says the chivalry, pleasantly, "we have only one course, you see; but even these last year's sweet potatoes must be a luxury to mercenary mudsills, accustomed to husks."

I had just reached out my plate to be helped, my boy, when there came a great noise from the Mackerels in the front door yard.

"What's that?" says Captain Bob Shorty.—"O, nothing," says the female Confederacy, taking another bite of hoe-cake, "I've only told one of the servants to throw some hot water on your reptile hirelings."

As Captain Bob Shorty turned to thank her for the explanation, and while his plate was extended to be helped, the aged chivalry fired a pistol at him across the table, the ball just grazing his head and entering the wall behind him.

"By all that's blue!" says Captain Bob Shorty excitedly; "now I'll be——"

"Be calm, now, be calm," says the Kentucky chap, hastily, "don't I tell you it is only natural for the good old soul to be provoked? If you go to irritate him, we can never live together as brethren again."

Matters thus rendered pleasant, my boy, we quickly finished the simple meal; and as Captain Bob Shorty warded off the carving-knife just thrown at him by the chivalry's little son, he turned to the female Confederacy and says he:

"Many thanks for your kind hospitality, and now about that straw bed."

The Virginia matron threw the vinegar cruet at him, and says she:

"My servants have already given one to your scorpions, you nasty Yankee."

"Of course," says the venerable chivalry, just missing a blow at me with a bowie-knife, "of course your despicable Government will pay me for my property."

"Pay you!" says Captain Bob Shorty, hotly, "now I'll be——"

"Certainly it will," broke in the Conservative Kentucky, eagerly, "the Union troops come here as your friends; for they make war on none but traitors."

As we left the domicil, my boy, brushing from our coats the slops that had just been thrown upon us from the upper window, I saw the chivalry's children training a fowling piece from the roof, and hoisting the flag of the Southern Confederacy on one of the chimneys.

And will it be possible to regain the love of these noble people again, my boy, if we treat them constitutionally? We shall see, my boy we shall see.

THE SERVICE RENDERED BY SLAVES.—While the slaves are forcibly set at work digging trenches and otherwise assisting the rebellion, they avail themselves of every opportunity to assist voluntarily the Union army, though every man of it is a perfect stranger to them. A son of Dr. Jewett of Chicago, who is in General Mitchell's army, writes to his father how one of these men saved a squad of our soldiers:

"A squad of twenty six men had been sent to guard a bridge. Nightly they set their watch, while those of the squad not on guard found comfortable quarters in an old log house near the bridge. On a certain day a negro found means to communicate to them the fact that it would not be safe to occupy that building another night as he had learned that the rebels had planned the capture of the party, and that the next night the plan was to be executed. Thus warned, they abandoned the house, and the whole party secreted themselves near the bridge and prepared to welcome any reasonable number of callers. True to the information received, the log house was surrounded about midnight, and from their places of concealment they could hear the demand of the rebels that the supposed inmates should surrender themselves or suffer instant death. Finding at length that our boys were not there, they approached the bridge, and were welcomed by a shower of bullets. The fire was returned and kept up, though neither party could distinctly see the other. After two hours' fighting the rebels withdrew, leaving one of their number dead. A negro subsequently informed our party that the rebels carried off six other dead, and had a number wounded. Eight of our boys were wounded—none mortally. After learning the facts, General Mitchell paid a handsome compliment to the Sergeant who commanded our party, and his brave companions. What had been the fate of our boys but for the timely warning of the negro?"

ARMING NEGROES.—We must "fight the devil with fire," says the Atlanta *Confederacy*, "by arming our slaves to fight the Yankees. There is no doubt that in Georgia alone we could pick up ten thousand negroes that would rejoice in meeting fifteen thousand Yankees in deadly conflict. We would be willing almost to risk the fate of the South in such an encounter in an open field."

According to that Southern authority, two negroes are good for three white men on "an open field." That's abolition doctrine doubled and twisted.

DR. FREDERICK MORRIS, resident physician of the Halifax, N. S., Visiting Dispensary, has written a letter to the American *Medical Times*, in which he states that the "Sarracenia Purpurea," or Indian cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, is the remedy for small-pox in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. That "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, and confluent and fuightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease." If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.

RELICS OF A FORMER RACE.—A correspondent of the Stockton *Republican* writing about Dr. Snell's Museum in Sonora, says:

A relic of some former race, who inhabited California at a very remote period, was pointed out to me, found in a tunnel which was run in the side of Table Mountain 2,000 feet, which had evidently been wrought by the hands of a man, the material being hematite of iron. There was a hole pierced through its centre, which, when brought to Dr. Snell, was filled with cinnabar. Many other antique specimens of manufacture were shown me, some of which presented a singular appearrnce, differing materially from those now in use among the Indians of California. Stone mortars, bowls, dishes and scoops had been brought him by the miners who found them buried deep "into the bowels of the earth."

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—A subterranean railway is now in an advanced state of construction, running about four and a half milrs under the city of London. The locomotives used, condense their steam and consume their own smoke, so that neither gas nor vapor is perceptible. The surface of the railes is made of steel. The line is made for two gages, and it has a double track throughout. The carriages will be roomy, well ventilated, and lighted with portable gas. It is expected that the road will be opened about the middle of June.

GOOD FOR PAT.—When the 55th New York regiment was ordered to retire at Fair Oaks, to give place to the 62d, an Irish private from the former quietly took his place among the 62d, with the smiling salutation, as he looked to the cap on the lock of his musket, "Byes, I am wid ye!"

IN A BAD FIX.—An exchange says that the McConnelites and such of the Douglasites as qualify their support of the President, with "ifs and buts," are exactly in the fix which satan would be if he could be offered a front seat in heaven—they like the Government, but hate the Administration.