

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, EDITOR. OREGON CITY: SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS. For Congress, DAVID LOGAN, OF MULTNOMAH. For State Prison Inspector, W. T. MATLOCK, of Clackamas.

MESSRS. D. LOGAN and L. STOUT, candidates for Congress, will address the people at the following time and places: Hillsboro, Monday, May 30, at 1 o'clock. Oregon City, Wednesday, June 1, at 1 o'clock. Portland, Thursday, June 2, at 1 o'clock. Dalles, Saturday, June 4, at 1 o'clock.

SENATORIAL ELECTION.—From all we can hear that comes from Salem, there is not much prospect of an election of Senator by the Legislature at its present session. There are most too many aspirants for the seat, whose jarring interests produce so much diversity of feeling among the interfused that there is little chance of a union shortly. Smith seems to be laid on the shelf—Dolf stands no show now since the result of the election in Clackamas—Chapman has been provided for with the Surveyor Generalship—and the other claimants are disposed of in different ways.—O'Meara may possibly be able to work himself in as a 'compromise' candidate, and thus preserve the harmony of the party, but his disorganizing course last year will render him unacceptable to the Salemites. If he does succeed in getting into Smith's place in the U. S. Senate, he will have to put forth more powers of trickery than he has displayed since his advent into Oregon. At last dates Jo Lane had been sent for, and it was supposed that his presence would act like oil on the troubled waters of sectionalism.

Strike the tumbler; blow the bugles; let the loud bagpipes sound!

Jo Lane has arrived at Salem with a can of oil and a demijohn of something else to pour upon the bleeding wounds of the Democracy. He made a speech, too, in which he bitterly denounced the Marion traitors, and declared that Stout must and should be elected, or the Union would be dissolved, Oregon disgraced, and we suppose our Mary Ann would lose the nomination at Charleston next year. As a final, knock-down argument, he told the malcontents that if they did not vote for Stout he never wanted them to support him again, and would not accept office if elected by their votes; whereupon a goodly number cried out "All right, old fellow, we never want to be compelled to vote for you again; you are too heavy, and have been toted too long." This took him all aback, as he seemed to suppose that to an Oregon Democrat there was no greater privilege than that of supporting Jo Lane. If he talks after this fashion his chances for an election to any office are very small. Before Lane arrived a caucus had been held, at which the vote for Senatorial candidates was as follows: Grover 17, Smith 11, Curry 7, Williams and Chapman 4 each. It seems to be supposed now that Lane's influence will secure Smith's nomination and election. If this disgraceful result is to be accomplished, the sooner it is done the better, as no other legislation will be effected while that subject is pending—and two-thirds of the session have already been wasted.

Delazon Smith has a letter in the Statesman denying the truth of the statement made by our correspondent at Scio. If we were to give the name of our friend, we are sure that there are not two men in Oregon who know him and Smith that would doubt his report because Smith disputed its accuracy. Aside from the fact that Delazon's reputation for truth and veracity is not the very best, he sometimes is in a condition, while blowing forth his noisy harangues, which hinders him from knowing or remembering what he says. It may have been so in Linn Co., but for his consolation we can tell him that in mercy to him we suppressed a portion of our correspondent's letter, the publication of which seemed like unnecessary severity. If he has found out that abusing Bush is not a safe speculation and won't pay, he ought to apologize to the man he is afraid of, instead of denying what he did say, for there are hundreds of men in Oregon who have heard him curse Bush, Nesmith, and the rest of the Democracy of Marion county, as the vilest knaves that ever disgraced politics. He has repeatedly said that but for him Bush would have been beaten, and his efforts in his behalf were now the heaviest disgrace to him, as he looked back upon them.

Sensible Doctrine. One of the Democratic members of the House in a speech this week was deeply bewailing the divisions in the party, and urging union and concession. "Why should we," said he, "be separated? Our difference is only one of principle. Let us unite on men, for the sake of harmony, and preserve the party." Good for a Jo Lane loco loco—UNITE ON MEN AND DIVIDE ON PRINCIPLES!

Thanks to Senator Ruckel for several copies of the Governor's Message.

A Promising Party. Several years ago, the people of Oregon were congratulated upon the election of a Democratic President. This was the harbinger of future good. A more liberal policy of appropriations for public improvements in our Territory was to be inaugurated—and our officers were to be selected from competent and honest men already here, interested as fellow-citizens in our welfare. How these promises have been violated—how the money appropriated for the opening of military roads has been recklessly squandered, without an official inquiry into its expenditure—how our State House was offered a burnt offering to appease a war among the Democratic goals—how our officers have been filled with imported political adventurers, who, in too many instances, knew no duty but the will of the appointing power—will not soon be forgotten by those who have not been too much blinded by party prejudices to observe intelligently passing events.

By the earnest and repeated solicitations of Democratic office-seekers, the people were induced to frame a State constitution, and ask admission into the Union under it. There were pressing interests which demanded a fuller representation in Congress than our Delegate had been able to give. We had just emerged from a war which had drained our infant resources to the bottom. There was general apathy in Congressional circles in regard to our demands upon the General Government. What remained of the property placed in the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments for the prosecution of the war, was sold, and the proceeds pocketed by—not the people. All our industrial interests were languishing under the taxes they had sustained in the common defense. Knowing the importance of the interests at stake, many opposed to the Democracy, not doubting the assurances given that an immediate admission would be granted us by a Democratic Congress, sustained the movement. Yet, strange as it may seem, after our constitution was presented at Washington, for personal or party purposes it was passed unnoticed by our Delegate during one session, and, through his impolicy and that of his assistant, nearly rejected in the next.

We did hope, and so, we believe, did every intelligent Oregonian, that when we became a State, we should be able to find men among us competent to frame and execute our laws, and fairly represent us in Congress, without resorting to importations from abroad. But in this, too, we have been deceived. No sooner had our admission become probable, than the scent of prospective emoluments attracted a host of vultures from California to prey upon the body politic. Feeling but little interest in either government or party—except in so far as each could be made a stepping-stone to office—they have thrown both into distraction. We have now the novel spectacle of a California Know Nothing running as the Democratic candidate for Congress, and a California Know Nothing intriguing for the Senatorship, supported by two California Know Nothing editors. We have the novel spectacle of a State government unable to organize itself—its wheels clogged from the start by outside influences. We have the novel spectacle of a half dozen demagogues refusing to allow us a United States Senator, notwithstanding the necessity—greater than it will be again soon—of a full representation in Congress.

The citizens of Oregon have nothing to hope for from such a party. It has violated every pledge in the past, made foot-balls of our greatest interests, given us incompetent officers, pocketed our money, and is now hopelessly divided in a quarrel for the spoils. We have said nothing of the principles which lie at its base. Its past history in our Territory and its present condition entitle it to an oblivion from which there shall be no resurrection.

The last Standard comes out flat-footed for intervention by Congress for the protection of slavery in the Territories, and claims that the Democratic party can occupy no other position, and further, that "whoever holds a different doctrine is a Black Republican." How do our Douglas Democrats like their posture? They must fall down and worship, or leave the party. Douglas is denounced in the following language by Mr. O'Meara:

We have always regarded Douglas, and since his Freeport speech, we do not see how any one can help coming to the same conclusion, as either a demagogue or a very thick-headed humbug. At Freeport he said he bowed with deference to the Freeport Decision, assailed Lincoln for opposing it, and yet at the same time announced doctrines treasonable, and subversive of the Constitution as enunciated in that decision. The position of Douglas is identical with that of Eli Thayer, and the whole mass of Black Republicans, and perfectly antagonistic to the Democratic party.

ACCIDENT.—We learn that at the Dayton ferry last week a wagon and two horses went into the river while attempting to cross, and the horses were drowned. The wagon was loaded with near two thousand pounds of bacon, which was all lost. The boat was not securely fastened at the shore, and as the horses went on the wheels struck the flat and pushed it out into the stream, dragging the team out of the boat—similar to our disaster above the Falls here near three years ago.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—We are informed that Mark Stevens was thrown from his horse last Saturday near Champeog, and his foot becoming fast in the stirrup, his horse ran away, dragging Mr. Stevens some distance, and frightfully fracturing his leg above the knee. Amputation no doubt will be resorted to—if it is not done already.

Stout a Know Nothing. We copy the following from the Butte Record, a Democratic paper published in California: "A PERIPATETIC CONGRESSMAN.—The Oregon Democratic State Convention met at Salem on the 20th April, and nominated Lansing Stout as their candidate for Representative to Congress. The Sacramento Bee says this is the same Lansing Stout who was a Know Nothing member of the California Assembly from Placer county at the session of 1856. Oregon must be hard up for Congressional timber, when they select the floating scum of political weather-vanes to represent their young State in Congress. He was not, while here, distinguished for ability or industry."

Public Amusements. In England, the youths of a certain class—not the nobility—gain a precarious livelihood by dipping their heads in the mud. The performance affords great amusement to the jolly beef-eaters of that island, who never allow it to go unrewarded. Within the past two weeks, a crowd of boys, among whom there appears to be a good deal of rivalry, have been exhibiting in Salem. Every day, around the legislative halls, may be heard the professional bickering, in cracked, news-boy tones, something as follows: "Ere's wot 'ud like to stick 'is 'ed in a puddle for a penny!" "Old yer clapper, Bill Chapman, can't yer! Duck my 'ed for a penny!" "See me duck my 'ead? Follerer it fur a livin'; never did nuthin' else!" A boy called Dolf is said to be a remarkable expert performer, wading into the mud without ever rolling up his pants. We regret to say that our legislators are complained of for being quite fond of the sport, but very poor pay.

On the whole, we are glad to see such amusements becoming more common. It bespeaks a progress in morality and refinement which we as a public journalist feel called on to commend. The Standard says, "In all the qualities that would reflect honor on the Democratic party and the country, and for good, hard, sound, practical sense, Gen. Joseph Lane is far the superior of Stephen A. Douglas." By the same rule we suppose that Jas. O'Meara is far superior to John W. Forney, or any other Douglas Democrat, or just about equal to E. C. Hibben, who we regret to hear was sold in Missouri by Jo Lane just before his return to Oregon, as his own founder that his too intimate associations with Stout and Stark and other degraded white men here had spoiled him for such domestic uses as formerly made him valuable.

Jo Lane's Speech in Salem. Mr. ADAMS: I listened a few minutes last night to the oratorical efforts of our great Senator, Jo Lane. I mention one or two points only, as I could not tax my patience to hear him through; being in the habit of attending a debating club, the boys of which so much excel him. He spoke of the insult the election of a Republican Representative would be to the great Democratic party. Insult indeed! So the great Democratic Senators, including Jo Lane, are to be insulted if the people of Oregon elect a man of their choice! Most glorious Democracy that! My soul almost flies away in raptures at the thought!

He said the election of President might be thrown into the House, and the Representative from Oregon have to give the casting vote. That vote would command millions; would the people of Oregon be willing to trust to the honesty of a Black Republican? I felt inclined to ask Jo, who would want to buy a Republican's vote? Republicans would have no occasion to do it; who then would? The glorious wing of the Democracy, no doubt, who would be insulted if the people elect a Representative of their choice.

What Democrat can now refuse to vote for Mr. Stout, when it is known that two great calamities will follow if they should do as many intend to do, support Logan? Jo Lane will be insulted, and the Democratic Senators, those who voted against granting land to actual settlers. And also the casting vote will command millions. What an expense that would be to Jo Lane's Democratic friends. Democrats of Marion county, consider these momentous matters, and with fear and trembling go and vote for Stout. 'T would be too bad for the millions to be lost in buying Logan's vote. SALEM, May 26, 1859.

THEATRICAL.—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Conner gave one of their original and dramatic entertainments in this city last Saturday evening. Mrs. Conner is the late Miss Charlotte Barnes, the popular and accomplished authoress, one of whose plays, founded on the Beauchamp and Sharpe tragedy in Kentucky many years since, was received with applause in the principal cities of the Union, and was also performed with success in London, in the absence of all interest in the tragedy as a local event—thus giving evidence of its merit as a literary and dramatic production. On the first page of this week's paper will be found a touching poem, "The Lost Preacher," by Mrs. Conner, written in California, which has been her home for several years. Although there are only two of them in company, each play performed by them is perfect in all its parts. They possess giving another entertainment to our citizens (different from the last) on their return from up country, which will be sometime during the coming week.

OREGON CITY, May 24, 1859. EDITOR ARGUS: I received by the last mail from the Eastern States the following letter from Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, who is a leading member on the Republican side in the House of Representatives. The letter contains some suggestions which should receive the careful attention of Oregon voters, especially those holding war scrip, and desiring its payment. Having Mr. Colfax's permission for its publication, if it was deemed of interest, a copy is enclosed for the ARGUS. Yours, &c., W. C. JOHNSON.

SOUTH BEND, IND., April 9, 1859. DEAR SIR: The receipt a few days ago of an Oregon paper, containing a call for a Republican State Convention, and giving your name as Secretary of the Republican Central Committee, reminded me of my intention to write you on political subjects ere this. I suppose your Democracy are claiming that Oregon was admitted into the Union by their party; but if so, the claim is both false and fallacious, and should be thoroughly exposed. When the bill for your admission passed the Senate last May, (two-thirds of the Republican Senators, headed by Gov. Seward, voting for it) I supposed with others that it would be passed to a vote in the House before the adjournment of the session; in which case, if the Democratic members had supported it, it would have gone through by an overwhelming, if not well nigh unanimous vote. But the election for State officers and for the Legislature which were to choose the two Senators had not then been held; and whether it was because it was not certain what effect the Douglas division might have upon it, or for some other reason, the admission bill, to my surprise, slept in the Democratic Committee of Territories, and Congress adjourned.

When the last session convened your new Senators and Representative presented themselves at Washington to urge the admission of the State and thus clothe themselves with official robes, which, without that admission, would be as invisible as the apparel of the duped monarch in the Arabian Tales. The President, in his message, demanded that the offensive restriction against Kansas should be maintained, prohibiting her from admission till she had 93,000 inhabitants, because she rejected a slave constitution, while Oregon with her Leocompton delegation should be admitted forthwith. And the chief of your delegation, Gen. Lane, was one of the men who had used all his personal influence in favor of that political iniquity, the Leocompton Constitution, and its equally worthy successor, the English bill. He, of course, refused now to say whether he would vote, in the U. S. Senate, if admitted there, to repeal the English prohibition, which he had so earnestly labored to impose on Kansas; and his political friends in the House refused also to assent to its repeal in any manner or form whatever. This, of course, impelled many Republicans to insist that Oregon with her Leocompton delegation should wait for admission till Kansas, with her Republican delegation, was ready to come in with her. With a less obnoxious delegation from Oregon, the votes of many Republicans would have been different.

As it turned out, however, the very men for whose interests Gen. Lane had labored so earnestly—I mean the ultra Southern leaders—refused to vote for the admission bill, although they had the whole delegation elect of their own kidney. And it would have been defeated but for the votes of fifteen of us Republicans, who thought it better to disentail Oregon from Presidential sovereignty and from the sphere of Dred Scott decisions; and even in spite of your obnoxious delegation, to admit the new State into the Union, rather than remand it to the condition of a slaveholding Territory, as our Supreme Court declares all our Territories to be. Hence, if there is any question raised about which party admitted Oregon, you can truthfully say that she would not have been admitted but for Republican aid and support; Republicans, too, who voted for it not through the influence of Gen. Lane & Co., but in spite of the disfavor with which they regarded them.

I notice also that your papers speak a good deal about your war debt claim. For the reasons I have already alluded to it has not yet been presented to the members of Congress except under very unfavorable auspices. A Territorial Delegate, to be successful with the business of his constituents, should avoid, as far as possible, mingling in political legislation—a fact, of which his having no vote should admonish him. Mr. Otero, the delegate from New Mexico, and Mr. Ferguson, the delegate from Nebraska, have understood this, and their constituents have profited by it. In the next Congress there are strong hopes that these claims will be taken up, examined, and settled on the basis of justice to all concerned. And the people of Oregon are in a position now, in which they may be able to further materially this endeavor. In the Senate, which has a Democratic majority, they have a Democratic delegation to sustain, explain, and vindicate them. The House will have a Republican majority; and a representative who is in harmony with its Speaker, its committees, and a majority of its members, may be able to wield more influence than in antagonism. But I confess that it is mainly because I hope that Oregon intends to enroll herself on the side of free labor instead of slave labor, and to demand the Territories as homes for the white men of the land, and not to be Africanized by slave plantations, that I look so anxiously to the result in your State.

Very truly yours, SCHUYLER COLFAX. IMPROVEMENTS.—The Masonic Lodge in this city is now putting up a building on the corner of Main and Fifth streets, opposite the Courthouse. The building is to be a frame, sixty feet long by twenty-four feet wide, and two stories high. The upper story will be appropriated for a Masonic Hall, and the lower for a store-room. The building will cost about four thousand dollars. ARRIVAL OF THE EASTERN MAIL.—The steamer Northerner reached Portland Sunday morning last, bringing dates from New York to April 25. J. W. Sullivan has supplied us with the latest papers. Kindred weaknesses induce friendships as often as kindred virtues.

Delusion. Hon. Delazon Smith will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Democratic Review for April, 1859. The most noticeable feature in the number before us is a likeness of Delazon himself, engraved upon steel, from a photograph by Brady, the renowned photographer of New York city. The likeness, it strikes us, is a rather flattering one, and represents Delazon as he appeared in his seat just after 'using up Hale' in the Senate during the great debate of last February on squatter sovereignty. Accompanying the portrait is a life of the distinguished gentleman, running through several pages (the publication of which in the Review, with the 'doggerity' cost Delazon probably one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five dollars), in which is sketched briefly the most important events of his short but brilliant career. This was written by Delazon himself, we are almost certain. If any one is dubious on this point—any dear friend of Delazon's—let him read the third paragraph of the biographical sketch, and his doubts will quickly vanish into nothing. The 'life' is defective in several particulars, which we intend to supply should it ever become our duty to vindicate his historic fame, now probably placed in extreme jeopardy by his false, pretended, and hollow-hearted friends in midnight caucus assembled with the intent and purpose of offering him as a sacrifice upon the unholy and bloody altar of the horrid Moloch of Black Democracy—and even now, at the very moment of writing these lines (seven minutes to twelve o'clock, Thursday night, May 26), Delazon's doom may be pronounced, his fate sealed, and he himself writhing in the arms of the relentless demon of pro-slavery sectionalism.—To tell the unvarnished truth, we hardly know what to do about Delazon's case. We feel pity for him—pity that a man of his intellect,—fitted to cope with a Hale—after having labored for his party, spent his best days in its service, and given consistency and strength to its cumbersome and awkward ranks, should, after reaching the Senate—the object of his life-long ambition and struggles—and serving only seventeen short winter days, be unceremoniously thrust aside to make room for some such callibred Democrat as Dolf or Chapman—and then to have the climax capped by 'leading' Democrats saying that he is not 'sound on the goose,' and that, whether elected Senator or not, before six years shall have expired, he will be found acting with the Republicans! Ah, Delazon!—too much intrigue in that party. Better leave it, and move with your 'traps' over into the Republican ranks, where your natural feelings prompt you to go. Just try it, and see what a magnificent speech you can make on that side. Eloquence, which your friends now claim comes as natural to you as your mother's milk did, will then flow in uninterrupted streams from your lips, sweeter by several degrees than the honey of Mount Hymettus, and your heart, now chilled and almost deadened by contact with the slimy serpent of Pro-slavery Democracy, will be reanimated with a fire and vigor unknown to you, perhaps, since little Delazon, at the age of fifteen, 'with a small bundle of clothing under his arm, and almost penniless, started for the West.'

By the way, Delusion, you have insinuated some hard things in your late letter to the Statesman concerning the statements of our correspondent 'Looker On.' Our correspondent is one of the most reliable men up country, and we believe he has not misrepresented you in any particular. There was one little paragraph in his letter, however, which we suppressed, with other portions, out of regard to the feelings of all parties concerned, which we now bring forward, hoping that it may not cause an interruption of the entente cordiale now apparently restored between you and Bush by your letter. 'Looker On' wrote that "Delazon Smith also said that Grover told him in Washington that he (Grover) would give two thousand dollars to have Bush out of the Statesman."

Excursion to Vancouver. ED. ADAMS: In accordance with previous resolutions, a fair representation of Oregon Division No. 8 S. of T., numbering between fifty and seventy-five persons, ladies and gentlemen, with a slight sprinkling of outsiders, took passage on the well known pioneer of the stern wheel boats, the Jennie Clark, J. Myrick, Master, and were swiftly over the now turbid waters of our usually crystal stream. Halting an hour at Portland, we gained some accessions to our ranks, when our brave steamer was turned downward, and we speedily lost sight of Oregon's metropolitan city. Onward, and downward, without occurrence of particular note, unless the fracture of a valuable mirror by a heedless gymnastic practitioner be excepted, until we reached our destination, the city of Vancouver. Welcomed on the bank by a deputation of the Vancouver Division, and cheered by stirring music from the military brass band, a union procession was formed, and all hands proceeded up to the Division room, where we listened to remarks instructive and amusing, from brothers Westmoreland, Holmes, and Murray, also a few pertinent remarks from W. C. Johnson, (outsider). Adjoining to a neighboring hall, where refreshments had been prepared, the company regaled themselves in a temperate sort of way, after which a majority of them strolled out to the barracks, expecting to see a parade of the troops about sundown, but they experienced a disappointment, as the troops

were not mustered for parade. Meanwhile, I had taken a quiet path, which led to a cemetery in view. "Here I chose awhile to walk, in meditative mood." Among a few of the more noticeable inscriptions I observed one dedicated "to the memory of James B. Mulholland, Lawrence Rooney, and Owen McManus, killed in battle with hostile Indians." A simple monument erected by their comrades of Company II, 4th Infantry, bore in addition to their names, a touching instance of the fraternal feelings of surviving brothers, in the words, "Committed to the kind care of succeeding garrisons." Thoughtful for the ashes and memories of departed friends, even when themselves should have passed away. May succeeding garrisons remember, and not be unmindful of the trust. Quite near this monument is a singular looking cross, composed of a green tree, whose top has been cut off at the height of perhaps twelve feet, and a portion of it, forming the arms of the cross, fastened to the parent stem, with the edges of the bark joined, so that the whole is growing. It bears this inscription (exact). "This is the Sickmore tree; the same kind of wood that our Savior was crucified on." Lower down, "Her heart was pierced with grief to see her loving Jesus nailed onto a tree to save us sinners from endless misery." Bound to the cross is a small ladder, a spear, a hammer, several spikes, a sponge, &c., all except the sponge rudely carved in wood, but bringing vividly to mind the story of the crucifixion. A simple wooden slab not far away bears the words, "My Kate." What a life picture that touching inscription brings up. But my friends were returning to the boat, and I was forced to leave this scene of interest and retrace my steps. Soon all were once more gathered on board, and after giving our friends of a day several hearty cheers, we turned our faces homeward, the band on the bank playing a lively air, as a musical good bye. Vancouver seems to be a prosperous, growing place, and much more quiet and orderly than I had expected to see. Indeed, I regret to say that the only person I saw inebriated during the day was a resident of our temperance city, though not one of the excursionists. The day appeared to pass pleasantly to all, and members of the Division we had visited promised to return our call in a few weeks, or as soon as convenience will permit. Reached Oregon City near the midnight hour; some of the belles and beaux appearing slightly wilted, while others seemed as bright as a new dollar. But all parted in good humor, and I trust that the interests of the cause of temperance were sub-served by our social visit. Ex—"STUDENT."

Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, is suggested by the State Journal, and other Republican papers of Indiana, as a candidate for Speaker of the next House. The Great Victory in St. Louis. The official returns make the victory of Monday even more complete than we were inclined to believe on the first showing.—The Nationals have not elected an officer in the city on either the general or ward tickets. The majority against them on the Mayoralty is twenty-nine hundred and eleven. The whole vote polled is seventeen thousand two hundred and sixty-eight, which is only a few hundred over the quorum vote of the city in August last, notwithstanding that the natural increase of voters from coming of age, from residence, and from naturalization, must have been at least fifteen hundred in the interim. The Free Democrats have carried their ward officers in every ward but one—the Fifth—and there the race went against them by only forty-nine votes. The American party, as we stated in advance, has not been in the race. Its members have shown more devotion than judgment in sticking to their ticket. We concur in the opinion that as an organization it will now pass out of politics in Missouri, as it has done in every State and city in the nation except one. Those who are but superficially acquainted with the bearing and scope of the questions at issue, may suppose that local considerations governed the result. Without underrating the influence of these causes, and recognizing the individual and collective strength and confessed superiority of our ticket, yet the propitious event can be attributed only to the salutary principle which the Free Democracy enunciate.—Mayor Filley was elected last year as an emancipationist—so was Comptroller Hoyt—and so were Messrs. Gotschalk and Pappin. We sought neither new men nor new principles in this election. We could not escape the responsibility of the Free Labor issue if we would, and we would not if we could. Without the inspiration of this cause, the thousands who voted our ticket were only a purposeless and unreliable majority. With it, they are a great living force, whose destiny it is to achieve a revolution in Missouri, which history will continue to celebrate when the names of Presidents and parties are forgotten. How trivial is any mere partisan triumph compared with this? Senseless watchwords, factions combinations, personal followings, and the machinery of party may carry elections sometimes, but the durability of any organization depends upon some great truth which imparts to the body, of which it is the great life-principle, a portion of its own unchanging nature. Small cause for rejoicing in the present, or for hope in the future, would the Free Democracy find in the event of Monday, if their aspirations did not reach to the regeneration of Missouri.

The folly of this election should not be lost on the parties who constitute the opposition to National Democracy. Mutual toleration is the lesson it teaches—toleration of the 'American' by the foreign-born citizen, and of the foreign-born citizen by the American—of the conservative by the radical, and of the radical by the conservative—until the party who have no purpose but the extension and perpetuation of slavery are driven from power. The issue of the election on Monday discloses the secret