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THE STATE REPUBLICAN

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ELIZABETH.

A REMINISCENCE—MEMENTO MORI.

Written for the Washoe Times—by Americano.

It was a delightful day in March, 1847; the gentle breezes from the Gulf moved softly over the surface of Southern Alabama, bringinging with it the fragrance of the magnolia bloom, of the jessamine, and of the thousand flowers which grace the Southern portion of that flowery State. I was standing listlessly upon the plaza in the center of the village, beneath an oak, whose top had been artistically trimmed to gratify the taste of the most artistic eye. Half a dozen little girls, of from eight to ten years of age, came tripping across the plaza to me, and, all chattering together, asked me if I would ramble with them in the woods, to gather flowers. They looked like six little unwinged angels, with their fair, ruddy faces, and their dresses as gay as their own Alabama spring.

"Yes," I answered, "for I love little girls, and especially such good little girls as I know you to be."

So off we started on a ramble for the wildwood flowers. The cotton in the fields which we passed, was just peeping up trough its earthly covering, marking the brown loam with bright green rows, from side to side; while, here and there, in the fields, were clusters of negroes, "chopping out" cotton with their hoes, and leaving only three or four little two leaved stalks in a hill.

"Oh, how sweetly that magnolia smells! Do they have magnolias in Heaven, Mr.—" said little Elizabeth.

"Can you get us some magnolia blooms?" said another.

I had not been in Heaven, though I felt well satisfied with the little heaven I was then enjoying, and I could not answer the first, but to the second question I answered:

"I will try to get you one, Lizzy, and one for each of you, during our walk, and you may think you will have the same rich flowers in Heaven."

On finding a small magnolia tree, afterward, by dint of climbing, I kept my promise to the little cherubs. On we rambled, and at length were far in the woods, among honeysuckles and sweet buds, Indian pinks, and an innumerable variety of minor but fragrant and beautiful flowers; twining tendrils of the passion flowers and of the gayer yellow jessamine, clung fondly to the tall trees and covered their surface with gold, and pink, and blue, in rich profusion, and in greater beauty than any boquet fashioned by other than Nature's magnificent hands. Soon my little companions had gathered more flowers than they could manage, and they clustered around me to arrange them into garlands and boquets, to beautify them, if possible, still more, and to adorn their rooms at home.

Seated in a circle around me, a little Mary Coleman, looking up to me with her mild blue eyes, said:

"Mr —, Lizzie wants me to ask you to tell us apout Heaven—will you?"

I will confess that I was at my wits' ends, for, though I had heard many descriptions of that happy country, I feard that my powers of word painting were too weak to insure me the active attention of my little auditors.

"When little boys or girls, or people older than they, die," I said, "I think they hardly know the change they pass through. They may see the bodies their spirits have left, and they see their friends around them grieving and crying because they are dead. We say they are dead because their bodies are cold and have no life; but their spirits are alive, and when they leave the body they meet beautiful angels—the spirits of their freinds who have gone before them. Then, hand in hand, with the angels, they go over the hills and vallies and mountains, and rivers and fields, and from star to star, and from sun to sun, until they come to a most beautiful home in the midst of a most beautiful garden, planted with fig and pomegranate, and peach, and orange, and fruit of all kinds, and with beds of flower of all kind, and pretty walks, and nice arbors, covered with all varieties of roses; and everything you can think of that is beautiful and good; and the angels walk with them and talk with them, and every day they show the new spirits, just come to Heaven, something new and still more lovely; and during their nights which we would here call day, because they are so light—they sing songs of joy and praise to God who made them, and has given them so much to make them happy; while God always looks upon them with pleasure, because they are good and love each other there."

"I think Heaven must be a very pretty place," said little 'Jim' Coleman, a beautiful little black-eyed girl of eight years of age.

* * * * *

Three weeks after our wildwood ramble, Mary E. Coleman, one of my little companions, came running to my room in great trepidation—her cheeks blanched, and her lips lividly white.

"What is the matter, Puss?" said I. Puss was her common nickname.

"Oh! Mr.—," said she, "Lizzie Moats is very sick, and she wishes to see you. Grandmamma says she is going to die, and I have run all the way up here, from Lizzie's house, to tell you, so that you might go and see her."

"I will go and see Lizzie, and you may go with me, Puss; but I hope Lizzie will not die, now."

"Oh, yes she will Mr.——, for grandmamma said she would!" Then little Puss burst into tears.

We walked into the room where dying little Lizzie lay. Puss walked up to her bedside and whispered in her ear.

"Has Mr.—— come?" said the little one; and seeing me, she said: "I want you to take hold of my hand. I am going to that Heaven, now, you told us of; and I shall see those pretty gardens, and flowers, and the angels, and oh! I shall be so happy there! But I shall want to see my playmates, and Pa, and Ma, and you, Mr.——! but you will all come and be with me by and by, won't you?"

The emaciated little form was wasting rapidly away, and she, feeling death's hands upon her, asked me to remain with her until her spirit should leave her little frame.

I did so. At times her mind seemed wandering, and she would talk with beings whom those standing around her could not see. At times her gleeful and silvery laugh rung out on the air, in strange contrast with the reflections of the sandened hearts around the death bed.

"Mr, ——Come, oh, come here! Don't you hear that music? Oh! what sweet singing! Don't you see these angels? I see them! They are coming. Here they are, right around my bed! They want me, and I am going now. Good bye, Mr.——!" And my name was the last that little Lizzie pronounced on earth.

* * * * *

Since then, sixteen years have passed away. But that scene and the hallowed associations connected with it, I never shall forget. Often, when engaged with the busy exigencies of life, that scene passes before me. I expect to meet Lizzie again, when my spirit shall throw off this flesh and blood, and be free. I expect to be greeted by her, among the first, as I pass through the portals of life into the spirit land.

Sweet Lizzie! beautiful in death! While in her norrow receptacle, she lay so quietly sleeping, a wreath of wild flowers, which she loved so well in life, encircled her pale brow, while, in her tiny hands, claped upon her breast, she held the swelling bud of a moss rose—fit type of her—nipped before life's maturity.

The Record of the War.

We copy the following sensible comments on the management of the war from the Louisville *Journal*, of January 20th:

If the record of the war thus far on our side is not as bright as it might have been, and as it would have been if the men in authority had possessed greater abilities with loftier patriotism, it is nevertheless a record of which, under the circumstances, we need not be ashamed. Indeed, it appears to us to be, under the circumstances, a very creditable record. With as good a civil record the war might have been at an end. Our little army of some 18,000 men, as a contemporary says, has expanded to a well organized and splendidly appointed force of nearly 800,000, soon to number a million. Our navy from 42 vessels in commission and 76 all told, with 1,783 guns, has grown to a force, afloat or near completion, of 427 vessels of war, carrying 3,268 guns. No nation has ever had so vast a military and naval armament, viewed in its special adaptation to our national purposes, and including powerful elements both of attack and defence unknown to earlier warfare. The vast sums necessary to raise, organize, equip and maintain this immense force have been raised without borrowing a dollar from foreign nations. Nor are the actual achievements of the war wholly unworthy of these gigantic preparations. Nearly three thousand miles of sea coast, from Norfolk to New Orleans and Galveston, all be longing to the insurgent region at the beginning of the war, have been reclaimed to the Union, and we now hold them fast under the guns of the navy, or else garrisoned and governed by our military force. The Mississippi, the main artery of the great central valley of the Union, with its principal tributaries, embracing many thousands of miles of inland navigation, once in the possession of the rebels from Cairo to New Orleans, has been restored to national control. New Orleans, by far the most opulent and important commercial city of the rebellion, with Vicksburg Memphis, Nashville, Norfolk, and numerous cities of inferior rank, have been recovered to the Union. And foreign nations, whatever secret enmity they may indulge, have been compelled to observe a guarded and respectful tone by the developement of a power which has astonished them as well as ourselves.

Meanwhile not a city or a river can the rebels point to as a conquest of the war. Not a fortress is now in their possession which was not seized when disarmed and inadequately defended in the first surprise of the rebellion. They have lost many and gained not one. At raids, and surprises, and burning unarmed merchant ships, they have had some success. But such transient and unfruitful advantages are far from establishing their claim to be a nation, and present a marked contrast to the steady, though slow, advanced and permanent occupation of the Union forces.

We have sustained, it is true, a few very serious defeats in the battle field, but no wars, not even Napoleon's, were ever a series of unbroken successes. As an offset, we have had Mill Spring, Fort Donelson, New Madrid, Pea Ridge, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Boston Mountain, Antietam, Murfreesboro, and Vicksburg; but, as a completer offset, the irrepressible valor of our troops, who are more determined and effective now than ever before. Great military abilities cannot be improvised. They are the work of time. They spring gradually from the exigencies of circumstances. Europe for centuries has been engaged in war, and you may number the names of its really great generals on the finger ends. How many has England had besides Wellington; how many France besides Bonaparte; how many Italy, Austria, Russia? What, indeed, has been the history of all comprehensive campaigns, of all vast movements of armies, but a history of bluders, errors, and disasters. "He never made war,' says Turenne, "who never made mistakes;" and that a young and peaceful nation like ours should have made great mistakes is to say only that it has made a great war.

In spite, therefore, of errors and failures—of errors in plans and of failures in execution—we believe that the martial record of the last twenty-two months will compare gloriously with that of any other nation, ancient or modern, beginning under the same embarrassments, and conducted by a similar inexperience.

PRENTICE says: "'Tis a pity, that when a professedly loyal editor begins to write despondingly about the result of the war, the coldness of his patriotism does not congeal the ink in his pen."

Changes in Ladies' Fashions.

The New York *Evening Post* says there has been an evident inclination among the ladies of fashion to revive the absurdities of dress of olden times, at any expense of comfort and beauty. it then adds:

"The 'sky-scraper' bonnets have assumed proportions of singular extent and inconvenient shape. The dressing of bonnets is becoming a study of no ordinary complications. White ostrich feathers are the prevailing ornament for the bonnet, and have a very pretty effect. Immense bows of white muslin are also coming in vogue. They are worn at the throat, and are ingeniously constructed so as to cover the breast, being furnished with white tabs which depend from the bows at length to suit the wearer. These bows are eminently suggestive of mourning garbs, and thus our young ladies are assuming the appearance of those dangerous creatures, "widders," for which see the warnings of Samuel Weller, Senior.

But far beyond crinolines, beyond "pages," beyond "sky-scrapers," and beyond widows' bows, looms up a new horror. It may be literally said that "horsors on horror's head accumulate." A number of the leading fashionable ladies of this city have decided to revive the obsolete custom of powdering the head, and have appeared at several parties and social gatherings with their hair done up in the old style, and then thickly bestrewed with powder. Of course, by this process of application all the heads approximate a similar hue. Red hair becomes like snow—"though thy hair be as scarlet, it shall be as wool." Black hair becomes a dirty whitish gray. And after the evening is over often a whole hour is occupied in washing the hair, and freeing it from its powdery guise. The days of sackloth and ashes seem to have been revived.

We understand that the innovation has elicited no little opposition, but that the ladies who have the matter in hand—or rather, on head—are determined to carry it out. It is probable that if successful they will follow it up with those disgusting "beauty patches" once in vogue. After that the ladies will, perhaps, demand that the gentlemen wear ruffles, red coats, swords and curled wigs. We sound the note of alarm.

NIGGER ON THE BRAIN.—The Democrat politicians are continually howling about the negro everywhere. It is their whole political excuse for discontent and insubordination to lawful authority. Go anywhere in public or private life, in business places or the social circle, and the Democrat is sure to drag the woolly head. It is truly disgusting, because a man endorses emancipation as a war measure, to be denounced with nigger, nigger, nigger. The whole cause is self interest, and were there no official place, influence and chance for favoritism, there would be very little contrariety of opinion in supporting the Administration. It matters not the least to us who crushes rebellion, because we do not look upon it as a party measure, still we have no sympathy to bestow in favor of rebels or their negro property, or any other property. We care not for their industrial pursuits, systems, or any forms of society, our object is to restore the Union, and crush out rebellion without any ifs or buts. There is no Constitution and no law on the battle field, but the war code. We have not the least doubt if Mr. Lincoln was only a Democrat, his acts would be upheld by Democrats. We have very often found fault with the Administration, but are willing to forego complaint so long as the war lasts, when we see the efforts made have been intended for the best.—*Freke Journal.*

AN AMUSING DEVIL.—Mrs. Swisshelm, of the St. Cloud *Democrat*, lately started on a trip to the East. Two days afterward, the following amusing "Personal" appeared under the editorial head of her journal:

The editor deserted this establishment on last Tuesday morning—taking the stage for St. Paul. She proposes to continue her trip East. All persons are forbidden to trust her on our account, as the "devil"—now the only responsible person connected with the office—utterly refuses to recognize any of her bills.

CHARLES SUMNER.—The *National Intelligencer*, noticing the election of Sumner, of Massachusetts, to the United States Senate, says:

If we are not able to concur with Sumner in certain of his opinions on questions of domestic politics, it gives us only the greater pleasure to bear our cheerful and candid testimony to the enlightened judgment and peculiar qualifications he brings to the discharge of the important duties devolved on him as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate. In this capacity he has deservedly won the confidence of the whole country.

PRICE AND HIS MISSOURIANS.—Of the 10,000 gallant fellows whom Gen. Price led from Missouri in April and May last, not more than 2,500 were lately left survivors of the casualties of battles and camps fit for service.—*Selma (Ala.) Sentinel.*

ONE MORE FOR DIXIE.—The *Bee* says it is rumored that David S. Terry of Stockton, an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, has left for Dixie, having been tendered a commission in the rebel army, which he accepted.

DEATH OF THE SON.—Captain B. C. Yancey, son of the old rebel William L. Yancey, was one of the slain at the battle of Murfreesboro.

COERCION.—A case of coercion, in the fullest sense of the term, occured a few days since, in the back parlor of a bank which lately closed its doors. A mechanic who had deposited five hundred dollars of well-earned money in the bank, went to draw it out. He was informed that he could be paid in the same money which he had deposited, which was as much as to say that he could have broken down Illinois money, worth from fifty cents to nothing, for the bankable funds which he had put into the bank. He walked into the private office and confronted the manager who gave him the same satisfaction he had received from the clerks—currency or nothing. Without a word, he commenced pulling off his coat. He was a hard fisted, stalwart man and the banker looked at him in dismay. "What are you agoing to do?" he arked. "I am going to take that five hundred dollars out of you," was the answer. "Do you take care, sir!" cried the enraged president. "I'll call in the police." "Call them if you choose. I'll have you well thrashed before they get here. If you have a whole bone in your skin in two minutes you'll be a lucky man.". It is needless to say that that proposition was a poser. A movement would have been the signal for a trip hammer blow, and the only alternative was the five hundred dollars. The amount was forthcoming without another word, and the coercionist departed with a pocket full of hard gold.—*Chicago Times.*

Bounty for Soldiers.

We clip the following from the *Times* of the 28th ult. It would be nothing more than simple justice, that those enlisting should have pay corresponding with the prices of the country; yet there are hundreds of idlers who would be better off in the army, without any bounty, than loafering away their time as they are doing:

In the absence of more exciting news from the States, we take advantage of the pause thus permitted our readers to editorially call their attention to the fact, that at the present time the Governor of our State is endeavoring to raise six additional companies of cavalry. Circumstanced as most of the States of the Union are, it might not be necessary for public journalists to give an effort of that kind by the chief magistrate any very prominent notice. But in a State so very remote from the scene of active operations as our, it becomes the duty of the press to prevent, by timely reminding the people that something is required of them, a feeling of carelessness if not total indifference. The causes which are most likely to retard the Governor in his recruiting at this time, are the great inducements which the mines offer, the low prices soldiers receive compared with the ordinary wages of the country, and the probability that these low wage will be paid in a depreciated currency. The impediments in the way to a successful filing up of the required number of volunteers being known, it becomes the duty of all those who have the love of country and pride of State at heart, to do all that lays in their power to, if not remove them, to at least counteract them.

The objection urged, on the grounds of low wages, can be overcome in a great measure here, as it has been done elsewhere, by the State coming forward and saying to her young men who are desirous of serving their country, go, and those of us who cannot go will make your wages equal to that of our own. This is nothing but simple justice. If the people of Oregon can earn at the ordinary labor of the country more than the average wages throughout the United States, this fact should not absolve them from the military duty which they owe to their common country. Neither should those who remain at home expect that their brothers or neighbors who do enlist should make a greater sacrifice than those of other States. If we can make more at our labor at home, we are better prepared to do our share towards equalizing the pay of the soldier.

To our mind it is clearly the duty of the people, either by subscription or by law, to give the volunteers of Oregon a bounty sufficient to make his time of equal value to the average wages of the State. There are plausible objections to a private subscription, because the amount promised might be liberal, while the sum actualy paid might not correspond. The objection to a bounty by law is that in order to accomplish it, an extra session of the legislature would be necessary. We do not doubt but that a majority of the people of this State would gladly see the legislature of the State assemble and vote a reasonable bounty to those of her sons who have or may enroll their names as soldiers in the army of the Union.

THE Democrats are very fearful, lest the radicals should hurt the rebels very bad, hence their squalling so much against men whose whole energy is used to crush rebelion.

THE Sugar crop of Louisiana will not exceed sixty thousand hogsheads, when but for the rebellon it would have been half a million.

QUERY.—The Quincy *Union* asks, does Jeff Davis draw on Northern "conservative" journals for his arguments? Or do they copy from Jeff's message their thunder? As the old darky said of his baby, "it looks just like its father, especialy in the complection, for we are both dark colored."

Scrap from History.

While Alexander the Great was engaged in the conquest of the ancient Indian territories, he happened on one occasin to be present at an assembly in which Braimin stepped forward and drew a mark with his foot around a small piece of ground, stamping upon it with great energy. The general demanded explanation of this strange proceeding. "To every man" said the Braimin, "is such a portion of earth allotted as I am measuring out with my feet. Thou, O, king, shalt have no more; and yet led on by an idle curiosity, and regardless of justice, thou art traveling from country to country, without allowing rest either to thyself or to thy fellow creatures."

Alexander then desired an Indian sage by the name of Dandamis to come to him, declaring himself to be the "son of Jupiter" and having power to reward him.

"I am," replied the sage, "the son of Jupiter as well as you; and as for your rewards, you have none to give—for you have not enough to satisfy yourself!"

PRICE OF BOOKS.—What an immense reduction has been made in the price of books by the invention of the art of printing. It is recorded of Plato, that although his paternal inheritance was small, he bought three books of Philolaus the Pythagorean, for ten thousand denaril, nearly $1,200. We are also informed that Aristotle bought a few books belonging to Spencippus the philosopher, for three Attic talents, a sum equivalent to about $2,800. St. Jerome also ruined himself by purchasing the works of Origen.

THE GODESS OF LIBERTY VISITS CONGRESS——A correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, writing from Washington, under date of Jan. 17, says:

Day before yesterday, just after the House of Representatives had assembled, a tall, fine looking woman, dressed in deep mourning, entered one of the doors of the east gallery, and advancing to the front of the balustrade, looked down upon the members below, for a moment, then drew from under her mantle a small silk flag, and, unrolling it from its staff, she waved the stars and stripes over the heads of the astonished members once or twice, and then rolled it up again departed as she came. Who she is and where she came from are unknown. Possibly she is the Goddess of Liberty in flesh and blood, or America in mourning for her children, and admonishing Congress to be about their business.

TRAITORS.—One Bonner a member of the Missouri Senate in a speech on the 10th of January, on the duty of the hour, thus stated his abhorrence of traitors, North and South:

Sir we have not only armed foes to battle against, but traitors in civil life, who have not the pluck to take their chances on the battle field, who whisper words of treason in the ears of loyal men. Sir could I have my way I would bind the rebels in arms and rebels in civil life, who give aid and comfot to them, hand and foot and on wings of fire would speed them down to their native hell, and let them abide with their father, the prince of traitors.

ACCIDENT TO HORACE GREELEY.—The philosopher was in Albany at the opening of the Legislature—on what business is best known to himself. As usual, he overworked himself, and sitting to read a newspaper in the pleasant parlors of the Delavan, he fell asleep. He was seen by Captain Rynders, and that wag summoned a bootblack and set him to work on Horace's boots; the boy went at it with a will, and had polished one boot before the distinguished journalist awoke. A polished boot was much for the old Roman; he essayed escape; but the boy held him fast, and he was forced to submit, amid the hearty roars of the Democratic friends who had gathered to witness the sport. Suffice it that when the boy had completed his work, Horace immediately fled in search of a mud hole, and when last seen no one would have dreamed that by any accident his cowhides had been corrupted by lampblack and oil.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE QUOTA.—There are now about three hndred men lacking to fill the quota of Massachusetts under the last call. Those will be raised without a draft.