THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

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THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

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A Texas Obituary Notice.

Texas was formerly the "Botany Bay," of the United States, and consequently her early settlers were of the daredevil, coarse, and illiterate class. The following obituary speech is said to have been delivered in the Texas Legislature a few years since:

"It seems there was a member belonging to it by the name of Dill, who seceded from that body while it was in session, the inducing cause of this secession being typhoid fever and a lack of wind. On the day which followed his decease Mr. Gherken, a member, arose to announce the melancholy fact to the House. Another member of that body, named Slaker, was the chronic opponent of Gherkin in all matters of legislation, from a cambric needle to a sheet anchor, and never neglected a chance to give him a shot. Mr. Gherken, after a solemn pause, says:

"'Mister speaker! I have riz in my seat for the purpose of informing this yer house that Solomon Dill, a member of this yer body, whose seat is now unfortunately vacant, has fell a grim and destroying tyrant, who yesterday put an end to his career, and that he is now dead at the house of the widow Jones, on the hill, where he and many members of this yer house boards, who gave him attention throughout a lenthy and consequently protracted typhers fever, and who furnished board and lodging to the members of this yer legislature of uniform price of four dollar n'af a week, washing not included! It ain't with feelings of no ordinary regret, that I make this yer communication to this yer august body, Mr. Speaker, for I knowed the deceased and I knowed him from A to izard! He, like all other men, had his faults, and who ain't got em? If he was not strictly virtuous among females, who is? I put it to you and this yer august body to answer! He may have been slightly addicted to whisky; but who in Texas ain't? and so let that man shy the first rock.

"He may have been quick to use his tools!—but who in Texas ain't? But he never drawer's a weapon if he was'nt mad! People say he didn't pay his debts! Who does in Texas, Mr. Speaker? Among his virtues, he was fond of encouraging the breed of that noble animal, the hoss, in the extensivest manner, and, Mr. Speaker, conscientiously attended every race within twenty miles to this yer place, and in a gentlemanly manner back'd his opinion onto certain events in the future to the extent of his ability. He was a good citizen, an honest man, and a perfect gentleman, and in his melancholly disease society has lost a bright ornament and this yer house, but more especially over the domestic circle of Mrs. Jones, where, as I said before, board and lodging is furnished to the members of this yer house at a uniform price of four n'af a week, washing not included, Mr. Speaker.'

"Mr. Slaker here started up, saying that he 'arose to a pint of order.'

"Speaker requested the honorable member to 'state his pint.'

Mr. Slaker said:

"'Is it in order for a member of this house in his speech onto a dead man, to ring in a boarding house kep' by his aunt and furnished by himself?'

The Speaker decided the 'pint' to be not well taken, and, after a withering glance at Slaker, Mr. Gherken proceeded:

"This is too solemn a time, Mr. Speaker, to notice personalities and side mark. I'll see that his motion is cooked hereafter, and not on a melancholly subject. To resume the deceased: Whatever can be said of him, no man can declare that he was't a patriot! Look back on his record, and see what's thar! for Dr. Watts eloquent remarks; 'By their record shall ye know me.' Mr. Speaker, what is that record?

"'Virtue is its own reward, Mr. Speaker, and no great action was ever done but what the man who does it was barked after by somebody. But the deceased, intrenched in the glorious armor of patriotism, with hand upon this yer record, could defy chain lightning in any shape, and when prostrated and maciated he died on his prostrate bed—at the house of Mrs. Jones, where, as I had occasion before to remark, no matter whose corns is trod on, the members of this yer house was furnished with board and lodging at a uniform price of four n'af a week, washing not included—the thought of that bill and that record, and that patriotism came to his wounded sensibilities and his sinking form like a heavenly angel, and death couldn't set him even a half turn back.

"I close, Mr. Speaker, this melancholy and afflicting duty, that a committee be appointed to draw resolutions on the deceased, and report; at the same time remarking that the gorgeous and smiling heavens has opened to receive his mortal spirit, and that his earthly remains will be buried to-morrow at 3 o'clock, from the house of Mrs. Jones, where, it is eminently proper to remark, and I do emphatic, that board and lodging can be had at the moderate price of four dollars n'af a week washing not included, where the deceased boarded and occupied an elegant room now unfortunately vacant. Peace to his ashes.

CHARLES S. STRATTON, the veritable General Tom Thumb, says the Bridgeport, Connecticut *Standard*, is residing here in his native town. He has travelled nearly the world over, and has amassed a fortune for himself, as well as made his mother, two sisters and a younger brother, independent. The little general is now in his twenty-sixth year. His habits are unexceptionable, and his intellect and general business ability are such that he personally attends to his own finances, and transacts all the business appertaining to the leasing of his houses, loaning his money on bond and mortgage, and looking after his estate in general. The *petite* general owns a fine yacht bearing his own name, which he sails himself with as much natural skill as any "old salt," who sails out of Bridgeport harbor. He also keeps a fine pair of Shetland ponies and a splendid fast horse for his own driving, as well as a pair of highly trained hunting dogs. His rifle and fishing tackle were, of course made to suit his diminutive size, and he is a very successful sportsman. He killed several deer while traveling west last year. A few months since, the little general was made a Free Mason. He has already taken three degrees, and expresses a determination to ascend the mystic ladder until he has reached the top round. Although General Tom Thumb has always led a life of excitement, and twice after retiring to private life, has felt compelled to exhibit himself again to keep off the *ennui*, he remarked to the writer of this article last week while quietly twirling his elegant little mustache, of which he seems quite proud, that he hoped one of these days to get married, in "which event," he added with a roguish look, "I guess that the cares of my family, added to my ordinary duties, will give me enough to occupy my attention, and prevent the necessity of again seeking the excitement of a traveling exhibition!" The general is something of a politician, he contributes liberally to charitable objects, and is highly respected by his fellow citizens. He has been offered the candidacy for several public offices, but he says he leaves such honors for smaller men.

Glimpse at the Mormons.

Dan de Quille, well known as one of the most popular writers of this coast, writes to the Territorial *Enterprise* of what he sees at Salt Lake City. After the city he speaks of Mormon Ladies.

Meddling with their women is a business of such extreme peril, that few dare undertake it; then, it is said, that the women themselves lay snares for the venturesome. Outsiders dread a something, they scarce know what, and so keep the straight and narrow path.. Not a night passes here but there is a ball in some ward, and often there are dances in several wards on the same evening. The price of admission to all of these ward balls is the same—viz: a pound of candles, a bushel of wheat, or sixty cents in money. This, mind you, is no invention of mine. Wheat, apples, rags, soap and all kinds of "truck," are taken for admission tickets at the theatre. Specie is extremely scarce here. There is doubtless, much hoarded, but very little in circulation. Brigham, no doubt, has a big pile of rusty twenties stored away, for a rainy day. Every ball and every dance is here presided over by a bishop, and is opened and closed with prayer. The closing prayer invariably commences—"Oh Lord we thank thee that we have again been permitted to go forth into the dance before thee," etc. No one dare shuffle a hoof before the opening prayer, and woe to him or her who shall venture to trip the light fantastic, or to the slightest degree "go forth," after the closing prayer had been made.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—She stood at the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate as her self. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow. Think of a bride with auburn hair, bright eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old. * * * She stood at the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birth day arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes, were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lacteal secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have the muscle, limb and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

THE Nevada *Democrat* says that the wind recently blew so hard at that place that it came very near raising a mortgage that had been hanging over that office for a long time past.

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS.—This is a peculiar art, and thus skilfully analyzed in the *Examiner*: "Its principles must be somewhat carefully studied by those who would succeed in it. The disregard of these principles is the cause of the prosiness which characterizes so much of our newspaper literature. The newspaper is not a thing to be studied—scarcely one to be read. It is to be glanced over. The articles, then, are to be so written as to attract and hold attention. Processes of thought and reasoning are to be shut out; results only are to appear. Argument is to be suggested, rather than stated. Usually one point is enough for an article. Some single nail should be struck fair upon the head, and then left at once. Introductions are a nuisance. Inferences are always skipped. The sentences should be short. Every word should leap with life. Condensation should be extreme. Subordinate thoughts should be thrown away. The object is, not to treat a subject in full, but to produce a certain effect. All that is not necessary to the effect should be discarded. He who has the nerve to do this, with a soul that fires with a great thought, and the manliness to utter it freely, may wield a power with the pen which no cepter can rival. The tendencies in professional life are to deterrioration of style. The constant didactism of the pulpit often degenerates into diffuseness. The reiteration of points at the bar, and the precision of legal style, tend to produce dryness and repetition. In no way can the professional man, more effectively make his words instinct with life and power, than by weekly practice in the columns of a newspaper.

PARTIES going to Boise, should go well armed. The Indians on the Payette river, are known to be hostile, and unarmed parties are sure to be attacked. Late letters speak of trains being stopped and robbed by these graceless scamps, and there is every reason to apprehend that they will add murder to their other crimes. Several months must elapse before the military expedition reaches that quarter, and in the meantime the miners must rely upon their own strong arms for protection. To this end, all who visit the mines should go well armed and prepared for any emergency.—*Mountaineer.*

This is a conclusive argument in favor of the immediate filling up of the Oregon Cavalry Regiment. The troops are needed, and if Oregon fails to furnish them, her interest will suffer. Government does not ask assistance from this State, but offers to muster into service, equip and pay men enough in Oregon to protect her interests. It is a true saying that, they who will not help themselves, are unworthy of assistance. Oregon can furnish the volunteers by offering sufficient inducements, and if she does not do it the men will not be raised; for a draft will not be resorted to.

FOR PEACE DEMOCRATS.—The following from Prentice is good advice for a growling set of demogogues in this country, eager for the spoils, who have so much to say about the action of Government:

Those persons who are constantly on the look out for occasions or psetexts to create dissatisfaction in regard to all the means adopted for carrying on the war, are better partisians than patriots, and better factionists than partisans.

AN exchange says that Ingraham's blockade raising at Charleston is something like the fellow's bear hunt. He went out, saw a bear, fired at it; the bear chased him and he ran into camp, shouting "I've got the game, boys! and brought it right into camp." When our boats chased Ingraham into Charleston, he shouted: "I've raised the blockade; it's coming right into port."

A TRUE BILL.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* having had a pretty thorough experience of secession intrigues and sympathizers, says:

The cry of "Abolition" won't answer but one purpose, and that is to tell rebels by. It's as good a mark as a cross slit in a hog's ear.

THE Steilacoom *Herald* learns that Superintendent Hale, of Washington Territory has just received the snug sum of $100,000 for disbursement in his department. A considerable portion of this money, we understand, is designed for the settlement of claims of long standing.

A portion of the amount was in coin; how much, we did not learn.

MASSACHUSETTS must be a terrible little State to keep up such a convulsion of public opinion. The seceding of South Carolina is not thought of in comparison with the right of Massachusetts to express her views on National affairs. The blood of Massachusetts sires flows in kindred hearts all over the Union, and warms with indignation against those who seek to prosecute her, thus building Massachusetts up as the most powerful State in the Union.—*Yreka Journal.*

SHOOTING UNION MEN IN ARKANSAS.— Five Union men, from the town of Wittimburg, were shot at Little Rock, Arkansas, lately, by order of General Hindman. A man named Webb, sixty years of age, was hung near Glaze Bridge for being a Union man. His body hung three days before it was taken down.

THE weight of England's national debt is estimated in gold to be 6282 tons, in silver 120,000 tons. To transport it across a sea, in gold, would require a fleet of 25 ships of 250 tons burden, or it might be carried by land in 12,680 one-horse carts. These would extend in a single line 55 miles. 281,709 men might carry it, each man to carry fifty pounds. Put it in five dollar gold pieces, and pile it one upon another, and it would be 710 miles in length.

Laughable Interpretation of Scripture.

"Some people," says a correspondent of the N. Y. *Observer*, "are given to such a literal reading of the Scriptures, that they take everything just as it stands, and construe every prophecy as they would an article of the Constitution. It is said that when one of this sort was pressing his views hard upon the celebrated Dr. B——, that able commentator asked him how the prediction is to be literally fulfilled, which says that 'kings shall be nursing fathers to the church?'"

But the following conversation which actually occurred in the family of another correspondent of the *Observer*, is a very amusing specimen of the same system:

"Susan," said the man of the house to his maid-servant, "why do your church people have such noisy exhortations in your meetings? It seems to me not very becoming in a Christian assembly."

"Why, Sir, the Bible bids us to."

"The Bible!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where?"

"Why, the prophet says 'Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet,' which means that we should holler in meeting, if I understand the Bible."

"H-e-m! Yes, Susan that passage has not happened to occur to my mind in that light.—Thank you for the idea. But to change the subject, Susan—I want you, the next time you go to meeting, to take a dose of epicac."

"Me take a dose of epicac!"

"Yes, that's what I say."

"Epicac! Sir, I'm not sick."

"Perhaps not; but you ought to take it."

"But why so Sir?"

"Because the Bible says that you should, Susan."

"The Biole say I should take epicac?"

"Why, not exactly, Susan. But it says that you ought to take an emetic of some kind; I merely mentioned epicac, because it is the mildest and safest."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I'll tell you, Susan. That same prophet whom you have just quoted as enjoining upon God's children the duty of shouting in meeting, says also, 'Cast ye up! Cast ye up!'"

"So he does, Sir."

"And that means 'take an emetic,' doesn't it?'

"Oh! Sir, how can you talk so?"

"I can't Susan. But why shouldn't I, when you say the command you just now quoted makes hallooing and screaming and shouting in religious meetings, a duty?"

"Dear me, Sir, there's the baby crying. I *must* go this very minute."

CUPID AND ROAST TURKEY.—According to a recent traveler in Hungary, the roasted turkey has anything but a Thanksgiving significance in that country. If a suitor there commences calling at a house where there is a maiden, he quickly learns his fate from the aspect of the paternal dinner-table. Upon seeing a roast turkey served up, he knows himself to be a "lucky dog," and at once offers his hand and heart to the fair one. If a roast pig is served instead, he understands that he is dismissed, and looks elsewhere, for a wife. When young ladies eat turkey, let them think of this custom, and devour with all reverence a bird which is thus shown to have such a significance in the Court of Cupid. Why the Hungarians should select the turkey especially for the purpose, our tourist does not explain; but we presume the reason is, that a goose might seem too personal!

A SHASTA Doctor said to a Chicoite in the Oroville stage the other day, "Major Bidwell is a traitor to the Democratic party and ought to be in h—l," whereupon the Chicoite said to the Shasta Doctor: "You ought to be in the gutter," and suiting the action to the word, tossed him out of the stage and lit upon him like a duck upon a June bug, and pummeled him satisfactorily.—*Yreka Jouanal.*

LOUIS Napoleon is recruiting negro soldiers in Egypt for garrison duty in Mexico. Won't the sympathizers howl now? What a vile wretch he must be! Stand out of the way and let the Democratic journals have a fair swing at him.—*Sentinel.*

OLD Par died in 1575, 152 years old, having lived under eight sovereigns, not including the protectorate of Cromwell. Sarah Brookman, 166 years of age, died at Glastonbery, Eng., in 1776. Henry Jenkins died in England in 1670, at the age of 169 years. He testified in court to an event which occurred 140 years previous.

THE New York ladies have a new pastime. It is a parlor practice with a pistol. A new French pistol invented for the use of a parlor practice has been introduced. The ball is about the size of a pea, and has a cap attached. The target is set up at one end of the parlor, and the dear creatures blaze away. If they do not hit the target they often do the looking-glass.

A MAN in Norridgewick, Me., has a goose sixty-eight years old. Though attaining this green old age, she nevertheless is not a green goose. The secret of her longevity consists in the fact that she hid away for several seasons, at Christmas time until she became so tough that they couldn't kill her, and let her live on.

P. T. BARNUM, a man who, with all his humbug, has cast his influence on the side of sobriety, is reported to have once said in a temperance meeting that, as a great showman, he would give more for a drunkard who had been prosperous in business, than for any other curiosity.

THE bill dividing Washinton Territory east of the Mountains, has passed the House of Representatives by a very large vote.

Bankrupts or Knaves.

The greenback question still vexes the righteous souls of thos who have debts to pay or receive, but the truth of the matter, after all the noisey words are spoken, is in a nutshell. If a man, on this coast where gold is the basis of currency, uses legal tender paper to pay a debt which both parties intended should be paid in coin, or its value, he is a cheat, and ought to be so regarded; unless his poverty or necessities make the payment as agreed impossible, and in this case he is insolvent—a bankrupt—and the payment in paper, at its face, may justly be considered as the dividend of an insolvnet estate. Such can not help themselves, and they deserve our sympathies—the legal tender law operating in their behalf like a National Bankrupt Act, of which they are compelled to take advantage. But in regard to those who are able to pay in value what they agreed to, before the law passed, or even since, there can be no question, in the judgment of all honest men, that when these liquidate their debts in a depreciated currency, bought at a discount for that purpose, they are moral swindlers and knaves. The fact that law allows such action is no excuse, so far as fair dealing and common morality is concerned. No law requires a man to be neighborly, generous, honorable or patriotic, or forbids meanness or the petty tricks which sometimes degrade humanity, and are not punishable save by an enligtened public sentiment; yet he who offends in these respects, is very sure, in due time, to get his just reward. So it always has been—so it always will be, and those who are disposed to weaken and destroy public morality, and public confidence, by speculating upon faith heretofore reposed in them, or by justifying such practices, will speedily discover that they have secured to themselves a harvest of shame and disgrace which will cling to them as long as they live to curse the community which is so unfortunate as to number them among its members. Suppose the bankers of this city, or of San Francisco, with whom coin has been deposited, should pay the checks of their customers in legal tender, would there not be a great outburst of wrath and indignation at such rascality? But would that be any more deserving of condemnation than the conduct of those who last year, or at any time before the passage of the legal tender law, received coin for which they gave their notes, and which they now propose to pay by buying government paper at discount? We ask all men, debtors and creditors, to consider this question fairly and then give voice and effect to heir judgment, in such a manner that speculating rascals in any community may be compelled to act fairly and honorably.—*Oregonian.*

TERRIBLE.—The Puritans of New England, many years ago, hung three Quakers said to have been accused of no crimes save their religion. It was an act full of hateful intolerance and wrong. Modern Democracy is particularly sensitive upon this historic item, and, although there is no country in the world where greater latitude is given to freedom of opinion and discussion than there, yet Deomeracy proposes a reconstruction with New England left out, because she hung three Quakers. Yet these pure Patriots are perfectly oblivious of the facts, that their Democratic brethren in rebeldom have had many an hours pastime in whipping and scourging, and, in many cases, hanging Northern men for no other crime than a disbelief in the divinity and justice of human slavery. This they quietly acquiesced in at the time—this they are perfectly oblivious of now. They can flippantly talk about the Puritans of New England hanging Quakers over a century ago; but so treacherous are their memories, or so great their love for traitors, that they are as voiceless as the grave over the damning atrocities of their 'Southern brethren."—*Sentinel.*

THE AMOUNT—Under existing laws, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to keep $550,000,000 treasury notes afloat.

OFF TO THE WARS.—Edwin A. Sherman, the editor of the Emerald *Star*, leaves the tripod for the tented field. He was a brave soldier in the Mexican war, he has smelt gunpowder, and will no doubt make himself felt among the rebels. He states his determination the in following patriotic language:

My native State old Massachusetts, is calling home her children to raise that flag from beneath the desecrating feet of traitros, and to wrench it from the indignities of a vile slaveocracy. My heart responds to the call, and sinking all considerations—of home and its endearments, of the dawning prospects of fortune, and of the grateful companionship of friends—I seek the path of duty, though of danger. If I fall, be assured it will be while facing the foe; but if not, I shall return to California and join in the glad jubilee of a conquered peace.

THE MALCONTENTS.—Like the audience in a theatre witnessing some great tragedy, so it is with the great majority of the Democracy.—They imagine themselves good critics, and that the President and the soldiers are paid to perform the war according to their notion. These Peace Democrats give a little encouragement to both sides, in order to render the affair more effective. The celebrated Falstaff would be a prince among them, in order that rebels should not be hurt. Instead of aiding the Government in her endeavors, and alleviating disaster, they strive to discourage in language as harsh as the rebels themselves are continually using.—*Yreka Journal.*

PRENTICE, of the Louisville *Journal*, says, "Those who talk of a re-construction of the Union with New England left out, are no better than the other rebels," which statement tersely sums up the whole question.