STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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OPENING ADDRESS,

—BY—

GEO. R. HELM.

Delivered at the Third Annual Fair of the Linn County Agricultural Society, Sept. 23, 1868.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Linn County Agricultural Association:

Through kindness and partiality I have been solicited to address you upon the occasion of this, your third annual Fair. I have left the cares, perplexities and labors of my usual business, and have come to answer to the invitation that has been made, and thus pay my respects to you.—I acknowledge the honor and distinctions thus conferred, and return you my thanks. The responsibility thus imposed, and the interest and instruction which ought to be imparted on an occasion like this, would be better discharged, I know, had it devolved upon some other than myself.—But what ever my remarks may lack by way of general interest or general information, will be compensated for, in part at least, I trust, by the brevity that shall attend them; for I recognize the great force and truthfulness of the words of him who said that, "Brevity is the soul of wit, tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, so I will be brief."

This is the third annual Fair, held under the auspices and management of the present society.

The association is a permanent and fixed institution of the county. It is the owner of its grounds, and those having the immediate charge and management have done what they could to provide for the convenience and comfort of those who honor the occasion with their presence.

When we look around us, and see the vast number of people assembled and assembling here—coming as they do from all parts of the county, from other counties and distant parts of the State, we cannot mistake the lively interest thus taken in the pursuits and interests of agriculture, nor the public approval thus given of Exhibitions and Fairs like this.

This is an auspicious day for the ingathering of farmers, mechanics, stock-raisers and people who have gathered here. You have just reaped a rich harvest. The fields of beautifully growing grain which a short time ago waved in honor of him who cultivates the soil, have yielded their returns. Your labor has not been in vain. You have gathered to your garners this year, almost as great, if not a greater number of bushels, produced from the soil of Linn County, as was raised four years ago in the whole State of Oregon. Plenty is at every door;—whilst general good health and more than usual prosperity are everywhere seen within our borders.

The people have thus met together to gratulate each other and to talk and think about the subject and advancement of the cause of agriculture; to profit as best they can from each other's wisdom, experience and skill. It is in this way, and this way only, that agricultural Fairs can be made to impart the general interest and be productive of the general good for which they are intended.

Farmers thus come together to learn from each other—to see what each has done and is doing. It has been said that "in a multitude of counsel their is wisdom" and the fact thus expressed applies no less to agriculture than to any other department of business or pursuit in life. Experience has shown that agricultural associations, founded upon a proper and substantial basis, and fairly and rightfully conducted, are productive of great good—of results most beneficent. To such organizations is attributable, in part, the development of the country, and the great strides of improvement that are being consummated everywhere around us. Not only is this true so far as our own immediate neighborhood and county are concerned, but it is true with reference to the State, to other States of the Union and even to the countries of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Allow me, before passing to other matters, to refer specially to our own county. I take special pleasure in doing so, because I am peculiarly identified with her people, and the development of the resources which make this great county an important constituent part of this great State of Oregon.

Though not born here, seventeen years of my brief life have been spent upon her soil. It was here that my father gave me my early lessons in the pursuits of agriculture. It is here that I was taught how to hold the plow, sow the grain, swing the cradle and bind the sheaf; here that early and pleasant associations are; here that I studied and practiced the chosen profession of my life, and to which I shall soon again return. These, and other like considerations, hold me to the bosom of my early home as with "hooks of steel," and enable me to speak of my country with pleasure and with pride.

Recur to years past; contrast if you will the condition of this country as it once was with what it is to-day. Why sir, when you as an adventurer and pioneer of the west, first entered our pioneer borders, you found only a vast, unoccupied country.

Untouched and untamed by civilization, it was the abode and hunting grounds only of a savage and barbarous race. The valleys and plains were beautiful to behold, and the great coats of wild grass gave earnest of the richness of the soil; Yet not a furrow marked its surface. But now how different! County organizations have been formed and a State has been admitted into the Union. The savage wilderness has been tamed, and the wild savage has fled from the approach of civilization.

The wide spread vallies and dense wilderness that once made the earth groan with their native growth, have been converted into highly cultivated farms, and now groan with the rich productions of the hand of industry. The mountain stream from which once was only heard the sound of its own ripplings, and on whose banks was only found the Indian fisherman, now turn mills and factories, surrounded by farms, the finest in the State. The broad Willamette, which in early days was moved only by the winds, or the bark canoe of the savage, now bears upon its bosom steamboats laden with the rich productions of happy freemen, and defies the waves and commands he storm!

The hills are made to yield their valuable timbers, and the mountains to disgorge their rich minerals. Towns and beautiful and pleasant villages have sprung up, and farm houses dot the face of the whole country. Temples of Justice, houses of worship, colleges of science, seminaries of learning and school houses of common education, have been erected, and stand to-day as living monuments of the civilization, progress and permanancy of this people. Great highways have been constructed connecting this with the Ochoco and other distant vallies beyond. Railroads will soon be built in behalf of transportation and commerce, while already we have that other instrumentality—the electric telegraph, which "wafts a sigh almost from the Indus to the pole."

Such has been in part the rapid progress of our county; such in part the progress of the State, much more has been the progress of our country and people at large since the founding of our Republic.

The advancement of commerce, science, literature and refinement of the Republics of Carthage, of Greece and of Rome, has employed a thousand pens and ten thousand tongues in description and praise. The same progress and advancement of European governments have exhausted eulogy and confounded wonder; and yet the advancement of the Republic of the United States, in every characteristic of civilization, human happiness and national greatness has been more in the last three quarters of a century, than theirs has been in five hundred years.

As a pursuit, as an avocation and business in life, surely there is none more necessary and indispensable, none more honorable and exalted than that of agriculture. The authority for it emanates from the highest source of authority; for it was said by God to man, "Go forth, multipy and replenish and subdue the earth!" Here is the sanction of Him who made the soil and made man to till it; and it has had the sanction and approval of the great and the good of the whole human race.

Agriculture is a science. To understand it, and to make it useful and beneficial—in other words, to make it pay—requires no small caliber of mind. I confess, the drone, the man of smallest and narrowest intellect, of least cultivated mind and lowest ambition, can make an existence on a quarter, or half, or full section of land; especially if the Government of the United States has generously seen fit to give the land to him. For, in this case, if he would throw the grains of wheat upon the native sward, unplowed and unbroken, the native richness and fertility of the soil would, of itself, produce enough to feed him who's brow had never sweat, and who's hand had never toiled. But I know of but few within the range of my knowledge, that come within this description or within this category. But what I mean is, to understand the science of agriculture, to make it profitable, to make it pay, we must understand it practically as well as theoretically. We must be *practical* farmers. We must rise early if we would be thrifty farmers; we must be industrious, judicious, economical and wise. It is not enough to be a fourth, or a third, or a second-rate farmer; for nothing will fill the bill short of a *first-rate practical farmer.* Keep your farms neat, cultivate them well, and the rich and fertile soil you till will repay you by a return of ample and abundant harvests. When the crop has been put in, when the season for seeding is over, the implements of the farm should be returned to the shed for preservation from the winter rains and storms. It is a mark of poor taste and poor husbandry to see the reaper and thrasher left upon the stubble, or the plow left standing in the ground as if threatening to make another furrow, or the harrow piled in the corner of the fence.

The science of agriculture, (and when I speak of it as a science, I refer to it *not* as a *theory*, for I am not dealing with fine spun theories to-day), but as a science reduced to practical demonstration and use, is, like all other sciences and arts, progressive and susceptible of improvement; and it has progressed and improved greatly in its practical operations within the recollection and observation of you all. A few years ago the farm was carried on by slow process and great physical labor. But now, nearly all the labor is done by means of machinery and stock directed and controlled by the genius, intelligence and skill of the farmer.

In former times the pursuit of agriculture was regarded by some as an inferior or low calling. It was considered that those only of inferior mind and education and poor in purse, should follow the business of farming. In other words, that only the "common people" lived in the country and tilled the soil. This erroneous idea may prevail to some extent, even yet, and amongst our own people. There are those I know who seem to pride themselves on the fact that they are of wealthy parentage, live in costly city mansions, and can roll in wealth, luxury and idleness, and keep up with the "fashion;" and that because of this they are superior to those around them: Such, you will find, are always like "the lillys of the valley who toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory arrayed himself not like one of these." There may be it is true, a little more "style" and "fashion" and less charity, found in the city than in the country. But men and women of the country and the farm, remember the truth uttered by him who hath said that "Fashion is an umpire that fools doth bow to." The idea that agriculture, that farming, that cultivating the soil, that earning the bread we eat by the sweat of the brow, is a low calling or an avocation dishonorable, is fostered only by the grossest ignorance and suggested only by the shallowest mind. Let no one be mistaken in the importance of agriculture, or the exalted position held by the farmer. For upon agriculture depends all the other business and pursuits of life. It is the very foundation, the substratum of our political, social, civil and commercial systems.

Farmers are *proud* of their calling; and well they may be, for it is in the country and upon the farm that is found native personal independence, intelligence and honor. It is there that is found domestic peace and good will to all, and is felt the operation of the perfect law of liberty.

The great men of our country were farmers. Washington spent the earliest and latest days of his life in the pursuits of agriculture; Jefferson and Franklin were farmers; Clay and Webster, whilst they were great statesmen, orators and lawyers, they were always interested in the agricultural prosperity of the country, and when tired of the cares and perplexities of public life, retired to the farm for quietude and repose. And Jackson was not a prouder man when Packenham surrendered to him his sword and made him the hero of Orleans, than he was when cultivating the soil at the Hermitage, or training his horse and testing his speed at the turf.

Farmers of Linn county! farmers of Oregon! greatly prize, and fill well your high position. Upon you and the influence you exert, the State, the country depends for the development of its great resources. Teach your sons early the lessons of the farm. Teach them how to plow, how to sow and how to reap. Teach your daughters likewise as they should be taught. Your sons will thus make better farmers, mechanics, statesmen, lawyers or other porfessional men than they otherwise would. Your daughters, though born they may have been in some humble cabin and rocked in a cradle made of a box, yet with the proper instruction they will be obedient daughters and will make noble women. They may not dash forth from the retreats of modesty, and assume the garb of manhood, or engage in the angry agitations of the political arena, but they will fill a sphere the noblest, the highest and the holiest that man or woman can fill; they will teach the law of kindness, of purity and of love.

Thus will be promoted the public good and civilization of the country. Stronger still will be the pillars of our "Farmer Republic," and solidified still more the bulwarks around the citadel of Republican liberty.

A writer in the *Church Union*, a religious Radical paper, thus speaks of Grant:

Gen. Grant *is not a fit man for a christain to support.* * * Here now is this speechless sphynx enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke—a silent, stubborn man of the world. Suppose he takes it into his head to convert his four years grant of power into a life lease, or any other whim. He has the army at his command, and *every evil influence too in the land will support him.* We do not say this will be, but is it proper for christian men to give over the executive power of this nation inte such hands?

HEAR WHAT A SOLDIER SAYS.—General Hancock, in a recent letter gives expression to the following manly sentiments:

"Those who suppose I do not acquiesce in the work of the National Democratic Convention, or that I do not sincerely desire the election of the nominees, know very little of my character. Believing, as I verily do, that the preservation of the Constitutional Government eminently depends on the success of the Democratic party in the coming election, *were I to hesitate in its cordial support, I feel I should not only falsify my own record,* BUT COMMIT A CRIME AGAINST MY COUNTRY."

THE following little item of information speaks volumes. A Florida correspondent writes:

I think the northern tax payers, who make their living by honest toil, should know that for two months the government has been distributing free rations to the negroes in this State. In Leon county, where the negroes registered about 2,700 voters (2,666, some 35,000 rations were issued last month alone. Do you give free rations to the laborers of the north?

DIDN'T PRACTICE.—An old lady announced in court, at Atlanta, that "she had no counsel," that "God was her lawyer." "My dear Madam," replied the Judge, "He does not practice in this court."

IF "ignorance is bliss," the South Carolina black-and-tan Legislature is the happiest body in existence. It is said to contain eighty members who can neither read nor write.

A California editor says he lately met a grammarian who had just made a tour through the mines cogitating thus: "Positive, mine; Comparative, miner; Superlative, minus."

An adventurous young lady in Ohio lately captured a beaver, and also the man who was carrying it about on his head.—Young ladies are given to such.

A beautiful extract—helping a young lady out of a mud-hole.

Seymour's Appearance.

Seymour's appearance, as he took the chair in Tammany Hall is thus described: "Seymour is dressed in the old-style, shad-belly coat, which is buttoned across his chest, leaving open a diamond-shaded portion of irreproachable white linen and a very neatly arranged black neck-tie of moderate dimensions. The head is well shaped, and set gracefully back on a firm pair of shoulders, and the lower part of the face, below the eyes, is almost a perfect oval. The eyes are of a brilliant brown color, and shine like diamonds beneath a firmly ballanced forehead, which is bald, the baldness extending back as far as the skull. The mouth is pleasant and mobile, and when Seymour smiles at you, the effect produced is a genial one. This is a cultured man, a man of free tastes and high purposes, a man of elegant diction and also a powerful analysis. The skin of the face is sallow and a thin seam of white whiskers encircles the throat under the chin. Why is it that all men of mark in the world's struggles have this peculiar sallow skin? It has always been an accompaniment, if not an indication of genius. The Cæsars, Napoleon, Frederic, Tully, Turenne, Disræli, Henry Clay, Webster, and many others of similar celebrity, have had, or have sallow skins.—The dress of Seymour is in perfect accordance with good taste, for Horatio Seymour is a gentleman first, last, and all the time. When he makes a jesture it is dignified, and yet graceful. His voice, slightly impaired yesterday by a bad cold, is correct in its intonation, full, and, when approaching a climax, resonant. The hands, when lifted in air, are white like a woman's, and the fingers slenderly shaped. When speaking, all eyes and ears are turned his way, and his influence on a large body of men is magnetic and thorough. His long and steadfast adherence to Democratic principles, his persistence in the right, through good and ill report, has made the name of Horatio Seymour a dear one to all Democrats. To the humblest man he is courteous, polite and kind in his manner.—His knowledge of parliamentary law is full. His manner of recognizing a delegate on the floor is all that could be desired; and no man in the house ever looks at him for five minutes without feeling that he is worthy of being chairman of that convention."

Radical Economy—Keep the Facts before the People.

From June to July the national debt arose from $2,001,826,842 to $2,060,883,392, being an increase of more tha nfifty-three millions of dolllars in one month.

Tax-payers, look at these figures. Fifty-three millions increase of the debt in one month, or at the rate of nearly two millions a day! Notwithstanding that the people are taxed, taxed on everything they eat, drink or wear; taxed upon the implements with which they earn their daily bread; taxed upon their products, their incomes, their notes of hand—taxed upon everything, the immense resources thus secured to the General Government are squandered by the Radicals who have it in charge, while at the same time the burdens of ths people are being increased rather than diminished. Tax-payers, think of it! Fifty-three millions increase of the public debt in one month, when we are at peace with the whole world!

A table before us contains a statement of the contingent expenses of the Rump House of Representatives for several years past. From this statement the people can gather an inkling of the Radical idea of economy, and of the manner in which their substance is squandered. The statement before us is official, and as follows:

Increase in 1865 over 1864	$ 128 254
" " 1866 " "	108 808
" " 1867 " "	148 451
" " 1868 " "	371 925
Aggregate increase in four years	$ 759 438

Where has this tremendous increase in the contingent expenses of the House of Representatives, gone to? What excuse is there for an *increase of seven hundred and fifty-seven thousand four hundred and thirty-eight dollars*, in these expenses, in a time of peace? Can you account for it, tax-payer? Shall these things continue? Shall this system of wholesale robbery, inaugurated by the Radical blood-suckers of the Rump, go on from year to year until the treasury is depleted, and the Government and the people bankrupt? It is with the people, the tax-payers to say. A vote for the Radical ticket is an endorsement of this policy. A vote for the Democratic ticket is a vote in favor of reform, of economy and honesty in the administration of the Government.—*Winona (Minn.) Democrat.*

An exchange defines a country editor as "an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on any subject, sets type, reads proof, works press, folds and mails papers, prints jobs, runs errands, saws wood, works in the garden, talks to all who call, scandalized by the mean and low-minded whenever he calls on a lady more than once, receives blame for a hundred different things which are no one's business but his own, works from 6 a. m., to 10 p. m., and frequently gets cheated out of half of his earnings."

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, France, says: "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants, built entirely of bricks." This is only equalled by a well-known description of Albany: "Albany is a town of eighty thousand houses and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with most of their gable ends to the street."

A victimized philosopher insists that those women whose babies have no visible fathers, should not lay their sins at the doors of other people.

No man is an upright judge in his own cause.

Gen. Frank P. Blair.

We like this choice of Blair—we appreciate the need of such a choice. After the selection of Seymour, which may without adjective violence be accepted in one brief word as—good,—that of Blair followed as naturally and with the same effect as the thunder after the lightning. Seymour is a keen, brilliant, far seeing, comprehensive statesman, who will illuminate the political heavens with light more Promethean and heaven derived, than any that have shone over this people since the fathers of the Republic cast down the tide of time that immortal radiance, which to all eyes softens the aspect of these bitter days. Wait and see how even the great lights of the republic in earlier times will in the lofty splendor of this majestic modern mind, who now, in his own despite, has been swung aloft where, like the calcium, he will shine with unremitting glory, and dazzle the eyes of beholders, not only here but in other lands. He is a living principle that can know no shadow of turning—a soul in the radiant sense—the perfectibilty of statesmanship.

And with more satisfaction than toward any other man that could have been chosen by the chieftains who met in convention at Tammany Hall, do we hail the name of Francis P. Blair, next in glory. The inheritor of traditions that belong to the blood royal of Democracy, he has proved himself worthy of lineage, and stood yesterday before the convention—to-day before the people—on his personal claims alone, as a hero of the great war, and the champion of a greater peace.—His platform, which he put together plank by plank in his recent speech, when called into the ring, is the exact summary of all the nation's deeds, and the gospel—not to speek irreverently—of the palpitating heart of the crisis which now agitates, and will soon convulse, the land. Hurrah for Blair!

Francis P. Blair, Jr., was nursed in the lap of the most startling political epoch that arose between the Revolution of 1776 and the civil war of 1861. The greatest era of Republicanism, far transcending that of 1800, was the period when Andrew Jackson stood at bay amid convulsions that appalled the stoutest hearts—when the fortunes of the United States Bank were rapidly approaching the exigency which always makes the despairing effort for life a religious right.

In those days of trial and danger, agitation follwed agitation, convulsion followed convulsion, and the old hero daily awaited committees from the commercial centres, armed by thousands, breathing revolt and vengeance, and who were turned back only by the force of his unconquerable will.

The Bank was a power in the land.—It was backed by the resolution and the intelligence of a great and patriotic party, who believe that party interests could not be harmonized with a national government without its agency. Brave men stood by thousands in ranks and confronted the great hero. Truly he was a man of iron nerve, and if one column went back, swayed by the force of his invincible spirt, another surged on to protest anew, and to threaten instant revolution if the demands of the people were not conceded, and the bank released from the grip of the great man who never let go his hold upon the throat of his enemy.

In the midst of this agitation, Blair was rocked, at intervals of quiet, by the old "Hero of two wars," and told by that voice which yet charms us from the grave, to love his country and hate her enemies. He was the son of a great man, whose name he bears, and whose powerful brain swayed the people through his journal, to a degree unknown since and unexplained before. Francis P. Blair, the editor of the *Globe*, and Thomas H. Benton, the Senator of Missouri, were the right and left bowers of the great President, who, with a sagacity which led him onward in the right course when the sky was darkest, and his firmest friends quailed—with a moral courage far beyond all the instincts of fear—with an honesty of purpose that scorned all caution and all concealment—had been triumphant in every conflict, civil and military, in which his fearless and firm heart ever engaged.

In this school was reared the next Vice-President. Is it any wonder that he became a hero in the cause of the Union when the war broke out? Is it any wonder that he was yesterday chosen as bearer of that banner which is sacred to the cause of the people, and a thousand times hallowed by the glory and affection of the immortal Jackson?

It is said that a dose of pulverized charcoal taken daily is the best preventative of cholera and all summer diseases. This remedy is coming largely into use for dyspepsia.

The first Chinese flag ever raised in this country was put at half mast by the Embassy, in honor of the late Ex-President Buchanan.

Some wretch of an editor says another twist to the present mode of "doing up" the ladies' hair would take them off their feet.

If Adam had asked Eve for a kiss could the latter, without profanity, have replied, "I don't care A-dam if you do."

"I never was ruined but twice," said a wit, "once when I lost a law-suit and once when I gained one."

How many people are busy in this world gathering together a bundle of thorns to sit upon!

A French paper advertises for an editor, and promises double pay while he is in prison.

It is said that Butler will go into Grant's cabinet. Certainly—if he keeps his spoons there.

A man never forgets an insult to his pride or purse.