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THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

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Advice of Polonius to Laertes.

. . . . . "Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproprious thought its act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;"
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

[Shakspeare.

Education—Free and Universal.

In the middle of the last century, a great dispute arose among astronomers, respecting one of the planets. Some, in their folly, commenced a war of words, and wrote hot books against each other; others in their wisdom, improved their telescopes, and soon settled the question forever. Education should imitate the latter. If there are momentous questions, which, with present lights, we cannot demonstrate and determine, let us rear up stronger, and purer, and more impartial minds, for the solemn arbitrament. Let it be forever and ever inculcated, that no bodily wounds or maim, no deformity of person, nor disease of any kind, can be so painful or disabling, as error; and he who heals us of our prejudices, is a thousand fold more our benefactor, than he who heals us of mortal maladies.

Teach children, if you will, to be aware of the bite of a mad dog; but teach them still more faithfully, that no horror of water is so fatal as a horror of truth because it does not come from our leader or our party. Then we shall be more conscientious and correct thinkers—not thousandth and ten thousandth transmitters of falsity—not copyists of copyists, and blind followers of blind followers; but men who can understand and teach the ways of wisdom. A love of truth—*a love of truth*; this is the pool of a moral Bethesda, whose waters have wonderful healing. And though we lament that we cannot bequeath to posterity this precious boon, in its perfectness, as the greatest of all patrimonies, yet let us rejoice that we can inspire a love of it, a reverence for it, a devotion to it; and thus circumscribe and weaken whatever is wrong, and enlarge and strengthen whatever is right, in that mixed inheritance of good and evil, which, in the order of Nature, one generation transmits to another.

If we contemplate the subject with the eye of a statesman, what resources are there, in the whole dominion of Nature, at all comparable to that vast influx of power which comes into the world with every incoming generation of children? Each embryo life is more wonderful than the globe which it is sent to inhabit, and more glorious than the sun upon which it first opens its eyes. Each one of these millions, with a fitting education, is capable of adding something to the sum of human happiness, and of subtracting something from the sum of human misery; and many great minds amongst them there are, who may become instruments for turning the course of nations, as the rivers of water are turned. It is the duty of correct education to employ and administer all these capacities of good, for lofty purposes of human beneficence, as a wise ruler employs the resources of a great empire. We can have a much better world than the present, when the proper means are used for its improvement.

Education must be universal. It is well, when the wise and the learned discover new truths; but how much better to diffuse the truths; but how much better to diffuse the truths already discovered, amongst the multitude! Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power; yet while a philosopher is discovering one new truth, millions may be propagated amongst the people. Diffusion, then, rather than discovery, is the duty of our government. With us, the qualification of voters is as important as the qualification of governors, and even comes first in the natural order. Yet there is no Sabbath of rest, in our contests about the latter, while so little is done to qualify the former. The theory of our government is—not that all men, however unfit, shall be voters—but that every man, by the power of reason and the sense of duty, shall become fit to be a voter. Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand, if vicious materials are daily wrought into its frame work? Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end it must be universal. The whole land must be watered with the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace gardens; but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.—*Boston Investigator.*

TIT FOR TAT.—A boy went into a baker's shop for a twopenny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not think it was weight.

"Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have the less to carry."

"True," said the lad, and throwing three half pence on the counter he left the shop.

The baker called him, saying that he had not left money enough.

"Never mind that," said the boy, "you will have the less to count."

A PUZZLED IRISHMAN.—Mr. O'Flagherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. "The two Crogans was one, meself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—and who the mischief was four? Let me see—counting his fingers—the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three, and—bedad! there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldnt tell the name of the other. Now its meself that have it; Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three, and—and—by the powers, I think there was but three of us after all."

WHERE THEY GO.—A Scotch pastor recognized one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road, a little faddled. "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon?" said she, as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet!" cried the pastor, "to see the like 'o you in sic a plight; do you know where all drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just go where a drop o' gude drink is to be got."

BUYING NAILS.—"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy looking lad, waking into a hardware store the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor, "we keep all kinds of nails."

"Well," said the boy, sliding towards the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.—A gentleman of Dunai was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantlepeice in the sitting room and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retained the article to be used as he was directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in his footman with cards whenever the "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to the servant with the question, "how many cards have you left?" "Well, sir," says the footman very innocently, "there is the king of spades, the six of hearts and the ace of clubs!" "The deuce!" exclaimed his master. "That's gone," said John.

A BURNSIDE CANARD.—The romantic story about Gen. Burnside being a tailor's apprentice, and receiving his appointment as a West Point cadet from Secretary Caleb Smith, then member of Congress from Indiana, is said to be a canard made out of whole cloth. Burnside's father was a wealthy and influential man; the son never mended breeches for a living, but assisted his father in the Clerk's office of Union county, Indiana, and the cadetship was secured through Oliver H. Smith, the member of Congress from that District.

ARBITRARY ARREST AT RICHMOND.—A Tennessee Baptist clergyman named Graves recently made an extended tour to the North, and then returned to Richmond, where he very innocently supposed there would be no harm in publishing the results of his observations. He accordingly did so. His statements were calculated to show that the resources, energy and determination of the North, would in the end, notwithstanding present appearances, prove too much for the South. For this he was arrested and sent to prison. So it appears that a man must keep his opinions to himself in Richmond if they are unfavorable to the success of the rebellion. Davis is unwilling that his dupes should know the truth.

WE have taken the trouble to read two columns of advertisements of runaway negroes, mostly from Alabama and Tennessee, arrested in Kentucky, and advertised in the Louisville *Journal* (42 persons in all,) and we find but two of them described as *black*. The others are of various styles, from "white, with freckles on the face," to "dark brown, with beautiful wavy hair." And the owners and fathers of these slaves talk of "Northern amalgamation."—*Vicksb Delta.*

Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

Folks with little souls should be watchful of their tempers. Small kettles boil over quickly.

The glutton's mouth is like the bung hole of a barrel—it serves no other purpose but to fill the interior of its possessor.

The less a vehicle has in it the more noise it makes. So with a fool's head—the emtier it is the louder it rattles.

Never judge lightly of a man because his exterior is plain and homely, for within may be the brightest and noblest quilities hidden. The sparkling diamond is often enveloped in a coarse covering, that wholly hides its precious worth and beauty.

The man who loves not music, whose soul remains untouched by the many voiced melody, whose heart is indifferent to the inspiring strains of gentle voices blent in song—upon whose ear the harmonies of sound fall blank and dead, "is composed of such stuff as murderers are made of." There is evil in such a man; avoid him.

Should you ask another to perform a task for you, seek to secure its accomplishment by kind words and gentle means, and not by harsh epithets and the threatening of a bully. During the Revolutionary war, while our enemies held Boston, a British officer entered a barber shop and said he would be shaved, but with an oath declared that if the barber should chance to cause his face to bleed during the operation by cutting, he would run him through with his sword. Upon such terms the barber declined to put his hand to the work; but a boy standing by offered to undertake the task, and picking up a razor shaved the bullying colonel without the least injury to the skin. When the latter rose from his seat he addressed the boy sternly. "Lad, how could you have the courage to undertake so dangerous a work?" "Why, sir," said the youth, "had I drawn blood upon your face I should have cut your throat before you could have raised a hand!" The officer turned pale at his narrow escape, and left the room without uttering a syllable.

Never allow your stupidity to run away with your caution in the presence of the designing and crafty. A Yankee pedlar, meeting a Dutchman on the highway, offered to wager him five dollars that he could guess the name of his dog at the first trial. The honest Teuton accepting the proposal, the Yankee said, "Call your dog here, then." The other cried out, "Here Vatch! here Vatch! here Vatch!" The dog came running up to his master. Said the pedlar, "That dog's name is Watch." "Potstausend!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "may de myful take de man vat tole you!"

Extend your hospitality freely to the stranger that may be thrown upon your bounty, for you know not whom you may entertain. Let welcomed angels unawares, and they saved his life by warning him to flee from the doomed city of Sodom.

If you would succeed in life let not difficulties discourage you, nor allow repeated failures to relax yor exertions. All have heard of the figative kite, who to hide himself from his jealous foes, took refuge in an old dwelling, where he observed an ant endeavoring to carry a kernel of corn over an obstacle, but did not succeed in its object until it had made the seventieth attempt. The kite, encouraged by the example of the insect, took courage, went forth and conquered his enemies.

TERRIBLE EPIDEMIC AT PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.—A terrible epidemic has now broken out in Plymouth, Indiana, completely baffling all efforts of the local physicians, and carrying off every patient in a few hours. There are no symptoms indicating its approach. The patient is attacked with a chill, and thinks he has an attack of the ague; but as soon as the chill is over, the patient sinks into a stupor from which he rarely revives. The muscles are rigid; the pupil of the eye is insensible either to light or touch; the surface of the body is extremely tender and sensitive; the head is drawn back, the jaws are fixed and the breath is drawn forcibly, with a hissing sound, as if by great effort through the closed teeth; the patient is blind and deaf.

In children the stupor is liable to be broken by frequent convulsions. During the stupor large black spots, many of them raised up like blisters, appear on the surface of the body and limbs, the patient usually dying in from two to four hours. In some rare cases the patient lingers along for days, in a species of typoid fever, accompanied by blindness, deafness, paralysis of the extremities, etc. In some cases the patient revives from the stupor, feeling so well as to believe himself convalescent; but in the course of an hour or two is seized with a terrible delerium, terminating in coma (a stupor) and death.

The disease has been recognized as *cerebro spinal meningitis*, a disease which first appeared in New York and New England during the war of 1812—'14, carrying off many of the American soldiers; and in Virginia, in the most fearful form, in 1822. The disease appeared in Michigan in 1848–'49, and was known as the spotted fever or spotted death. It commenced in Kalamazoo, where it was most severe, but ravaged terribly other portions of the State.

MRS FORREST.—By the final decision of the Court of Appeals of New York, MRS. Forrest receives $40,000 accumulated alimony from Edwin Forrest, and henceforth the sum of $4,000 a year.

NOBODY likes to be nobody; but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody.

MANY men fail in life because when young they frame a false judgement touching their mental capacities and inclinations, and are ever after engaged in the task of proving to themselves and others that their verdict is a just one.

[From the WASHOE TIMES.]

What are the Rights of Women?

Kind friends! I write this, not as many have done before me, to expatiate upon the judgment and declare the superiority of our humble selves. Oh, no! I hope Providence has ordained that I may fulfill a far nobler mission. Many of us at our Atlantic homes have heard our sex publicly declared capable of casting votes for the government of our nation and of pleading at the bar of justice for the rights of others; and are even absurd enough to suppose that we "weak vessels" have the gift from Heaven (common sense) enough to dictate the actions of our "Lords of Creation." Poor simple woman, how can you be so presumptious! I am astonished! astounded! horrified!! And oh dear me! if it were not for some powerful antidote, I should really try fainting at the idea, to say nothing of the deed. But as I can't faint, I shall have to be immortalized as one of the heroines of "62," as that art is one of the characteristics of the "weaker vessels." And I am very glad that Providence has denied me that—shall I say—blessing?—Presumptous woman! how dare you even entertain the thought, for one moment, that you are on equality with those worthy "Lords?" How dare you presume to raise your thoughts above pots and kettles, wash tubs and kitchen pianos, buttonless shirts and toeless socks?—Why do you wish for any other divertisement than those? Are you not serenaded from night till morn, and *vice versa*, by six or seven howling children, hanging to you like a mess of hungry cayotes? Why do you wish for anything else? Will you never be content with the position that these "Lords of Creation" (not God) have assigned you? Yes there are other rights given to woman—the right to link her destiny with some earthly lord; to bear his abuse, his coldness and neglect; to toil on patiently and humbly, looking only to him for comfort, and that he denies her—and well have we deserved the name of the "weaker sex."—had we any stability of character, how well might we work a great reformation in our houses as well as society. And when they begin to see that they receive no countenance or sanction from the "weaker sex," then in this, our youthful city, would this great reformation begin. Saloons would be vacated, gambling houses banished from among us, and homes, now sad and unhappy, made glad, and those aching hearted wives made to rejoice. Look at even the society here. Drunkards and gamblers, libertines and husbands, who, with unkindness and neglect, are silently committing murder, slowly but surely, are countenanced and smiled upon, and welcomed in our homes by mothers, wives and daughters. This is the greatest error in the life of woman. Oh, ye men, who will be selfish enough or generous enough, just as you see proper to term it, if in the vocabulary of vices, I have enumerated any of your "good qualities," I am really happy to say that I mean all I have said, and if any of you can vindicate your sex, come out and do it, and I will try to do the same, hoping that the spirits of some of my departed grandmothers will come to my rescue.

"NETTIE," "the Pilgrim Authoress."

Massachusetts and South Carolina

These States have always entertained feelings of hostility, one towards the other, and have had an illy concealed desire to get at each other's throats, especially on the part of Carolina, which said that if it could meet Massachusetts on a fair field, face to face, and foot to foot, they would illustre the superiority of the Huguenot blood to that of Puritan. One of the accidents of the war has furnished an opportunity for gratifying this benevolent wish, and, contrary to expectations, South Carolina was thrashed. The New York *Post* says two regiments of these States—the 23d Massachusetts and the 23d South Carolina regiment—have come together in North Carolina, and Massachusetts has whiped! The South Carolinians have pretended to ache for an oportunity to get at the mudsills from the old Bay State, threatening more dire results to the latter, who have quietly awaited the opportunity to carry their white State flag over the remains of anything in that State that South Carolina should place in her pathway. No truer representative regiment of Massachusetts could be found than the twenty-third—its ranks were recruited from the workshops, from the plow, from the rocky shore of Gloucester and Marblehead, and there is scarcely a mechanic art or laborious occupation but is represented. Its commanding officer, Major John G. Chambers, is a printer by trade, having served his apprenticeship in the office of the Boston *Journal*, and subsequently has been both a soldier and reporter. He is accounted one of the bravest officers in the service, and is the idol of his regiment. It was a fit and timely meeting, the sturdy blade of Massachusetts has made itself felt on its braggart and malignant foe, and the sons of Massachusetts will always feel proud of this gallant regiment and its brave commander. Other regiments from the same State are also in Gen. Foster's expedition, and the capture of the Lieutenant Colonel and seventy men of the 23d South Carolina by the 23d Massachusetts, will give an additional emulatory incentive to "do or die."

IT is folly for men of merit to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. Fabius Maximus said he was a greater coward that was afraid of reproach than he that fled from his enemies.

WHY will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning of Secession and the end of Jeff. Davis.

AN ORATOR told his audience that he was trying to taper off his speech, when one of them exclaimed that he had been a long time waiting for him to make a point.

Playing the Possum.

Some few years since, I witnessed rather a strange scene in Shakspeare's beautiful tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet;" it was at one of the Western theatres. The piece had passed well without interruption, until the last scene. The character of Romeo was excellently enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of the lover was before the tomb of the Capulets, gazing upon the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating upon an act which would send his spirit to the undiscovered country where he supposed Juliet's had gone.—Just as he exclaimed "Here's to love!" and at the same time raising the vial which contained the poison to his lips, a stalwart young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the vial from his hand, crushing it into atoms, and yelling—

"Yer darn'd fool! she ain't dead! Only been takin' a little sleepin' medicine. Didn't yer git the parson's letter?"

"Sirrah!" growled out the enraged tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter.

"Why yer gal ain't dead, I tell yer. The way it was, they wanted to make Julie marry that chap tha'r," pointing to Paris, whose business you heve just settled, but I tell you Julie was spunk—she got her back right up, and vowed she wouldn't do it, even if while she war lying in the vault the ghost of the other feller whom you kilt should dash her brains out with the bones of some of her dead cousins. Wal, her spunk war up, and she took the stuff the parson fixed, so she could play the possum till you got hum. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, giving the desparate lover a tremendous poke in the ribs with his elbow, and at the same time releasing his hold.

"Curses on the fellow!" muttered the raving tragedian, as he stalked behind the scenes.

"Wal, now," said the countryman, fronting the audiance, "if that ain't a leetle of the dod darn'd meanest cuss I ever did see, I hope to be swowed. That's all the thanks I git for stoppin' him from pizenin' himself," he continued, as he clambered back to his seat, just in time to prevent his upper story from coming in contact with the curtain as it decended.

Midnight.

BY CONSTANCE.

Hush! let not a sound disturb the calm, holy stillness of this hour, let not the fluttering of a single leaf be heard, for it is midnight—deep, solemn midnight! when the dark unknown gathers in the last moments of the day we have just spent; and we mortals linger near the confines of the land of rest. Angels on noiseless pinions hover round us, to carry home to their bright world our words, our deeds, our very thoughts. Ah! me thinks it is a strange catalogue that each day will be recorded in that great book from which we must all be judged.—Life is a queer, romantic game; and oh, how all its various scenes run through one's mind at such an hour as this; when the bright moon smiles lovingly down upon a sleeping world, and nature, as if it too were tired with man's busy turmoil, stands still, and everything but thought is at rest.

No! not everything! for as I write, in fancy I see the weary war worn picket slowly pace his beat, with mind full of the past and the dear scenes he has left to fight for his country, her honor, and her flag. To night in the soft, still, moonlight he thinks not of danger, though it may be ere the sun shall bathe the eastern sky with glory, he shall have laid him down to rest, to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." But to-night, all is love, and joy, and a sunny smile flits over his sun burnt countenance as he recalls the so familiar faces of the loved ones left behind; and then a shade passes over it as he dwells in fancy on the fond tearful farewells. O how near him they all seem! distance melts away in the moonlight, and the past and the present merge as it were into each other, while the mellow twilight shades all the future, and he is content—ambition loves not this hour, it is too sweet, too soft, too holy!

Mystic midnight! the touch of thy sombre wing has more of magic in it than any of thy sister's, though they were hung round with all the pearly drops of the morning, or dressed in all the peerless beauty of the summer sunset.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Oregon's quota of the United Seates tax, which she has assumed to pay, is about $35,000. If this amount is paid in greenbacks, the *Statesman* estimates that the nation will suffer a loss of $11,666 66, and receive only $23,333 33, instead of the full amount due her. If men may cheat each other and counties the State, why not the State the Union? It is absolutely necessary to have uniformity in the payment of taxes, and we hope it will be enforced.—*Oreganian.*

THE GREAT EVENT!—*Negro Emancipation Proclaimed!*—On the first inst., President Lincoln, in conformity with previous statements to that effect, issued a proclamation declaring "All persons held as slaves within any State or part of a State, the people wherof are in rebellion against the United Sates, are thenceforth and for ever free." By this act, slavery is in a fair way to be removed from a great part of the country when the war terminates, and eventually it will be entirely gone, it is to be hoped. A Free Republic ough not to have even one slave in it. The President's Proclamation elicited great rejoicing in this city, and on Saturday last the Governor ordered a national salute to be fired on the Common in honor of the event. The day was also celebrated in New Bedford. In many towns the bells were rung.—*Boston Paper.*

Pliny very beautifuly said: The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is he who is ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself.