THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. I. EUGENE CITY, OREGON, DECEMBER 6, 1862. NO. 47.

THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

Published every Saturday by

J. NEWTON GALE.

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Parson Brownlow's Speech at Chicago.

From The Chicago *Tribune* of Oct. 27th, we take the following extracts from Parson Brownlow's speech in that city:

I take the ground that we are in the midst of a wicked rebellion, for which there is and never has been any just or sufficient cause; and I go still further than this—I make my statement still stronger and more emphatic—we are in the midst of a rebellion for which there is not, and never has existed even a shadow of a pretext. Why do I say so?

This Government of ours, in its present form, and under our most excellent Constitution, has existed a little over seventy-five years. During that time we have held in this country nineteen Presidential elections. In that period we at the South (don't forget my figures, and don't forget my facts), we at the South, with half the States and Territories you have at the North, with half the population, with half the electoral votes you have cast in a Presidential contest, have elected the President thirteen times. We have graciously condescended to allow you to elect six times. Not only so, but we re-elected, to fill a second term, five of our men at the South. Those five men occupied the chair so long as forty years. With us down at the South it has been a settled policy during all this time never to permit or tolerate any man north of Mason and Dixon's line in filling the office a second time. Not content with having occupied the Presidential chair twice to your once—not content with having controlled the patronage and power of the Government twice to your once, we seized upon, appropriated and used, for the meanest and dirtiest of purposes, two or three of the six you had elected, who turned out to be "Northern men with Southern principles."

The last one of those that was made the cat's paw of, and the meanest one of the whole crowd, by any odds, was the Old Public Functionary of Pennsylvania. An old man whose heart and soul is with the rebellion to-night. I have been in Lancaster, and all about over that country. I have not talked with him personally. I have not got so low yet. But I conversed with reliable and intelligent Pennsylvanians who had conversed with him, to whom he said: "This war is all wrong; it ought to be stopped. We ought to stop it. We can never subdue this people, they are not the people to be conquered," and so on; evidently showing by the tone and tenor of his conversation, that he is with the enemy. You and I admit that it ought to be stopped; that it is all wrong; but who inaugurated, who forced it upon the people? Not the Government that is now prosecuting the war, but those against whom the Government is prosecuting it with increased strength and vigor. * * *

When Jeff Davis made his first levy for troops I was editing a paper at Knoxville, East Tenn.—a paper they crushed out this day twelve months ago. That makes this my anniversary, you know. [Laughter.] On the 25th of October last, they crushed out the most widely circulated newspaper by far that floated over Jeff Davis' ungodly dominions at that time, and the only religious paper of any denomination in the entire Confederacy, and God knows my Knoxville *Whig* was not pious enough to hurt. [Roars of laughter.] The rebel soldiers used to meet me on the streets, and commence cursing and blackguarding me: "Why didn't I go in for Jeff Davis and my native South?" Drunk on mean whisky—for the first levy they brought into the field were not the flower of the Southern youth as they said—not the best blood of the South; but the rag tag and bobtail of Southern society. Said I; "What are you going into this war for?" "We are going in for our rights." "What rights have you lost?" "The right, by G—d, to carry our negroes into the Territories;" when to my personal knowledge, for no man in the South knows more men than I do, two thirds of the whole army at that time never owned a negro in the world, and never were related by affinity or consanguinity to any man that ever did or ever will own a negro.

I may say to-night, honestly, and in the fear of God, before this vast audience, they are not fighting for the negro. They make that the pretext. They have thrust the negro forward. They make that the bone of contention. I think it perfectly right that the Federal army should accept the challenge—take up the glove they have thrown down—pick up the nigger and worry them with the nigger until they have their fill of the nigger. [Applause.] I shall have occasion to speak of the President's proclamation before I have done, if I do not forget it. If I do forget it, I hope you will jog my memory. I shall have occasion to speak of the proclamation, and shall have occasion to indorse it.

I hold—and I will utter it now, lest I forget this part of the subject—that everything a rebel has on the face of the green earth, a rebel South or a rebel North, his land, his horses, his money, his hogs, his property, including his negroes—all he has ought to be confiscated, and then his infernal neck ought to be confiscated. [Immense applause and laughter.] I deny that the rebel, North or South, against this benign Government of ours, has any but two rights under the sun; the one is the right to be hanged, the other the right to be damned. [Continued laughter.]

The truth is, these leaders at the South are, and have been for years, sick and tired of a republican form of Government. I know it. I have known it all the time. In fact republican government never did exist in South Carolina. If the letter and spirit of the Costitution of the United States had been adhered to she never could have been admitted into the Federal Union, as a member thereof, for she never had a constitution that was in letter, spirit and form republican. I have lived in South Carolina. I have traveled extensively in South Carolina for years. Why, in the legislative assemblies, the Sergeant-at-Arms and a deputy or two, with cocked hats and swords, retire and bring in the Speaker of the House, or the Speaker of the Senate, who comes robed in enough black silk to dress out in all the amplitude of fashion any two ladies here, even in times of the most extravagant hoops. The Sheriff accompanying them, with cocked hat and sword, gives three raps upon the floor and cries, "Make way for the Speaker!" Then he marches grandly in and takes his seat. The same pompous forms are observed with one of their Circuit Judges. He is conducted in the same way. I have seen old Judge Butler, afterwards Senator, march in with his silk robe on, preceded by his Sheriff and deputies, in cocked hats, and with swords, crying, "Make room for the Honorable Court!" and everything squatted like so many quails when a hawk is about. [Laughter.]

Do you know that a man has to own so many negroes in South Carolina before he can either vote or occupy a seat in the Legislature? The limit is ten. Now if you, as a South Carolinian, have nine valuable negroes worth nine thousand dollars, you cannot be admitted; if I have ten or eleven little, yellow ashy pccaninies, brought out of an alligator swamp, raised on green persimmons, [laughter,] I can take my seat while you must stand back. * * * *

I am in favor to-night of letting out as a contract to the Yankees by our Government the sawing of South Carolina out of this Union and floating her into the Atlantic and sinking her into eternal perdition. [Applause and laughter.] If that cannot be done I am in favor of reducing Charleston to ashes, leaving not one stone upon another, and then, I hope, those men who are running for Congress will pledge themselves to vote for a law that it should never again be rebuilt while God liveth and man serveth. * *

Let me call to your minds Judge Dauglas, the late lamented Senator from this State. I regret his death as much as any of you, for if he were living to-nght, I know enough of the man to know he would be in this war with a cocked hat on his head, epaulets on his shoulders, his sword by his side and a commission in his pocket, signed by his old opponent in law and politics, Abraham Lincoln. [Applause.] He would be fighting the battles of this Union, against this infernal rebellion, for Douglas lived and died a true Union man, and if he could be resurrected here to-nigh with what infuriate scorn and contempt would he look upon these Democrats who are sympathising with this rebellion! Judge Douglas, while in his place in the Senate, heard a remark from a Southern Senator which he exposed from his place in the Senate, and dared a denial. But he never denied it because he knew Douglas could prove it, and what was that remark? "No matter what the North may agree to concede to us, the South intends to reject anything and everything, because we intend to go out." Who was that Senator? It was that most corrupt and abominable of all old demagogues, that old, spavined, glandered, distempered, hip-shotten, sway backed, whisky rotted John M. Mason of Virginia. [Laughter and applause.] I know Mason, and I have known him long, and I know him, if he is living to-night, in France and England, as the embodiment of original sin. He is one of the men whom associated with John Slidell of Louisiana, our benign Government took out of Fort Warren when we were feeding them on wholesome diet, put them on a British vessel and sent them as Ministers to the Courts of St. James and St. Cloud, to represent Jeff Davis' Confederacy. If I had been the Government I would have tied an ordinary sized grind stone around each one of their necks and cast them over into Boston harbor, where John Hancock, Samuel Amams, or their friends, a long time ago, threw some boxes of tea. Slidell is a worse man than Mason, because he has more sense. Slidell has lived for thirty years by forgery, false swearing, lying and stealing; but John Slidell bears on the side of his head a face that the Almighty put there as an edvertisement, that no judge of human nature in Europe or America might ever mistake him for an honest man.

* * I am an advocate of coercion in this war. I am the advocate of subjugation, if you please. I go beyond that; I am the advocate of extermination. I wish to prosecute the war until we exterminate the rebels, and then call upon God in prayer to people that country with a better breed of dogs.

It is sheer nonsense to be raising all this hue and cry against the Administration and President Lincoln about his emancipation proclamation. He proposes to give the rebels now in rebellion against this Government a hundred days grace to reflect and do their works over again, and return to the fold from which they have strayed away. If they do not choose to do that he proposes to emancipate their negroes, and he proposes to pay loyal men for their property, all any Union man, North or South aught to ask, and it ought to be done. The rebels make their negroes an element of strength in this rebellion. They keep them by the hundreds of thousands at home raising bread and meat, while all the able men are conscripted and out fighting against this Government. If Lincoln did not take from them everything which lay in his power, which strengthens them and enables them to carry on the war, he would be guilty before God of perjury. I therefore indorse the proclamation.

* * We want some changes in the army. Gentlemen, they are too slow. There are a very few men in the army who come up to my standard. I can name four or five. I name you Picaune Butler of New Orleans for one. Gen. Mitchell will do for me. Rosecrans is one of my sort of men. John C. Fremont is my sort of man. I don't care anything about their black Republicanism or Democracy; let's go ahead and make a spoon or "spile" a horn. I don't care what their politics are.

A Voice—"Sigel."

I ought to have named Sigel, for he is the best man in the crowd. But you need not think strange that Sigel is all right; wherever I have been—all over this country, as well as at the South, the Dutch and other Germans are all Union men. I laid in the Knoxville jail with some of the best and noblest hearted Germans who ever breathed—Union men put there for their principles. I left them there in July. Some escaped, some died; some followed me into Ohio and are at Cincinnati now. The Dutch are all right. * * * * *

THE EFFECT.—As a polite omnibus agent was going through the ladies' car checking baggage, he asked a pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to the hotel

"No sir," was her reply.

The agent then asked her if she desired a "'bus."

"No, sir, I am not in a bussing humor this evening.

The agent dropped his memorandum book, hastily retired to the baggage car and said he felt unwell.

CIVILITY.—Civility costs nothing: so we have been duly instructed from an early age; but, however little civility may cost us after the habit is acquired, the civility that has cost us nothing is of very little worth. For what is meant by civility? A soft voice and a deferential manner? A feeble readiness to yield in indifferent matters and a reluctance to give offense or cause disturbance? Scarcely so. True civility implies some degree, however small, of self-sacrifice and self sacrifice certainly costs us something. No doubt there is such a thing as feeling pleasure in self sacrifice, a pleasure keener than can be gained by self seeking. But such a pleasure is it self an evidence of goodness, and must not be confined with natural passion or instinct. It is the friend of an habitual endeavor to act kindly by those with whom we have to do, and has reached maturity after many struggles and conflits. Thus whoever takes pleasure in civility generaly has something good in him; for the civility we mean is not a mere superficial politeness "a dandy'd deal of courtesy" the indiscriminate fawning of a spaniel, the grimace of an unctuous imposter; but a harty wish to make others comfortable even at our own expense. Of course the wish may fail when the trial becomes severe. Civility does not necessarily imply a high degree of self denial. It indicates that the germ of it is there capable of expansion and so far as it goes, is a virtuous and wholesome habit of the mind. —*Sat. Review.*

KEEP BUSY — The idler or, perhaps we may give him the more legitimate and descriptive name of loafer is a sponge on society, a mere vegetable, a sort of toadstool, and quite as useless. He never produces a single thought, his hands are never turned to anything, but he lolls about lazy and miserable, from morning until night. Fie, fie, man! what is life without activity? Only a door groaning on its rusty hinges. We care not how rich a man may be; to be happy he must be busy. Refine indolence as you may, *ennui* will creep in. The only thing that melancholy fears is perspiration. The best fun in the world is activity. Who ever saw a wood sawyer or a hod carrier troubled with the blues, it is only the rich and comfortable that die of indigestion. When we set our eyes on a lazy complaing man, we recall Zimmerman's words; "If you ask me," says the shrewd old philosopher "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you suppose I shall answer pride, or luxury or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence conquers all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity It is with us as with the things in nature about us, which, by motion, are preserved in their purity and perfection; if the water runs 'tis clear sweet and fresh, but what is more noisome than a stagnate pool? Pythagoras says, that in this theatre of man's life it is only reserved for God and angles to look on. But, according to Swift, even angles are not to be passive. The royal arms of Lilliput, he says, are an angle lifting a lame begger from the earth.

If you shoot a duck, you may, by jumping into the river after it, get two ducks.

HOW THE PENNSYLVANIA FIGHTING MEN VOTE.—In 1861, the Pennsylvania troops were authorized to vote, and Commissioners were sent to their camps to take the vote, This vote is published in the Philadelphia *Press* of Oct. 11, 1862, and stands Republican, 11,351; Democrats, 3,173—or three fourths of all the votes cast were given to the Republican Union ticket. The vote is given by counties, and the number of companies from each, and strange to say, every county even old Berks and Bucks are overwhelmingly for the Republican Union ticket.

LARGE REWARD.—"Dad," said a hopeful sprig "how many fowls are there on the table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoaking on the table; "Why my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three?" replied the old gentleman who was a plain manner of fact man, and understood things as he saw them. "I'd like you to prove that."

"Easily done, sir, easily done! Ain't that *one*, laying his knife upon the first?"

"Yes that's certain," said his dad.

"And ain't that *two?*" pointing to the second "and don,t *two* and *one* added together make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening in astonishment at the immense learning of her son "really wife, this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. Here, old lady, you take *one* fowl, and, I'll take the *second*, and John may have the *third* for his learning."

AH, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you?"

"YES, Jim, yes."

"WELL, well, cheer up man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities."

"AH, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old vagabond of a judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

A poor fellow sometimes drives ostentatiously a pair of grays when he is driven by a score of duns.

PERSONS who have the Fever-and-Ague are not subject to draft, the law expressly says that *shakers* are exempt.

THE REASON.—"Little boy why did the people throw stones at Stephen?"

"Cos, sir I s'pose they wanted to hit him."

IT is no misfortnue for a nice young woman to lose her good name if a nice young man gives her better.

TEARS are the magic blossoms of the heart at parting, smiles at meeting. Sometimes they bloom at once; then joy is sorrow, and sorrow is joy.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine," "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes but one wouldn't take it."

BULLETS AND SOCKS.—There was received by the Washington Sanitary Commission, lately, a patriotic old lady's tribute, bearing this inscription:

"These socks were spun and knit by Mrs. Zeruah Clapp, 96 years old, whose hands in youth were engaged in moulding bullets in the Revolutionary War. Keep the toes toward the rebels. Chestertown, N. H."

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE.—The rebels and their Northern sympathisers are doing all they can to lend dignity and historic interest to the word "Abolitionist." The former apply it to all Union soldiers, and the latter to all Union men. Thus they indirectly recognize what has come to be in some sort of the truth that all unconditional Unionists are conditional abolitionists, while all rebels are champions of slavery. If there may be any pretended Unionist who would rather be called a traitor than an enemy of the great curse that has assailed the national life, let him take his choice of epithets and step out of the way of those whose souls are marcaing on.—*Marysville Appeal.*

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them.

"But said a friend, you have sons big enough to earn something for you now."

"The difficulty is, they are too big to work."

WOOL STATISTICS.—We condense the following facts from the Oregon *Farmer*; In 1840 the number of sheep in the United States was a fraction under 20,000,000. In 1850, the number was a trifle under 22,000,000, and their yield of wool was put down at 50,000,000, pounds. The gain in the decade being only 2,000,000. it is presumed, says our author, that the increase from 1850 to 1860 has only been about 3,000,000. given as the probable number of sheep in the United States at this time, at 25,000,000. They produce about one third of the wool used in the country annuly. The lowest grades of wool are worth 40 cents per pound in the Eastern States. —*Sentinel.*

ST IGNATIUS COLLEGE, San Francisco, is nearly completed. Its cost will be about $100,000. The principal hall on the second is 250 feet long, and will accommodate 3'000 persons. It will be used for a place of worship for some time. When the church be built along side of it, the cost of the whole, including the value of land five fifty vara lots will nearly reach $1,000,000.

"GREENBACKS" DOWN SOUTH.—Parties just in from the Texan frontier, say that "greenbacks" are more plentiful on the Rio Grande in both the upper and lower valleys, than in this State. They have been paid out in New Mexico, Arizona, and Western Texas, to the regular soldiers and Government contractors, and, instead of being sent home for exchange, as with us, go at once into general circulation, many of them finding their way into Mexico, where they are taken freely at par, and readily changed for small gold or silver.

DEATH OF DR. BATES.—Dr. Henry Bates, one of the earliest settlers of California, and who filled the office of State Treasurer during the gubernatorial term of J. Neely Johnson, and lately a practicing physician in Red Bluff, died in San Francisco last week. The deceased had many warm friends in this place, who sincerely regret his early demise. He was a man of upright character, respected by all who knew him, and an honor to the profession. He died of consumption, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. His remains will be forwarded to New York for interment.

A few days after marriage a doting husband had some peculiar thoughts when putting on his last clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of "a washing." He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire, When hanging on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his wife. She peeped over the blankets and exclaimed "My dear what are you doing!" He deliberatly responded, "I have put on my last clean shirt, and am going to wash one now for myself" "very well," said Mrs. Easy you had better wash one for me, too."

WHAT IS AN ABOLITIONIST.—This question is very satisfactorily answered by the highest Richmond authority the well known Southern Liberty Messenger. Listen: "An Abolitionint is a man dos'nt not love slavary for its own sake as a *divine* institution; who does not worship it as a *corner stone of civil liberty*; who dont adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permenent *republican* government can be created; and who in his inmost soul desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance and sacredness to the Christain religon. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an Abolitionist." When therefore, the rebels of the South, and flippant presses of the North, inveigh so bitterly against "Abolitionists," we can now determine what they mean.

A drunken Scotchman returning from a fair fell asleep by the roadside, when a pig found him and began licking his mouth. Sawney roared, "what's kissing me noo? Ye see what it is to be well liked among the lasses."

THE SENATORSHIP IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The "Democrats" claim a majority of one on joint ballot in the next Legislature of Pennsylvania. The Breckinridge managers are exceedingly anxious to elect Francis W. Hughes, a man of South Carolina birth and principles, to succeed Wilmot in the U. S. Senate. But there are four or five who were elected as "Democrats" who are invincibly opposed to a candidate who has boldly avowed secession principles and designs. A correspondent of the Missouri *Democrat* writes from Washington as follows:

"The Democrats of Pennsylvania are fearful of Cameron's return. There are four or five doubtful members from their party, who are threatened direful consequences if they vote for him."

Simon Cameron is coming home from Russia to look after Wilmot's seat, and his influence is dreaded from sufficient reasons. He generally owns a number of Democrats. He has been twice elected to the U. S. Senate under circumstances nearly similar to those observed in the incoming Legislature. On the last occasion he defeated Forney, although the Democrats had a majority of three in the Legislature. The peculiarities of Hughes will advance Cameron's prospects. The Union party would doubtless prefer another candidate, but Cameron will answer to defeat a malignant secessionist.

ENGLISH SPECULATION.—The value of tos English steamers lately captured while attempting to run the blockade, with their cargoes, cannot fall far short of the large sum of four millions of dollars, and it is fair to suppose that losses of this magnitude cannot be sustained for any lengthy period, no matter how large the profit may be from successful voyages. If Englishmen like this kind of speculation, it is hoped they will continue in it. The steamers, particurlary, are very valuable to us at this time.

ENVIOUS SELFISHNESS.—Wealth belongs to some men, just as intellect belongs to others. They would be rich anywhere, just as their envious neighbors would be poor anywhere. At an agrarian meeting in this city about twenty years ago, a gentleman of property obtained a hearing, and forcibly argued this point. Addressing a sailor near him, who had been prominent in the proceedings, he asked:

"What would you have me do with my money?"

"Divide it equally among us all," replied the tar.

"That would give us about ten dollars each, and to-morrow I should have nine dollars and a half of mine left, while yours would be gone. What then?"

"Shiver my timbers!" exclaimed the sailor in perplexity, "why—then divide it again!"

Never attempt to mend a joke after it is cracked.