

# THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. I.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

NO. 46.

## THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

Published every Saturday by

J. NEWTON GALE.

### Terms of Subscription.

The Republican will be published at \$2.50 a year in advance; \$3.00 if paid at the end of six months; or \$4.00 at the close of the year. One dollar additional will be charged for each year payment is neglected.

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

### Rates of Advertising.

One square (ten lines or less) one month, \$3.00  
Each additional insertion, .50  
Business Cards, one square or less, one year, 12.00  
Four squares and upwards, one year, per square, 10.00  
Administrator's Notices, and all advertisements relating to estates of deceased persons, which have to be sworn to, one square, four insertions, 5.00

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

### The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### [For the Republican.]

#### THE DEPARTED HERO.

By M. J. BRIGGS.

Lines suggested on reading an account of the death of Colonel Stinson, who fell while gallantly leading his men in a charge in the late battle of Rich Mountain. He was an old and very dear friend.

Fame has begun, the days are done;  
A country's strains record  
New triumphs of her chosen son,  
And slughters of his sword;  
The deeds he did, the field he won,  
In freedom's cause restored.  
Can't thou be fallen, and we be free?  
And shall thou taste of death?  
Live, generous blood that flowed from thee—  
Gush not to sink beneath;  
Unto our veins its current flow,  
Thy spirit on our breath.  
Justice, our charging hosts along,  
Now be the battle word.  
Great patriot, theme of sweetest song  
And patriot heroes pour,  
Long grief would do thy glory wrong;  
Enough, thou art deplored.

A FAIR ESTIMATE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, in referring to attacks on the President by disappointed politicians, thus speaks of Old Abe:

These insidious attacks on the President, situated as he is always in bad taste. They are especially so at the present time. Never has our nation seen such a time before. It is most fervently to be prayed that she may never see such an one again. President Lincoln feels this more deeply than any other man in America. He is under a weight of responsibility that never rested before on the heart and hand of any other man. The perils of the revolution, the civil strife around Washington's administration, the sectional animosities of the days of Adams, the partisan conflicts of the Jeffersonian period were but as the small dust of the balance in comparison with the mountainous load thrown on the shoulders of President Lincoln. Those who see and watch him here can safely assure your readers that you are perfectly correct in your estimate of his ability to carry the burden successfully. His shoulders are fully square and strong enough to bear all the cares of State that may fall to his lot; and he can therefore cheerfully stand erect under the assaults of open enemies and pretended friends. The people of the United States will do well to note carefully the man who is so loud in their professions of faith in President Lincoln's "honesty," his "integrity," his "purity," while covertly insinuating that "his will is weak," "his judgment is imbecile," "his stories are out of place," "he is too much influenced by others," and so on to the end of the leasous. (These phrases have all been adopted by the Salem organ of the Oregon "pizarinotums.")

President Lincoln has a will of iron as that of President Jackson. His judgment is cool, cautious, and far reaching. His stories are told with a good object, and they usually hit those they are intended to hit—videlicet, the large class of political schemers who come to give him their advice. As to his being too much influenced by others, there is not a member of his Cabinet but will say that while he pays great deference to their judgments, he is one of the most independent men in the world. There are the best reasons for stating that the whole plan of President Lincoln's administration was formed by him when he came into power, in full view of all the principal events that have since happened. He has at no time and in no way been taken by surprise. His programme is prepared to the end, and he will carry it out to the very end.

If some men's bodies were not stronger than their minds, they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

A servant girl, who was employed to pickle her master's cabbage took the opportunity to cabbage her master's pickles. She is the same woman who was happy and careless when she was young, and eappy and hairless when she was old.

What cardinal virtue does water represent when frozen? Justice.

### Still Harping on My Daughter.

Shylock, in Shakespeare's immortal play of the Merchant of Venice, after his daughter and only child Jessica had eloped with her Christian lover, taking with her two bags of ducats and two precious jewels, was inconsolable for the double loss, and went about distractedly, exclaiming—"My daughter! Oh my ducats! Oh my daughter! Plotting the ruin of others, and thirsting for innocent blood, he had himself been robbed of his most precious possessions, and wounded in the tenderest part. In agony of grief and anger and crushed by the loss of his own villainy, he would interrupt every conversation, and make every street resound with the exclamation we have quoted, till all the boys in Venice followed him, "Crying—his stones, his daughter and his ducats."

In just the same manner the Democratic party of America, whetting its knife to shed the blood of the land, affecting to claim merely the fulfillment of a bond, yet really aiming at the life of the Union, overflowing with gall and bile against a public sentiment that is all powerful, has been thwarted in its base designs and robbed of its great support and most certain ally, the institution of slavery. Maddened with rage, it still goes about crying out—"My niggers! Oh my niggers! Oh my constitutional rights! Oh my niggers!"

The people are pretty well used to this cry from the political Shylock—or Moloch—whose ducats are the Jews in the play, is being completed by confiscation; but it is melancholy to hear it re-echoed by avowed friends of the Union and the Constitution, which slavery with fiendish malignity, now seeks to destroy. It is sad to think that true men will yet adhere to a name and organization that have been prostituted to the uses of treason. There are men and journals in California, for instance, that still delight to call themselves Democratic, and have little else than reproach for such patriots as prefer an untainted designation and dare to hate and say they hate "the cause of all our woes,"—*Marysville Appeal.*

NEW JERSEY THIRD DISTRICT.—Doctor Orestes A. Brownson, in accepting the Democratic nomination for representative in Congress in the Third District of New Jersey, said:  
I am an American by birth and conviction, and would strike down an assassin against this Government as I would one against my mother. I would defend it against a Briton or Gaul, and far more would I protect it from a parrioidal hand. My friendship and feelings were with the South before this war; but when my Southern friends became the enemies of the Government they also became my enemies. I am for the most vigorous prosecution of the war, and the use of every means to achieve success. I like the President's proclamation, and if I have any fault at all to find it is because it is not strong enough, and its action is delayed too long. If I could, I would liberate every slave in State or Territory, and proclaim them free from this day forward. I believe in the abolition of slavery as a war measure. I trust that under this proclamation, we shall succeed; under it we can inscribe on our banner, "Union and Liberty."

IN OREGON such "Democrats" as Brownson, would be called abolitionists by the secessionists, or even by the "pizarinotum" Democrats, and yet they claim the election of such men in the East, as "glorious Democratic triumphs," while they denounce the principles upon which these men were elected as "fanatical." There, Democrats find fault with the Administration for being too slow and too conservative, and run into office on that hobby; and here, they find fault because it is too fast and too "radical"—anything to suit the local prejudices of the people. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

PLAYED OUT.—The term "Abolitionist," the man who smothered the sentiment of his heart for fear of being called an Abolitionist, is a moral if not a physical coward. The same persons who use this term now against the Administration, did the same thing towards Douglas and Broderick, when they repudiated the Kansas Lecompton Constitution. If we had another Buchanan Administration, which the South owned, as they do their slaves, the country would now be at peace. Verrily, cotton is king, and the free born Americans must be moral slaves, to slave plantations, for such seems the ambition of degenerate Democracy.—*Yreka Journal.*

A SECESSIONIST DISOWNED BY HIS LOYAL MOTHER.—Recently a secessionist at Wilkesbarre, Penn., was rode on a rail. He was then conveyed home, but his mother refused to receive him, as he was a traitor and not worthy to enter the house. She told the boys to take him down South and give him to Jeff Davis. She has two sons in the service of the United States, and regarded this fellow as a disgrace to the family.

FROM AUSTRALIA.—The bark *Glipse* brings Sidney dates to July 25th. Great damage by flood had occurred in Western Australia. Wm. Currie Botts, one of the oldest merchants of Victoria, had committed suicide while temporarily insane. A reef of antimony had been discovered 5 miles from Melbourne.

ONE OF THE best things to resist fatigue with is music. Girls who "could not walk a mile to save their lives" will dance, in company with a knock kneed clarinet and a supernatant fiddler from tea time till sunrise; while a soldier grown weary with quietness, will no sooner hear a bugle give a flourish than he will give one himself.

THE longest laugh on record—Giles Scroggins' when he laughed from (y)ear to (y)ear.

A RABBIT ON A BATTLE FIELD.—A correspondent, who was with the army of the Potomac on the Peninsula, relates the following remarkable incident which occurred at the battle of Malvern Hill:

A full grown rabbit had hid itself away in the copse of a fence, which separated two fields near the centre and most exposed portion of the battle ground. Rabbits are wont to spend the day almost motionless, and in seeming meditation. This one could have had but little thought—if rabbits think, when choosing its place of retreat at early dawn, that ere it was evenside there would be such an unwonted and ruthless disturbance. During all the preparations made around its lair throughout the forenoon, it nevertheless remained quiet. Early, however, in the afternoon, when the rage of battle had fairly begun, and shot and shell were falling thick and fast in all directions, a shell came to burst so near Mr. Rabbit's hiding place that he evidently considered it unsafe to tarry longer. So, frightened almost to death, out he sprang into the field, and ran hither and thither with the vain hope of finding a safe retreat. Whichever way it ran, cannons were thundering out their smoke and fire, re-iments of men were advancing or changing their position, horses galloping here and there, shells bursting, and solid shot tearing up the ground. Sometimes it would squat down and be perfectly still, when some new and sudden danger would start it into motion. Once more it would stop and raise itself as high as possible on its hind legs, and look all around for some place of possible retreat. At length that part of the field seemed open which lay in the direction opposite from where the battle raged most fiercely. Thither it accordingly ran with all its remaining speed. Unobserved by it, however, a regiment was in that direction, held in reserve, and like Wellington's at Waterloo, was lying flat on the ground, in order to escape the flying bullets. Ere the rabbit seemed aware, it had jumped into the midst of these men. It could go no further, but presently nestled down beside a soldier and tried to hide itself under his arm. As the man spread the skirt of his coat over the trembling fugitive, in order to insure it all the protection in his power to bestow, he no doubt feelingly remembered how much he himself then needed some higher protection, under the shadow of whose arm might be hidden his own defenseless head from the fast multiplying missiles of death scattered in all directions. It was not long however, before the regiment was ordered up and forward. From the protection and safety granted, the timid creature had evidently acquired confidence in man—as the boys are wont to say, "had been tamed." As the regiment moved forward to the front of battle it hopped along, tame, seemingly, as a kitten, close at the feet of the soldier who had bestowed the needed protection. Wherever the regiment went, during all the remaining part of that bloody day and terrible battle, the rabbit kept close beside its new friend. When night came on, and the rage of battle had ceased, it finally, unmolested and quietly, hopped away in order to find some one of its old familiar haunts.

THE WASTED FLOWER.—On the velvet banks of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rosebuds were twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the birds that warbled at her side. The little stream went singing on, and with each gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand—with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then seeing her loss, she sprang upon her feet and burst into tears, calling aloud to the stream, "Bring back my flowers!" But the stream danced along regardless of her tears; and as it bore the blossoming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo along its reedy margin. And long after, amid the wailing of the breeze and the fitful cry of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry—"Bring back my flowers!" Merry maidens who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee, observe in this thoughtless child an emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dispensed in blessings all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its benevolent Giver. Else when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them reeding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the child—"Bring back my flowers!" and the only answer will be an echo from the shadowy past—"Bring back my flowers!"

A WAR PICTURE.—The Mountain Messenger has a talented lady correspondent, who writes from a New England village the following touching account, showing how the "damned abolitionists" enlist to serve their country:  
"It has been a short summer and a sad one. We have sent over one hundred men to the war within the last three months, nearly half of them going from our own little village of Waterville. We have not in our district a single boy who is eighteen years old, and not a half dozen able-bodied men. We have raised our full quota under both calls, and a full company over. This last company will go into camp at Groton some time this week. It is a fact that we will not have men enough left in Waterville to work the engine in case of a fire. The town pays one hundred dollars bounty to each volunteer. I am proud of my native town, but it is lonely here. We miss dear, familiar faces everywhere. I think we have done all we can. We have no more to go. To you this war does not seem the dreadful reality that it does to us. Twice within a month I have been to the depot to see some of our brave boys start for the war, and then I realized more of the dreadful nature of this fratricidal conflict that we are now engaged in than ever

before. I knew our soldiers, many of them well. They were boys of whom any mother might be proud. As the time for the arrival of the train that was to bear them away drew near the excitement in the crowd grew greater, and parting messages were again and again repeated. The cars came, and the "iron horse" stood impatiently waiting for his precious human burden. "Make way for the soldiers!" shouted a gruff voice, and the dense crowd parted to let them pass through the cars. "Good bye—be a good girl, and be kind to your mother," said one as he passed his weeping daughter. His voice broke, his eyes filled, and he hurried along. I saw partings there that I can never forget. God knows, and He alone, who of them all will live to come back.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Professor Silliman recently closed a Smithsonian lecture by giving the following sensible advice to young men: "If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind and strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged in old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks above water and mild infusions of that fluid, such as tobacco, opium, and every thing else that disturbs the moral state of the system; rely upon nutritious food, and mild, diluted drinks, of which water is the base, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful lives and a serene evening at the close."

STRENGTH OF OUR ARMY.—According to the Navy Register, recently published, there are in the regular navy and marine, and in Navy Department, 1,958 officers. Of these, 426 are natives of slave States; showing that the Southern who were in the service are not all fighting for the rebel cause, though a very large number resigned to do so on the outbreak of the rebellion, and were probably appointed because they could be counted on, in that contemplated event. There are in the volunteer navy 1,860 officers; making the total number of naval officers 3,818; while the whole number of seamen is about 40,000. The navy, at last accounts numbered 387 vessels of all classes, mounting 3,925 guns, 60 of them being iron clads.

MIKE, a shrewd fishman, was complaining of poverty last winter, and said he had no means of getting wood, and thought he should freeze. Deacon S.—said he felt sorry for him, and told him he might go and get all the stumps he could find in his woods. Several days after, the deacon, in passing through his woods, was surprised to see that Mike was cutting down and drawing off wood without regard to stumps. After finding him, and giving him a severe scolding he asked him what excuse he had for cutting down and drawing off this wood, when he had only given him liberty to get the stumps?  
"Deacon," said Mike, "you said I might get the stumps; and how would I be after getting them unless I first cut down the trees?"  
There not being stumps enough to satisfy Mike, his plan was to cut down the trees and make more.

OUR GOVERNMENT has been offered from 1,000 to 10,000 German sailors for our navy at \$45 each, passage included.

CAPTAIN DE BOISE, of the barque *Curib*, reports that when in latitude 33 deg. 48 min. north, he discovered what he supposed was the wreck of a small vessel in the distance. They bore down to it, and when they had made ten miles, discovered that the object supposed to be a wreck was a gigantic redwood tree showing some thirty feet above water.—*Wade's Advertiser.*

DISCOURAGING.—Not a single officer in the United States army has yet resigned on account of the emancipation proclamation. The army seems to like the idea of having "the character of the war changed," but what shall be said of the sudden conversion of those one hundred and seventy-five Democratic Brigadier-Generals into fighting Abolitionists? Oh "conservatism," "conservatism!" "Whither are we drifting?"

FROM HONOLULU.—Bark Young Hector brings Honolulu dates to October 11th.—Capt. W. M. Gibson has established a Mormon colony on Lahina Island. The first bale of cotton from Molokai had been received in Honolulu. The San Francisco whaling bark Coral had arrived, full of oil. About the 31 of Oct. a schooner supposed to be the runaway pilot boat Julia, was seen off the islands.

STRONG LANGUAGE.—The following very decided views are published in a letter from W. C. Grier, of the Kentucky Senate, dated October 11th, who has just been burned out of house and home by the marauding guerrillas of the rebel Morgan:  
"Why is all this persecution of me? Is it because I condemned this wicked rebellion, urged a vigorous prosecution of this war, and, in my place in the Senate of Kentucky, opposed the temporizing policy of my own party? For this I am burned out and hunted out of Kentucky. I am now unequivocally for confiscation, subjugation, extermination, hell and damnation!"

BRIGHT BOY.—The Yreka Journal vouches for the following:  
The Rev. C. Miller, while interrogating the Little Shasta Sabbath School lately, among other questions, asked, "Who was Adam's wife?" When a little shaver sang out, "Mrs. Adam," in good earnest. He was posted.

CAN you tell me how the word saloon is spelt? was asked of a cockney by a Philadelphian. "Certainly," said the Londoner with a look of triumph, "there's a hess, and a hay, and a hell, and two hoes, and a hen."

LETTER FROM ONE OF McCLELLAN'S STAFF OFFICERS.—The Sacramento Union says: Our New York correspondent has been permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter:

OCTOBER 21, 1862. \* \* \* \* \* At present we are lying quietly in camp, for the purpose of resting and refitting the command after its famous pursuit of Stewart's cavalry through the length and breadth of five times the State (Maryland). What a burning shame was it, that he was allowed to escape! General Pleasanton's cavalry did all they could—followed him nearly a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and came up with him, with 5 hundred men and two guns held his twenty-five hundred for three hours, and finally compelled him to retire three miles to secure his crossing. One regiment of infantry stationed at that ford to support them would have secured every rebel. There was a whole division of infantry within three miles, and there were a hundred thousand men within fifteen miles. Yet all the opposition that Stewart met was from Gen. Pleasanton's brigade, that had traveled more than eighty miles to catch him—halting for neither food or sleep on the road. I get so "riled" whenever I think of it, that I am willing to "pitch in" and d—n everybody.

Then I see that Stewart is landed to the skies by the press and people as a dashing cavalry officer, etc. So he is; and I give him full credit; but at the same time I can't overlook (as you all do) General Pleasanton's cavalry. It has made better marches—bolder reconnaissances and more extensive "raids" than ever J. E. B. Stewart did; and scarcely a word is said about it. A more dashing or bold movement was never made than that of General Pleasanton in marching to Martinsburg two or three weeks ago. He fought his way inch by inch, and then cut his way back through five times his numbers, who were attacking him on every side. Southern Generals and Southern newspapers acknowledge the brilliancy of the exploit, and also own up to a good thrashing on that occasion; but the "home authorities" can see nothing of the kind. \* \* \* \* \* I shall get indignant one of these days and inflict an article on the—

A member of the Lazy Club has just been expelled for going at a faster gait than a walk. The recusant offered, in mitigation of sentence the fact that the ball was after him, but the society was inexorable.

STIMULANTS.—Close observation and correct physiological research reach the same conclusion, that hearty eating and steady hard work in the open air give the highest degree of bodily vigor, endurance and lastingness. Such persons have a strong appetite and a rapid digestion, which readily converts the food into nutriment, and the labor as rapidly works the old and useless particles out of the system; hence, the newer the man is, the harder he works and the harder he eats. But suppose in addition he drinks liquor largely. Its effect is to arrest the metamorphosis of the tissues, to keep longer in the body what ought to have been worked off; hence he soon becomes overfull; his skin becomes distended, and he is always "tight" (a very expressive phrase, that). It is clear, then, that whatsoever arrests waste, arrests the change which ought to take place in corporeal particles preparatory to their being conveyed away out of the system, and is unnatural and pernicious. A man who has a bottle of rum will survive his neighbor at sea or in a desert, because it is the nature of alcohol to arrest waste and decay up to a certain point.

So it is with a man who studies hard, who works the brain. Alcohol has an affinity to the brain. Within an hour after a glass of brandy is swallowed more of it is given in a given quantity of brain than a given quantity of blood. This was demonstrated twenty years ago by Dr. Persy, so we rest here with a statement of the fact. Hence, a man with a glass of toddy will think longer, his brain will longer work with activity, than if he had none, up to a certain point, because it arrests the metamorphosis of the tissues of the brain. Coffee and tea do the same thing, and so does tobacco. Thus it was that during the Irish famine, a dozen years ago, it was often made a subject of remark, that when an almost starving wretch chanced to get a little money, it was expended in tea, or tobacco, or spirits, and when asked the reason the reply was made, "it went farther," than anything else. It was concentrated carbon, ro bone, no husk, not an atom of waste.

A cup of strong tea will enable a man to get more work out of his brain than would otherwise have been done. But this is an expenditure before an income, and for a while the evil day of bankruptcy of the brain may be deferred; but its eventual coming is inevitable, and with it the ruin of the mind and of the man. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that the man who drinks a cup of tea or a glass of brandy to enable him the better to discharge any public service, is already on the high road to dishonor and a drunkard's death.

A VOICE FROM THE ARMY.—A Douglas Democrat, in the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, writes home to La Salle county, an indignant letter concerning the action of his old political associates. He says:

"There are not forty men in our regiment opposed to the President's policy; and I will say further, that if the La Salle county Secessionists were here now, they would be tarred and feathered in three minutes. You have no idea of the change salt pork, hard crackers, burnt coffee, and long marches have made in the political opinions of your La Salle county soldiers.—They would make an Abolitionist of the most inveterate Democrat that ever lived."

MAN doubles his evils by brooding over them.