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DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

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THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

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Terms of Subscription.

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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.
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5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

A BATTLE-FIELD INCIDENT.

BY A SOLDIER.

The battle was ended. The occasional boom of artillery, or the sharp rattle of musketry, greeted the ear; but this was growing more and more distant and less frequent. With thinned ranks our brave men retraced their steps over the fields so dearly won, now strewn with dead and wounded friends and foes. What a spectacle—the spectacle of every battle field! Human bodies bearing every conceivable mutilation—some beyond suffering, and others imploring death!

I had become separated from my company and was passing among the wounded, giving them the contents of my canteen, when I came upon a rebel officer, groaning piteously, and evidently near his end. He had received an ugly wound in the right breast. I raised his head, and gave him a drink, for which he thanked me in a feeble voice. I proceeded to place him in a more comfortable position before passing on, when as looked pleadingly at me, and said.

"For God's sake, stay a moment! I cannot leave this world without relieving my mind of that which now weighs it down. Will you listen to my story?"

On my telling him that I would do as he desired, the dying rebel began:—

"I am a native of New York state, where my mother and two sisters now reside, or at least did when I last heard from them, a few months ago. About six months before the fall of Sumter, at the solicitation of an uncle, a merchant at Charleston, S. C., I went to reside with him, and entered his counting room as a junior clerk. I soon discovered that my uncle's feelings were with those who were plotting treason and rebellion against the Government. He seized every opportunity to draw me into discussion on the topic that was uppermost in every mind, and vainly strove to withdraw me from my allegiance to the old flag. Oh, that I had possessed the mind to resist the power of a beautiful woman's flattery and smiles! I might now be dying for the starry banner that waved over my childhood's happy head, and fill an honored grave! My uncle possessed a daughter, an only child. She was about eighteen, and a more beautiful girl one seldom sees. I had left my heart in the keeping of a blue eyed angel in my native town, so I anticipated no danger from the charms of my lovely relative. We often walked together upon the spacious grounds of my uncle's plantation, but our behavior toward each other was merely that of friends. I desired nothing more, for my heart's best love was elsewhere.

"Time passed on, and the clouds began to thicken which were eventually to burst, and involve in civil war this once happy land. My beautiful cousin began to take a more than *cousinly* interest in me, I thought. Her whole aim seemed to be to please me. She lavished on me her sweetest smiles, and appeared to prefer my society to that of either of the gallants who worshiped at her shrine. Of course I felt flattered by these attentions, and must I say it?—the sweet, fair face of my Northern betrothed began to grow dim in my memory. Alas for man's fickleness! Her miniature, which I had carried nearest my heart, was given a place in my trunk. Her letters came as ever, long and full of love and trust; mine grew shorter and cooler in tone. But I feigned 'want of time' for not writing as formely. My cousin Isabel was of her father's sentiments. I need not tell how she gradually drew me into her views, and I came to think the Southerners were an oppressed people. I forgot that I was a man, forgot all the holy vow I had made, all my obligations to my country, and only remembered one object—the beautiful syren who was leading me on to destruction.—

"I wrote home that war was inevitable, and that I had espoused the Southern cause, believing that to be right! Letters came back. One from my aged sainted mother, written by a trembling hand, and blotted with tears, imploring me, in the memory of my father and grandfather both of whom had battled in Freedom's cause—not to turn traitor to my country! Another from my brother, contained the sentiment of a whole souled, patriotic man. He hoped I would not blindly rush to ruin and disgrace.—He had already prepared to take up arms for his country, he wrote, his services were needed, and he trusted he should not find his own brother arrayed against him on the battle-field! A third letter came from the noble maiden whom my conscience had not let me wholly forget. It bore the marks of tears, and every line contained the outgushings of a bleeding heart. Oh, how she begged me to consider well my actions, and to remain steadfast to my country and to *her*.—But all these pleadings availed nothing. I became an active worker of treason, only desirous of pleasing my charmer. When the starry ensign came down in disgrace from its position over Fort Sumpter, no cheers were louder than mine.

"But I must hurry to a close, for my strength is failing. I was offered and accepted a commission in a South Carolina regiment; but before I took the field my cousin Isabel had promised to be my bride when the South was freed. Made happy by this I went to battle with a light heart. I have been in many actions and twice wounded, and twice promoted for bravery. A few months after I entered the service, I received a letter from my 'first love,' freeing me from my vows, saying 'I can *die*, but I cannot marry a traitor to his country!' My brother, I learned served as a soldier in a three-month's regiment, and then came out as lieutenant in a three years regiment. I learned the name of his regiment, and have thus been able to keep track of him by the aid of Northern papers, which have occasionally fallen into my hands. I believe he is now a major, and if my eyes did not deceive me, I saw him face to face to day on this field, and it was from his regiment that I received my wound. A few weeks ago my false-hearted cousin was married to a man old enough to be her father—a general in the Confederate army. So, you see, I have lost not only my honor and life, but the creature who lured me on to destruction!"

The wounded man here paused a moment, from exhaustion, and then, raising himself to a sitting posture, his hands clenched, and his eyes lit up by a strange fire, he exclaimed—

"Curses on the woman who brought this upon me! Curses on the traitors whom I have served, and for whom I am now dying a dog's death, unwept and scorned by those whom I have deserted! Curses——"

The unhappy man never finished this sentence. His hands fell by his sides; a struggle and he was dead! I wrote his name and regiment on a piece of paper, and left the spot with a sad heart, for I could but pity the misguided man.

How a Lawyer headed off a Draft Commissioner.

Says the Reading (Pa.) *Times*:—It is well known that Commissioner Kopp was very precise and exact in his proceedings; always keeping an eye to the interest of the country, while dealing honorably with all. Now it happened that among the able bodied men drafted from one of the Heidlebergs, there was an obese specimen of humanity, but whom the chances hit as one of the elect. When he received his "ticket for soup" he hastened to Reading, and knowing where resided the cutest specimen of a lawyer, he went straight to his office. Said he:

"I'm drafted!"

"The deuce you are; it must have been a strong man that drafted you."

"Well, I'me drafted and I want to get out. Can't march. I'll pay well."

"Very well."

The twain proceeded to the office of the Commissioner.

"Here," said the lawyer, "Commissioner, I've got a substitute."

Commissioner looked at the wheezy specimen for some time. "He won't do; can't march."

"But he must do," blustered out the lawyer, "and you know he will."

"He can't march; he *won't do;* and I can't take him."

This was what our smart friend wanted.

"He won't do, eh?"

"No he *won't!*"

"Well, then scratch his name off the list; *he is drafted, and wants to be exempted!*"

The Commissioner looked at the lawyer for about a minute; then regarded the fat draft, and without speaking a word, scratched off his name!"

HOW THEY FIRE IN BATTLE.—You wonder whether the regiment fire regularly or in volleys, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends upon circumstances; but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and a roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a great fire. Sometimes when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form into a square, with the officers and musicians in the center. The front rank stands with bayonet charged, while the second fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones kneeling with bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them they would dash upon a picket fence of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and rider go down before the terrible storm of bullets.

"I am surprised that you should leave me, Patrick," said the Widow Pinchem, to an ex-boarder, "when I sat as good a table as any in town."

"Och, ma'am, and your table may be good enough, but niver a decent bit do ye put upon it, sure!"

[From the Oregonian, of Jan. 17th.]

War Scrip.

By the subjoined letter from Col. W. W. Chapman, owners of Indian War Bonds will see that an attempt is made to tax still farther the very scant allowance [illegible] the General Government has made to them. It will be recollected that Duncan, Sherman & Co. were to attend to the collection of certain claims for 10 per cent. of the amount collected, and that the remaining proceeds were to be paid in San Francisco, Oregon or Washington Territory, as the owners might elect. It is held that the obligation exists on the part of Duncan, Sherman & Co. to pay the proceeds of the sale of bonds at the points elected, as well as to deliver the bonds themselves. We recommend to those who have bonds in the charge of this firm, to ascertain whether the proceeds of sales are to be delivered here, or not, before ordering them sold:

PORTLAND, OREGON, Jan 14, 1863.

Editor Oregonian: Permit me to put the owners of Oregon War Scrip on their guard against a new and unauthorized shave. A receipt of Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, for War Scrip, has been placed in my hands for collection; in which receipt they promise to place the funds to be collected at the owners disposal, at some point in either San Francisco, Oregon, or Washington Territory. They now seek to compell the owner to draw upon them through Ladd & Tilton, for "current funds" in New York, they charging 30 per cent., for exchange; thus causing the owner of the claim to pay 40 per cent., instead of ten per cent. for collection. I refused to draw for the money upon such terms, because the funds were payable in Oregon and California. There is a large amount of money coming to the people of Oregon for war scrip, and the schemes of such agents a Duncan, Sherman & Co. may be thwarted, if timely caution be exerted. Duncan Sherman & Co. may not be the only agents to be guarded against in exchanges on New York. If agents receive, as they nearly all do, a large per cent. for collection of scrip, it ought to satisfy them, and they are swindling the owner if they do not give him the best they receive, without speculation upon greenbacks or exchange. There is a routine of swindles in shuffling bonds, greenbacks, Treasury Warrants and coin, mixed with the cost of exchanges, that challenges competition.

I might say much more upon this subject, but I have confined myself to facts coming to my knowledge professionally, and which more or less affect the interest of those for whom I transact business.

Yours,
W. W. CHAPMAN.

RADICALS.—Who and what is a radical? This term, if it means anything in the popular scene, or, perhaps, we should say in political *parlance*, means that the man who opposes popular wrong or evil, and goes for its immediate removal, is a radical.

For illustration: if we may take our neighbor of the *Star* as an exponent of the doctrine of radicalism, those who went for the abolition of slavery in this District before that bill was passed by Congress, were radicals. Those who believe in it, now that it is done, are conservatives. Again, those who entertain opinions coincident with those of the President, in respect to compensated emancipation in the border States, are radicals, and will be held as such till this is a fixed fact: then they will also be conservatives. This is the *Star's* logic. By and by, when the doctrine of the President is carried out in all the States upon the basis of his proclamation, those in harmony with this action will become conservatives. Now they are radicals.—*National Republican.*

ZE NAME OF ZE STREET.—A Frenchman stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts.

"Mon fren, what is ze name of zis street.?"

"Well, who said 'twan't?"

"What you call zis street?"

"O 'course we do."

"Pardonnz! I have not ze name vot you call him."

"Yes. Watts we call it."

"How you call ze name of zis street?"

"Watts street, I told yer."

"Zis street."

"Watts street, old feller; and don't yer go ter make game o'me."

"Sacre mon du! I ask you one, two, tree several times, often vill you tell me ze name of ze dam street—eh!"

"Watts street, I tole yer. Yer drunk, ain't yer?"

"Mon leetle fren, vere you lif, eh?"

"In Vandam street."

"Eh bien! You lif in von dam dam street, and on is von dam fool—by dam!"

THE OCEAN AND THE RAIN.—The Atlantic Ocean includes an area, of 25,600,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one fifth of this vast expanse, it would weigh 360,000,000 tons; and the salt which, when the water was taken up as a vapor was left behind to disturb the equilibrium weighed nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much more force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi river during the year were taken up in one mighty purpose, and cast into the ocean at an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived.

GEN. BRAGG has two mulatto children, who were recently at work on his Louisiana plantation.

INSANE.—A person named F. Newton Westfall is now confined in the Jail at this place, awaiting the complection of arrangements to send him to the Insane Asylum at Portland. He is raving constantly and is a dangerous person. The cost of his transportation to Portland will be not less than three hundred dollars. If he lived in Marion it might possibly cost the people of that county fifty dollars. The additional two hundred and fifty dollaars is levied as a sort of punishment on the people of Jackson county for living so far away from the Asylum. It is just, we presume! It is a little dangerous to live in close proximity to the Asylum, and the taxes are gauged according to the degree of danger.—Hence the people of Multnomah county, living in much danger pay nothing. The taxes increase in the ratio of the increase of distance from the point of danger. The people of Jackson, Josephine, Coose, Cury, Douglas and Baker counties, are supposed to be in a state of absolute security; hence they pay high for the transportation of their unfortunates. O, just and equal laws, how great are your blessings! How great are your blessings! How incomprehensibly profound the legislative genius that first perceived the benifience of our Insane Law!—*Sentinel.*

A cabin-boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went to crying and trembling, and said to the captain,—

"Pray, sir, will you wait until I say my prayers?"

"Yes," was the stern reply.

"Well, then," replied Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

WET THE POWDER.—Two Irishmen in a recent engagement were gallantly standing by their gun, firing in quick succession, when one touching the piece, noticed that it was very hot.

"Arrah! Mike, the cannon is gettin' hot; we'd better stop firin' a little."

"Divil a bit," replied Mike; "jist dip the cartridge in the river afore yees load, and kape it cool."

Sayings of Poor Richard.

The following from the pen of Dr. Franklin, the great American Philosopher, deserves to be printed in letters of gold, to be read by children, and to be especially heeded by older folks. The maxims are well calculated for text for the professor of Political Economy. But here what Poor Richard says:

Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you'll have corn to sell and keep.

Pride is as great a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.

Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

Extravagance and improvidence and at the prison door.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

If you would try the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

He that goes borrowing returns sorrowing. Rather go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

Creditors have better memories than their debtors.

The rolling stone gathers no moss.

If you would have your buisness done, go: if not, send.

It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.

Buy what thou needst not, and it will oblige thee to sell thy necessaries.

THE FRENCH.—A late dispatch to the Sacramento *Union*, contains the following:

The New York *Tribune* says editorially that a letter from a well informed source at Paris states that a few days before the letter was written, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Drouyn de l'Huys, visited the Emperor and advised him that a modification of his policy was required by the public voice, and that he (de l'Huys) was so far committed to the present policy that he could not change. He therefore tendered his resignation, recommending Lavalette as his successor. He said that the modifications needed were, in the first place, greater liberty in regard to Italy; secondly, the withdrawal of the French army from Mexico, and a treaty with that power; thirdly, joining in a note to be signed by England, Russia and the Confederate authorities, taking the ground that as the rebellion has now continued nearly two years without success, that the interests of humanity and civilization required the rebels to lay down their arms. The writer adds that, after opposing these propositions, the Emperor, upon further consideration, took a more favorable view of the policy indicated. The writer asserts in the strongest manner that notwithstanding the unexpected and surprising character of this information, it is strictly true.

THE New York Committee for aiding the distressed operatives in Lancashire, England, collected in one day, at the beginning, over fifty thousand dollars for that purpose.

PLANT TREES.—There is nothing which tends more to render home attractive than the adornment which choice shade trees can impart. They can give a charm and dignity which naught else can. It matters not how faultless the architecture of the mansion may be, how expensive the material or how grand its proportions, yet it appears unfinished; there will be a look of incompleteness, until it is surrounded with outworks of foliage. How cheerless and forbidding is the home that is unsheltered by a canopy of foliage. Such a place appears to be open to the cold eyes of the unfeeling world. No one, in such a spot can have that sense of quietude and security which are essential to home. There is no excuse for not having these pleasure groves in Oregon. No country possesses more beautiful ornamental trees. The fir, spruce, cedar, yew, hemlock, vine and soft maples, and ash, when thrown together, form a grove which no other country can rival. We hope our farmers and town people will give due heed to this matter. If they do, Oregon in ten years will be a most attractive place for residence. Remember that he who plants a tree, no matter whether fruit or ornamental, is in truth a public benefactor.—*Oregon Farmer.*

KISS MY WIFE OR FIGHT.—A stalwart rustic bridegroom was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful and blooming young girl of only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party, where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in a good old fashioned pawn playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and klssed, except Mary, the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and although there was not a youngster present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, however, suddenly he expressed himself. Rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone that secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I do not want to raise a fuss, but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices, "what do you mean? Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got this to say about it.—Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times each, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of them, has not had a single kiss to-night, and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your playing!"

If Mrs. Mary B——was slighted during the balance of the evening, we did not know it. As for ourselves, we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

A Conservative Journal Upon Black Soldiers.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says:

"The report of the operations of the colored soldiers in Georgia and Florida shows that there is fight enough in them, if a good chance is afforded. In the expedition up the Sapelo in Florida, the black troops, raw as they were, behaved like veterans, and received the warmest commendations of Union officers, who were enabled by their valor to accomplish important results."

Of the same soldiers in Louisiana, the *Advertiser* says:

"A noteworthy feature of this negro soldiery is the patrol and guard duty done by them on the roads and highways. Once the white man could demand the pass of every negro. Now the wealthy planters must submit to the discretion of these sable sentinels, the credentials of which entitle them to move from estate to estate in the noble domain so recently lorded over by them. This is a curious retribution, galling to the proud planter. It is one of the strange revelations of this strange war. Yet in the hour of exultation and triumph the negro bears himself with propriety. He yields to the discipline of the army and the necessities of his novel position."

NOTICE BY A CONTRABAND.—The following notice has been posted by a loyal darkey in Kentucky:

Fifty cents Reward—Ran away from dis chile an' left him alone to take care of himself after I had don worked twenty-six years faithfully for him, my massa, Bill Duncan. Massa Bill is supposed to have gone off with the seceshers, for to *hunt for his rights*, and I spect he done got lost. Any person 'turning him to me—as he always said "Nigga" can't take care of himself—will be obliged to dis chile.

N. B.—Persons huntin' for him please look in all de "fast ditches," as I often heard him talk about going into the dichin' business.

'Spectfully submitted, JIM.

This poster created a great deal of merriment in camp, while the Kentucky residents who came across it thought Jim a "mighty sassy nigger."

THE Police Court of San Francisco assessed and collected $2 121 50 during the month of December last, from defendants wherein the State was plaintiff.

The Stockton *Independent* says that during the year 1862 there was shipped from Stockton to San Francisco fifteen thousand cords of wood, which was sold for five dollars a cord.

THE United States has spent over two hundred thousand dollars, nearly all under the Buchanan Administration, in litigating about land claims in California.