OREGON STATESMAN.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1858.

☞ The editor is absent.

Still Appealing.

The Oregon soreheads appealed from the action of an 8th of January jubilee in 1857, concerning their disorganizing and destructive course, to the Legislative caucus of the Democracy, and from that to the Territorial convention, and from that to the united opposition to the democracy, which they called "the people," both in 1857 and 1858. Their appeals to "the people" were supported, last year and this, by the opponents of the democratic party of every shade and color, but the verdict against them was affirmed on every appeal, by the sturdy democracy of the country. We thought they had reached the court of last resort, and would hereafter confine themselves to a biennial appeal to the black republicans, under constantly changing names and pretences. But it seems not. The San Francisco Globe chanced to say (the most that any California democratic paper ever has said in support of the party here) that the successful ticket here was the democratic ticket; whereat Leland, of the Standard, comes to the rescue of *pizzurinctumdom*, and claims that the black republicans are the democrats, and the democrats are "federalists;" and closes with an appeal to the San Francisco *Globe* and *Herald*, Washington *Globe*, (a *neutral* paper) "and the *whole world*," to decide whether the democrats of Oregon constitute the democratic party here, or whether the black republicans do?

And in doing this he goes over the old misrepresentation and mistification respecting the 5th and 6th resolutions of the convention of 1857; he asserts that those resolutions contemplated the consideration of ordinary questions of legislation in a party caucus, and the binding of the action of members by the decision thereof. In doing this he utters, for the thousandth time, a wilful falsehood. The resolutions contemplated nothing of the kind, and declared nothing of the kind. They simply declared that it was the duty of democrats to support democratic nominations, regularly and fairly made, and that they could not bolt them and still maintain their standing in the party. They declared that men could not be in the democratic party and out of it at the same time, or out of it, and in it, at the same time—nothing less, nothing more.

But, owing to the misrepresentation of this sorehead faction and their colored allies, the Democratic State convention held last April, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That a thorongh and firm organization of the Democratic party is necessary to the success of Democratic principles, and that we adhere to, and will cherish those usages which are essential to the harmony and union of the party, and while we do not recede from the resolutions adopted by the last Democratic Territerial Convention, upon this subject, we repudiate and utterly disclaim the perversions and misconstructions of such resolutions by our enemies, and maintain and affirm their true intent and meaning to be: That a representative in matters of legislation is bound to obey the will of his constituents, but as to party nominations he is to represent the will of his partisan constituency, and endeavor by all fair and honorable means to carry out and effectuate that will in the conventions, and caucuses of the party; but if he is overruled by a majority in a convention or caucus, and another, not the preference of his constituency, is fairly nominated, we hold it the duty of such representative, to acquiesce in, and vote for the nomination so made upon the universally recognised doctrine, that "acquiescence in Democratic nominations is fealty to Democratic principles."

But, it is space lost to pursue this subject farther. It is the same old story that every democrat in every State has heard from disappointed aspirants, who have left the democratic party and gone over to the enemy, and still wish to wear the name of democrat, only the more successfully to oppose us. Who ever heard of a renegade who did not declare that he was "unchanged, but that his party had left him?" But this man Leland, of the Standard, who takes this appeal to the "rest of mankind," cannot be called a renegade even; he has not the merit of having *ever* been a democrat, though he talks about the "candor and sincerity of a democratic heart." He was an *Algerine* in Rhode Island, and has always been that, or worse, in Oregon.

Gold Everywhere.—Mr. Ellsworth, of Eugene City, says gold has been discovered in a spur of the Cascades about twenty-five miles from that place, and that a party have gone out from there to dig for it. A party of Californians, on their way to Frazier's river discovered gold on the Des Chutes, and come into Eugene for supplies, and have returned to work. They said nothing about the richness or extent of their discoveries.

They have "humbugged" us once about gold discoveries near Eugene, and we can't be expected to believe in this second discovery without being furnished a "specimen." A large gold bearing quartz specimen would be preferred. Indeed, this age is so given to lying respecting gold mines, that every report of new discoveries must be accompanied with "something tangible," to "insure publication."

☞ The coming contest in Missouri is beginning to warm up. The only parties are the Democracy and the Emancipationists. All shades of opposition to the Democracy united with the Emancipation movement. The Emancipationists have brought out Col. J. M. Richardson, of Richmond, recently Secretary of State, for Congress, in John S. Phelps' district; James B. Gardenhise, in the 5th district; Albert Jackson in Caruthers'; Harry Branch in the 4th, and Frank Blair, Jr., in the St. Louis district. We apprehend the Emancipationists will not elect more than two of their candidates, and probably not more than one.

☞ According to the Herald of Freedom no reasonable mode of figuring can reduce the present population of Kansas below 100,000, and the editor believes it is nearer 120,000, and that it will certainly exceed that figure by another autumn.

☞ Mrs. Goldsmidt (Jenny Lind) recently gave birth to twins—one of each sex. Here we have another edition in two volumes of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature."

For the Oregon Statesman.

The Deceived and the Deceivers of the Late Canvass.

Mr. Bush:—Having been a constant and faithful reader of most of the newspapers of Oregon during the late political canvass; and having, also, listened to a number of the speeches delivered by the State canvassers, and learning thence the union of incongruous factions against the democracy of the country—the falsehood, double-dealing, prevarication, personalities, deception, misrepresentation, abuse, slander and detraction, on the part of the "*National*" candidates—particularly *Kelly* and *O'Meara*—superinduced by the spirit of selfishness, ambition and *hate*,—controlled and governed by the native promptings of the *demagogue*;—and having, more especially, noticed that the especial aim and effort of these unscrupulous malcontents was to beat *you*, by placing falsehood, detraction and calumny under rigid contribution, I have been somewhat disappointed in perusing the issues of the *Statesman* subsequent to the election, in that you have dealt with the vile calumniators so very leniently as you have. It is true that you have uttered *truth*—so far as you have gone—in regard to these false-hearted, selfish and ambitious *slinks*, but you may receive the assurance that the genuine, unpurchased, firm and incorruptible democracy of the rural districts, are looking for and fully prepared to receive and digest much stronger meat! *You* may forget and forgive, but the democracy of the country, generally, will not!

Through the medium of the press and the "stump speeches" of the late canvass, together with my personal knowledge of men and parties in Oregon for the six or eight years last past, I think I am so thoroughly furnished with facts that I can judge of men and things in our new State, without a whereas, peradventure or proviso.

It is at once ludicrous, contemptible and villainous that (knowing that goggle-eyed Leland was supremely despised as a weak-headed churl) the little California interloper should pretend that he had *bought out* (?) the obnoxious disorganizer, and, in order to make the people believe it, he almost every where denounced Leland as "coward, dog, puppy"—making "Leland, coward, dog, puppy" convertible terms! And yet, during all this time, and up to this present, this same Alonzo Leland is editing the Standard, whilst "Jim O'Meara" is residing at San Francisco! In the mean time, every child in Oregon can detect the ear-marks of Leland's editorials! Of course he discourses *a la* Leland of a year ago, about the "*5th and 6th Resolutions*," "federalists," &c.,—seizes upon every occasion to foment disaffection and personal distrust and local jealousies and partisan difficulties—talks about "the hand-writing upon the wall," and predicts the defeat and political death of democrats whose election is and was insured by the votes of *fire* to *one* in their favor! In short, his *style* is well known by his bald perversion of the truth—his opposing and condemning every thing democratic, and his unblushing denunciation of men whom the *real* democracy of the country delight to honor;—and his bold prediction of events which are sure never to come to pass—the improbability or impossibility of which is sufficiently apparent to all other men, and last, not least, his publishing his *own communications*, dated Salem, and elsewhere! The country should understand, as a fair and legitimate realization of the predictions of the democracy during the late canvass, that *Leland* is still the *lying* editor of the Standard newspaper, whilst O'Meara is—*kalo!*

But, to return to Kelly and O'Meara, the *late* opposition campaign orators. From all that I have been able to learn of their past history, and more especially of what I saw, heard and read of them in the late political canvass, I do not hesitate to say—(and in thus saying I have every assurance that I speak the convictions of three-fourths of the people of Oregon under the exercise of the sober second thought)—that they are systematically and on principle *tricksters*, *deceivers* and *buffoons*. Both profoundly ignorant of the *real* character of the people of Oregon—they believed them as stupid as they knew themselves knavish! *Their* notion of the common mind (?) and heart is the result of no exercise of wide sympathies or sagacious insight, but is the product of pharasaic superciliousness, acting on mental isolation. By adopting the arts of the *demagogue*, they acquired, for the moment, a certain kind of popularity with a particular class of our people. In the end their influence has proven as superficial as their management of the canvass was mean and their vulgar eloquence ridiculous. They have, ere this, doubtless, learned that the knaves and fools constitute a very lean proportion of the great body of the people of Oregon. They *may* yet learn that the education of a democracy in the art and science of government is the noblest and most important branch of public education, and that the people will repudiate all teachers of vulgarity, falsehood, scurrility and personal vituperation,—all heads of faction and all schools in which the people themselves are regarded as fools, and knaves, and dolts, and their government a trick! They *may* learn that the *vox populi* demand TRUTH—"fair statements, consecutive reasoning, honest advice—wit that is not personality, humor that is not buffoonry, eloquence that is not rodomontade!" That the people would have these newly fledged—self-styled *national* orators—aspiring to public honors by the help of *democratic* votes—know that they, the most-thinking and self-governing yeomanry, can appreciate something in logic but fallacies, and something in language besides balderdash!

Mr. Editor, your "hard" democratic readers expect you to assist these "national" experimenters to "*go to their own place!*" I trust you will not disappoint us. It is true that, ordinarily I would hesitate to kick a dead ass, but *these* were too *assinego* and too *mulish* not to be kicked when dead! "Every dog has his day," and *these* have had *theirs*.

One thought more. I perceive that you are stirring up and arousing the pure souls of the *Adairs*, by putting them in remembrance of their short comings. This is right—exactly right—*all* right. Any professed democrat who could not find it in his heart to vote, at the late election, the democratic ticket, and the *whole* democratic ticket, is, in my humble judgment, unworthy and unfit to hold office under a *democratic* administration? *Turn him out*—turn him and them, whoever and whatever he or they are, or may have been, our, and all the people will say, *amen*.

Too severe things cannot be uttered or published, and too summary a proceeding cannot be instituted against prominent men and office holders in Oregon, professing to be *democrats*, who found it convenient to affiliate with our enemies and refuse to vote the democratic ticket at a crisis so big with the fate of the democratic party and its cherished and time-honored principles as the present. Now and ever, yours truly, E.

Santiam, Oregon, July 31st, 1858.

☞ Prentice of the Louisville Journal has been made a Son of Temperance.—Good! Better if he will stick to it.

The Union of the Democracy.

We commend the perusal of the subjoined article from the San Francisco Herald to our democratic readers. Its counsels are worthy of heed in Oregon:

As the Democracy are to meet to-day in their several districts, to elect delegates to the State Convention, it may not be altogether inappropriate to offer a few remarks upon the question by which the party is now agitated. In the first place, we would enquire what causes for dissension exists?—By the passage of the English bill the Kansas question has been definitely settled.—It has no longer vitality. It cannot be galvanized into life by the most ingenious process of political jugglery. The decision of the whole matter has been transferred from the Halls of Congress—from the nation, to those who alone are competent to decide upon it, viz.: the people of Kansas, and to interfere in it any more, can be regarded in no other light but a flagrant violation of the great Democratic doctrine of non-intervention. The people of Kansas are the only persons who by right can intelligently pass upon the question in controversy, and next month an opportunity to do so will be afforded them, through the medium of the ballot-box. What, therefore, can we have to do with their internal concerns? Why should we interfere in the disposition of a question in which the people of Kansas, and no others are interested?

Why should we get by the ears upon an issue which has been finally disposed of by the last Congress, and in which we cannot now intermeddle without violating one of the fundamental principles of our party creed? Why should we divide, distract and split up the Democratic party of California, and secure the triumph of our political foes, merely for the gratification of expressing our opinion upon a controversy which has now happily been brought to a close?—Why should we seek to revive an agitation which at one time threatened the disruption of the Union, and finally, with what grace can we Democrats, professing the political creed taught by Jackson and Jefferson, Madison and Munroe, turn round and imitate the example of those whom we have always denounced—the agitators who live by agitation, and who for their own aggrandisement would barter the peace and tranquility and prosperity of the country? A large majority of the Democratic Journals both here and in the Eastern States, have accepted the English bill, as it is generally known, as a final settlement of the Kansas question. Mr. Douglas himself has expressed the opinion that the Kansas question was a past issue, and that "every good citizen should be satisfied with whatever decision the people of Kansas should make at the election, on the first Monday of August." The fact is, that neither, Mr. Douglas, nor any of the journals to which we have alluded, could consistently with their Democratic professions pursue any other course. To attempt now to make political capital out of Kansas is to do exactly what the Black Republicans have been trying to do for the last three years with this difference, that it was then an open question, but is not now.

We are fully pursuaded that if the scenes which have been enacted in some of the County Conventions, should be repeated in the State Convention, nothing but disaster and defeat await us in September. But it may be said by some, that the cause of disunion is not upon the abstract question of Lecompton, but because it is the intention of those who are struggling to obtain the control of the party machinery to convert the State Convention into an engine for the elevation or prostration of somebody. If such intention be cherished, and if such a course be pursued, we have only to say, that the Democracy of these plotters is bogus in its character, and demoralizing in its tendency. The motto of the Democracy is "principles, not men," and those who would seek to convert a Convention for the nomination of a Supreme Judge, into an engine for the gratification of private spleen, or the accomplishment of personal aggrandizement, are unworthy of the name of Democrats, and should be spurned from the party. To be sure we hear it often said, that if you are not a Broderick man you must be a Gwin man, and that if you are not a Gwin man you must be a Broderick man. In reply to such absurdities, we have only to ask by what process these men acquire a preemption right upon the Democracy of California? Cannot a man be a Democrat unless he be somebody's man?—Does Democracy imply servility to some individual who has attained a higher position than his fellows, and is man-worship, *pure et simple*, its essence? Away with such personalities and individualities! Democracy has higher aims and nobler objects to accomplish than individual aggrandizement. A Democrat may be a Democrat without being anybody's toady. A man may believe in all the cardinal principles of Democracy without entertaining a ferocious desire to immolate Mr. Broderick, or an insatiate ambition to elevate Mr. Gwin.

There is happily a common ground upon which all Democrats can stand—viz: that by the passage of the English Bill, the Kansas question has been definitely settled, and that acknowledging the doctrine of non-intervention, we *can* have nothing more to do with it. In accordance with these views, some such resolutions as the following, adopted in the Navada Convention, might be passed at the State Convention:

Resolved, That the Kansas controversy is now settled, and we deprecate any issue between Democrats upon that subject.

Resolved, That to censure the Administration in its Kansas policy would be assisting the enemies of the Democratic party, and lending aid and comfort to Black Republicans and Know-Nothings.

Resolved, That James Buchanan and Lewis Cass, the tried and faithful leaders of the Democracy in times past, when our fathers sustained them, have now our confidence and shall have our support.

Resolved, That we are for the Union, for our party, and the union of States, for equality in power and equality in right among all citizens and all sovereignties which compose our confederacy.

Resolved, That our delegates to the State Convention are instructed to reflect the above wishes of the Democracy of Navada county, who in Convention now renew their indorsement of the just, wise, and liberal principles of the Democratic party, the harmony and success of which we believe inseparable from the permanence and prosperity of the Union.

Resolved, That we pledge our support to the nominees of this Convention, and of the State Convention.

Death, Insanity, and the Dungeon.—Miss Harby, the daughter of the old man who killed C. H. Stone, her seducer, in New Orleans, is now a maniac. Stone is dead, the father in prison, and the woman crazy.

☞ An old sword, a wax candle from Cornwallis's stores, and an undischarged bomb, revolutionary relics, have been sent to Gov. Wise, by a citizen of Virginia.

From the Democratic Review.

Boldness in Statesmanship.

Timidity is as fatal in politics as it is in battle. It courts defeat—it invites annihilation. It deserves it and it gets what it deserves. This is just; it should be so and it is. A timid man never does a great thing—seldom a wise or safe one. Statesmen must do both, or they ruin parties always, and sometimes Nations. It may matter little where the general is when the army is in winter quarters and the campaign is over.—But when the enemy is to be met, the commander must be on hand and he must understand his business.

All the great events of the world happen quickly. Great battles hang on moments. One irresistible onset of the Normans on the field of Hastings changed the history of the world. Nearly every great victory of Napoleon was won in ten minutes. The last word of Columbus touched the heart of the beautiful Isabella, and the New World was discovered. When the Son of Man bowed His head on the Cross He dragged the pillars of Satan's empire to the dust.—God set the Universe in motion by four words: "Let there be light." These last two instances are cited with reverence to show that quick work is the law of the Universe we live in. Events are Heaven's decrees, and when the moment comes for an event to happen, the agencies are always ready. If the man who should do it is not on hand another springs to his place. The Rubicon is to be passed, and Cæsar stands ready to leap the bank. The hour comes when he must die, and Brutus is in the Senate House with his dagger. An English battle-ship is waiting to sail with the boy Washington from the Potomoc to serve in the British navy, but one gesture from his mother—after all the farewells had been said—brought the destined savior of his country back to the shore. Cromwell had packed his trunks for America and sent them aboard a ship lying in the Thames to sail the next day. Napoleon was ready to throw himself into the Seine, because he had just come humiliated from a jew, with a pawnbroker's ticket in his pocket. But Austerlitz and St. Helena were yet to come and he did not die. The Universe is bristling with facts to show two things—first, that God, who sees the end from the beginning, controls the world, and, second, that when great events are about to burst upon the world great men are always on hand to consummate them.

And our republic gleams with illustrations of all this. Never have events of so much moment to the human race been enacted in such marvelous succession. A glance at few of these events, and the men who have guided them, will illustrate what we wish to say.

What nation was ever so wonderfully planted? What period in time so auspicious for laying the foundations of a great Empire! When a New World was wanted for a new and nobler development of Humanity, Columbus came from the shores of the then most ancient of the Republics, in that far off purple clime, to show that world.—Europe had died after the fall of Rome; but in the middle of the Dark Ages the Crusades had once more brought the Promethean fire from the East. The fall of Constantinople sent the Greek scholars to Europe, and they came bearing their precious scrolls with them. These were caught up by the then just invented Printing Press, which rendered all ancient learning eternal. The mariner's compass rendered the ocean plain traveling. Gunpowder had subjected the barbarous to the civilized races. Luther broke through the frowning barriers of hierarchical superstition, and introduced mankind to "the Great High Priest who ever trieth to make intercession for us." What a moment for a great world finder to appear! He came.

In tracing down our history we find all through a record of daring, boldness, heroism and decision. All the work on this Continent yet done—every new acre of forest redeemed from the domain of the wilderness—every conquest over savage tribes—the repulsion of the armies of France while contending with England for the mastery of the Western Hemisphere—the assertion of those eternal principles of liberty laid down in 1776—the toil and achievements of the Revolution—the second victorious struggle with England in 1812—the establishment of Democratic Institutions and their vindication for nearly a century against the prejudices and jealousies of the world—each and all the eras of our progress, have been the result of decision of character that could not be weakened; of boldness that was never intimidated; of power that could not be paralyzed; and heroism which knew no danger.

Let us look into the characters of some of the men who have flourished before us, and we may find a suggestive contrast with the nerveless, feeble timidity of the present day, which seems to have settled like the palsy of death, or the dreamless sleep of Lethe, upon the statesmanship in America, with rare exceptions. In discovering this contrast we can learn wisdom; and it may be of practical utility, for in delineating the weakness of the structure we have raised we may readily learn how to fortify the edifices we have yet standing, and construct in the future of more enduring materials.

Washington, who as a whole, was an exception to all other great men, formed no exception to them in the attribute we are speaking of—*Boldness in Statesmanship*. He displayed this quality in every important military and political crisis. During the march to the West, which ended so disastrously in Braddock's defeat, he acted with as much promptness and rapidity as Napoleon when he crossed the Alps for his first campaign in Italy—and his safe return astonished the oldest generals. The campaign in New Jersey, and the bold and apparently reckless movements which ended in the glorious battle of Trenton, baffled the comprehension of the enemy at the time, and they amaze us still. Napoleon once spent a night in studying the history of the Retreat of Washington from Long Island—with correct maps and accounts of the achievement lying before him. "It is a greater feat," he exclaimed, when he rose from the investigation, "than Xenphon's retreat with his ten thousand Greeks." And so all throughout the Revolution, we meet with instances in which by deciding at a flash, and moving like electricity, the great American General saved his army. At the battle of Monmouth, when the cowardice of a General had thrown the whole army into the jaws of death, the eagle eye of Washington saw it from a distance and striking his spurs in his horse's flanks he dashed to the front of the staggering column in all the terror and majesty of his lion nature—cashiered the commander on the spot—rallied the battalions and saved the cause of liberty. It was all the work of five minutes. The whole scene has been magnificently portrayed by the almost matchless genius of Leutze, the painter of the battle of Monmouth. Had it not been for the firmness of Washington, the disbanding of the army would have ended in rebellion—and the camp would have broken up at Valley Forge. We are often told that the blandness and humanity of his character was the talisman by which all hearts were won. But a more fatal mistake could not be made. He was placid in his temperament, and so the lake is often calm in its glassy beauty. He was grand in his humanity—and so is God. But the tempest soon lashes the calmest sea into a surging sepulcher for the proudest navies—and "the lamb that was slain" in his love will be "the lion of the tribe of Judah" in judgment. Washington's tears flowed when he took the pen to sign Andre's death-warrant, but he wrote his name as usual. * * * *

Of Jefferson the writer says:

Thomas Jefferson was immeasurably the greatest statesman in our history—perhaps it would not be too much to say the greatest of all ages. His mission consisted in two things, and in these, and these only, did he excel all other men. He was the founder not of Republicanism, but of Democracy; and it was under his administration, by the lights of his counsel till old age, and the mighty power of his example, that the spirit of Democracy was breathed into this Republic. If Hamilton could have swayed the administration of the new Republic, it would have been an Aristocracy in fact while a republic in form. Hamilton had a symmetrical and classic mind, and in reason and logic and learning he has no equal. His mind was Greek—but he was a monarchist in spirit—he did not understand the people, and had no confidence in their ability to govern themselves. He thought somebody must govern them. Jefferson was exactly his opposite. They could not agree; and they never did. Hamilton actually believed Jefferson to be a demagogue; he accused him of "always flattering the people and courting the mob." This sounds strange in our ears to-day. But Hamilton was not to blame, he was made so, and he could not change the texture of his character. The great balance wheel of his mind revolved one way, Jefferson's the other, and when they met there was of necessity a collission.

Concerning Jackson, we have this among other things:

Jackson became President. He came in as a representative of Jefferson's principles, and he carried them out. We are yet too familiar with his eight years administration to render any detailed account of it necessary. We shall seize, therefore, on some of its sallent points; as we cast glances at a castle when the traces of a recent battle can be seen on every bastion and upon every tower.

Jackson gave resurection and life to Jefferson's policy and principles. So deeply did he sympathize with the feelings of the great mass of the people, their welfare lay so near his heart, and so deeply were they persuaded of all this, that they acknowledged and received him as their political guardian and leader. Time, which tries all things human and under whose mysterious and irresistible strokes everything falls but truth—Time, the great regulator of human opinion, has its decisions, and the great political measures and principles of Gen. Jackson are now established and incorporated into the settled policy of the Republic. The issues he made no other man of his time would have dared to make—no other man could have carried through. He knew and felt that the people had called him to the control of the Government; and the result proved that he was a pilot that could outride the storm. When he laid his hand upon the helm the country felt safe. * * * *

Did Nullification rear its head in South Carolina? he annihilated it with a single blow—*the Union must and shall be maintained*. Did France refuse to pay the nine million indemnity? He dismissed her Minister; and in taking his leave of General Jackson, as the Embassador inquired, "What shall I tell the King, my Master, Monsieur President?" "Tell the King, your Master, that he must pay or fight, by the eternal!" The King paid. Did cliques, and committees, and delegations rush on to Washington to get him to interfere in the appointment of Collectors—he sent them all back with the same reply: "Gentlemen, you had better go back and attend to your business, and leave me alone to carry on the Government." There was no "thimble-rigging" in those days—no trifling—no low tricks—no eking out the scant lion's skin with the fox's. It was all manly, straightforward work. It was so through all departments of the Government. The best talent of every State was called into the public service. All the streams were clear as the central fountain, and the great Republic came up out of the wilderness, and took her seat at the Council Board of Nations—the Pharos of the future for all mankind.

The Next Presidency—The Washington correspondent of the South expresses the opinion that the black republicans will be able to elect the President in the election, and that he need not again be a mere tool, like Fremont, but a principal, most probably Seward. The writer then proceeds to quote an article of the New York Evening Post, a leading freesoil organ, boldly avowing what is next designed by the party.—They expect by 1863 a President and both houses of Congress of their own stripe; then an act of Congress calling a national convention of the United States; the co operation of the majority of the State Legislatures, it is expected, might be easily secured to appoint delegates to the Convention, and the Convention might proceed to "amend" the Constitution by abolishing the slave representation and the surrender of the fugitive slaves, altering the apportionment to correspond, and remodeling the Supreme Court, so as to vacate the Bench at once, and require new Judges to be appointed, and then simply order the next succeeding election to be held under the new schedule, the returns to be made and elections certified by the President of the Convention. "On the 4th of March, 1865, the Government" adds the Post, "would be peaceably inaugurated on the new basis, ready for harmonious and resistless action in all its branches—legislative, executive and judicial. And any minority of States would find themselves without remedy or deliverance.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Health a Religious Responsibility.—I have a thought of suggesting to our very eloquent pastor, Mr. Wyatt, the preaching of a sermon on 'the care of one's own health as a religious responsibility. Most human illness, no doubt, could, with timely and easy precautions, have been avoided.—Nature gives her warnings which we willfully disregard—"first symptoms," of which every one knows the import and the remedy. Is not this trifling with the health, which is the most precious of God's temporal gifts? Nay, more; is it not an almost universal shortening of the lives that have been sacredly intrusted to us, do we not thus—remotely and indirectly, but still in some positive degree—come under the same reprobation as the suicide? Might it not, on this ground, be most usefully and properly numbered among the child's moral lessons at school; to pay a minute and ever watchful attention to health, as a duty no less to himself than to his God?

N. P. Willis in House Journal.

Latest from Frazer—Over the Left.

The very latest news we have received from Frazer river is *very* encouraging. Our informant is a man of undoubted character and never was actually caught in a lie in his life. He tells us that his brother, formerly a resident of Slippery Slide, on Kern River, went to Frazer River by way of Salt Lake and the Sandwich Islands, some six months ago, and since the gold discovery has been packing a jackass train from Fort Lope to Fort Hangley, by way of Pitt creek and the Cascade valley. During the first two months of his residence in that country he made four canoes full of coarse gold and quartz amalgam, trading beads, jewsharps, and watchman's rattles with the Indians, under a license from the Hudson Bay Company. After his license expired he took to playing the bass drum for the Garrison at Fort Gale, and made eight hundred and thirty-seven dollars in six weeks, besides board, clothes, and poker money. Some four weeks ago he recommenced his old business of packing jackasses, and just before the sailing of the Cortes he went with a load of Sardines and Petaluma butter to the Pig's dry diggings, on the eastern slope of the Bald headed mountains, and there at the foot of a deep vale, shut out by tall pine trees, he found four Sydney ducks washing out gold in an old sugar trough. He hailed them and they invited him cordially to their camp. They were entirely naked, having cut up all their clothes to make sacks for their gold, of which they had some eleven tons. When he arrived at the ground one of the party was engaged in cutting square chunks of gold out of a side hill with a cold chisel. They were all in the last stage of inanition, and willingly gave for his sardines and butter their weight in gold, large piles of which were lying around loose upon the ground. After having received his gold he was at a loss how to carry it off, having no sacks or anything to make them of. While in this dilemma he and the Sydney ducks espied six Esquimaux Indians on an opposite hill, all of whom they instantly shot, and after cutting their legs off below their knees, skinned them down, and forming sacks of their untanned hides, filled them with gold, with which on the following day he reached Belly-up-Bay, right side up with care. He still remains at his old stamping ground, and expects to do well in the country if he has no very serious set-backs.—*Butte Record.*

Female Accomplishments.—Every school for young ladies rejoices in its teacher of drawing, painting, &c., as well as its teacher of music; and, under the hands of these two individuals, the whole school, as a general thing, is desired to pass by teachers and parents. French is studied as an accomplishment. The result usually is, that when a young lady is "finished off," she can play six tunes on the piano; has executed three pieces of drawing or painting, which papa buys frames for and hangs up in a parlor for exhibition to visitors; has done a little portforio of water colors, in which the teacher's hand is frequently visible; has learned to dance; and has achieved a free run of nineteen French phrases, which she could not pronounce correctly to save her life. So far, there is nothing but show.—Principles have not been comprehended, and she has in her hands nothing, not even the instruments for winning the accomplishments which she and her friends imagine she posses. How many misses can sketch from nature! How many are taught to sketch thus! How many, who return "accomplished," can sketch even the old domicil in which they were reared. How many paint the tiger lily that occupies a corner of the garden? How many can take a simple piece of music and play or sing it at first sight? How many go on from the foothold they have achieved and become mistresses of the delightful art, soothing the husband when weary and alone, or entertaining his friends when they call upon him? How many read a French book after leaving school? We suppose not one in fifty.—Their accomplishments are a gilded cheat. The money spent to obtain them is a dead loss, and the time which they have occupied should have been devoted to more solid studies, in which three-fourths are deficient, from the simple fact that their time has been so unprofitably occupied.

The Queen of Holland.—This wearer of of a crown, who has recently been on a visit to Paris, is forty years old, and is yet a fine woman, tall and full in face and in person. Her hair is golden, and she wears short ringlets on the forehead. She dresses with extreme richness, and with a certain degree of coquetry, and yet she wears a sad expression that ill comports with her apparent attention to her toilette, and with her sunny complexion. But for this Her Majesty has no doubt a reason. King William of Holland is not the best of husbands. A circumstance occurred, three years ago, which is well known in diplomatic circles, but which never appeared in print, that may have been the starting point of the queen's sadness. The king had a lady favorite to whom he was almost a slave, but he had managed to keep the fact from the queen's knowledge. He was jealous of this girl, and for a reason; one day by a *ruse* he detected one of the young gentlemen of his court in the lady's private apartments. On the instant the king plunged his sword through his courtier's body, and killed him. The news of the terrible event, and of the king's infidelity, fell upon the queen with an effect that may be imagined.

High Life.—Bayard Taylor, while in the Arctic region in winter, used to eat a half pound of butter at a meal to warm himself. He thus speaks of the cold which he endured in Lapland:

"I should have frozen at home in a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland with my solid diet of meat and butter, and my garments of reindeer. The following is a correct scale of the physical effect of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65 deg. to 75 deg. North:—15 deg. *above zero:* Unpleasantly warm. *Zero:* mild and agreeable. 10 deg. *below zero:* Pleasantly fresh and bracing. 20 deg. *below zero:* Sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion and rub your nose occasionally. 30 deg. *below zero:* Very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food and plenty of it. 40 deg. *below zero:* Intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently that it may not stop somewhere before you know it.* 50 deg. *below zero:* A struggle for life.

The papers of East Tennessee are discussing the propriety of forming a new state to be called Frankland. The Memphis Bulletine favors a division of Tennessee, and the formation of a new state from the western portion, with North Mississippi and the western corner of Kentucky. The New Orleans Crescent approves the plan, "because we need another southern State."

☞ A resident of St. Thomas has announced in Cuba that Gen. Santa Anna had purchased an elegant residence in the first named island, for which he paid $40,000 cash.

A California Academy.—The catalogue of the Academy of Notre Dame, San Jose, California, shows an extensive mixture of nationalities, for its pupils. The native places are as follows: Mexico, 11; Chile, 5; Peru, 1; France, 7; Germany, 4; Belgium, 2; Canada, 7; Australia, 5; Oregon, 2; California, 39; other American States, 103.

These "other American States" are 18 in number, so that in reality only 12 States of the Union are unrepresented.

Independence, Polk Co., O. T.

Editor Statesman—I presume it is a matter of little consequence to some persons whether we receive the Statesman or not. But from the appearance of persons at this office when they receive the word no Statesman, I should judge they were sadly disappointed. One person informs me that he has failed to receive seven no's in the last six months. It but seldom comes in due time. It is rather singular that the Statesman cannot be transmitted twelve miles, when the Portland papers arrive in due time. Where is the fault? Yours, S. S.

We can't account for this. The paper is regularly mailed. Will those in fault correct?

The Daughter of Aaron Burr.—The Carolina Spartan supplies a new incident in the life of Aaron Burr, regarding the death of his daughter. It professes to derive its information from an old distinguished citizen of Charleston, now dead:

"Burr, in his many intrigues, compassed the ruin of the wife of the captain of a coaster between New York and Charleston. To remove the captain, Burr corrupted his sailors to mutiny and destroy him. On the outward voyage no opportunity offered, and the execution of the plan was deferred till the return trip. Unfortunately on this very vessel Mrs. Alston took passage. Her fate was an awful retribution upon her abandoned father. He never looked up after, and doubtless from the conviction that the sins of the father were visited upon the child. Our informant went to New York to look up the wife of this captain. Hearing that Burr knew her, he sought an interview. The mention of the name was the signal for silence; nor would Burr keep a further appointment, or impart any information on the topic."

A Bashful Bridegroom.—The following account of the marriage of a young man to a woman twice his age in New Orleans, we recommend to be read at the opening prayer at the next woman's rights' convention:

"The guests were assembled, the minister was ready, the happy pair stood up to be tied, and—the young man bolted. He ran into the street, but was pursued and caught by the crowd, foremost of whom was the bride. Again they stood forward, and again the minister began, when away went the youngster the second time! He was pursued, caught and brought back as before, and a third time the minister began the awful ceremony. But, would you believe it, the young man once more stampeded! This time the bride alone gave chase, caught, brought him back and held fast to him. The fourth effort of the minister was successful. He made the twain one, blessed them and left. After being married, the young man became perfectly docile, and permitted his antique bride to lead him off like a sheep to the slaughter."

A Slippery Negro.—The abolitionists should not take it for granted that every black skin covers a saint. The desperate black convict Dade who escaped lately from the Michigan State prison, claimed to be a fugitive slave, and at Sandusky, Ohio, the abolitionists released him by habeas corpus, after he had been caught and lodged in jail. At Bellefortain he was again arrested, and the abolitionists were just ready to secure him and mob the officer, when the latter fortunately obtained proof of the truth of his assertion that Dade was an escape convict. Dade was taken back to his old quarters.—He states that he preached a sermon the next Sunday after his escape, to a large audience, and took up a collection, the audience subscribing a sufficient sum to enable him to buy a horse, with which to proceed as a fugitive slave.

A New Platform.—The woman's rights convention adopted, after full and explanatory debate, the following platform:

Resolved, That the most sacred and important right of woman is the right to decide for herself when, how often, and under what conditions, she shall assume the cares of maternity.

Douglas Jerrold, once writing on the idea contained in this resolution, said:

"It is not wonderful that, down to the present time, women have never discovered their own tremendous strength? They have only to be of one accord, and in some hundred years at most, the human face will fade clean from the earth—fade like an old multiplication table sum from the school boy's slate."

Singular Accounts from Liberia.—Two negroes have returned from Liberia to Prince Edward county, Va., and give a bad account of their treatment in the African republic. They say they received only a half acre of land each, instead of the five acres promised them, that their own provisions for six months, sent out by the executor of their master's estate, were taken from them and sold to them again at exorbitant prices, and that they endured much ill treatment and many hardships. They say that the President of Liberia is either engaged in the slave-trade, or connives at it, and that seven eights of the Liberians would be glad to return to slavery in the United States if they had the means of getting here.

☞ During two hundred and thirty years after the foundation of Rome, it is stated, no man attempted to leave his wife, nor any woman her husband. At the present moment, there are two thousand people from other States, sojourning in Indiana and Illinois, for the express purpose of getting rid of their wives and husbands. It takes but six weeks to put a divorce case through in one of those States. A man or a woman is a "citizen" as soon as he or she arrives in those States; a notice is printed in an obscure corner of a country paper, the passage of six weeks time is awaited, and the "bill" is granted—it matters little what the cause—and all without "the party of the other part," knowing anything about it.

☞ The Canadian parliament has passed a bill to amend the naturalization laws, reducting the period of residence subsequent to which foreigners can claim naturalization, from five to three years. This is intended to give emigrants inducements superior to those offered by the United States.

☞ The last thing Mrs. Cunningham-Burdell has done is to buy a farm in Carroll county, Ohio, paying $5000 down upon it, and the paper says she is going to take immediate possession.