

It will be recollected that Mr. Edge of Tennessee submitted a resolution to Congress on the 15th of last December, condemning the African slave trade as a "horrid and inhuman traffic, shocking to the moral sentiments of the enlightened portion of mankind," and that any "action on the part of Congress legalizing or sanctioning at the legalizing" of the traffic "would subject the United States to the reproach and execration of all civilized and christian people throughout the world." This resolution passed by a vote of 152 yeas, to 57 nays.

The New York Day Book, to which we have frequently alluded as a violent locofoco sheet, comes down upon Edge's resolution, as a "traitor" opening up "an atrocious crusade against the South." After publishing Mr. Edge's resolution, it says:

"We publish it for the especial benefit of our Southern friends, and at the same time, solemnly ask them how we are to make head against this atrocious crusade against the South, when they themselves not only harbor traitors in their midst but actually honor them with a seat in the national Legislature! The mover of this infamous resolution," &c.

"Now, can it be possible, or is it in the nature of things possible, that bringing these negroes here is wrong? Can it be wrong to transform rude and brutal savages into useful and happy Christians? Or can it be right to carry these negroes back to Africa, to transform Christian beings into roaming, semi-bestial savages? 'Yes,' say the 'civilized world' say—'yes,' say the Tories and lackeys of kings and aristocrats—'yes,' say the upholders of European oppression—all those who desire to preserve artificial distinctions among those God has made equal—'yes,' say the deluded and deluded Abolitionists, and 'yes,' says moral and humane Mr. Edge! But this is only one side of the case, though it is abundantly sufficient to convince any sane man that a stupendous imposture is practiced somewhere."

We have before shown that many prominent locofocos are avowed disunionists, and we believe that every one of the 57 men who voted against the Edge's resolution was a locofoco, while the Day Book unflinchingly advocates the revival of the slave trade as true democracy. Well, there must be a "revival" of some kind in the locofoco church, or it will soon go in.—The returns of the last election, together with the defeat of Forney, has caused the overseers to report with pain that "there has been a slight decrease in our numbers." The Day Book by advocating the "revival" of the slave trade, has not forfeited its seat at the communion table of its church; indeed, we have seen no intimations that it has ever been "admonished" by any of its brother editors. Wagonseller, Lebo, and Meneer, who bolted a locofoco caucus, have been burnt in effigy, read out of the party, kicked out of it, and eulged out of it, besides being snarled at, and spit upon, by the whole editorial corps from the Pennsylvania down to Czap's organ, while disunionists and slave pirates are sound members of the church! If the editor of the Day Book had been guilty of bolting a caucus for nominating a candidate for the Five Points precinct, he would have become a football for every locofoco to kick at, but as he is only for declaring piracy a humane calling, he is not at all subject to be dealt with in the modern democratic organization. Well, the doctrine of the Day Book is the only consistent locofocism there is, after all. It harmonizes well with the old Calhoun doctrine of "State rights," with the doctrine that "African Slavery is a humane, moral and Christian Institution," as also the squatter sovereignty doctrine that "The people of the Territories shall have slavery if they choose, in spite of the U. S. Government, and the world." If we are to buy negroes, what is the difference whether we buy them of Wise or the King of Dahomy? Will some man versed in locofoco ethics tell us? To us it does seem a perfect shame to be compelled to pay Wise \$5000 for "a good sound nigger" when as good an article can be bought of the King of Dahomy for \$50. It some how or other doesn't seem to accord with the doctrine of "Free trade," "individual rights," and also with "Legislation upon a proper basis and the equal rights of mankind."

On the 4th of the present month, John Appleton of Maine was to take charge of the Washington Union, as sole editor and proprietor, in place of Pierce's old favorite. It is said that Appleton is a particular favorite with Buchanan, and has his entire confidence. This is the same Appleton who edited the Argus in Maine, of whom we have had occasion to speak as a renegade abolitionist. He was once the secretary of the abolition society in Portland, Me., and was noted for his hostility to the South. Like all apostates, he is said to be now peculiarly bitter against his quondam brethren, and can swallow as much wool as Wise himself. He ought to be promoted by the party, and his ambition and talents have at last placed him where he can exert a wider influence for black democracy than he probably could as overseer on Wise's plantation, the only post, excepting as editor of the Union, he is fit for.

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Over the Falls. We have to record another melancholy accident this week, which has added two more to the list of persons who have already lost their lives around the Falls at this city. The steamer Portland came over the Falls on last Tuesday afternoon, with Captain Arthur Jamison, and Alexander Bell, a deck hand, on board, who, of course have not been heard of since. The Portland had left the basin of the works on the other side of the river, where she had been to unload her freight just brought down from Yamhill. The regular engineer was on this side of the river attending to repairs of the rudder which had given way while up the river, and which had been lashed with ropes for temporary use. The engineer for the time was Dutch Pete, a fireman. When the boat shoved off from the Mills her rudder became unmanageable, and she went stern foremost. Just at this juncture, Dutch Pete jumped overboard into the basin, but was carried over the breakwater, when he caught hold of a saw-log that was fast, and he was soon roped out by persons in the mill. The boat darted with great rapidity down the chute toward the falls, stern foremost, her engine working all the time. Before she reached the brink of the falls, Jamison and Bell jumped off.—The boat in going over the brink of the falls, broke in two, and whistled. She was torn into ten thousand fragments, which soon came drifting past the city. Her pilot-house came down almost entire, containing trunks, clothing, bedding, guns, and other articles which were nearly dry, showing that it escaped being submerged in making the frightful passage.

Both men who lost their lives were single. Captain Jamison has two brothers here, one of whom runs the Enterprise, and the other was engineer on the Portland, but was on this side of the river at the time of the accident. The one who is lost is the same person we mentioned a year ago, as having periled his life with Len White in rescuing a boy that was about going over the falls in a skiff. He was noted for coolness and intrepidity in time of danger, and by his steady habits, industry, and honesty, he had won the confidence of all who knew him. We sincerely sympathize with his afflicted brothers, who have met with an irreparable loss, far from home, in a strange land.

We are informed by a gentleman of this city that he has written to a friend who proposes to come to Oregon, and requested him to bring out an oil mill. The probability is that an oil mill will be started in the course of a year. That we ought to have one in operation within the next twelvemonth, we can easily demonstrate. From the best data we can get at, our Territory is consuming not less than four thousand gallons of linseed oil per annum at an aggregate cost of at least nine thousand dollars. This is a small item of expense compared to what is sent out of the country in cash for salt, sugar, iron, brooms, paper, farming utensils, and a hundred other things that we ought to produce at home; but it is worth saving. Besides, oil could be manufactured here for the California market, and, at present prices there, enable the manufacturer here to pay two dollars or more per bushel for flax seed.—From our own observation, flax does remarkably well, and our land will turn off at a moderate yield fifteen bushels of seed to the acre. This at two dollars a bushel would give a return of thirty dollars per acre, rather more we think than can be made from a wheat crop. Now, what we wish to say is, that as we shall have an oil mill in operation, we shall need the wherewith to supply it. In order to have this, we must begin to raise seed. Will all our farmers get a little seed and sow this spring? Try to sow an acre, if convenient; if not, sow a little, and let us be ready for the oil mill.

We are under particular obligations to such of our friends as have been successfully engaged of late in extending our circulation. We still have room for more, and we would like to book the names of several hundred who have been intending to take it soon. Our present volume closes in three weeks more.

Just here we would like to say that there are many men who have now been taking The Argus nearly two years, who have never yet paid us a cent. We are now actually in great need of the money. We have borrowed and paid interest in order to be lenient on our subscribers. Dunning we hate, and we have never yet sent out bills to our subscribers, as most publishers have. This of course is the same as dunning. Our patrons know what they owe us, and we never could see why a debt cannot be paid without any dunning. Many of our patrons have paid us up promptly, besides using their influence to procure us new subscribers. We are getting along finely, (or would be, if we could get our pay,) but we would like to do better still. We are now printing (all things considered) by far the cheapest paper in the Territory, and no man can fail to get his money back who takes it and pays for it.

We have neither seen or heard of a Table Rock Sentinel for many weeks.—Will some of our correspondents at Jacksonville, inform us where it was when last seen, whether it was on "good grass" or not, and whether it had a bell on?

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We understand that there is a peg loose in the Land Office at Salem, which accounts for the "delay in issuing patents." Col. Gardner was abused by Czap's agent as being the cause of this "delay," when the blockhead knew that Col. G. had no control over the matter; but he thought his readers knew no better, and it was a nice opening to abuse Gardner, and elevate himself with the country people as a faithful and vigilant democrat, and thus apologize for having his father-in-law appointed in Gardner's place. If no patents come for the next ten years, we shall hear no more complaint about "delay in issuing" as long as the Land Office is in the family. If Fremont had been elected, we should have had the Angeon stables swept out of every unclean thing that now holds office in the Territory, besides being sure of a Pacific Railroad, which would have enriched every landholder in Oregon. As it is, we must grin and bear it through another long gloomy four years of misrule.—We do not wish to be understood as intimating that there are no officials who do their duty. We believe there are some, and a faithful public servant we honor even if he is a black democrat. But we know it to be a fact that as a general thing, any official who dares to be a gentleman, will soon be kicked out of the locofoco party. We will instance Col. Gardner and Col. Kelly, whose only faults have been that they were not entitled to be called very dirty dogs. Czap's organ and all the other locofoco papers have been literally howling for the last year, on account of delinquencies of postmasters and mail agents by way of detaining mails, robbing mails of money, and other delinquencies too numerous to mention, and this paper at Salem says "we need a change, anything for a change, even to a Black Republican administration." Well, after all this fuss, what is done? Czap's agent says he finally ferrets out one mail robber, who has been at his old tricks a long time, and because he is a locofoco official, he covers up the whole matter, and agrees to keep dark for a certain consideration, instead of handing the villain over to the law, as he was bound to do! Thus he is, through party feeling, left in office to steal other people's money, instead of being removed and placed in the penitentiary, where he, and the scoundrel who "ferreted him out," ought to be.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind! The best that can be said of this whole transaction is, that it is a fair exhibition of the policy of locofocism in Oregon:—Neglect duty, get your salary, steal all you can, cover up and hide for one another, and then whip the "floating political excitement," as Czap's organ calls the hard handed yeomanry, up to the polls to vote a "clean (?) democratic ticket!"

By the way, we had like to have forgotten to invite the "floating political excitement" to call at the Land Office for their sheep skins.

The last Advocate comes to hand with an article headed "Personal," tastefully displayed by heavy ink scrolls circumventing the whole concern. The article is nothing more than the ejection of a little chronic bile at the writer in our paper two weeks ago, clearing up the charges made against J. W. Bell. Now we are at a loss to know whether "Bro. Pearne" made those heavy ink-marks about the article merely for the purpose of calling our attention to it, or whether he was so ashamed of it that in the copy he sent to us, he determined to dip his finger in the ink and expunge it, by blurring it over. In our wonted charity, we prefer to think it was for the latter reason.

"Bro. Pearne" charges our correspondent with much looseness of style, &c., but does not attempt to point out but one discrepancy in his statements. Here it is: "He says we stated that 'Mr. Bell's letter reads, the Prot. Meth. Ministry,' &c., while the quotation from the Advocate of Dec. 29th, which he gives in support of his allegation of falsehood, says, 'He (Mr. Bell) represents,' &c."

Now "bro. Pearne" are you not ashamed of that silly quibble? Did not our correspondent give your remarks about him in the paragraph you quote from, entire, verbatim et literatim? Afterwards, in speaking of the matter, he casually uses "reads" for "represents," and you proceed to make a silly criticism upon it, as a perversion of fact, just as though the "representation" of an article was not founded upon the "reading" of it. Why, "bro. Pearne," this is certainly nicer work than splitting the hundred and first hair on the head of regularly-combed Hard-Shell orthodox.

By the way, we like the plan you have hit upon to have your editorials read.—Hereafter when you write anything interesting that you wish your readers to notice, just make big ink marks around it.—It will probably cause it to be read, whereas it would otherwise escape notice.

We shall not retort upon you for charging us with being "utterly devoid of self respect" because we published the communication aforesaid. Our creed does not allow us to return railing for railing, besides we are out of ammunition for small game just now.

The Court House at Lafayette was several weeks since burnt down by an incendiary. The records and papers belonging to the District and County Commissioners' Courts were all consumed. The Probate Judge had shortly before removed his papers from the Court House to another building.

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We learn that there is constant stealing still going on in and around Salem. Several stores have been broken into and valuables in the way of money and liquor abstracted. From their "hankering" for liquor, we presume this must be the same gang of scoundrels that have been harrying around the seat of government, stealing "poll books," "election returns," and "robbing country post offices of money." It seems hard to catch the villains, for as soon as one is "ferreted out," the mischief is covered up through "political and family considerations."

A long time ago we saw notices in the Advocate and Standard that we were about to start a paper mill in Oregon City. We have searched diligently in every nook and corner, where we thought a paper mill would be likely to be reared, but we have seen none, and heard of none, neither can we find anybody who has— Now we believe a paper mill could be made to pay, and we of course ought to have one, but we see no signs of one yet. Will the Standard and Advocate give us a little more light about the paper mill?

We learn from "one of em" that the locofoco wire-pullers in this city have already made out a full "democratic ticket" for the coming election. All that remains to be done is to go through the form of a convention to ratify it, and the motion of an election in June. We have not yet learned whether the "uncircumcised" had any hand in getting up the ticket. We presume not, however. Their business is to vote the ticket, not to make it.

Will the Postmaster at Salem please to bear in mind that he violates the law regulating his duties when he sends back The Argus we send to Czap's organ, marked "Refused." The paper is "paid for," and we feel particularly anxious that he should read our strictures on the conduct of transgressors, notwithstanding he still persists in his silly refusal to exchange. We harbor no malice toward the poor creature, and we shall endeavor to reform him "while the lamp holds out to burn," by sending him The Argus, with an occasional tract on "The Sin of Lying."

The Missouri Democrat, Benton's organ, in speaking of Judge Doolittle, the Republican Senator from Wisconsin, says: "The Wisconsin U. S. Senator, Judge Doolittle, is a ready, eloquent debator, a man of unflinching integrity and of the highest moral character, coupled with large experience and varied learning. His election will do honor to the party and to the noble State he is to represent. He has always till within the last year or two, acted with the Democratic party, and he now, as ever, holds to the true faith of the fathers of that party. With Douglas and the authors of the Nebraska inquiry, he has no sympathy."

The Democrat tells the truth exactly when it says that Judge Doolittle, as a Republican, "holds to the true faith of the fathers of the democratic party." The fact is, one of the leading men in the black democratic party, told us last year, that Jeffersonian democracy was nothing but Know-nothingism. By this he meant to say that "democracy now isn't what it used to be." Exactly so.

It will be recollected that we published an article from a Buchanan paper in Louisville, Kentucky, last summer, in which General Jackson's bones were dug up, and sacrificed on the altar of modern democracy.

We are under particular obligations to Greely for that Tribune Almanac. It contains a fund of statistical information that renders it exceedingly valuable.

YAMHILL, March 10, 1857. Dear Adams—I notice in your issue of Jan. 3d a piece headed "Slavery and Freedom," over the signature of J. E. L. from which it appears to be just awakened to a full consciousness of the danger of Oregon's being doomed to the curse, the withering blight, of slavery. I am glad, very glad, that he has been roused from his sweet dreams and premature hopes of security. And I hope he can realize the fact that a few words rightly spoken in due season are often productive of great good, and also that an inadvertent slip of the tongue, an arrow shot in the wrong direction, often creates irreparable damage.—Therefore we must think before we speak,—look before we shoot, lest the shaft intended for the enemy should light in our own camp. The crisis is fast approaching that will either proclaim Oregon a free State or a land of bondage, and much remains yet to be done. It is necessary that we should be united, that we should know and understand our enemy. I can assure my friend J. E. L. that it ain't "Pikers" against whom we sound the tocsin of war; our foe is more subtle: it conceals its real intention for no other purpose than to lure the friends of freedom into the belief that there is no danger. Therefore I caution our friend to judge more leniently of the poor Pikers—not that I feel aggrieved myself, or that I am in any way offended. I have long been aware that we are regarded with a jealous eye by the friends of liberty. Why it should be so, I know not, unless it is because we are so unfortunate as to hail from a land that has been from time immemorial infatuated with a little word, and a little song commencing,

Democracy is our principle, Allah! Allah! It ain't nothin' else, Allah! Allah! What the soul is to the body, Allah! Allah! Huzza for democracy! Allah! Allah! Allah! Not being able to appreciate the beauty and

Democracy is our principle, Allah! Allah! It ain't nothin' else, Allah! Allah! What the soul is to the body, Allah! Allah! Huzza for democracy! Allah! Allah! Allah! Not being able to appreciate the beauty and

excellency of the sublime little piece, I learned no more. But, however, I think that our friend will readily see that the war is not against the Pikers or the people of any particular State. But it is against the "locofocos" generally, and I hope in future he will shoot that way, for it is "meself" he is talking about when he speaks of Pikers,—yet I don't know that I am very tenacious about it. But great care should be taken to avoid the natural jealousy of human nature—there is a strong sentiment in man, a secret tie that binds him to the land of his birth, though that land possesses not one bright oasis, though it be a land of tyranny and oppression from which he was forced to flee, still he holds sacred the memory of his native land.

"The savage loves his native shore, Though rude the soil and chill the air; Then well might sons of Pike adore 'The land which nature formed so fair.' Now, my brother Pikers, you will soon be called on to vote for or against slavery, and I ask of you to be ruled not by avarice, but follow the promptings of your hearts,—their dictation will be just. Look at the circumstances which surround Oregon, and ask yourselves, Would it flourish better with slavery than without it? Your answer must be, No. Again, look at the difficulties attending their transportation hither; upon the high seas they are as free as any man, and any vessel suspected of having slaves on board is liable to be boarded by Revenue cutters, the cargo treated as contraband goods, the crew as pirates. To attempt to bring them across the plains would be almost equally as perilous. A PIKER.

The melancholy and sudden destruction of the steamer Portland on Tuesday last, is most deeply deplored as the cause of the awful death of her master, ARTHUR JAMISON. Of him, it can be said, with absolute truth, he lived without an enemy, and died mourned by all. No one who knew him, and few among us were better known, could fail to esteem and love him, and honor the amiable and excellent qualities that composed and adorned his character. With three brothers he came to Oregon from Scotland several years ago, and their lives here since have been marked with the sterling integrity which is characteristic of the best of their race. One, the youngest, died three years ago, beloved by all who knew him; the oldest is the present popular master of the Enterprise, and the other, though regularly employed on board the unfortunate "Portland," was providentially engaged elsewhere, at the time that Arthur met his untimely fate. While we grieve that he "the young, the strong, the cherished," has fallen so early in the weary path of life, and deeply sympathize with the survivors in their bitter fraternal sorrow, we rejoice in his manly and honest virtues, and especially in that generous heroism that always marked his character, and that promoted him, only a few months since, close by the spot where the broiling, angry waters engulfed him, to risk his own life to save the unwary boy whom he rescued from imminent death. Alas! that no friendly arm was near enough or strong enough to save the gallant hero in his hour of fatal peril.

LEBANON, March 16, 1857. W. L. Adams, Esq.—DEAR SIR: I write for information.—You may not be aware that there is a general talk here among the bushite faction of the "black democracy" that there are measures on foot to unite the Republicans and Whigs with the bushites at the coming election, in order to overthrow the Standard or Leland democracy, which is now understood to be the nucleus of the proslavery or negro-worshipping party. If any of you have been selling us out to the bushites, we would like to know it before the title papers are made out.

A REPUBLICAN. "A Republican" is informed that the members of our party are all freemen, and not liable to be put up in the shambles and "sold" like locofocos. If there is any difference on the free State question between the two factions of the democracy, in favor of the "Salem faction," we would a thousand times prefer a union with that party to a union with the other, if indeed a union should be necessary. We understand that Judge Williams, Delazon Smith, Grover, Nesmith, Waymire, and Conson are all strong free State men, while on the other hand Avery is said to be a worshiper of wool. Let the friends of freedom watch; what we say unto one, we say unto all, watch!

NEBRASKA ITEMS. AN OLD MAN AND HIS SON FROZEN.—An old gentleman, 50 years of age, and son, aged 15, by the name of Poe, recently from Cleveland, Ohio, started on a claim hunting excursion, from this place, the first of this month. When near the head waters of the Nemahaw they were overtaken by the tremendous tornado of the 2nd inst. Possessing iron constitution and great courage and energy, they managed to weather the storm until Wednesday morning, when they set their pocket compass and steered their course for Nebraska City. Their matches were wet, and their provisions were frozen so hard it was impossible to eat them; they traveled two days without food, when they became exhausted, and lay down on the snow to rest. In a short time they found their hands and feet were frozen, and to use their own words, when they struck them together they would rattle like icicles. They then cut off their boots, at the same time cutting their feet very badly, and crawled on

their hands and knees six miles to the North Branch of the Little Nemahaw, four miles west of Delaware City. There finding a deserted shanty, they lay down to die. Mr. T. H. Dunbar, while hunting passed near the shanty, and hearing a noise, went in and found them more dead than alive. He soon got assistance, took them to his father's house, and instantly all hands were at work to save them;—they were kept in a large tub of cold water for five hours; they were then placed in a comfortable bed, and every possible care taken of them. The whole family watched the unfortunate men all night. The next morning they were removed to Delaware City, where they were cared for until Monday last, when they were brought to this place by Prof. Sands. It is a remarkable fact that after being four days without food and nearly frozen to death, the beauties of the country attracted their attention; they even selected claims while crawling on their hands and knees, some five miles west of Delaware City. And while the flesh was dropping from their feet, their whole topic of conversation was the beautiful location and surrounding advantages of Delaware City.—Nebraska City News, Dec. 13.

Col. Benton's Opinion of New England. In a lecture recently delivered by Col. Benton, at Tremont Temple, Boston, he said: "I have spoken in the presence of all this, and for a higher purpose than I had deemed myself to have been made for—for the purpose of helping to save what our forefathers established. "I have traversed New England—forty days of travel and sojourn among her people—speaking to masses, talking to individuals—enjoying hospitality both at the family table and at the company feast—one subject always uppermost in my thoughts, and I have qualified myself to speak of the loyalty of the people, and can bear witness to their civil as well as to their social feelings. New England is endeavored to be made the cause for the segregation of the Southern States—her disloyalty to the Union, and designs upon the slave property of the South—making it a measure of self defense in the South to withdraw from the Union. I can speak for New England on this point.—She is sound to the core on the integrity of the Union, and just and fraternal to the rights of the South. I speak of the mass—not of the individuals who constitute the exceptions.

"Foes to the Union and to the South are here, but too few to rule the mass, or to give character to the mass, or to give unassisted to the slave States. All are against the extension of slavery by breaking laws and compromise, and in that I am no better than they; but few, very few—they tell me not five per centum of the population—would disturb the relation of master and slave in any place where that relation exists by law. "As a community, New England is loyal to the Constitution, to the Union and to the rights of the South; and this every Southern man may see as well as myself, if he would come, like me, and see for himself; and from experience, I guarantee him a pleasant and hospitable reception if he comes."

News from the Atlantic States. THE INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—In the Senate, on the 21st of January, Mr. Hale commented in severe terms on the conduct of Gov. Stevens in prohibiting martial law, and arresting the Judge of the Federal Court of Washington Territory. He was opposed to placing a single dollar in the hands of such a man, and thought that in the days of the Roman supremacy no outrage equal to this was ever perpetrated in the most remote provinces of that empire. Debate followed respecting the policy pursued towards the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast. Amendments were then agreed on, appropriating nearly \$700,000 for the restoration and maintenance of peace, etc., in Oregon and Washington Territories.

A most mysterious and appalling murder was committed at No. 31 Bond street, New York. The victims was Dr. Harvey Burdell, a well known dentist, who was found dead in his room, his body being pierced with fifteen wounds, and his neck showed evidences of strangulation. The motive for the murder does not appear to have been plunder, as none of the property of the deceased was taken or his papers disarranged. The Coroner had commenced to investigate and examined several witnesses, but nothing was elicited that could positively implicate any one as the perpetrator of this most foul transaction.

Bits of correspondence between General Scott and Secretary Jefferson Davis, recently communicated to Congress, have been made public. They foreshadow the opening of a budget which, for the credit of the country as well as for the parties concerned, ought to be suppressed. Both of these gentlemen have sufficient ability to be very abusive to each other. Their friends would much rather give them the credit of its possession than witness its exercise.

The Central American Treaty was re-committed to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, by a vote of five to one. This indicates its rejection by that body, as a two-thirds vote is required to confirm it.—Such a proceeding cannot fail to complicate the relations between Great Britain and this country.

Gen. Harney has recommended active hostilities against the Indians in Florida.—The latest advices state that the savages were concentrated in the woods near New Smyrna, and that Gen. Harney had called for more troops for the purpose of surrounding them.

Every home on earth should be a miniature of heaven.