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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.

Josiah, his Turkeys and his Sweetheart.

Have you ever been in Windsor, Vermont? If so, you have heard of Josiah Baker. Indeed you have heard of him even though you have not been in the State of Vermont; for he is well known as the greatest dealer in poultry in all New England. About Thanksgiving time, you may see in all parts of Boston, Josiah's wagons literally crammed with turkeys, geese, chickens, and ducks, together with pumpkins, squashes and all manner of Thanksgiving sauce. 'Twas thought by some, if Josiah should die without an heir to inherit his virtues, and perpetuate the stock of poultry, that Thanksgiving would have to be abolished altogether in that region; for as to being thankful on an empty stomach, it couldn't in the nature of things be expected. In fact they tried it on one occasion. Josiah didn't die to be sure, but 'twas just as bad for the time being, as you shall see.

Contrary to all usage, and probably for the sake of doing something wherewith to distinguish himself, the Governor appointed Thanksgiving on the same day which had been set apart for that purposd in Vermont. Now, no real Yankee will ever absent himself from his kindred on that day, not even for gain; and Josiah, though a bachelor was in the habit of having all his blood relations to make merry with him on that occasion; and you know the habits of an old bachelor are not easily broken in upon. Besides his worthy sister Hester would have felt herself scandalized, indeed, if she were denied the privilege of bustling, and scolding and storming about as usual, in the hurry of preparation for this joyous festival. Not that she was ill natured or given to scolding under ordinary circumstances—far from it; but there is a time for everything. Then Josiah's numerous relatives (and you have no idea unless you have been there how numerous ones relatives are in that p rt of the country) who were always expected to partake of the luxuries of his farm yard, and devour, with an appetite which fortunately returns but once a year, Miss Hester's puddings, pies, tarts, etc., would have felt anything but thankful, if Josiah had gone to Boston, instead of keeping Thanksgiving at home. But he had no idea of such a thing.

He could as well afford to keep his turkeys, as the Boston folks could do without 'em; and he'd teach Governor Lincoln not to appoint the same days as the Governor of Vermont.

So Josiah kept Thanksgiving, as in times past, at home, though his heart was not as light as usual, for he pitied the Boston folks, and he could not help saying now and then as he cut a slice of turkey, Governor Lincoln ought to have known better.

But though there was this drawback upon his happiness, it was trifling, compared with the consternation of the Boston people. His old customers who had relied upon him for supplies for fifteen or twenty years, and had never once been disappointed, could not believe that he would fail to appear now; and even on the day preceding Thanksgiving refused to purchase of others, under the full conviction that he would come, though it were at the eleventh hour. But, alas! he came not; and for the first time in their lives, and I hope the last, many of the good citizens were obliged to forego the luxury of a roast turkey, and dine on roast beef; and instead of being thankful, they did nothing but eat, and drink and grumble. But there is no calamity however great, from which good may not be extracted.

This unhappy event led the good people to reflect upon what might be the consequence if Josiah should be removed by death, leaving no issue to keep up the stock of turkeys; and as life is uncertain, even in Vermont, thay sat about devising means to avert so serious an evil. Accordingly, Josiah began to receive letters advising him to marry; disinterestedly pointing out to him the cheerlessness of his present mode of life; and hinting, also, that if he should die childless, Thanksgiving would be entirely broken up. Now, the subject of matrimony had never entered Josiah's head. His maiden sister attended to his household; darned his stockings for Sunday—washed his neck and ears for him of a Saturday night—and combed his head in more ways than one. In short, he didn't see what more a woman could do. However, the subject had got into his mind and it was not easy to get it out again. He was constantly looking about and observing how nice and chirp the young women looked. Finally he concluded to open his mind to his sister and ask her advice.

After weighing the matter thoroughly and mourning over the prospect of layin down the scepter, she advised him (with a magnanimity that none but a sister could exhibit) to comply with the advice of his friends, and marry; stating that she was willing to resign her authority for the sake of promoting his happiness—but in order to secure the latter she must make the match herself—at least so far as to point out a proper person for him to court. This was a great relief to him, but he would have been better pleased if she could have settled the whole matter. For he had a great horror of encountering one of the sex face to face, having never been in company with any but his relations. However, his sister, who was in the habit of gossiping in the intermission with all the women that came to meeting, soon made choice of a wife for her brother, in the person of Sally Jepson, who lived but a couple of miles from his farm. She was (as she told Josiah) of rugged make, thick set, wholesome looking, and as smart as a steel-trap.

So it was agreed upon that on Sunday night, Josiah should commence his courtship.

Accordingly, after supper he mounted his horse and started with much fear and trembling for Squire Jepson's. He rode very slow, that he might con over what he should say to Sally; but after looking over many forms of speech, he arrived at the house quite at a loss how to open his heart. Having tied his horse to the fence, he thought he would reconoitre the premises before going in; but, although there was a light in the sitting room, the paper curtains were down, and nothing could be discovered. After walking round the house two or three times, and going as often to the fence, to see if his horse was fastened securely, he finally made a desperate effort, went to the well and took a drink from the bucket and then gave a rap on the door. Walk in! bawled out the Squire.

After fumbling around the house for sometime, he finally raised the latch and entered.

"Why, Josiah Baker!" exclaimed his wife, "is that you? Set to the fire."

Sally said nothing but smoothed down her vandyke, laid her hands in her lap, and looked in the fire. The younger children, who were sitting on the hearth, commenced whispering together respecting the object of his visit; for it being Sunday night, they suspected he had come a sparking Silence continued for sometime, till the children could contain themselves no longer, but snickered out a laughing.

"Now, pick up your legs and go to bed," said the Squire—the dame at the same time giving them a slap, which helped them on their way considerably.

After the confusion arising from this sudden movement had subsided, the dame asked:

"How is Miss Hester, Mr. Baker?"

"Reasonably, I thank you."

After an interval of a few minutes the dame broke out again:

"I think Deacon Spring's wife must be poorly for I see she sat down in the last prayer and did not get up to the blessing."

"Well, now, I didn't mind that," said Josiah.

"Why, where were your eyes, Mr. Baker?"

Josiah made no reply; for the fact was, his eyes were fixed upon the corner pew on the right hand side, where sat Sally Jepson.

"Our little man was unusually solemn to-day. I thought the self-righteous were pretty well cut up. The shoe fitted a good many of them."

Josiah replied, "Yes." The truth was he would have given the world to change the subject, if he had known what to say, for his thoughts had been with his eyes, upon Sally, and he had not heard one word of the sermon.

"Even the singers seemed uncommon balked up," said the Squire. "I never heard them sing louder. But I do wish the'yd give up the new collection and stick to Mear and Bray, so that a body could jine with them. 'Twould be much more edifyin'. And then they've got to opening their mouths so wide' that none of the sound goes through the nose at all and seems to lose all the solemness as it were."

"Don't you think, Mr. Baker, that the little man was uncommon lifted up in prayer?" said the dame.

Fortunately for Josiah, this was a leading question, and that blessed monosyllable came to his relief. Just at that moment, the clock behind the door began to strike nine, and before it was done the Squire and his wife had taken the candle and gone to bed, cautioning Sally to cover up the embers when Mr. Baker was gone.

Now, though the sudden departure of the old folks had relieved Josiah of one dilemma, it left him in a worse; for here he was alone with Sally, without a single idea in his head, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his month, which was as dry as a powder horn.

"I believe my horse is a little uneasy," said he after a silence of several minutes; and jumped up and went out to the fence, and walked round a little, took another drink from the well, and then rushed into the house, determined to make a bold push and broach the subject at once. So he drew his chair up near to Sally, and addressed her:

"Miss Sally! darnation!"—

"What d'you say, Mr. Baker?"

"Darnation!"

"Oh! I thought you spoke to me." Sally picked up the tongs and laid the brands together.

"What do you think of getting married, Miss Sally?"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Baker?"

"Certainly I did; there's nobody else to speak to as I see," said Josiah looking around the room.

Sally now began to color up, her throat it swelled and she reminded Josiah of one of his turkeys, and thus furnished him with a topic of conversation.

"Miss Sally, do you love turkey?"

"Yes."

"So do I," said Josiah.

"Which do you like best on it, apple sauce or cranberry?"

"Cranberry."

"So do I," said Josiah.

"Which do you think is the sweetest, Sally, honey or maple sugar?"

"Honey."

"Thunder! we are as nigh alike as two pumpkins. Now, Sally, I'll tell you what's the sweetest thing in all natur'—it's you."

"Now be still, Mr. Baker; mother says praise to the face is open disgrace."

He drew his chair closer up to hers; for, as he told his sister afterward, he began to get his pluck up.

"Sally, what's the sign when anybody treads on your toe?"

"It's a sign they love you. Oh! Mr. Baker, you've mashed my foot all to pieces."

Upon this he threw his arms around her neck, and gave her such a smack as Sall Jones got when old Mrs. Jones thought her bottle of emptin's had burst.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said the Squire, who was awakened out of a sound sleep by his wife's jumping up in bed.

"Nothin'," said she, "only I heard a great crakling just now. I thought at first it was your shooting gun went off, but I guess it's only the frost comin' out of the ground."

At the mention of the gun, the Squire got out of bed, and opened the door into the sitting room.

"Sally, are you up? What noise was that?"

"'Twas—'twas; I just shut the front door—that's all the noise I heard."

"Well, you'd better put the nail over the door and go to bed."

The next morning the old lady gave Sally a severe scolding for slamming the door so hard, when people were asleep.

That interesting interview, and above all, that parting kiss, was more than Sally Jepson could stand unmoved; and on the next Sunday, when she went to church, and got a sly wink and nod from Josiah, for her life she could'nt tell whether she had a heart left among her goods and chattels although she tried all meeting to decide the doubt. Josiah repeated the kiss that very evening; and performed more—for he popped the alternative and had the satisfaction to see Miss Sally blush; an infallible symptom that his question had gone straight to her heart, and caused it to flood in her cheeks.

The parson blessed the happy twain, and they become one flesh; very much to the delight of all lovers of Thanksgiving dainties—who in that Union saw a perpetuation of Josiah's incomparable breed of turkeys.

GEN. POPE TO HIS SOLDIERS.—General Pope, in assuming command of the army assigned him on the Potomac, issued the following address, in which there lurks something of a satire:

WASHINGTON, Monday, July 14.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia: By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your conditions and your wants, in preparing you for active oporations, and in placing you in position from which you can act promptly and to the puspose.

I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and then beat them when found, whose policy has been attack and not defense. In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western army in a defensive attitude. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat—and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should require to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and Glory are in the advance. Disaster and Shame lurk in the rear. Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JOHN POPE,
Major General Commanding.

BAKED BEANS.—Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply, because few cooks properly prepare them. Beans generally are not cooked half long enough. This is a sure method: two quarts middling sized white beans, two pounds salt pork, and one spoonful of molasses. Pick the beans over carefully, wash them, add a gallon of boiling hot soft water; let them soak in it over night; in the morning put them into fresh water and boil gently till the skin is very tender and about to break, adding a teaspoontul of saleratus. Take them up dry, put them in your dish, stir in the molasses; gash the pork and put it down in the dish, so as to have the beans cover all but the upper surface; turn in boiling water till the top is just covered; bake with a steady fire four or five hours. Watch them and add more water from time to time as it dries away.

PUNISHMENT OF GUERRILLAS.—The general orders respecting guerrillas are very pointed. We quote some of them:

Secretary Stanton says—"Let them swing."

Gen. Dix advises to "shoot them on the spot."

Gen. Scofield says—"Execute them immediately."

Gen. Blunt says—"Give them no quarter."

Gen. Loan says—"Shoot them when found."

Gen. Halleck's orders are—"Let them be tried immediately by a drum head Court, and punished with death."

[From the Marysville *Appeal*.]

Relations of the Negro to the War.

WASHINGTON, July 5th, 1862.

EDITORS *Appeal*:—For the past two days, the reply of Gen. Hunter to the Secretary of War, in answer to Wickliff's resolution of inquiry as to whether slaves had been organized into regiments in the military district of South Carolina, has divided the gossip of the town, so that the great battles near Richmond does not engross the entire attention of the public. You doubtless have ere this laid that document before your readers, so that they will be able to pronounce an opinion on that unique and unusual military report. One is at a loss to decide whether to most admire the bluntness of that sturdy old soldier or the unsurpassed wit of his production. It is rumored that the reading of Hunter's dispatch was received by our fun-loving President with something more than a broad grin. Its reception by the House of Representatives was the occasion of intense excitement, the Union members expressing unbounded delight, while those who are the apologists of treason, were as intensly chagrined, and made no concealment of sentiments which plainly demonstrated that they hold the inviolability of the institution of slavery as paramount to the maintenance of the Union. It is curious to notice that most of the Senators and Representatives from the slave States favor the confiscation of all other kinds of rebel property except slaves, hence theirconstantly harping about abolitionists beng the cause of this rebellion, may be received as evidence that their sympathies are intensly with those in rebellion. Indeed there is not a measure before Congress which in the remotest degree effects the peculiar institution to its detriment but the entire vote of the loyal slave States may be found recorded against it, and notwithstanding the immense exhibition of the power of the Government to put down the insurrection, they are growing so bold as to dictate the terms which they are willing the seceded States shall accept on returning to the Union. It seems impossible to make a border State pro slavery man realize the vast change which has taken place in the relations of slavery in Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee and Missouri since the outbrake of this civil war. In all of the border slave States the handwriting is on the wall and the doom of slavery is certain and its rapid extiction already nearly accomplished; yet in the face of this, there is a strange infatuation among those people so desolated by this slavery war, that they exhibit on all occasions the most childish petulence when it is suggested that slavery alone has been the cause of this calamitous and most unnatural strife. Early in the session members from the free States deferred greatly to the opinions and wishes of those who represents sections having a large hostile population, with the hope that members representing slave districts would lead off in the work of bringing their people to be progressive in a State policy which should have for its object the emancipation of slavery at its earliest practicable moment; but Northern forbearance has been met with a jealous aggressive response, until a deep and permanent reaction has taken place among the great mass of the Northern people, hostile to slavery. A few nights since a great mass meeting was held in New York for the purpose of organizing a Conservative Union party, the chief spokesmen at which were Wickliffe of Kentucky, and Duer of New York, with Fernando Wood and James Brooks for lesser lights. The watchery was "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is," meaning, doubtless, the Union as it was under the administration of Buchanan, Floyd & Co. The speech of Wickliffe was throughout an undisguised defense of secession, he charging that all our national troubles were caused by abolitionists, while the twaddle of Duer was to the effect that the North is always wrong while the South is always right. The only pointed sentence in his Rhodomontade was, that he would like to have Jeff Davis hung as the first man and Charles Sumner as the second. Now, it is all very well when the wish is applied to that arch rebel Davis, but for old Duer, who was once elected by the Republicans to the County Clerkship in San Francisco and is now living in his old age on the emoluments received from that office, to utter so atrocious a sentiment as connected with his mention of Sumner, is an outrage on common decency. Charles Sumner it is true, is an ultra uncompromising enemy of slavery, but withal a defender of the Constitution and the Union, and had such opinions as he so eloquently maintains been the rule of this nation for the last half century, there would be no cause in all this broad land for a civil war which will involve countless treasure and cost, the premature death of half a million of the young men of the nation, carrying into almost every home a desolation and sorrow which will pass away only with the generation. Hypocritical toadies, these delectable patriots pass by in silence such men as Lincoln and Seward, who equally with Sumner and others fought the long and doubtful fight which aroused a public opinion in the North powerful enough to rescue this Government from the grasp of traitors, and carry it through the most tremendous conflict ever evoked against liberty. I shall attempt no defense of Charles Sumner, the purity of his motives and the power of his logic alike have a wide acknowledgment. Doubtless in his zeal for a great cause he advances opinions probably impracticable in application at this time, nevertheless it must be admitted that all of his theories are in harmony with an enlightened Christianity.

It is a matter of deep regret that there should be any wrangling or difference among those who placed the present administration in power, as it only tends to encourage a hope among those favoring the rebels to organize an opposition to the effectual prosecution of the war. This supposed division among the Republicans is the straw at which drowning Democrats are catching. There need be no doubt in the public mind about the integrity of the President, and his determination to conduct the administration of the Government so that all will be well with the great interests of free labor. In connection with this subject it may not be out of place to state that there can scarcely be found one of our soldiers who is in favor of permitting the institution of slavery to retain political power in our government hereafter, and those who left home as Democrats express the greatest indignation that political partisans should attempt to raise party issues in this time of common peril. The action of the Republicans in Oregon in uniting with Union men at their late election, thereby achieving a victory over traitors, has had a most happy effect on her interests here and the same may be said of California, and it is to be hoped that the latter will elect a Legislature which will send here no "qualified Union" man, but one who will meet treason and traitors as they should be met at all times and on all occasions. It would be a heavy blow to the good name of California should she elect a Legislature this fall which would re-elect a U. S. Senator whose adhesion to the Democratic party made question able his fidelity to the Union.

WILSON FLINT.

SKIMMING MILK.—A country woman says:

"The wise men, in enumerating the time and seasons, made no mention of a time to skim milk; yet, nevertheless, there is a time—a right time too, and that time is just as the milk is begining to sour in the bottom of the pans.—Then the cream is all at the surface, and should be removed and with as little milk as possible. If allowed to remain until the acid reaches the cream, it impairs its quality. The house-wife, or dairy-maid, who thinks to obtain a greater quantity by allowing the milk to stand beyond that time, labors under a most egregious mistake. Any one who doubts this, has only to try it and prove the truth of the assertion. Milk should be looked to at least three times a day."

THE Sacramento *Bee* alludes to Governor Sprague's call for a colored regiment as likely to bring black loyalty face to face with white treason. If Governor Sprague was not a Democrat, how the whangdoodles of the Union (?) Democracy would commence howling.—*Yreka Journal.*

"HIGHLY RESPECTABLE."—Dr. Hunt of the Buffalo Express, who has charge of one of the hospitals at Fortress Monroe says in a recent letter:

I have the best of authority for stating that "highly respectable" families in Norfolk, live upon the prostitution of their female slaves.—The not fair, but frail mulattos and quadroons of Norfolk have been colonized by themselves and put under strict guard. This step has put a stop to the regular income of the aristocratic families of Norfolk, and the lady owners are begging for the release of their female servants. They had better starve than live thus upon the wages of infamy.

NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.—At a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee of New York, held at Albany, on the 9th of July, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Democratic State Central Committee being convened at this time merely for the transaction of its ordinary business, and not assuming to lay down any platform or to adopt any resolutions in the name and behalf of the Democratic party in advance of the State Convention, yet desire in the two points that present themselves to the public mind at this time as of the gravest importance, to express their sentiments in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we view with admiration the heroic courage shown by our army before Richmond, and are filled with heartfelt gratitude for the self-devotion and desperate valor which wrung victory from the jaws of defeat, we call upon the Government to put forth instant and energetic efforts to give that army the long needed reinforcements, and we appeal to our nobly struggling soldiers to uphold the Union, the Constitution and the laws.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to resist to the utmost, intervention in this war by other Governments in any form and under any pretext, and that the American people are strong enough to put down rebellion at the South, and are wise enough to crush out malignant fanaticism at the North, and that they will not tolerate any interence in their affairs] by any foreign power.

DEAN RICHMOND, Chairman.
P. CAGGER, Secretary.

Will the Secesh papers of this State put the above in their pipes and vaporate.—*R. B. Ind.*

A MEAN MAN.—The Yreka *Union* thus speaks of a certain class of bipeds, some of whom are to be found in almost every community:

We hate, despise and abhor a man, whose sole business in a community is to gather up and retail scandal—a man who confidentially worms himself into your good graces and confidence, and learning some opinion as a personal, private matter, not interesting to the world at large, and which can only create unpleasant feelings between friends, if reiterated, makes it his especial business to retail and exagerate what he, under the garb of pretended sincerity and friendsh p has in an unguarded moment learned. D—n such a man.

A lady called on a witty friend, who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote on it "slattern." The next day they met, and the lady said: "I called on you yesterday." "Yes; I saw your card on the piano."

TO PICKLE TOMATOES.—As you gather them throw them into cold vinegar. When you have enough, take them out and scald some spices tied in a bag, in good vinegar, and pour it hot over them.