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The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

VOL. II.

OREGON CITY, O.T., AUGUST 9, 1856.

No. 17.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$3.00 two insertions, 4.00 three insertions, 5.00

Job Printing.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality.

Annette.

How shall this hating verse express The radiant beauty of thy face. The marble features still and cold, The purity of Grecian mold?

I sang thy sister's beaming grace, The angel beauty of her face, While on the still, benignant air Angelic pinions floated there.

I smote the harp, and touched the string, And blessed that unseen angel's wing, Who wrote in lines of living light Thy destiny, so clear and bright.

Adieu, dear girl! forgive the strain That seeks this image to retain, And high amid its poet peers To paint thy charms for coming years.

Youcalla, July 17th. G—

To my friends in Rogue River Valley. No. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1856.

My last was dated from Portland, from whence I took passage in the mail steamer for San Francisco, and mailed the letter at St. Helena, where we made a short stay.

The accommodations in the steamer being clean and comfortable, and as \$30 was more compatible with the contents of my purse than \$60, I took a berth in that quarter.

Gov. Curry and other gentlemen were in the cabin, on their way to Washington. Bishop Scott, of the Episcopal Church, was also a passenger, with whom I had several pleasant interviews.

The passengers in the steamer were of various classes, and for various destinations, but all disposed to the agreeable. Amongst them were two Indian youths, who had accompanied Gen. Palmer as interpreters for the Indians moving to the Reserve, and were now on their way to Port Orford, to aid another company.

I watched them closely, and I must say I came to a different conclusion to that of a prominent citizen in the Willamette, who said that "the Indians were incapable of improvement," and that "they possessed none of the attributes of humanity but the form."

I could not perceive any particular difference between their demeanor and that of other well behaved young men in the common walks of life. They did not obtrude on others, neither were they backward when addressed. They were neat and clean in appearance, and as regular in their morning ablutions, the use of the comb, and the adjustment of the toilet before the glass, as the most orderly; all of which shows a taste, a self-respect, and an appreciation of the refinements of life, and is doubtless a sure basis for high civilization and intellectual progress.

I felt sorry to see they were required to stand aside until others had done eating, for I thought if sleeping in the same room and inhaling the same atmosphere did not contaminate, surely eating at the same time would not be injurious to any; on the contrary, I believe fraternal acknowledgment of those who desire improvement and friendship is our duty, and the practice would be beneficial to both sides. Our food consisted of coffee, beef, hard bread, and potatoes. As I had no use for the two former my living was not sumptuous, nevertheless, with a tin of hot water to soften the bread, I fared very well.

A gentleman came on board from Port Orford, who gave me an account rather discreditable to the dwellers there. He said that they had killed many cattle and hogs for which they had no occasion; and had burned three houses belonging to a widow, through mere wantonness.

We arrived at San Francisco Saturday night, June 29. Thus we had a pleasant trip of near 700 miles in less than four days, besides staying several hours at Crescent City. The first object which struck our attention was the artificial foundation upon which spacious streets and ponderous buildings are erected. San Francisco is situated upon and around a series of buttes. Immense labor has been performed in grading, in cutting through and moving the hills so as to extend the plain. There are now several streets running parallel with the shore, and occupying the place where ships used to ride on the rolling wave.

On our first walk into the city we passed by a large block of brick buildings, the avenues to which were guarded by a huge pile of gunny bags filled with sand, besides armed sentinels on the top and around the building. Upon inquiry I was informed that the city was in a state of revolution, and from reading the papers I learn the following as the cause:

During the years of prosperity, when every one calculated to get rich in a short time, and the legal fees of office were small, compared with the profits of labor and trade, it was no object of ambition or interest with the higher order to become candidates for public trusts, consequently unworthy persons obtained promotion; and then, to enrich themselves, have not scrupled at every species of venality and fraud, and having tasted the spoils, they avoided themselves of the most illegal means to retain the power. A false ballot box, sup-

plied with spurious votes, secured the election of whom they chose, and all under the magic name of "Democratic Party."

Crime and villainy walked unblushingly abroad, the finances of the State became embarrassed, and the city involved many millions in debt. The late lamented King, editor of the Bulletin, faithfully denounced these wrongs, for which he fell by the hand of an assassin. The people arose en masse, executed two murderers, and organized a vigilance committee, in whose hands they have put the affairs of government until honest men can be elected to fill the place of those whom the people require to resign.

The Governor issued a proclamation, calling upon good citizens to arm against the rebels, but instead of rallying around his standard, they captured his forces, and collected all the arms, and placed them in the guarded block. They have also a number of notorious characters in prison, besides about twenty whom they have banished.

Among the prisoners is a Judge of the Supreme Court, for stabbing a man with intent to kill. His name is Terry, and if the papers tell the truth it might be terrible, for this last is only one of many similar cases by this terrible Judge. The condition of the man is quite precarious; if he dies they will (according to report) hang the Judge, but if he lives, banish him from the State.

Public affairs are in a very anomalous condition. The officials have undoubtedly enacted a long series of wrongs under color of law, while the revolutionists are (at least in appearance) using unconstitutional means to secure constitutional ends. However, one thing is evident—the committee consists of the most sober and talented men in the community, and people have confidence in their integrity and judgment.

There is some complaint of dull trade. The warehouses and stores are all full of everything necessary for life and luxury, and I think a great deal more, yet the imports are accumulating.

There are some peculiarities in this city which I will notice. First, there is a great display of architectural skill. French, German, Chinese, and others, indulge their respective tastes. There are fountains and flowers, and trees and birds in places which in other cities cities people would hardly look for. There are also numerous mills propelled by wind. All the principal streets are planked, or paved with stone. Many of the stores are truly splendid, the whole windows being formed of one vast square of glass, showing their goods in rich array to great advantage, and at night the numerous and brilliant gas lights and large mirrors reflect an exhibition truly magnificent.

The most tasteful were the jewelers', the druggists', the French restaurants or eating houses, the confectioners', and milliners'. The barbers' shops are all furnished with beautiful cushioned sofas and chairs and the morning and evening papers, of which there are more than a dozen printed daily, and only 25 for a shave, but you get your hair oiled and brushed in at the bargain.

I noticed the horses, whether draymen's or back, were all in fine condition. I have not seen a poor one in the city. The hacks, a long row of which were always in waiting for custom, are splendid affairs, and would be creditable as the equipage of the highest lordling in the land. Quite a number of goats are kept for milk. There are a great many dogs, but very few children, and not many ladies, as compared with the gentlemen. The latter generally look healthy, and all as if dressed for meeting every day. I have not seen a poorly dressed and only one drunken person in the city.

The clean side walks and cool atmosphere make it pleasant for promenading, and the ladies, many of whom are in dress and figure the realities of Godey's pictures, avail themselves to advantage. They do not straggle alone, but take hold of gentlemen's arms as if not afraid of contact, and walk away with a spring and grace not often seen east of the mountains.

Respectfully yours, JOHN BEXSON.

P. S.—I have visited the celebrated Institute and had an interview with the celebrated Dr. Czapsky, and my deep conviction is that he is the veriest quack. I believe if justice was done his future celebrity would be as a case of exposure and punishment, which would caution dupes and terrify quacks for years to come. I regard his establishment as a curse of such wide spread mischief that I shall devote my next to its exposure.

J. B.

A FAMILY OF EGRESS.—A Mrs. Sarah Cousin eloped recently from West Milford, Passaic county, with a Mr. David White, of that place, being the third time she has figured as one of the parties of an elopement. The woman is one of a family of six sisters named Eyerson, five of whom have left their husbands and eloped with other men. All six have been married, and not one lives with a lawful husband at the present day; five having eloped, and the only remaining one deserting her husband or refusing to live with him.

[From the Louisville Courier.]

Jackson's Night Attack on the British.

Waddy Thompson, in his "Personal Recollections of Mexico," speaks of Jackson's campaign in Louisiana as a miraculous one, and upon Hume's definition of miracle, the term is allowable. There is not a feature of that campaign that is not a rich treasure to the American people, and of all other portions of the Confederacy the West and South should guard with jealous care.

There are few Americans, indeed, who have just or truthful conceptions of the high and rare military genius which Jackson displayed in the whole management of the trust committed to him. Almost every one has heard of the battle of the eighth of January, but that was but the culminating point of a masterly series of military movements as ever adorned the character of a hero.

Long before any one else seemed to suspect it, Jackson's sagacity taught him that the British were preparing for a descent upon New Orleans. He instinctively saw the whole game of war before him, and with almost a prescience he determined to commence the defense of New Orleans by drubbing the Spaniards of Florida. He well knew that under the cover of neutrality the Spaniards were aiding the British in arming the savages and runaway negroes in Florida; that the British were drilling these troops, and fitting out expeditions under the patronage of the Spanish Governor against American posts. He at once marched to Pensacola, and there performed as brilliant a feat as Napoleon did at Lodi.

The only street by which Jackson could march into the town was protected by a heavy battery and two fortified houses, which completely swept the streets; but Jackson's raw volunteers rushed upon the peril and took the battery at the point of the bayonet. The Governor surrendered at discretion; Jackson took military possession of Florida, and drove the British out. Having by this bold step cleared his left flank from any further danger from that quarter, he at once repaired to New Orleans.

We have no design to write out an account of the campaign at New Orleans.—Our purpose is to vindicate the night attack of Jackson from the curious historical blunders that two American writers have made about it. Mr. Headly, in his romance called the Life of Jackson, speaks of the night attack as a failure, and the author of the Biography of Jackson, in Harper's Magazine, says Jackson was repulsed. It is shameful that an American writer should betray such culpable ignorance of one of the most brilliant and useful deeds of American arms. Can the writer of either of these statements have any proper conception of the subject upon which he was writing? What solitary authority is there, what shade of excuse is in existence for such a statement? There was not an officer or a soldier under Jackson, at New Orleans, that suspected that he failed in his object, or was repulsed in the least degree on the night of the 23d of December, 1814.

The South and West kept freedom's vigils on that momentous night, and they cannot submit to any imputation that depreciates the glorious achievements of that night. Let us begin at the beginning of it. Gen. Adair, who had no personal love for Jackson, made a verbal statement in this city respecting the inception of the night attack. He was dining with Jackson and other officers, when a youth dashed into the room and announced that the British had landed. Jackson had finished his dinner, and was leaning back from the table smoking a pipe. In an instant he rose from his chair, and, as if by intuition, uttered the sentence that saved the city. He did not pause a moment; he asked no questions as to the number of the enemy. The boy's speech had scarcely uttered his news, before Jackson exclaimed—"The enemy must be flogged before to-morrow morning."

Adair, who is as brave a soldier as ever led troops, said he could scarcely believe his own hearing when Jackson made this announcement. The military law is imperative that the commander of the defensive force must not attack an invader until he ascertains the number and equipments of the enemy. But Jackson, when he announced the order for the night, had no idea whether he was going to attack one or ten thousand of the enemy. Gen. Adair soon found that Jackson was terribly in earnest. He said that in fifteen minutes from the time the youth announced his tidings, there was nothing in the neighborhood of Jackson that was not in motion. Coffee's and Carroll's commands were encamped four miles above the city, but in two hours after the news of the landing of the enemy reached Jackson, the troops were marching through the streets of New Orleans. Great alarm prevailed in the city, but Jackson at the head of his troops infused hope into the hearts of the citizens, by the announcement that the city should be defended. His plans were devised with consummate skill, but in order to understand him, and the result which he won, let us look at the enemy. They had come, not merely to capture and plunder New Orleans, but avowedly to stretch the lines of their power along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, until the line of the British posts on the Erie and Ontario should be intersected, and thus confine the United States mainly to the old colonial boundary.

The expedition was projected on this scale, and the British were under the illusion that the West would join them and assist in this career of conquest. The force consisted of fourteen thousand troops, the most of them from Wellington's Peninsular army.

The first disaster which threatened Jackson was the capture of his flotilla of gunboats destined for the defense of the lake. But other sources of anxiety crowded upon him, and these were the inadequacy of his forces to meet the enemy at any one point, to say nothing of his inability to watch the various avenues by which the enemy might march upon New Orleans. The

Government was so shamefully negligent of his little army, that it contracted with keel-boats to carry arms from Pittsburg, at fifty cents per hundred, with a privilege of trading along the coast, rather than pay a steamboat seventy-five cents per hundred. But for Carroll's provident course in removing some of these arms from three trading keels, which he overhauled in his descent of the river, to his own boats, Jackson would have been in a pitiable condition.—And had it not been for the friendly disposition of La Fitte and his pirates, Jackson would have been without flints for his guns. He labored under almost every possible disadvantage except one, and that was his own invincible resolution, and his capacity to infuse it into others.

In these untoward circumstances the enemy landed at Cat Island, and on the 23d of December reached the banks of the Mississippi, 3000 strong under Gen. Keane. There was nothing to prevent the march of the British that afternoon to the city of New Orleans. A smooth level road on the bank of the river, unobstructed in every way, either by defenses or troops, invited the march. Another large force was on a swampy island below Bayou Bienvenue, ready to co-operate in any forward movement. But the golden opportunity passed unimproved, and Jackson's repulse sealed the fate of the expedition. If they had possessed any of the enterprise which should have characterized Wellington's veterans, the British might have reached New Orleans before their landing was known.

Jackson, as we have seen, immediately gathered around him such resources as he had, and started upon his desperate enterprise. He had three objects in view—first, to give his raw troops a taste of the enemy they were about to meet in the defense of the city; second, to produce the impression upon Gen. Keane that he had an immense force at his command, and was acting in conformity to the military law we have mentioned; third, to paralyze the enemy by a bold and determined attack, so as to gain time for the construction of defenses, and for reinforcements. He was after a moral effect, by which the feeling of his own troops should be elevated to the highest pitch, and those of the enemy depressed. But for this the British would have marched into New Orleans the next morning.

Every moment in these critical movements was of the utmost importance. No general ever knew the value of time better than Jackson, and no one ever used it better. He ordered Col. Hayne to march with his mounted men to meet the enemy, and, if he found the enemy advancing, to engage them, so as to retard their march, until he, Jackson, could support him. If the enemy were encamped, the order was to cover his force in an orange grove on Leonard's plantation, and await the co-operation of the forces Jackson was to hasten forward. In less than an hour, Hayne moved out of the city at the head of 350 men. Jackson pushed matters with his usual energy. The 44th regiment was on the opposite side of the river, and it was hurried over with the utmost celerity.—About sunset, Jackson having 2,167 troops left the city for his attack. Of this number, 1891 engaged in the fight. These were all raw troops, but to show what stuff they were made of, Coffee's brigade, on hearing of the peril of New Orleans, had marched in the last two days 120 miles through a wilderness of swamps, and in most dreadful weather. We have seen how promptly his brigade responded to Jackson's order for his night attack.

And now let the reader pause and reflect that the most of Jackson's men were just fresh from their farms and work-shops, and they had never seen a disciplined enemy. But at the command of their leader, they marched with alacrity to meet the best troops of the British army. Not one of them had an idea how strong the enemy might be, and few of them cared. They knew their leader and he knew them. All reliable accounts show that the British force handled that night by Jackson was 6,000 strong, for heavy reinforcements reached the enemy during the fight.

Jackson marched down to the vicinity of the enemy, whom he found spread over the plain from the bend of the river. He reconnoitered the position of the enemy, and even after he had found out their force, his iron will never quailed for a moment.—Having made his reconnoissance, he arranged his order of battle. The enemy were enjoying themselves in a variety of ways. Jackson had approached them.

"Still as the breeze, but terrible as the storm." And even the picket guards were ignorant of his presence. Jackson's right flank rested upon the river bank, and his line extended across the plain, and Coffee occupied the extreme left. The plan was for Coffee to turn the right flank and attack in the rear, while Jackson moved upon the left flank and centre with his force. The Carolina was ordered to drop down the river slowly, to anchor opposite the enemy and open fire upon them as soon as the land attack commenced. The Carolina was challenged however, and had to precipitate her cannonade, which gave the enemy warning that Jackson's army was upon them. Coffee found his advance checked by a ditch and was forced to dismount and leave a part of his force to hold the horses. But though frustrated in commencing the attack, he did his duty nobly.

The cannonade of the Carolina produced the most terrible consternation in the British force, and they were converted into a mob for some minutes. In front of the line commanded by Jackson in person some derangement took place in consequence of the misconception of a subaltern officer, but nothing could stop the advance of Jackson. He pushed into the British, and Gen. Keane the British commander says; "A more extraordinary conflict has perhaps never occurred, absolutely hand to hand, both officers and men." And in this hand to hand conflict the raw militia of Jackson drove three times their number of the veterans of the British army fully a mile from

where the fight commenced. And Coffee's brigade were rifles, and therefore had no bayonets to use. But Coffee drove the enemy before him, and they sought an orange grove for safety. Here Coffee pressed upon them and drove them from the grove.—They retreated to the river, and found safety in a double embankment, and Coffee retired to join Gen. Jackson.

From the commencement of the fire of the British army, no part of Jackson's force ever paused in its advance till it came to the hand to hand conflict. The enemy were driven at all points a mile from where the fight commenced, and Jackson's troops occupied the ground gained. They slept on the field thus won, and moved off next morning as orderly as if marching to a funeral. Jackson left Gen. Hinds, with a force of three hundred men, in a house within six hundred yards of the British army, and this force remained four days after Jackson went for the river.

Where, then, can an American writer find any sign of a repulse or failure on the part of Jackson, in any portion of this eventful fight? With eighteen hundred men he had met six thousand of the veterans of Wellington, and in a hand to hand conflict had driven them a mile back from their original position. He had taught his men the truth of Proctor's sentiments:

"Courage—nothing e'er withstands Fremont fighting for their good: Armed with all their father's fame, They will win and wear a name That shall go to endless glory, Like the gods of old Greek story."

It is species of sacrilege to tear from the heroes of this night attack on the 23d of December, 1814, an iota of the glory which they won. They went forth to a night battle, utterly ignorant whether they were to meet hundreds or thousands of the flower of the British army. They met their peril and conquered it—they drove the enemy a mile before them, and slept on the field they had won. And American writers, forty years after this glorious victory, gravely assert that these heroes were repulsed and failed in their attempt! This is too bad, too intolerable.

And what were the consequences of Jackson's night victory? He paralyzed the British force. He checked all propensity on their part to meet him again without large reinforcements, and, though numbering more than three to one of Jackson's force, they lay cooped up at the place to which Jackson had driven them on this memorable night, until Bakenham arrived on the 25th with forces that swelled their number to fourteen thousand troops. Jackson had so effectually whipped them in his night battle that they did not disturb him in his construction of those works which he gained time to make by his night attack. On the morning after his battle he marched about two miles up the river, cut the embankment, and let in the water between himself and the enemy. Behind this point he constructed those works which on the 8th of January conferred immortality on himself and the troops under his command.

It is obvious, therefore, that Jackson's night attack saved New Orleans. But for that, the enemy could have marched into the city on the 25th, and no power on earth could have stayed their progress. And shall these men, who undauntedly fought and nobly triumphed on such an occasion, and in such circumstances, be robbed of any of the glory which they earned so hardily?

The fame which Jackson won in his defense of New Orleans is dear to every American citizen, and we cannot consent to see the public mind schooled in the belief that Jackson was "repulsed" in his night attack on the British army. There would be as much truth in the representation that he was "repulsed" on the 8th of January. That was a great day in American history, but the night of the 23d of December was a greater night.

The following is found in a work lately issued from the press, by H. Fowler, entitled "The American Pulpit." We especially commend it to the publishers of the Salem Advocate, and hope they will copy it for the benefit of such of their clergymen in Oregon as vote the nigger-driving and liquor ticket:

Peter Cartwright and the Ferryman. It was his practice to preach Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, hold quarterly conference in the afternoon, preach in the evening; hold love-feast Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, administer baptism at 11, then preach from one to three hours, administer the Lord's Supper; preach again in the evening (at all convenient intervals selling books, with which his saddlebags were crammed); and then at the close announce that on the next day he would address his fellow-citizens from the stump on the admission of Slavery into the State (Illinois). It resulted, of course, that the Pro-Slavery men became very angry at the preacher, and had much to say about "ministers not dabbling in politics," "sticking to their calling," &c., &c. It happened that on one occasion he rode to a ferry across the Illinois River, where the country was more thickly populated, and met a little knot of people who were discussing politics. The ferryman, a stout fellow, was holding forth in excited terms, about some old renegade—preferring a good many epithets to his name which we omit—one Peter Cartwright—swearing that if he ever came that way he would drown him in the river. Cartwright, unrecognized by any one, said, "Stranger, I want you to put me across." "You'll wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman. So, when he had finished his speech, he added, "Now I will put you over,"—Cartwright rode his horse into the boat, and

the ferryman began to pole it across. Cartwright felt it his duty to make himself known and assert his principles; but he wanted to be sure of fair play. So, when he reached the middle of the stream, he threw the horse's bridle over a stake of the boat, and told the ferryman to lay down his pole. "What for?" said the ferryman.—"Well, you have just now been using my name 'improperly,' you said if I ever came this way you'd drown me in the river.—Now you've got a chance to do it. 'Is your name Peter Cartwright?' said the ferryman. "My name is Peter Cartwright," said the preacher. Down drops the pole and at it goes preacher and ferryman. They grapple for a minute, but Cartwright is remarkably agile, as well as athletic, and in a trice he has the ferryman, with one hand by the nape of his neck, and with the other by the seat of his trousers, and, whirling him over the side of the boat, plunges him under the tide—his astonished companions looking on from the shore—fair play being secured by the distance. Twice and thrice the preacher souses the poor ferryman under, saying as he does so, "I baptize thee (k'plash) in the name of the devil (k'plash) whose child thou art (k'plash);" then lifting him up dripping with water and gasping for breath, Cartwright asks him, "Did you ever pray?" "Pray?" said the ferryman, "no." "Then it's time you did," said the preacher. "Say 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'" "D—d if I do," said the ferryman. K'plash—goes the poor man under the tide again. "Will you now?" said the preacher. "No—I won't," said the strangled ferryman. K'plash—under the water again. "Will you pray now?" said the preacher. "I'll do anything," gasped the ferryman. "Say Our Father which art in Heaven." "Our Father which art in Heaven," said the ferryman, and followed him through the Lord's Prayer. "Now let me up," said the ferryman. "Not yet," said the preacher. "You must make me three promises—first, that you will repeat that prayer every morning and night as long as you live; secondly, that you will hear every Methodist preacher who comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over this ferry free of expense. Do you promise?" "I promise," said the ferryman, and resumed his pole. Cartwright went on his way, and that ferryman not long after became a convert, and in time quite a shining light in the Church.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.—Sensation gives nouns; action, which follows sensation gives verbs, which are nouns in motion; reflection gives adjectives, which are the first sign of the authorities of the human judgment in all things. Words thus symbolize the facts of experience. The question how words came to express those specific objects for which they stand is exceedingly subtle and difficult. The word for the sky in the Old Testament, "firmament," represents the belief of the writers that the heavens are a solid vault; but why should the combination of sounds that form the word "firm" be chosen to denote that which is solid? Our only resource is to suppose that there is an ultimate connection between the senses, in virtue of which there is an analogy between the appearance or the habits of the thing named and some sound.

There is a his in the word for serpent in most languages. A difficulty is caused by the variety of terms used by language to express the same object. These differences may be accounted for, 1st, by the different aspect in which the same object may be viewed; and 2dly, by the individuality of nations. We have adopted from the Romans the word "consider," to "sit down" with a subject; the Germans express the same mental operation by *iberlegen*, to "lie over" a subject; the Greek would say *skiptomai*, "I shade my eyes to look steadfastly at a subject. The words of races are as individual as their faces, and exclude the idea of the unity of races.

The propriety of using words which represent ideas known to be false was discussed; as "sunrise" and "sunset, lunatic, flesh, and spirit." The question lies between the historical uses subscribed by such names and the practical errors fostered.

COL. BENTON.—Col. Benton arrived in Cincinnati on Tuesday, and stops at the Broadway House. In the cars a friend accosted him with—"Well, Colonel, bound to the Cincinnati Convention?" "Yes, sir, yes; like the wild hog, sir; he can be told up to cat corn, sir, but he can't be coaxed into the pen."

It is said of David R. Atchison, of Missouri, who was present at Lawrence, K. T., at the head of a company of seventy ruffians, and who addressed the mob several times during the time they were engaged in destroying that place and robbing the people, that, in conversation with a traveler whom he subsequently fell in with, he made the following remark:—"We are doing these things under the forms of law, but (said he) there is a—d—d little law about it!"—Madison Courier.