

Resolved, That we are in favor of the perpetuity of the American Union, of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States, and that we recognize these three as the basis of our political creed.

The above is the first resolution in the Republican platform adopted at Albany Feb. 12th. We hope there are few people in Oregon who dissent from the doctrines of this resolution, and we hope the handful of those who do dissent from them will not be materially increased by the fact that the principles have been endorsed by the "Black Republicans." There are at this time a few ignorant and unprincipled black democrats in the country, who pretend to say that they have hitherto always been in favor of making Oregon a free State, but since the "Black Republicans" are in favor of making Oregon great and prosperous by giving the field wholly to free labor, they have a great mind to damn the country for all time by voting for niggers, "just kaze they don't want to be found voting with Black Republicans."

We do hope that these Sons of black democracy won't conclude to tear the Constitution into atoms, trample on the Declaration of Independence, and "bust the Union all to smash," "just kaze the Black Republicans are for the Union and the Constitution." But, says one, what was the use of such a resolution? Can a prominent man of any political party be found who calls the principles herein enunciated in question? For the honor of the Republican party, we are proud to say that such a man cannot be found in their ranks. They are all loyal and true to the Union and the principles of the founders of the Government. If a single exception can be found, we call upon the whole list of locofoco organs, from the Washington Union down to Czapky's organ, to spot the man. If such a man exists, we dare you to point him out. Such men are only found among radical abolitionists and black democrats. The loyalty of the Republicans to the Union and the Constitution rendered them the special objects of hate to the radical abolitionists during the Presidential campaign. They more naturally sympathized with the locofocos; hence, such abolitionists as desired to work in a strong party, almost invariably went into the locofoco camp in preference to that of the Republican's. Mr. Appleton, a violent abolitionist, edited the Portland (Me.) Argus, a Buchanan paper. Appleton was once secretary of an abolition society in Portland. Benj. F. Hallett of Massachusetts, a leading locofoco now, once published an abolition paper in Providence, R.I. The abolitionist J. C. Lovejoy also went into the locofoco camp about the same time; so also Seth Payne of Ill., Stanley Matthews and Durbin Ward of Ohio, with many others that we might mention in different sections of the Union. We recollect also that a correspondent writing to the Anti-Slavery Standard complained that he could not get subscribers for that sheet because "this infernal Republicanism" was getting to be so popular.

But our object was to prove that leading abolitionists and leading locofocos are found who are hostile to this article of our creed. Let us instance a few who are opposed to the "perpetuity of the American Union."

Wendell F. Phillips, the big gun of abolitionism, says: "There is no remedy for the slave, but in the destruction of the Government." The Boston Liberator, an abolition paper, says: "Justice and liberty, God and man, demand the dissolution of the American Union and the formation of a Northern confederacy."

Now let us see what leading locofocos say. The Richmond Enquirer, a leading locofoco paper, says: "Sumner and Sumner's friends must be punished and silenced. Either such wretches must be hung or put in the penitentiary, or the South should prepare to quit the Union."

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, in a labored disunion article, says: "We rejoice in any event which makes common cause at the South, and foreshadows her destiny as a separate and independent people. The result [of Brooks's assault on Sumner] is, that the lines of sectionalism have been drawn deeper than before, to the disgust of party hacks, [Republicans,] and the satisfaction of true men [democrats] in the South."

The Richmond Enquirer, in speaking of the difficulties in Kansas, says: "It will enable us to get rid of the Yankee Presidents, and to preserve Anglo-Saxon freedom by reviving the old connection with the mother country. Who would not rather be ruled over by a lady like Queen Vic, than any nasal twanged gentleman the Yankee land can produce?"

Let us now quote from a Buchanan speech made by democratic Brooks in South Carolina, Oct. 3d: "I tell you, fellow-citizens, from the bottom of my heart, that the only mode which I think available for meeting it [the slavery issue] is just to tear the Constitution of the United States, trample it under foot, and form a Southern confederacy, every State of which shall be a slaveholding State."

"I tell you that our hope is alone in the South, and the only mode of making that hope available is for the South by some act to effect a dissolution of the American Union. These are my opinions. They have always been my opinions. I have been a disunionist from the time I could think. I shall vote for Mr. Buchanan," &c.

We next quote from a Buchanan speech made by L. M. Keitt, member of Congress from South Carolina, at Orangeburg Oct. 6th: "If Fremont is chosen, you have to choose between submission and dissolution. And when it comes to that, he who dallies is a dastard, and he who doubts is damned."

"The South is now moving, and I trust she will move. If Fremont is elected, the South must dissolve the Union." Senator Mason of Virginia, a war-horse in the black democratic party, made a speech Oct. 3d, during which he said, as a condition of the election of Fremont: "But one course remains for the South. Immediate, absolute and eternal separation. Better, far better, to stand to the Northern States as we stand to the rest of the world—'Enemies in war, in peace friends'—than to remain halting under a common government, enemies under the guise of peace, or friends at war."

The Charleston Mercury, in speaking of a democratic jubilee, held at Ninety-Six Depot, between Columbia and Greenville S. C., Oct. 3d, says: "There was but one voice in this great assemblage,—the dissolution of the Union is necessary to our salvation."

We might quote column after column from ultra abolition and black democrat papers and speeches of orators, showing that many leading men of both these parties are open and avowed disunionists, while the fact that not one of these men has ever been read out of the abolition or democratic parties, for their hostility to the Union, looks very much as though those parties were either controlled by disunionists, or dreadfully rotten. A man who bolts a midnight caucus nomination, and fails to vote for a drunken sheep thief, perhaps "regularly nominated" for constable, is kicked, cuffed, and spit upon, as a "bastard democrat," who threatens by departing from the "time-honored usages of our party," to burst up the foundations of the government, while such men as Brooks, Keitt, Edmondson, Wise, Toombs, and a thousand others, who unblushingly declare their wish to drive the parricidal steel home to the heart of the Union, are retained in the party as orthodox members, and not a single locofoco paper North or South, even dares to question their right to a seat at the communion table.

These very Southern disunionists we have already mentioned are men who control the democratic party at the South, and Czapky's organ recently averred that the late Presidential election was a Southern victory.

If this be true, it is of course a disunion triumph, at least it is a very good step toward it.

In view of all these facts, why is it not proper for the National Conservative Union, Republican party to introduce a Union plank into their platform?

A few words as to the Declaration of Independence. To the honor of the abolitionists be it said that we have never yet heard of any prominent man in that party who called this sacred document, which has been a standing text for all 4th of July orators for nearly eighty years, in question. We would to God we could say as much for the locofocos. Stephen A. Douglas, the father of black democracy, said in speaking of this document that "It was only meant to apply as between us and the people of Great Britain." It then simply means that we Americans are born with certain inalienable rights, which John Bull has no business interfering with. A liberal construction, truly!

The New York Day Book, a locofoco organ, says that it applies only to white people. Indians, Mulattoes, Spaniards, Africans, and Greasers, then, were not born with "inalienable rights," according to this very liberal Day Book. As fast as these dark-skinned tribes become citizens of our Confederacy, and are allowed to vote, we presume that the editor of the Day Book will stretch his charity so as to make the Declaration cover them. We have no doubt but what he has already stretched it so as to cover the niggers in the Alexandria precinct, Louisiana, who voted for Buchanan.

John C. Breckinridge, in a stump speech at Hamilton, Ohio, which we find reported in the Pittsburg Gazette, said: "Look at the principles of this party [the Republican]. Listen to the ignominy and reviling which they combine to hurl on our sister States. We are told the Declaration of Independence is embodied in the Constitution of the United States. The Declaration is an Abstraction. Put it in the Constitution and what would follow? It would follow that the Constitution must protect every man in his right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

"You would find it interfering with the institutions of the States, and it would lead our country rapidly to destruction. But why do I speculate upon what it would do? Long before this our Union would be obliterated forever. It would become as INTOLERABLE and HATEFUL, as its past has been beneficent and glorious."

We presume Breckinridge is pretty good democratic authority for throwing away the Declaration of Independence as a mere "abstraction," and worth about as much as an old almanac or a patent medicine handbill.

We could adduce ten times the proof we have, of the necessity of adopting this resolution, and planting our feet on the rock of the "Union, the Constitution, and the Declaration," that must successfully resist the waves of sectional fanaticism.

Ignorant men sneer at the "Black Republican" party, as they call it, because the lying organs of locofocoism and abolitionism have grossly and maliciously misrepresented our principles. It is hereafter to be the great National Union party, and it is bound to triumph in spite of the Devil and all hisimps.

"It was Gen. Lane's desire to obtain an appropriation at this session—but in this, he has, it seems, been foiled by a Black Republican House. We have cause to be thankful that the next House will be largely democratic, and then our measures will not be so unceremoniously strangled."—Portland Times.

Now, Peter, is it a fact that you have a single subscriber that is ass enough to think such stuff is worth \$2.50 a year, paid even in damaged vegetables?

If Gen. Lane desired to get the appropriation through this winter, and if he was prevented by the Republicans in the House, why didn't he apply to the Senate, which is largely black democratic, as he did in the case of the \$300,000 Indian appropriation last fall, which, after passing the Senate, was not objected to by a single Republican in the House? The fact is, and you know it very well, (if you have got that old head yet,) that both Republicans and black democrats in the Senate and House thought it was premature to make provisions for paying our war claims, as the locofoco Senate had already agreed not to "pay" them till they received the report of the commissioners appointed to "audit and allow" them. When a friend of Jo Lane introduced the bill into the Senate authorizing Secretary Davis to appoint commissioners to audit and allow these claims, and also authorizing the payment of them after being allowed, at the instance of Seward the locofoco Senate concluded to look a little into the commissioners' report themselves, before they made appropriations to pay them.

Bro. Pearne (and perhaps Peter) made a very silly attack on Seward at the time, as being the cause of the word "pay" being stricken out, just as if Seward had unlimited control over the Senate, and was responsible for what the locofoco party did at his suggestion!!

Well, you are a brace of political worthies, and deserve each a patent medicine almanac, with "reward of merit" written on the title page. If your readers have got any sense, don't treat them as if they were asses; but, if they really are donkeys, it ought to be your aim as Christian editors to improve them.

Dr. Henry has resigned his post as physician on the Indian Reservation. He informs us that the mortality among the Indians has been considerable, and at the rates at which they have died off the last year there will be no warriors left in four years. The Rogue River Indians are much dissatisfied, and declare their intention to return to Rogue River in the spring.—Old John says that they did not lose half as many men in time of war as they have lost through sickness on the Reservation, and his people will last as long again, and fight us all the time, as they will where they now are. A bread and beef diet does not agree with them. They need a few more snails and salmon.

The commissioners on war claims are at last making some head in the way of coming at business. They have agreed to be governed by the act of the Legislature in fixing upon the pay of volunteers.—They will consequently be allowed two dollars a day for services, and two dollars for horse hire, making four dollars a day to a man who found his own horse.

Congress has passed an act declaring the Mexican quarters worth only twenty cents, and twelve and a half cent pieces, one dime. This is designed to get them out of circulation and introduce American coin.

Congress has passed a new postage law requiring a prepayment on all transient papers of one cent. Books weighing not over four pounds, if put up in wrappers open at the end, can be sent for one cent an ounce, any distance less than 3000 miles; if over 3000 miles, two cents an ounce.

"I am tired and sick of the eternal din about 'niggers.' Some men are crazy to have 'niggers' to work for them, and others are crazy to work for 'niggers.'—Oregon, when they come to act upon this subject, will vote down nigger philosophy, nigger philanthropy, and teetotally dry up the whole nigger business."—Correspondent of Czapky's Organ.

The foregoing professions to have been penned by a free State democrat, who has got so dreadful stomachy that "wool" doesn't go down well any longer. Indeed he really hopes that the people of Oregon will "vote down nigger philosophy!" That would be as effectually killing the black democratic party, as Buchanan proposes to do when he threatens to "destroy all sectional parties." Douglas in violating the compromise and begetting "Bill Nebraska," laid the whole superstructure of locofocoism on "niggerism," for the purpose, as Benton said, of welding the South together as a democratic unit. Brooks said in his speech that he was a democrat but had "no politics but that of the nigger." Poor Pierce in his last message showed that he had no politics but that of the nigger," by devoting the great body of his message entirely to "wool." Black democrats are fed on

"wool," bidden on "wool," and rubbed down with "wool,"—in fact they are "wooled in every conceivable manner.—No wonder this poor locofoco is getting tired of his diet and wants the people to put a veto on wool. When the Republicans take charge of the government, we shall have President's messages devoted to something else besides "niggers," and wool as a political diet will be at a discount.

Perhaps nothing has transpired since the November election that has filled the democratic camp with such terror and dismay as the election of Simon Cameron, a Fremontier, over John W. Forney, Buchanan's pet, to the U. S. Senate from Pennsylvania. It has fallen like a thunder clap upon the Buchanan clubs and party whippers-in in every district in the Union, but especially in the District of Columbia. It is a moral earthquake, which has dreadfully racked every creaking joint in the Cincinnati platform, started some of the nails which Wise and Brooks thought they had clinched, and well nigh dislocated the joints of the cosy old bachelor-sage of Wheatland, who sat on it comfortably smoking his pipe, and, with the wand of democratic authority, beckoning up from the vasty deep of the "filthy pool of politics" John W. Forney, as a very necessary stake to be driven down in the Senate, to which to attach one of the cords of the democratic pavilion. The wand is stretched out toward Harrisburg, no doubts are entertained of its magic power to bring up whosoever the President will, the command is given—Forney, my son, come forth! A rumbling sound is heard, as of an approaching earthquake, there is an upheaving of democratic terra firma, and when the Sage of Wheatland prepares to embrace his darling Forney, up rises Simon Cameron, butting his head right against the timbers of the platform, smashing two or three of its planks to shivers, and confronts the quaking old bachelor face to face. 'Twas a throe of Young America that brought Cameron to the surface; Young America that has grown big under republican government, and Sampson-like begins to break the fetters, snap the withes, and burst the stays, of party drill. The soothsayers, astrologers, and wise men of the North and South stand aghast at the result.—They are unable to see why the same rules of political triconometry, which produced Buchanan as a quotient last November, should have failed in turning up Forney as a sort of dividing point between the quotient and an almost infinite number of decimals, to the right, in the shape of understrapper officials.

The slipping in of Cameron between Old Buck and the decimal appointees, of course crowds the whole row of understrappers one remove further down the scale, and decreases the value of each ten fold. Taking this view of the case, it is beyond the power of mathematics to compute the loss the locofoco party has sustained by the election of Cameron. There was a wait went up from the democratic camp at Washington, locofoco office seekers wept and refused to be comforted, because Cameron had crowded out Forney, and of course Old Buck would crowd Forney in among them, notwithstanding they were nearly suffocated with "serowing" already. Alas! Alas! The tide of politics, like that of "true love, never do's run smooth." Of the truth of this poor Pierce, as well as Forney, is a living witness.—After all the hard democratic lying, expenditure of cash, and Herculean labor to defeat Fremont and save the Union, what a pity to see the Union so soon "busting all to smash!" Wise and Brooks threatened to dissolve the Union if Pennsylvania did not elect Buchanan. Pennsylvania covered under the threat, and gave the South Buchanan for President, but before they turned him over, Bigler just after the vote of the electoral college, proceeded by authority of that State to brand him with "Free Kansas." This of course made an ugly sore on the old fellow, which exceedingly shocked the modesty of Wise, and caused the Southern fire-eaters, like Brooks, Keitt, Toombs, and Orr, to mistrust that they had been bitten in the bargain. While Pennsylvania it seems, had already elected several democratic members to her legislature, who, to make themselves popular with the people during the canvass, had stripped off their democratic covering, and shown the people that they also were deeply branded with "Free Kansas," and were in heart, soul, and sympathy, Republicans in all except the name. Three of these men were no doubt honest in their asseverations, and, when the election came off for Senator, these men thought that as Forney had never yet had the "Free Kansas" iron applied to him, there might be a little danger of his becoming mixed up with Wise's woolly goats, and thus become lost to Pennsylvania and Kansas, through embarking with Wise in a speculation in "five thousand dollar niggers" to "save the Union," and to be sure to have Pennsylvania properly represented in the U. S. Senate, these three men bolted the "regular caucus nomination," and supported Cameron as a man in whose honesty they could confide, he having stumped the State for Free Kansas and Fremont, which showed that he meant just what he said, and was too honest to try to gull the people by whiping the devil round the stump.

The election of Cameron was secured by a union of the Republicans, Americans, and Free Kansas democrats. As we said before, it is purely a triumph of Young America, which is fast outgrowing the old foggy traps of a corrupt and rotten party drill.

Some of the papers state that Buchanan's officiousness in meddling with the election of a Senator from Pennsylvania operated to defeat Forney. The following letter is published in the Harrisburg Telegraph, having been addressed to a friend, declaring his wishes:

"As my position on the subject of electing a United States Senator may be misunderstood, I beg you to say to my friends that Col. John W. Forney, in my opinion, will best serve my administration of all those named, and I will feel complimented and obliged for the votes of my friends in his favor for that office. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Black, and so on, are very fair men, but Col. Forney's claims are far superior to those of all others."

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We learn from several citizens of Yamhill that fears are entertained in that section of the murder of J. J. Kennard, formerly of this city, by a man near Muddy in that county, for whom Kennard had been building a house. The story is, that some person in passing the house saw the proprietor drag Kennard out of the house with a severe cut on the head, made by a stick of wood with which he had been knocked down. The man called to the person who was passing and requested him to bring a rope that he might tie Kennard. He refused to do so, and passed on, as he didn't want to have anything to do with the quarrel. As soon as he left he heard the landlord call upon his wife to bring a rope. At the next house he got a neighbor to return with him, and see what was up.—When they got back, the landlord had Kennard tied, and was taking him, covered with blood, and his clothes nearly torn off, back towards a creek near by. They told Kennard he had better leave, but he said he would not leave the house till he had got pay for his work. Since that time Kennard has not been seen, and fears are entertained that he has been murdered.—Mr. K. has lived with us a good deal, and was a young man of excellent character, and we hope the suspicions of the populace may prove unfounded.

The name of the man who is suspected we do not recollect, but believe he moved to Muddy from Portland.

The neighbors, we learn, have turned out to investigate the matter.

We learn that a son of Judge Rowland, aged perhaps fifteen years, disappeared from home some two weeks ago, and, after being absent some four or five days, returned and gave the following account of himself:—On the morning of his disappearance from home, he went to the barn before day to feed the horses. While there a man rode up, and, dismounted, drew a pistol and ordered the boy to catch his father's best horse and follow him, on pain of being shot if he refused. The lad, nearly paralyzed through fear, did as he was ordered, and, saddling a horse, started with his captor toward Portland. His captor followed the road but little, taking trails mostly through the woods, expecting when it was necessary to cross the streams at bridges. They stopped at several places on the way, and staid all night perhaps at a house where the man seemed to be acquainted. When in the neighborhood of Portland, they stopped at a house outside of town, and two more strangers came to them, who, after conversing in a very low tone with his captor, went off down to town, and were gone some time. When they returned they all took the boy, and went into the woods, and camped.—The boy lay awake nearly all night, when, toward morning, he says the men all fell into a sound sleep, and he seized the opportunity to saddle his horse and make good his escape, and, passing through Portland without saying anything to anybody, he reached home thirty-five miles distant in safety.

This is an unaccountable narrative, but we give the story as we got it from a neighbor of Judge Rowland. We understand that the Judge has taken the boy with him and gone to try to hunt up the gentlemen.

Amos Harvey, Esq., of Bethel, Polk county, has sent us a box of choice shrubbery, and some mouster carrots, for which he will please accept our thanks.

Mrs. Stanton, of Marion county, has our particular thanks for that lot of garden shrubbery and those flower roots.

J. W. Ladd, Esq., has also contributed a liberal bundle of garden shrubbery from his celebrated nursery, for which he shall be remembered.

Mr. Wm. Fouts, of Canemah, has not forgotten the printer "in hog killing time," but out of that 520 pound groter has manufactured and sent us a lot of sausage that was just to our notion. Long may "Uncle Billy" wave.

We learn that Mr. Weaver drowned three of his children in attempting to cross Myrtle creek, Umqua, with his team, a few days since. Myrtle, Cow, and Looking-glass creeks seem to be peculiarly fatal.

Czapky's organ says that its subscription price has been reduced to \$3.00 from \$4.00. It has received that it would vastly increase its subscription list by so doing. It intimates that notwithstanding the reduction, the new subscribers don't come. It is getting a "right smart sprinkle" down this way, (over the left).—A lady in this city lately told us that her husband must stop it immediately, "for the thing wasn't fit to come into a family." White women are down on it, and when a paper is in ill repute among the ladies it might as well begin to prepare for going under. The fact is, the only female we have ever seen with this dirty sheet in her hands was a squaw, who had it wrapped around a bundle of salmon skins.

The Supreme court of North Carolina has recently decided that a Universalist is not a competent witness in the courts of that State. \* \* \* This decision is a burning disgrace upon North Carolina, and ought to make the citizens of that State hang their heads in shame.—Czap's Organ.

The Supreme court of North Carolina has recently decided "no such thing. If you had taken the trouble to cross question Wiggins a little, when he gave you the information, you might have got at the facts of the case."

Alonzo the brave, Alonzo the orthodox, is going to save the democratic party.—Czap's Organ.

The above is stolen almost word for word from the Oregonian. It is not long since that we detected this young man in stealing an editorial from Thurlow Weed's Albany Evening Journal. He has now resorted to retelling a standing editorial of the Oregonian. It is a little remarkable that when this editor wishes to make up for his lack of brains by stealing from other papers, he always goes to what he terms Know Nothing or abolition papers.

An abolition convention was held at Worcester Mass., Jan'y 15th, to take into consideration the expediency of trying to effect a dissolution of the Union. Now, as these abolitionists of the North and the fire-eating locofocos of the South are both open and avowed disunionists, we cannot see why they should not fraternize and call a union meeting of abolition and black democrat disunionists.

We suggest that they hold a camp meeting on the old duelling ground in the District of Columbia, and try to fuse these Northern and Southern elements into one grand consolidated party. They could raise a few votes in every State in the Union, and could therefore very consistently call themselves the "National democracy."

This name would of course soon make it a formidable party, and as soon as it bids fair to carry, every prominent locofoco in the country would seek to be a leading member of it.

"Anybody who reads Dryer's slang, and the venomous abuse of 'Argosne Adams' upon Democrats, need not take the trouble to read the Standard. When these bigger dogs bark, the little whiffet of the Standard yelps as much like them as he can."—Czap's Organ.

The fact that you are now stealing editorial from the Oregonian, the fact that the "bushites" in Multnomah induced Dryer to run against Brown, as also the fact that you gave Dryer a puff last winter for kicking Leland out of his party, has induced many democrats in this section to believe that Dryer has his string around your neck and is leading you around as a political poodle to bark for him.

We do wish that somebody who knows, would tell us exactly to what parties Chick, Peter, Leland, T'Vault Dryer and "bro. Pearne" belong.

Bro. Pearne is nearly on his head, for the following reasons: A correspondent of the Advocate in Benton county stated that somebody had raised 3230 grains of corn from one kernel planting. The N. Y. Times notices the statement, and thinks that must be "some" for corn. Bro. Pearne goes off in ecstasies at seeing the Advocate notice in the Times; quotes the whole article from that paper, and puffs the Times as a remarkably fine paper, (wishing it distinctly understood that he does not pass any opinion on its politics.—Republican.) He thanks the Times cordially for "acknowledging the corn," and winds up by expressing his firm conviction that such a great corn county as Oregon can never be entirely "busted up" by the outrageous attacks of the N. Y. Tribune.

Corn has been the cause of turning a great many men crazy.

The Standard is still raining hail upon those "drunken rowdies" that composed the locofoco menagerie at the "Jackson Jubilee bar dance" in Salem. When at the Republican Convention at Albany, we could not help thinking of the contrast between the character of the members present and what we generally find at a locofoco gathering. We do not suppose that a single delegate tasted liquor while in Albany, and we venture the prediction that every man in that convention approves of social good order, and subscribes to the doctrine of Washington, that upon the virtue and intelligence of the people rests the perpetuity of the Government.

The gold received in the East, during the year of 1856, from California, amounted to \$49,612,231.

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Mr. Wm. Fouts, of Canemah, has not forgotten the printer "in hog killing time," but out of that 520 pound groter has manufactured and sent us a lot of sausage that was just to our notion. Long may "Uncle Billy" wave.

We learn that Mr. Weaver drowned three of his children in attempting to cross Myrtle creek, Umqua, with his team, a few days since. Myrtle, Cow, and Looking-glass creeks seem to be peculiarly fatal.

Czapky's organ says that its subscription price has been reduced to \$3.00 from \$4.00. It has received that it would vastly increase its subscription list by so doing. It intimates that notwithstanding the reduction, the new subscribers don't come. It is getting a "right smart sprinkle" down this way, (over the left).—A lady in this city lately told us that her husband must stop it immediately, "for the thing wasn't fit to come into a family." White women are down on it, and when a paper is in ill repute among the ladies it might as well begin to prepare for going under. The fact is, the only female we have ever seen with this dirty sheet in her hands was a squaw, who had it wrapped around a bundle of salmon skins.

The Supreme court of North Carolina has recently decided that a Universalist is not a competent witness in the courts of that State. \* \* \* This decision is a burning disgrace upon North Carolina, and ought to make the citizens of that State hang their heads in shame.—Czap's Organ.

The Supreme court of North Carolina has recently decided "no such thing. If you had taken the trouble to cross question Wiggins a little, when he gave you the information, you might have got at the facts of the case."

Alonzo the brave, Alonzo the orthodox, is going to save the democratic party.—Czap's Organ.

The above is stolen almost word for word from the Oregonian. It is not long since that we detected this young man in stealing an editorial from Thurlow Weed's Albany Evening Journal. He has now resorted to retelling a standing editorial of the Oregonian. It is a little remarkable that when this editor wishes to make up for his lack of brains by stealing from other papers, he always goes to what he terms Know Nothing or abolition papers.

An abolition convention was held at Worcester Mass., Jan'y 15th, to take into consideration the expediency of trying to effect a dissolution of the Union. Now, as these abolitionists of the North and the fire-eating locofocos of the South are both open and avowed disunionists, we cannot see why they should not fraternize and call a union meeting of abolition and black democrat disunionists.

We suggest that they hold a camp meeting on the old duelling ground in the District of Columbia, and try to fuse these Northern and Southern elements into one grand consolidated party. They could raise a few votes in every State in the Union, and could therefore very consistently call themselves the "National democracy."

This name would of course soon make it a formidable party, and as soon as it bids fair to carry, every prominent locofoco in the country would seek to be a leading member of it.