

# The Oregon Statesman.

VOL. 8. NO. 40.

SALEM, OREGON, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 404.

The Oregon Statesman.

ASAHIEL BUSH, Proprietor and Editor.

Published weekly, at five dollars per annum, in advance, or at three dollars per annum, if paid within six months. Three dollars per annum, if paid in advance. A dollar additional will be charged for each year payment is neglected.

No paper will be sent until the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements—One square, (twelve lines or less) three insertions, \$3.00; for every additional insertion, \$1.00. A liberal deduction will be made to yearly, half and quarter yearly advertisers.

Transient advertisements must be published in full. Divorce notices will not be published until paid for. Administrators notices, and all advertisements relating to estates of deceased persons, must be pre-paid, unless ordered published by the Probate Judge and guaranteed to be paid by him. Notice to parties litigant, heirs, attachment, and all other legal notices, must be pre-paid, unless some responsible attorney guarantees payment.

All advertising not paid within one year from the time when contracted, will be charged twenty-five per cent. additional, each year payment is neglected thereafter. All jobbing must be paid for when taken from the office.

Announcements of marriages and deaths will be published free; but all obituary or biographical notices, resolutions of societies, orders, &c., and poetry appended to marriage announcements, must be paid for before publication, at the rate of 10 cents per line. All communications of any personal interest, must be paid for in advance. This paper is published in the laws, resolutions and treaties of the United States, and the laws and resolutions of the Territory of Oregon, by authority.

Advertisements.

Over fields of thymy blossom.

Over beds of dewy flowers.

Now upon the streamlet's bosom.

Now within the whispering bowers.

Soft and slow.

The moonbeams go.

Wandering on through midnight hours.

Lighly o'er the heaving billow.

Where the creating waters flow.

Where the sea-bird finds her pillow.

There the glistening moonbeams go.

Soft and slow.

Ever wandering, soft and slow.

Queen of beauty, robed in splendor.

Finds thy silent foot no rest!

Looks thy smile soft and tender.

Never upon a kindred breast!

Soft and slow.

Thy footsteps go.

In their silvery sandals dressed.

Queen of beauty, canst thou ever

Thus thy lovely track fulfill?

Sister voices, never, never.

Answering thro' bow or billow!

Soft and slow.

As winter's snows.

Fall thy footsteps cold and still.

Silent moon! thy smile of beauty

Fainting hope will oft renew;

Teach me then, thy holy duty.

Waste and wild to wander through.

Soft and slow.

Still to go.

Patience, meek, but lonely too.

Carrie A. Clark thus writes to the Lonisville Journal.

I bring thee a heart love—a stainless heart,

As fresh and as pure as the mountain snow.

Still echoing back, with a clearer strain,

The song that thou taughtest in long ago.

The gift I bring.

Yet my all, my fortune and my store.

And I bring it to thee, I can bring no more.

What more could I bring thee, a stainless heart,

Fortune and a store—possibly a dry goods store. Hold on to that gal.

AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANCE.—The institutions of the present century, with their tendencies of an almost equal distribution of comforts and luxuries amongst numerous classes, have, for obvious reasons, created a desire to grow suddenly rich, and without adequate effort. This has been particularly apparent since the development of the gold mines of California and Australia. To this desire it is owing that men occasionally endeavor to establish a fictitious credit by an ostentatious display of sham prosperity; and to this it is also owing that a thousand airy relations of speculation, without the remotest prospect of remunerative returns for the investment made in them, are got up to dupe the unwary. And, worse even than the tricks and stratagems and devices of those who strive to obtain wealth without being willing to undergo the drudgery of honest accumulation, are the extravagances which the evil examples of some, and the imitative dispositions of many, have introduced in modern habits of living. Houses over-stocked with glittering furniture—tables groaning under expensive bronzes—pictures and hangings of unnumbered richness, are indications of social demoralization which requires to be corrected by a wholesome public sentiment, and which may possibly prevail as we grow older and wiser; but of which, we must confess, there is not much indication at present.—N. Y. Commercial List.

DANCING THEIR RAGS OFF.—Two unscrupulous country lasses visited Niddo's, in New York, during the ballet season. When the short-skirted, gossamer-clad nymphs made their appearance on the stage, they became restless and fidgety. "Oh, Annie!" exclaimed one, *sotto voce*. "Well, Mary!" "It ain't nice; I don't like it." "Hush, the folks will notice you." "I don't care; it ain't nice, and I wonder what brought us to such a place." "Hush, Mary, the folks will laugh at you." After one or two flings and a pirouette, the blushing Mary said: "Oh, Annie, let's go; I ain't nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Don't leave me," replied the sister, whose own face was scarlet, although it wore an air of determination; "it is the first time I ever was at a theatre, and I suppose it will be the last, so I am just going to stay it out, if they dance every rag off their backs!"

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—A friend of the Charleston Courier and making universally, (since the prevalence of colds is universal,) sends the following infallible remedy for Cough and Hoarseness:

Chop up half a pound of pine knots, and put a handful of the chips into a pint of spirits. A teaspoonful in a wine glass of water on going to bed, will cure a hoarseness, and if taken three times a day, or whenever a cough is troublesome, it will effect a speedy cure. A few chips thrown on a hot shovel, and the odor breathed, will be found serviceable in lung complaints, and is calculated to relieve asthma.

ERRATA.—Calling names is one of the most convenient methods for putting down obnoxious truth. Often, when a thing cannot easily be refuted, it may be so branded as to answer the same purpose. A plausible epithet, whose meaning and application may be too indolent to examine, will carry in their minds the weight of a judicial decision. A well-turned phrase outstrip the slower processes of logic, and accomplish in the impudence of stratagem, like Ethan Allen's at Ticonderoga, what no force of reasoning alone ever could achieve.

A Short Patent Sermon.

BY HOW, JR.

The words of my text are as follows—

For years, upon a mountain's brow,

A hermit lived—the Lord knows how.

Plain was his dress, and sparse his fare;

He got his food—the Lord knows where.

His prayers were short; his wants were few.

He had a friend—the Lord knows who.

No care nor trouble vexed his lot;

He had a wish—the Lord knows what.

At length this aged man did die.

He left the world—the Lord knows why.

He's buried in a gloomy den.

And he shall rise—the Lord knows when.

My HEARNS—Our text informs us that for many years a hermit once lived upon a mountain's brow or forehead. It doesn't say how long he lived; but the probability is that his life was much longer than it was broad, because recluses don't generally live so wide an extent as the common run of city folk, but make up in length what they lack in breadth. There is another reason, my brethren, why the old man of the mountain, in all likelihood, stretched his life beyond its ordinary limits; besides, his location being a healthy one, he would be compelled to live somewhere within the bounds chalked out by Nature. He couldn't get hold of pastries, condiments, doctor stuff, rum and tobacco, however much he might crave them. His health took care of itself; and he could lie down at night, thankful that he had enjoyed no more than enough, and without the fear of being nocturnally disturbed by that equine female which so frequently stables itself in the rich man's palace. But how he lived the Lord only knows; and that is the case with about one quarter of you—the Lord knows how. You grub along your way, apparently perfectly satisfied with the present, and exulting in the hopes of the future. Verily, you are but so many anchorites in a "peopled desert."

The dress of our hermit, my friends, was very plain. He wore no broadcloth upon his back, no gold studs in his bosom, and no paste blacking on his boots; but he looked upon the lazy lilies of the field, so beautifully arrayed, and fancied himself as well dressed as the stiffest of them. His dress was rather coarse, as you may well suppose—perhaps woven of bear's wool, grape vines about his hair, and he got his food—the Lord knows where. When Elisha of old turned hermit for a few days, he put his trust in the ewe; and our subject, relying on the bounties of a charitable Providence, sometimes found a bone to pick where he least expected it. But as for you, O ye "bummers"—inhabiting a fruitful island in an ocean of gravy, and surrounded by all the good things that appetite can ask for—you rely neither upon Heaven nor daily labor, but place an unbounded faith in "free lunches." The philanthropist in the linen jacket, who hands out the soup to the devil's poor and poor devil, knows that "mannu gives you but little here below," and therefore gives you but little; but with this you are well enough satisfied, so long as you have a free run at the rum of bed, hard crackers and radishes, and can "cut and come again," *ad arbitrium et ad finem*.

Behold the turkey-buzzards of the air! they scent their food from afar, and know where to pick; and so do you, ye featherless buzzards of Montgomery street! But our hermit hath not even your narrow privilege; he never even smelt of anything but the stench of the odors of a kitchen. Of a cooking apartment he knew just as much as he did of Latin, and cared the same. Tell him that a kitchen is a "camera obscura, pro ukas cum carrie, suscipiens, stepans, coals, stove, smokejack, pro roastandis, boilingum, tryandum, at pinn-pudding, mixandum, pro turtle, calve's head, soup, hashbush, cum calipe et calliphisibus,"—he would tell you, "That may be all very nice, but my kitchen is well enough without the embellishment of so many 'in-falutin flabidans.'"

His prayers were short his wants were few. He was one of your sort, my brethren, who make long prayers for pretense, and to be heard of wild cattle. His wants being few, he could crowd them into a brief invocation, which I believe are just the kind to command immediate attention; for it is my solid opinion that Heaven is as much in favor with short prayers as it is Congress with short petitions, congregations with short sermons, and editors with short contributions. And "he had a friend—the Lord knows who." That friend, my brethren, was Conscience; one in whom he could place implicit confidence, and without a fear of ever being betrayed. With no other friend in the wild world, nor fearing how he could lay his hands upon his breast and say: "What Conscience dictates to be done, or warn me not to do, this teach me more than hell to slum, that more than Heaven pursue."

"No care nor trouble vexed his lot." What care, my friends, could our hermit possibly have? He had no wife to burden him with kisses and cares; no neighbor, picking up dollars and dimes, aroused the demon of envy in his bosom; and, consequently, he had nothing to be vexed or excited by. He had no occasional market. Very likely musketoes now and then disturbed his repose—for I know they are apt to be amazing thick in the woods during the dog days, and especially just after a shower. Let man seek refuge even in the mountains, and even the musketoes of care or those that jab their bills into his cheek are sure to molest him.

Our solitary individual had a wish, but what it was, the Lord only knew. It is hard to conjecture, my brethren, what a man like him could have to wish for, unless it was that as long as he lived he might escape sickness and sore toes, and die at last as easily as rolling off a log into a bed of honeysuckles. But friends, there never was a human breast constructed that didn't serve as a hive for a busy swarm of wishes; so I suppose, our venerable recluse had his toy-wishes as other folks.

"At length this aged man did die." I suspect he did—and the fact of his demise goes to show you cannot forever escape the presence of death. You may flee from the mountains, and hide among the rocks; but the grim messenger will smelt you out at last. From the arrows of Cupid, that so tickle while they wound, you may possibly find shelter; but when the fatal spear of the old Fisherman is once aimed at the you are gone suckers! "He left the world—the Lord knows why," and so do you. It was because his lease had run out.

"He's buried in a gloomy den, and he shall rise—the Lord knows when." The

grave, my friends, is a gloomy den, whether dug upon the love mountain's side, or among the sweet odor-breathing flowers that bloom in the valley. Since the old man led a holy life, and kept himself "unspiced from the world," his chance of early rising is equally as good as the very best of his betters; but when that will take place, the Lord only knows, sure enough. Nevertheless, brethren, concerning this matter, as interesting us all, let us bid away. Hope cease to lean upon her rusty old anchor, and trustingly recline in the lap of Omnipotence. So note it be.

COOS BAY, Nov. 1858.

FRIEND BUSH—The Bay Cyclops, a vessel that has been trading between this port and San Francisco during the past season, went to pieces this morning, in about half an hour. Vessel and cargo a complete loss, all being at this time afloat in the Bay. Loss estimated at between four and five thousand dollars. The Captain informs me that the bar has changed since he was here a few weeks ago. This appears to have been the case with the bar at the Humboldt, and also at the Umpqua, the Mail Steamer Columbia having got aground at Umpqua, the last time she came up, in consequence of the bar and channel shifting since they were there before. It is reported that the Columbia threw over a large amount of freight, and just got in herself, in a somewhat damaged condition. She had not left yesterday.

The Cyclops has been off Coos Heads for three or four days last past. We have seen her distinctly from Empire City every day. Yesterday in attempting to come in by the old bearings she struck upon a bank of sand and was fast and hard aground. She never moved after she first struck until they had abandoned her, and went on board the Steam Tug. There was but one passenger on board, and she a lady. The Capt. says it was with some difficulty that this lady was got into the boat, the sea running quite high at the time. The Cyclops was a vessel about thirty years old, and it was thought she could not stand much thumping on the sand, therefore every one left her when they had a chance, and remained on the Steam Tug at a safe distance from the bar, to render all the help they could in saving the vessel and cargo if she should get over safe. But a violent storm arose last night and drove the vessel still farther on the sands, and this morning at high water she went all to pieces in a few minutes as above stated. This is the twenty-sixth vessel that has arrived at this port within the year and the only one that has been lost on this bar. The Bark New World went ashore while laying at anchor in the bay in March last. This is no fault of the harbor. It would appear that the bar harbors on this coast are changing so that it requires constant care and watchfulness to keep the run of the channels. The people of this county are now trying to pay their taxes, which are about one hundred on the dollar, and three dollars per lot. They have assessed War Scrip at thirty cents on the dollar, making each man pay six dollars on each thousand he holds of War Scrip.

There was a contest for the office of Sheriff for this county, which was decided at the last term of the District Court for this District, Mr. John S. McNamara the former incumbent being declared Sheriff elect. He has entered upon the duties of his office. No marriages, births or deaths to announce from this region. Some of the former expected in a few days, but of the latter we were remarkably free throughout this whole region of country.

It may not be amiss to inform your readers that the country bordering on the Coquille River is fast settling. This fall quite a number of families have gone there already, and a large emigration from Pennsylvania, and Maryland are expected in the Spring. The agent for those families expected, is already here. The settlement will be entirely within this county and directly within the gold region of the Coquille and its tributaries. There are a few men engaged in mining at Randolph at this time, their claims paying well, when the work and the weather will permit them to work. In every county in the Territory can increase in population as fast as Coos county has this fall, and has a prospect of doing in the spring, we shall soon have sufficient people to entitle us to admission as a State.

Yours truly,

YOUCALLA, Dec. 1, 1858.

Mr. BUSH—This community is at the present time, perfectly alive with indignation, the cause of which will be found in the murder of Dick Johnson, an Indian. For some ten years, a Klickitat Indian by the name of Dick Johnson, has occupied a small piece of land—quite out of the way, and a gulch on the west side of this (hilly) valley, and by a great deal of industry and ingenuity he had improved it very much. He had erected a large double house, made a good farm, and fenced it. When living, he rode about frequently in his wagon, drawn by two horses with good harness, which he made himself. To get rid of this Indian and to get his improvements, he was some three years ago seriously threatened, and ordered away by some three or four very small specimens of humanity, who on his refusal, finally succeeded, by a little clove swearing, in procuring an indictment against him for arson. He was tried and acquitted. Since which they have been on track constantly—fighting this Indian and the whole community—the Indian's friends. This chase ended last Sunday evening, when this hostile party rode up to Dick's house, and shot him down, also his father-in-law; they were buried on Monday. An Indian boy then returning from Oakland, was met by them and shot at; they missed him, but shot his horse which fell dead under him. The whole matter is now undergoing legal investigation, the result of which and the names of the accused, I will send you as soon as they are found out. It is known who they are, but not well enough to warrant exposure at this moment. I am told that they are all or nearly so professors. I will give you the full particulars. Yours,

UMPQUA.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he remained cold and impassible; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced

by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—what should he care much for that! But when he was informed that he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew of many a soldier who had run the gauntlet three through the whole battalion, and not been the worse for it after all; he knew of some that had even married afterwards, and brought up families of children; he was fully aware that the issue of this terrible torture depended entirely upon the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection!—Above all, he thought of the shame, the dishonor—and his proud heart was well nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment the second rifle battalion of Kherenhuill infantry would have been unfit for service; the men were drunk. They had got up a carousal in joy and honor of the coming day. The drums had ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the right wing of the company. There was a dead silence; not a respiration was to be heard from all the thousands gathered on the spot. The commanding officer read the sentence over to him for the second time. This done, he exhorted the men, according to custom, to dispense with all feelings of compassion, and to do their duty conformably to the law. The colonel went through this part of the formality in a quick and hurried manner, as if he were unwilling to perform it. So he was; he knew but too well that, in this instance, there was no need whatever of exhortation. These preliminaries being over the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the purser. When the latter took off from his uniform the golden lace and galleons—the marks of his military rank—throwing them, together with the gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and his dark eyes flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backward with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep his measure to a drum which brought up the rear. The drum was muffled; its slow and distant beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession.

When he received the first stroke, his features assumed an expression of pain, and his first-steps quivered slightly. This was, however, the only sign of sensation. Crossing his arms over his breast, and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained beneath immovable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body in pieces, but his proud and indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended with a fearful violence upon him. After the first dozen, blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look—did he implore mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he had reached at last the left wing of the company, his lacerated back presented a frightful appearance. Even his most exasperated enemies might well have been satisfied now; if it had not been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interceded in his behalf; but this must not even be thought of; the law must have its course. They faced him right about; he had to make the same way back again. There was one formality connected with this punishment which was a cruel, barbarous and shameful mockery; the delinquent had to thank his executioners for his tortures. When the victim had arrived at the file leader of the right wing of his company, and the dreadful execution was over at last, he threw one last, long look, full of contempt, at his tormentors. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with an unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in token of the military salute, he said in a voice that came out of his throat with a rattling sound, but that was nevertheless distinctly audible all over the place, "I have to thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and fell down dead.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?—A man was angry with his wife, either because she talked too much, or for some reason or other, and resolved not to speak to her for a long, long time. He kept his resolution for a few days very strictly. One evening he is lying in bed and wishes to sleep; he draws his night cap over his ears, and his wife might say what she will, but he hears nothing of it. The wife then takes a candle and carries it to every nook and corner of the room; she removes stools, chairs and tables, and looks carefully behind them. The husband sits up in the bed, and gazes inquiringly at her movements; he thinks that the dim must have an end at last; but he is mistaken, his wife keeps on looking and searching. The husband loses patience, and cries: "What are you looking for?" "For your tongue," she answers, "and now that I have found it, tell me why you are angry." Hereupon they became good friends again.

An exchange talks as follows: We hope those of our subscribers, if any, who are struck, will do as they would be done by. The golden rule has an application, even between publisher and reader.

"Paper, labor, material and everything used in printing an office, costs money." The publisher gets none of these articles without paying for them, and not a line of type is set that he does not have to pay for. Remember this, you who think or that thing might be printed free. Nothing can be printed free. If you do not pay for it yourself, the publisher must pay it for you.

"GAB"—A Mr. Hubbel, of Philadelphia, has replied to a circular from his Alma Mater at New Haven, asking money for a society or club instituted to train young men to premeditated or extemporaneous speaking or discussion, declining to contribute.

He says—

"GAB is the fatal epidemic of republics. What distracted Greece? GAB! What fictionized Rome? GAB! What anarchized France? GAB! What will dismember this Union? GAB! This eternal propensity of gabbling, upon all occasions and at all times, is the cause of our country."

The Last Victim of the Gunmetal.

An imperial rescript, bearing the date of the 20th of August, 1854, and the signature of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has abolished for ever within the realm of the whole Austrian empire that terrible chastisement—running the gauntlet. Terrible it was, indeed—a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times called the middle ages. I witnessed the last execution of this kind, and record it for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of by-gone centuries.

On an autumn morning, in the year 1851, the garrison of the fortress of Theresienstadt, on the Eger river, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square, drawn up in file, stood a company of a rifle battalion, to which the delinquent belonged. It was unarmed, each private (there were three hundred) being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten, and amidst a silence deep and oppressive the prisoner was marched into the square. He was a fine-looking man as ever I have set eyes upon—tall, powerful and well formed. His handsome features, to which a black moustache gave a bold and martial expression, shone forth in the full glow and vigor of manhood, only that of a deadly prisoner. He was a non-commissioned officer and during the last campaign in Italy, in 1849, he had distinguished himself in such a manner that his superior officers had recommended him for promotion. Austria is more generous than England towards those that shed their blood in her service, and he would have been made a commissioned officer long since—in spite of his humble origin and his poverty—if it had not been for a fatal impediment. This impediment was his own passionate temper; he was a very choleric man; harsh and brutal towards his inferiors, morose and stubborn towards his superiors whenever they deemed it necessary to check or rebuke him. He was hated by the men to the utmost. There was not a private in the whole battalion that had not vowed him revenge. He had never made one friend, nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military service—the most minor duties of which he discharged with the utmost exactness—he went his own way, proud, reserved, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments which he had brought upon the men; for however slight the offence might be, he was sure not to pass it over in silence. His superior officers respected him for his abilities, his ability, and his exactitude; but they did not like him. The evident lack of humanity in the man made him an object of doubt rather than of love. Moreover, there was a vague rumor about his having once struck at his own officer in the midst of a pell-mell caused by a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. The report never took a clear shape, the officer having been killed in the engagement, and the gossippings of a few wounded soldiers having been much too incoherent and contradictory to lead to a formal investigation of the matter. Besides, it was at the victory of Novara, in 1849, that he had distinguished himself, and his old Field-Marshal Radetzky had, with his own hands, affixed the golden medal on his breast. The rumor, however, together with the knowledge of his harsh and violent temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those that were recommended for higher promotion.

When this incident was made known to him he became even more sullen, more rigid, more cruel than ever; but always, as it was well understood, for the benefit of the service, the slightest demand of which he performed with the same unflinching strictness as he enforced them to be done by others.

A few weeks previous to the dreadful punishment which he had now to undergo he was mounting guard on the outworks with some twenty or twenty-five men of his own company. It was a chilly, rainy night; and when the sentries were relieved they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the middle of the guard room. He is not being very clean, (floors seldom are in these localities,) and the white uniforms of the men being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with tenacity that defied all exertions to get it off, when the waters were raised by this sergeant to prepare for standing guard once more. The more they tried to rub their clothes clean the more sturdily he lent a helping hand to their endeavors by an application of the sad equipment of every Austrian non-commissioned officer—the stick. Whilst he was fully at work, cutting away at the men with a powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard-room.

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant; and saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had happened. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice of this important news, but asked the sergeant in a brisk and somewhat impetuous manner, "What he was again striking the men for?" The sergeant, already much annoyed at this interference, gave a surly and unwilling answer; and when the young officer rebuked him in a severe and somewhat laudatory manner, the violent and passionate man, losing all self-control, lifted up his hand against his officer.

It was but one fatal moment, quick as lightning. The uplifted hand never descended; it was caught by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground and disarmed. Half an hour afterwards he found himself in irons in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior is considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed when both parties were on duty, and the Austrian military laws are the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded to the competent authority for ratification, it happened to be the superior's anniversary day; capital punishment was commuted, the criminal had to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the first sentence had been read over to him, he remained cold and impassible; not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked it in the face many a time without flinching, and to die in the open air, pierced

From the Statesman of June 30, 1857.

Personal Parties—Man-Worship.

Without political parties, communities in a Democracy inevitably divide upon the merits of persons, who are candidates for places of public trust. In the support of, or opposition to this or that man, measures and principles are sooner or later lost sight of and unconsidered. Questions of public policy, and the public interests, are forgotten and ignored in the undue partiality on the one side for a particular man, and an unwarranted enmity on the other. These personal parties are not only apt to lose sight of the public weal in their blind partiality or hostility to favorites or opponents, but they tend to engender a rancor and bitterness of warfare unknown to contests upon issues of measures, and are far more destructive of the amenities and civilities of good neighborhood, too much encroached upon by political warfare of all kinds.

Personal parties, though best flourishing in the absence of party organization, are sometimes found acting within, and if possible controlling political party organizations. Men acting within the organization attach themselves to the fortunes of some man, and with squads of lesser followers are known as this man's men, or they may be known as the efforts in their party are especially, and actively directed to the preferment of this of that man as the recipient of the party's bounties, and public favor. Personal adherents of these men, perhaps claiming to belong to the party by reason of their support of their favorite, go into the party's primary meetings to further his advancement, and if he is the successful candidate, vote for him, but if he is not, oppose the one that is.

Here of course we have a personal party, acting within a regular party organization, and tending to the undue prominence of that personal party's man, to the improper neglect and depression of other meritorious members of the political party.

These personal parties are formed mostly of two classes of men; one actuated by expectation of self-advantage from the success of their favorite, to whose fortunes they have for this purpose openly or secretly, as in their view may best promote the object sought, attached themselves. Another, led by a blind attachment, usually denominated man-worship, or manism—a disgusting trait of human nature.

It is not necessary to state that such personal parties are a weight upon and bane to political organizations. That is self-evident and unavoidable. The partiality they produce, necessarily creates individual rivalries, probably centers parties of like character and purposes, and certainly heart-bittings and hostilities. Not infrequently in this way a great party, founded upon principle, and held together by common and concurrent opinions upon governmental question, is distracted and rent asunder by issues and contests upon men. A striking instance of this fact, we have in the political history of Missouri. Benton, a man of great talents and political merit, gradually built up a strong personal party in that State, acting within and directing the democratic party. The consequence was, restless and impatient conflicts on the part of other meritorious and talented men of the party in Missouri for a long series of years, and finally intestine war of a most malignant character, in which measures and principles were ignored, and persons only dealt with; at last resulting, as everybody saw it would, in the success of the men and measures of the opposition. The democratic party in some of the north-western States we could name, have gone into a minority from this same cause. Sam Houston—always a political hanging, but who for his military services, his courageous conflicts with the savage and Mexican, deserves the commendation of not only Texas, but of Americans—for a long time had a man-worshipping political party in Texas, comprising a good portion of the democratic party. The latter, too strong for complete overthrow in that State, was nevertheless much weakened by this incubus, but has finally thrown it off, and in 1857, Sam Houston, respected as much as ever for his services in arms—is comparatively without supporters in Texas, or indeed elsewhere, as a statesman and politician. And, thus relieved, the democratic party of that gallant State has already put on new life, and will date new and more complete successes.

This manism and these personal parties, should be guarded against by the democracy. At the same time we would by no means denounce a very natural and laudable pride of party in its men of talent, fame, service and merit. But let it be because they are willing champions of the democratic faith, and embodiments of democratic doctrines. Here in Oregon we have been quite free from manism in the democratic party, and likewise free from personal parties. We hope ever to so continue. We think that we may never witness a blind man-worship, nor any mere personal organizations in the democratic party in the Territory, or any portion of it. Let us have here no Williams party, no Smith party, no Lane party, no Kelly party, no Deady party, no Gove party, no Pratt party, and no man's party now here, or to be here, but let us have a Democratic party, just, united, and invincible.

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.—Ebenzer Francis, one of the "solid men of Boston," died in that city on Tuesday. He leaves about four millions, nearly two millions and a half of which is in cash deposits in Boston banks. Mr. Francis was said to have been one of the most harassed men in the country during the panic last Autumn. He had so much money in bank—between one and two millions—that to draw upon it would create a panic and compel the banks to stop payment; to leave it where it was was to run the risk of being at the mercy of the banks that might, at any moment, stop specie payments; to invest it was impossible, and to lend it with safety was out of the question, when no man could say that he might not fail the next day. The unhappy man was reduced to despair by the abundance of his money.

A country editor received a remittance with the request to "send the paper as long as the money lasts." He included in a bit of a "agree" the next week he got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber,