

Shooting Affair.

Thomas Crawford, an unmarried Irishman, was shot in Albany last Friday evening by a young man of the name of Fox. Crawford lingered till some time in the day Saturday before he expired. We learn that Crawford had seduced a sister of Fox's, under promise of marriage. We are told by those who knew him, that Crawford was a reckless, unprincipled rascal, which his outrage upon virtue of course proves. The act of shooting him is universally approved by the squads that gather in clusters to talk the matter over in this city. It seems wrong to a cool, calculating Christian to take vengeance in one's own hands in this manner; but if there is any act that can be perpetrated by an incarnate fiend which would justify a father or brother in taking life, it is just such a one as the deceased is said to have been guilty of. It would be a vain mockery to attempt by human language to express the feelings of a family, the peace of which had been forever broken up by a lecherous debauchee. The assassin who crosses the threshold at the dead hour of midnight and plunges a dagger to the heart of a member of the family, commits an injury trifling in comparison with the other. Over the tomb of a daughter thus murdered flowers might be planted, as fit emblems of the purity of her who lay beneath them, while friends that watered them with their tears would have the oil of consolation poured into their bleeding hearts by the memory of virtues that spanned the tomb with a bow of heavenly promise.

But, alas! who is adequate to a description of the tortures that rend the hearts of father, mother, brothers and sisters, under the burning, corroding consciousness that a loved member of that circle has been disgraced forever, and worse than murdered, by a slimy, crawling viper in human shape! The consciousness that the punishment meted out by the law is inadequate to the crime, but serves to sting the injured parties more deeply, and settle the resolve to take the law into their own hands. It is surpassing strange that while public sentiment all over the civilized world is ready at once to justify an injured friend for taking the law into his own hands in such a case, we say it is strange indeed that the same public sentiment is not sufficiently potent to raise more effectual legal barriers around the shrine of female virtue! The difficulty is all found in a blind, obsequious slavery to "our party." Debauchees, gamblers, and blacklegs are the most vigilant and untiring politicians, and in arranging the programme for a political fight, the scenes behind the curtain are usually made up of the wheels, cords, and pulleys that constitute the political machinery of demagoguism, with the proper accompaniment of India rubber-conscience politicians to work it. This state of affairs usually belongs to old political parties, where the rank and file are thoroughly drilled, and are as ready to pull, or hold back, get on their knees, or rear up on their hind legs, at the bid of the driver's whip, as a showman's circus pony. The people who are long used to the collar that demagogues work them in, and have their hides all scarred over with the lash of the party whippersnapper, become perfectly callous to noble impulses, and in their blind rage for "party, right or wrong," they rush headlong to the support of the "regular nominees," brought out in a canvass of lecherous office-seekers though they may be. In this manner, men of loose morals, of blunted moral perceptions, or men who sympathize with vice and feel disinclined to protect purity by dealing vigorously with those who invade the sanctity of family circles, are placed in office? With them the destruction of female virtue and the rupture of the heartstrings of parents, brothers, and sisters, is made the occasion of a course just and a hollow, hysterical laugh during their bacchanalian debaucheries in some filthy dramshop. For fear that good men will try to introduce a reform in legislation, and open the eyes of the people to the importance of coming out of Babylon, and forsaking "our party," the howl is raised that "persecutors ought to meddle with politics," and the lying organs of the party, like the Statesman, are armed with editorials, bogus correspondence, and slanderous articles over the proper signatures of such apostate priests, itching politicians, and blatted egotists as Deacon Smith, devoted to blackening the character of every clergyman who has enough of the fear of God before his eyes to induce him to vote like a freeman, and support good men for office. By this incessant howl, many good, simple-minded men are induced to believe that there is really something wicked about politics, something incompatible with the dignity and character of a Christian.

Well, if you invariably support the liquor-drinking and niggle-driving locofoco party, there is; but if you vote for sound, honest, moral men, men who advocate something better than what is found in their platform, you are in the line of your duty as a real democrat, a patriot, a freeman, and a Christian.

When the people take the reform in their own hands, then we shall have legislation which will break such barriers

around us will obviate the necessity of taking the laws into our own hands.

Why not Tell a Little Truth?

We have often been struck with astonishment at the studied effort of the locofoco papers in this Territory to give their readers a false history of the difficulties in Kansas. The real truth of history has been almost invariably suppressed, and the readers of those sheets, if they have access to no other papers, are really as ignorant of the existing state of things in Kansas, with the causes that led to it, as they are of the principles of real democracy; that is, they know absolutely nothing. These papers have quoted as Kansas news little else than hasty telegraphic dispatches, communicated from the neighborhood of the scene of difficulties to such border ruffian papers as the Squatter Sovereign and Missouri Republican—dispatches which have generally been found afterwards to be incorrect.

Why do they not quote a little more from such papers as the St. Louis Intelligencer and Missouri Democrat, if they wish to quote from papers in slave States? Simply because these papers give too much truth to answer their purpose. Any man who reads those locofoco papers in Oregon, and depends upon them for information, must believe that the free State men in Kansas are all abolitionists—whereas there is no proof that one in fifty is such. Large numbers of them are from Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, and other slave States, who prefer to live in a free State to a slave State, consequently they wish as peaceable citizens to vote for freedom in Kansas at the polls, without interfering with slavery where it exists in the States. For this they have been driven from the polls, mobbed, and even inhumanly murdered, many of them, by armed parties from Missouri and South Carolina. Pardee Butler, a Reformer preacher from Illinois, was tarred and feathered, and sent down the Missouri river on a raft, for simply saying that although he was no abolitionist he should vote for freedom in Kansas. But strange to say, that while the Douglas democracy pretended to hatch the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, and boasted loudly about the people of the Territories having the right to admit or exclude slavery, when they found the people of Kansas were in favor of excluding slavery, these same locofoco organs justified the border ruffians from Missouri in their attempt to force slavery down their throats with bludgeons and revolvers, and have taken up the howl that the free State men are a pack of abolitionists sent there to kick up a fuss among slaveholders. The fact is that secret societies were organized in Missouri for the purpose of carrying slavery into Kansas, before a single emigrant went from New England. The Emigrant Aid Society, in assisting emigrants to go to Kansas, never inquired whether a man was for or against slavery. They went there in order to become permanent settlers, to till the soil, and make homes; whereas the Missourians went there to vote and return home. Indeed, from all the light that could be gathered from these locofoco papers one would suppose that Kansas was one of the counties of Missouri! We heard a good, honest old brother preach in this county two weeks ago, who spoke of "self-righteous men who had gone to Kansas to raise a disturbance with the slaveholders." We saw that he labored under the mistake that free State men had no right to go to Kansas and dispense slaveholders, and the idea occurred to us that he viewed Kansas as a part of Missouri. After meeting, we asked a friend what papers the preacher read. He replied, "The Standard, I think." Now we would suggest to these editors that they will have an awful account to settle hereafter for thus leading people astray, even if they do make their bread and butter here by "lying for the party." Let us have the truth on every question, if it shames the devil and injures "our party" too.

We were particularly amused by the Kansas news in the Times of last Saturday. In making a great bluster of fairness in giving both sides, by quoting from a "Northern abolition paper," as it calls all papers not sold to black democracy, the Times quotes an item of news which we took last week from one of the Missouri border ruffian newspapers, a black democrat organ; yet the Times tells its readers it got it "from the Cincinnati Commercial, a Free Soil paper!"

Well, young men, you've all got a fine, easy road to travel, while your party, based on falsehood and held together by the adhesive power of spoils and plunder, retains the power, but the end of your road is a good deal like that of another very "broad" popular road we read of. You must recollect what the old farmer told the preacher who had just delivered a discourse on universal salvation—"I like your road, Mr. Preacher; it's a broad road, a smooth road, an easy turpise to travel, but then there's such a hole of a toll at the end of it!"

This office is under particular obligations to Mr. E. D. Kelly for a bowl of delicious ice cream. He can count on us as his best friends—so long as the ice-cream lasts.

Wells, Fargo & Co. furnished us with files of California and States papers by last steamer.

J. W. Sullivan, as usual, has liberally supplied us with the best papers and periodicals in the country. Harper's July was among the number.

The Expositor again.

The last issue of the Expositor comes to hand with over two columns of grammar, logic, and truth, all "turned heads and points," by way of trying to clear C. H. Mattoon of two of the six charges we made against him two weeks ago. The four charges we made in relation to his slandering us, are discreetly passed by.—The Baptists of this section come in for the whole brunt of his venom. They inform us that in due time they shall take the proper steps to bring him to a "acknowledgment of his errors." If they do so, and make their charges against him publicly, so the world can see that we have been correct in every iota that we have stated, we shall probably pay but little more attention to the editor of the "medium of denominational correspondence." If not, we shall take up every item of his charges, and fasten from six to ten more falsehoods upon him, in addition to the six already nailed and clinched. The Baptists in this section are overwhelmed with shame and sorrow at the recklessness, ignorance, indiscretion, malice, falsehood, and other evidences of a bad heart, which have not only sunk this young editor low indeed, but disgraced the denomination with which he is connected. But by way of a choice specimen, we will give his effort to clear up one of the charges we made. We publish it entire, and make no comment upon it. Indeed, it needs none. Read it, and then say whether the files of all the backwoods papers in the world furnish a single specimen equal to it:—

"The sixth charge preferred against us by Mr. Adams, reads as follows:—

"Charge 6th.—C. H. Mattoon did on the 29th July inst. state in the Expositor that we understood him to say that we were in this office 'charge' that said Mattoon has uttered a ridiculous falsehood."

The said Mattoon has been guilty of no falsehood, and in proof of this we take the liberty of publishing a private letter from W. C. Johnson, one of the committee appointed by the Association to superintend the printing of the minutes. Brother Johnson will pardon us for making use of it:—

OREGON CITY, July 5, 1856.

The Argus office made a bid five dollars lower than the lowest you made for the printing of the Minutes. As your bid was your advertisement, the committee have agreed with Mr. Adams for the work to be done there, if he had not stated a price for which he would do it. If you deny the authenticity of the letter, you charge the committee with falsehood; if you admit the correctness of its statements, you stand convicted of a falsehood that has not even the redeeming quality of plausibility connected with it. In either case, you are in an unenviable position.

Yours, truly,

W. CAREY JOHNSON.

How does Mr. Adams reconcile this with his assertion that "neither of the committee" ever intimated to him "by nod, wink, or look," what our bid was; and that he "had not the slightest intimation from any other source?" How came the committee to know that your BID was five dollars lower than ours, if you did not agree with them to perform the work at that price? And how came the committee to agree with Mr. Adams for the work to be done there, if he had not stated a price for which he would do it. If you deny the authenticity of the letter, you charge the committee with falsehood; if you admit the correctness of its statements, you stand convicted of a falsehood that has not even the redeeming quality of plausibility connected with it. In either case, you are in an unenviable position.

Cold-blooded Murder of Joel Perkins.

Mr. J. J. Kennard furnishes us with the following facts, which he got from the expressman who brought in the news to the friends of Perkins in Yamhill. Mr. P., who was an old settler in Yamhill, and proprietor of Lafayette, was brutally murdered last week just at the foot of the Siskiyou mountain in Rogue River, on his way in from California with his family and a considerable amount of stock. It seems that Perkins, preparatory to leaving the house of a friend where he had stopped for several days to recruit his stock, went out in the morning in company with an Irishman who had lived with him a year or more as a servant, to gather up the stock. The Irishman returned in due time without Mr. P. Upon being questioned, he stated that Perkins would be in directly. Night came, and Perkins was still missing. The landlord suspected foul play, and rallied the neighbors to look for Perkins, taking the Irishman along, who by this time protested that Perkins had certainly been killed by the Indians. On failing to find him, Mrs. Perkins and the Irishman insisted on taking the stock and starting on their journey, as there was no doubt but that the Indians had put Perkins out of the way. A small boy, who was probably an adopted child, and was traveling with Perkins, begged the landlord to keep him, and not let the Irishman and Mrs. P. carry him along with them, as he feared they would kill him. The boy said he had often heard Mrs. Perkins and the Irishman consulting about killing Perkins while on the road, besides witnessing acts in the absence of Perkins which criminated these parties. The crowd, which had gathered to hunt for Perkins, renewed the search, compelling the Irishman to accompany them. They finally halted, slipped a rope over his neck and drew it over the limb of a tree, telling him that he had murdered Perkins, and he might as well confess it, as Mrs. Perkins had already revealed the whole matter. He began to curse Mrs. P. for a traitor, and acknowledged the crime, describing the ground where the body lay, and offered to show the way to it. He said that he shot Perkins in the back, as he was walking from him only a few yards distant, when Perkins wheeled and returned the fire, the ball grazing his cheek, but doing him no injury.—They then approached each other and clinched, when Perkins soon began to fall, and fell to the ground. The Irishman immediately seized his rifle and struck Perkins across the forehead, breaking in his skull, notwithstanding Perkins begged for his life, saying that he had two small children depending on him for support. He then let his victim alive, because he said he hadn't the heart to strike him again.

The body was found, and the circumstances corroborated the tale of the murderer.

Mrs. P. and her parson are now lodged in jail at Jacksonville.

Benevolent.

Sometime last winter Bush of the Statesman contracted with Dr. Chapkay to publish his advertisements for three months, and to be paid accordingly—in the Dr's medicine, very likely—yet we notice that Bush, considerate man! is still publishing the said advertisements, although the time expired more than three months ago, and in the case of one of them the time has been out over five months! This, however, may indicate nothing more than excessive benevolence on the part of the editor for his subscribers, a majority of whom no doubt are sadly in need of the information to be obtained of Chapkay, but it bears very much the appearance of a bid for the Dr.'s favor, in case of necessity.

Dr. Steele, who has been spending some time on Palmer's Indian Reservation, informs us that the Indian Eneas, who has been noted as an instigator of deeds of blood in the South, and who refused to come in with the Indians who surrendered to Buchanan, was taken prisoner two weeks ago in the camp on the coast, and is now in the blockhouse in Grand Ronde. Eneas first made his appearance among the Grand Ronde Indians, among whom he tarried three days, in order no doubt to see what villainy he could instill into the minds of his brethren. He then left for the camp over on the coast, where he was reported to the commanding officer by the Indians, who immediately required them to bring him in. He will be tried and dealt with according to law.

Gov. Stevens has called for two more companies of mounted volunteers, to serve for the term of six months, unless sooner discharged,—to take the place of those whose term of service is about to expire. Each company is to consist of one hundred men.

Rufus Enals who was lately sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary, for killing Joseph Grigsby at Portland last fall, is a brother of Mrs. Lamb, who is now in the same prison for the murder of her husband. They are said to be of the fighting stock.

The Expositor a rattling can.

"We are obliged to pay \$100 a month each for printers."—C. H. Mattoon's Expositor.

That's a whoopper! None but greenhorns can be imposed on by such a tale as that. Let the following figures show:—

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Items include 2 printers, 100 a month each; Editor, Devil; Printing paper and ink; House rent; Incidental expenses; Total; 375 paying subscribers, \$3.00 each; 2 columns advertisements, \$27.50 per col.; Job work; Grand total.

Showing a deficit of over four thousand dollars to be made up for one year's expenses of printing the Expositor, and to do which he will have to run his face for money, (never very good, and sadly damaged by his late treatment of his Eola friends, not one of whom would now trust him further than he could throw a two-year old bull by the tail,) or else he will have to draw on the funds of the American Bible Union, of which he passes himself off as the agent in Oregon, and which he is scaly enough to do. But the following figures approximate more nearly the true facts in a year's running of the old Ramage he got of Bush:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Items include 2 rats, each \$35 per month; Devil; Editor (Mattoon) to both grammar; Printing paper and ink; House rent; Incidental expenses; Grand total.

In this last calculation the "incidental expenses" of the Expositor office are set down at 25 cents, enough to purchase a couple of fine combs, which Mattoon could put to good service—the time spent in using them, however, not being taken into account, as it would not probably average more than half. Although we have put down the force in the office at two rats, we will take it back, as we have good reason to think there is but one of that stripe, a big, fat, greasy customer, with a hang-dog or sheep-thief cast of countenance, who was kicked out of the Statesman office (or ought to have been) for attempting to play the part of Judas on a small scale, by corresponding with a rival office, with the intent to damage his employer, and vent his spleen toward one of his fellow-workmen. He is now rattling for Mattoon, where he butchers grammar as unmercifully as his botches work. His conduct, take it all in all, we think entitles him to the dignity of being called a "rat" par excellence. Mattoon would do well to keep his eye skinned,—but it matters little, as they are, in the language of the "porek."

Par noble Grammar.

Mr. John Barlow has our thanks for some nice apples of the Early-June variety.

Seat of Government.

The following furnishes the Statesman rather a good opportunity to read the Sentinel out of "our party." The Sentinel is certainly not an orthodox black locofoco organ, or it wouldn't talk quite so much about the rights of the people, as it does.—It talks like an old-fashioned democratic paper in this respect:—

VOTE OF THE PEOPLE ON THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT QUESTION.—It will be seen by referring to the proclamation of the Acting Governor of the Territory of Oregon, that the question in relation to the Seat of Government will again be submitted to the people on the first Monday in October next, at which time the voters of said Territory may "designate their choice of said places, Salem and Eugene City, for Seat of Government of Oregon Territory." Will the people of this Territory pause and ask for information on the subject, or will they take the statement, "No returns received at this office from the counties of Wasco, Tillamook, Jackson and Josephine,"—as made by the Secretary alone. *

It will be seen by reference to the statement of Wm. Hoffman, published in another column, that the official vote for Jackson county was forwarded by military express.

No person will doubt for a moment but that Wm. Hoffman forwarded the certified abstract to the Secretary, by the express as he states, and if no other law does not more particularly define how the abstract shall be forwarded than the above, Hoffman did all he could or was required to do. *

Then Mr. Hoffman done his duty and if the returns from Jackson county did not reach the Secretary's office there has been some neglect, omission or abstraction somewhere between the county clerk's office in Jackson county and the Secretary's office in Salem.

The people of Oregon in our humble opinion, will not submit to a diversion of their will as expressed through the ballot-box.

The only thing that can be effected by the present moves in relation to the Seat of Government, is to procrastinate the location by the people, which question has been one causing considerable excitement since the winter of 1850 and '51. It was then a subject of log rolling and intrigue, and has not lost much, up to the present. —Jacksonville Sentinel.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

JACKSONVILLE, July 21, '56. EDITORS SENTINEL—Gentlemen:—In the last Sentinel you ask—"Will the Auditors of Jackson and Josephine counties, explain to the public, through the columns of the Sentinel, the cause of no returns being sent to the Secretary of the Territory?"

So far as I am concerned, I have to state, that immediately after the returns were received, I prepared the abstract of the votes, enclosed and addressed it to the Secretary of the Territory. I placed the package in the hands of James R. Peters, Esq., Qr. Master, to be forwarded by the Government Express, and I am informed by Mr. P. that it was forwarded as requested, in about a week after the election.

My object in sending the abstract by the Express, was to secure its earliest transmission, as the Express was nearly a week in advance of the next mail going out.

Respectfully, &c., Wm. HOFFMAN, Auditor, J. C. O. T.

The particulars of the battle at the Grand Ronde, where the Indians were thrashed by the Washington Territory volunteers under the command of the gallant Col. Frank Shaw, will be found in another column.

The Outrage in the U. S. Senate.

We are not able perhaps to select two articles from our exchanges which would more fully set forth the correctness of the position taken by the Statesman, than "all the morality and decency belong to the opposers of our party," than is done by the two following articles in relation to the assault upon Senator Sumner. The Louisville Journal is the organ of the American party in Kentucky, and the Richmond Enquirer the organ of locofocoism in Virginia:—

From the Louisville Journal.

The assault of Brooks upon Sumner in the Senate Chamber has created a prodigious excitement through the North. The assault is deeply to be regretted, because in the first place it was a very great outrage in itself, and because in the second place it was, especially if not promptly and properly punished at Washington, greatly strengthened the anti-slavery and anti-Southern feeling in the Northern States and thus help the Black Republican party.

It may be said with truth that Sumner, in his speech against Butler, Douglas, and others, transcended the legitimate freedom of debate. He certainly did, but that was properly the Senate's business. It is monstrous that a member of the House of Representatives should beat a Senator upon the floor of the Senate for a speech made in the Senate and having no reference to the individual administering the punishment. Sumner's speech, violent and incendiary and disgraceful as it was, was certainly no worse in its personalities than the speeches of Douglas have habitually been; and then its personalities, shameful as they were, had at least the advantage of being expressed in a style of scholarship greatly in contrast with the sloshed bilgewater of the Illinois Senator.

We have no sympathy for Sumner. He has deported himself as a pendent enemy of the peace and harmony of the country and no doubt deserved more punishment than he has received, yet every consideration of propriety and of the public good demands that Mr. Brooks shall be expelled from the House of Representatives. The Senate should deem his expulsion necessary to the maintenance of its dignity and its rights. And if the House should refuse to expel him, we think the Senate would be right in withdrawing from the members of the House the privileges they now enjoy upon the floor of the Senate.

We are not surprised to see that the people of South Carolina are holding meetings and passing resolutions in approbation of Mr. Brooks's conduct. They are a violent people, and we don't think they ever fall to approve an act of violence against what they hate—whether it be a man, a party, a law, or the Constitution of the United States. The U. S. Constitution ordains that a member of Congress shall not be called to account for words spoken in debate, and Mr. Brooks has sworn to support this very Constitution, which he deliberately violated in the Capitol when the oath was taken, breaking his oath and violating the Constitution and perpetrating what looks like an act of gross cowardice, all at the same time, and yet the South Carolina people resolve that for his conduct he is worthy of all praise. This only proves, that, had as the representative may be, as is no worse than the State he represents.

Mr. John Barlow has our thanks for some nice apples of the Early-June variety.

a very proper punishment to be meted out for it. The absurd and wicked resolution which the South Carolina people are adopting will serve only to exasperate to a still greater degree the public sentiment of the North. But this is what the South Carolinians want. They rejoice in whatever seems likely to promote the dissolution of the Union. There were twice as many traitors in South Carolina in the days of the Revolution as in any other State in proportion to population, and we think that her soil as a general rule grows more men now than it did then.

We are glad to see that all the respectable papers of the South take exactly the same view of the Brooks and Sumner affair that we have taken. All of them say that Sumner is entitled to no sympathy personally, but that Brooks has been guilty of a great outrage that ought to be punished.

From the Richmond Inquirer.

THE SUMNER DISCIPLINE.—THE NECESSARY REMEDY.—A few Southern journals, affecting an exclusive refinement of feeling or regard for the proprieties of official intercourse, unite with the Abolition papers in condemning the chastisement inflicted upon Sumner by the Hon. B. S. Brooks. We have no patience with these mealy-mouthed pharisees of the Press. Why not speak out and declare at once that you are shocked by the "brutality of a slaveholding ruffian?" It is much more manly to adopt the violent vocabulary of the Tribune than to insinuate disapprobation in the meek accents of a conscience-smitten saint.

In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks without condition or limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. These vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate are getting above themselves. They have been honored until they forgot their position. They have grown saucy, and dare to be impudent to gentlemen! Now, they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit or honor as a pack of curs. Infringed behind, privilege, they fancy they can slander the South and insult its representatives with impunity. The truth is, they have been suffered to run too long without collars. They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Brooks frightened him; and at the first blow of the cane he bellowed like a bull-calf. There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant, Nantick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take him in hand? Hale is another huge, red-faced, swartling scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk. These men are perpetually abusing the people and representatives of the South, for tyrants, robbers, ruffians, adulterers, and what not. Shall we stand it? Can gentlemen sit still in the Senate and House of Representatives, under an incessant stream of denunciation from wretches who avail themselves of the privilege of place to indulge their devilish passions with impunity? In the absence of an adequate law, Southern gentlemen must protect their own honor and feelings. It is an idle mockery to challenge one of these scoundrels. It is equally useless to attempt to disgrace them. They are insensible to shame, and can be brought to reason only by an application of cowhide or gutta serena. Let them once understand that for every vile word spoken against the South they will suffer so many stripes, and they will soon learn to behave themselves like decent dogs—they can never be gentlemen. Mr. Brooks has initiated this salutary discipline, and he deserves applause for the bold, judicious manner in which he chastised the scamp Sumner.—

It was a proper act, done at the proper time, and in the proper place. Of all the places on earth the Senate Chamber, the theater of his vituperative exploits, was the very spot where Sumner should have been made to suffer for his violation of the decencies of decorous debate, and for his brutal denunciations of a venerable statesman. It was literally and entirely proper that he should be stricken down and beaten just beside the desk against which he leaned when he fulminated his filthy utterances through the Capitol. It is idle to talk of the sanctity of the Senate Chamber since it is polluted by the presence of such fellows as Wilson and Sumner and Wade. They have desecrated it, and can not fly to it as to a sanctuary from the lash of vengeance.

We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, so that a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a carting or cowhiding every day. If the worse come to the worse, so much the sooner so much the better.

Temperance.

Perhaps among the many vices which degrade humanity, there is none so brutalizing in its tendencies, and so destructive in its effects, as intemperance. Grasping as it does high and low, rich and poor, it extends throughout the whole family of man, working out misery and death alike to all its votaries. That intemperance is an un-mixed evil, no reasonable person can deny. Choose a drunkard from our own community, (and I regret to say, there need be no difficulty in finding a specimen,) and examine him closely, physically, mentally, morally, and also in regard to his worldly possessions. Dare any one affirm that he is not in each one of these particulars a sufferer? The flushed cheek, the bloody eye, and the unsteady step, are the first indications of the presence of alcoholic stimulus in the system; of the fruit it bears in the person of the confirmed, inebriate I need not speak. He is so plainly marked in face and form, that the merest child can detect him at a glance, and will, if applied to, point out without hesitation, each individual drunkard in the community in which he resides. The effect produced upon the mind of its victim is even more deplorable than the wreck of his body, and though that may be. And if we look over the records of our courts of justice, and the statistics of our prisons, we shall find that in a majority of instances the convicts and prisoners are habitual drunkards, who have been tempted to their own ruin, by this evil spirit.—

SONG OF TEMPERANCE.

By it, the body is enfeebled, the power of the intellect is broken, the morals are depraved, and man squanders his substance for the momentary gratification of a corrupt appetite.