Why, Mr. President, we paid for Louisiana, out of which we formed three slave States and two free, $15,000,000, and $8,385,353 in the way of interest upon that debt. We paid for Florida $5,000,000, and $1,480,000 in the way of interest upon that debt. We paid $100,000,000 in the Seminole war to protect the people of Florida from Indian aggressions. We paid $7,000,000 for pensions to the widows of soldiers lost in that war. We paid $5,000,000 to remove those Indians from Florida to the western frontier. We paid the sum of $10,000,000 for the Texas boundary line. We paid $10,000,000 in the way of indemnity to Texas, and $7,500,000 to her public creditors. We got into a war with Mexico in consequence of the acquisition of that State, and that war cost us $217,175,575 more. We paid $100,000,000 for pensions in consequence of that war. We paid $15,000,000 by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo for my own State. We paid $100,000,000 to extinguish the Indian title throughout the extent of country thus annexed. In short, without enumerating all the items, the people of the United States, for the purpose of extending their boundary, the area of their freedom, the enjoyment of their institutions, and carry out the great purposes of their social, political and commercial wants, have paid for the very States leading this rebellion over $617,000,000.

Yet, sir, we are told; for the "sake of humanity," we must acknowledge the rights of any one State thinking itself aggrieved, without regard to the States that are left—without consulting the happiness of the millions of others constituting those States—to secede at will; acknowledge their entire independence and right to make treaties offensive and defensive with the enemies of the country; their right to form alliances with foreign powers, and pass laws jeopardizing our very existence as a nation—all this under the sanction of the Constitution of the United States; that the eight millions people northwest of the Ohio river are to be shut off from the use of the Mississippi river, the natural outlet for pouring into the lap of the civilized world their commerce; that we are to be hemmed in, curtailed and thrown back in the great expansive ideas the people of this country have been struggling for from the very commencement of the nation; and all this under the plea that our fathers who founded this Republic have thus constructed its Government and institutions.

Sir, if this is the doctrine, the sooner the people of this country know it the better. If this is the principle by which we are to be governed, then, instead of singing triumphant peans, instead of lauding the memory of the great and the good, who have laid broad and deep and wide our foundations, we should execrate their memory as giving us, instead of a vital Government, a rattling, useless skeleton. If it is so, the people now standing by to support with arms and means, desire to know it. They wish the trial to be made in the face of the civilized world. They have intelligence enough still left never to suffer a military despotism; never to allow the seizure of their political rights and guarantees; but, appreciating their destiny, they will make a Government strong enough and powerful enough to conduct us in our onward career, until we shall be as Rome, when her imperial eagle hovered around the pillars of Hercules.

Senators, no one of our number can foresee the end of this long and fearful controversy. The constituency I represent desire, above all things, peace, peace. They demand it, if it can be had without the surrendering of the very cardinal principles of our Government; without the surrendering of one acre of its soil; without the slightest marring of our country's fair proportions. They are willing to give whatever the Southern people may require as sufficient to guarantee and secure them in the enjoyment of their property; but they are not willing to see this Government dismembered and broken up, and a line of fortifications separating your Northern from your Southern Confederacy. They are unwilling to see the eight million of people residing in the Northwest shut off from the natural outlet of their commerce. They are unwilling, even, to see property of the Southern people themselves destroyed, as it will inevitably be whenever you recognize their independence.

I desire to call the attention of the Senate one moment before I close, to a fact the census of 1860 discloses as to the institution of slavery in the Southern States. By the census of 1860, the population of the South is 9,000,000 white, and 4,000,000 slaves. Seven million and a half of the white population of the South have no interest whatever in slavery. The same relative proportion exists between the showing of the census of 1850 and 1860. Not having the exact figures for 1860, I refer to the census of 1850, which shows that out of a population of 6,000,000, which the Southern States then had, the number of slaveholders was but 347,555, as the heads of families, representing 1,500,000 people; and the number of slaves was over 3,000,000. Of the number of slaveholders 68,821 had but one slave each; 174,503 owners of slaves held but 385,869; while 178,023 persons held the rest of the slaves, amounting to 2,818,441.

Now, sir, I assert, and future history will show how true it is, that whenever you bring the line of Canada down to Mason and Dixon's, whenever by necessity (if it should so happen) our Government is broken up and two confederacies formed, whenever it shall be a recognized principle, as it will be, that the moment that a slave touches the soil of the "Northern Confederacy" he is free; when, sirs, you have given unbridled license to sectional fanaticism in permitting John Brown raids, followed by retaliatory outrages of clipping of ears, shaving of heads, tarring and feathering citizens; you will, from that very moment, have doomed the institution of slavery. Our Southern people, who have now raised themselves in rebellion to your Government, will see they have committed the great folly of their lives. The people of these United States desire no such results. They desire its territory to remain intact. They desire the people to live in happiness, in the enjoyment of their property, and in the full possession of all the civil and religious liberties which it has been our pride heretofore to possess.

Mr. President, having detained the Senate already too long, I repeat, and conclude as I have commenced, by saying that while I have a seat upon this floor representing a State upon the far-off Pacific, I shall support the constituted authorities in upholding the laws, supporting the Government, and securing obedience to all its behests, in the constant and fervent hope that, with as little blood-shed as possible, with as little force as possible, these people may return to their allegiance and their duty to our Government. It is a dark page that is now spread before our vision. No man can tell what will be written upon it. It may be God's will that star after star shall shoot crazily, and be blotted from its sphere in our political firmament; it may be His purpose that column after column now sustaining our political temple, shall fall and crumble in the dust; and that ruin, confusion, destruction and decay, shall prevail in this once happy scene. Be it so; be it so. Let me be glad in the thought that whenever a future Marius shall wander through the ruins of our Carthage, he will find one column at least standing erect—beautiful in all its proportions; cloud capped its summit—bearing inscribed upon it in imperishable letters the name of my own beloved State—evidence of its truth and determination to uphold the Constitution and Union of our fathers in the very face of time. [Applause in the galleries.

A MYSTERY.—Is there not something significant in the following from the Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury?*

The Government seems zealously to conceal everything they can from the public here. Up to this day (the 4th), since the fight, no report is made of the wounded or dead; nor will they allow those who have sons and brothers at Manassas to go to ascertain their fate, and administer to their necessities if wounded. All we learn is from the newspapers, which obtain their information from the wounded who are brought here. The death of Col. Fisher of North Carolina was not known until his body arrived on its way to North Carolina.

FAILED.—G. Collier Robbins, for many years past doing business in Portland as a Jeweler, has recently failed—his liabilities amounting to a large sum, probably $80,000.

ESCAPED.—Robert Irwin and David, an Indian, have escaped from the Penitentiary.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

"TO THE EFFICACY AND PERMANENCY OF YOUR UNION, A GOVERNMENT FOR THE WHOLE IS INDISPENSABLE."—*Washington.*

JACKSONVILLE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

List of Agents for the Oregon Sentinel,

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"Never Give up the Ship."

Such were the words that fell from the lips of the immortal Lawrence, as he lay on the bloody deck, and as his life was fast ebbing away through his gaping wounds. "Never give up the ship!"—noble sentiment of a departing patriot! It has been embalmed in the heart of every genuine American, and constitutes a part of that fund of national glory in which all feel that they have an interest. The Ship of State coursing proudly onward in her career of national greatness and glory, has been suddenly struck with a terrific storm. She heaves and pitches amid the foam-crested billows, and the darkness of night is fast closing around her; but, amid the darkness and the fearful roar of the storm, the clarion notes of that patriot voice are heard, crying "Never give up the Ship!" The patriot notes of that clarion voice have rung over the hills and through the valleys of New England, echoed amid the mountains and plains of the Middle States, and swept like wild-fire over the prairies of the fertile West. Eighteen millions of freemen have sprung to arms, and have registered the solemn oath in Heaven, that the old Ship of State shall never founder amid the quicksands of insurrection and rebellion.

Why should we give up the Ship? Is not our Government the best in the world? Have we not been secure in our persons, in our property, and in the full possession of all those popular rights and liberties which the people of Europe have been vainly striving to wrest from fortified despotism for the last century? If our Government goes down amid the present rebellion, nothing is more certain than that Constitutional liberty will be buried amid the ruins. The darkness of despotism will close around the world, and the last hope of man for the possession and enjoyment of well regulated liberty will be extinguished forever. What has secession to offer us but a disintegrated empire, desolated by rebellion and filled with chaos and anarchy? What has it to promise us but the bloody history of revolutionary Mexico, and her consequent imbecility and insecurity? Are we invited to study her history to know what our future felicity may be?

The Government must be preserved in its integrity and unity, or it is gone forever. Let the process of disintegration once commence and it can never be stopped. For how shall we resist the fatal effect of the first example? If we permit one State to go out, how shall we say no to the second. In other words, how shall we arrest the process of denationalization when once begun. The struggle then is for the preservation of the Government, with all its blessings, and glories, past, present and prospective, on the one hand, and all the uncertainties of anarchy and denationalization on the other. How do we stand? Are we for giving up the old Ship, or do the patriotic sentiments of the immortal Lawrence find a lodgement in our hearts? Our rights are vested under the present Constitution, are we ready to divest them and try the uncertainties of a reconstruction?

Are we for the Union and yet opposed to all the means by which that Union can be preserved? If such is our position, what can be more transparent than our hypocrisy, or more stolid than our judgment. If while the Indian war was raging in this Valley, and the brave volunteers were in the mountains seeking the savage foe, there had been a party of men remaining in the Valley, professedly in favor of the Territorial Government, but yet laboring to cut off the means by which the savages could be subdued, and secretly rejoicing at every temporary advantage they might obtain—what would you have thought of their professions of attachment and of their loyalty to the Territorial Government? There are but two sides to this question. The Government is struggling to put down a lawless and wanton rebellion, and you are either for the Government or you are against it. You cannot disguise your opposition by directing it against the only practical means by which the Union can be preserved. Remember the Hartford Convention, and the merited fate of the Federalists. Remember the opposition to the Mexican war, and the oblivion that swallowed up that opposition. The searching developments of advancing time will certainly show who are for the Union and who against it. And when the struggle is over, when the Union is established firmer and stronger than before, woe be to the political aspirations of that man, who in his country's darkest hour, when it was struggling against traitors in arms and traitors in disguise, levied a fatal blow at its developing energies and its preserving power.

Rough Sketches of a Few Days in the Mountains.

NUMBER FIVE.

JULY, 21st.—*Matin, tres refraichissant.* Raddle-ink-a-dum-dum, dum-dum-da—stump tail geese!! Which happy strain from the world-renowned Dan. Rice's horse opera; air—gentlemanly tourist on the classic plains of Arkansas—radiates on the morning breeze, from the jovial commissary, striking the tympanums of the three semi-somnolent fearless, impelling a perpendicular movement thereof in order to comprehend the phenomena. Did you ever see the happy man? Pryus the placid answers truly, no! Then behold *chasseur* Winkles half recumbent d'p in the *cuisine*; the grace with which he manipulates the bread, bear, and coffee, flushed with the morning zephyr and exhilerating "columbiad," berfore the roaring fire, engrossed deep in the inspiriting opera above mentioned, and you have *entrevoir d'homme contentment.*

Further inspection of the present status of the fearless, discloses some important facts: That we miss some of the cadaverous angularities, that prevailed among the courageous on the start-out; that we readily realize the beneficial results of rubbing againt the knobs and through the jungle—barring the wardrobe. Hilarity has stormed and carried the works of hypochondria; gayrisibility has cleaned out the bluediablo's; Palephiz is packing up his traps to get out of the way of the impetuous *rouge sante*; and we find Gastricjuice on the rampage, loudly appealing for more bear and smoked hog; which appeal and an invitation to breakfast, sets the daring expedish on its pins, ready to dip into the roast bear, morning air, and events of the 21st.

At breakfast we hold a *counseil de guerre*, and conclude to board the fleet and steam to the South'ard, for the reason that "variety is the spice of life"—enjoy the kaleidoscop'es and wish to push along the panoramma as fast as possible for we

"Can't stay in this wilderness,
But a few days, few days!"

for at the expiration of that time, we must return to dust, smoke, briefs, red tape, pobiz, codfish and molasses of ye mighty village; which, to this paradise paralel, is Hades on the *ge*. The gun having fired, Bolus hauls into the stream and works up the paddles of the Goruf, leading off the fleet at a high rate of speed, and three cheers from the courageous announce that we are afloat once more on the *mer* of belts and glades. Head west about two miles to the grand junction of glades, which here form a rill of sparkling water; running south some two miles further intersecting an *eau-clariere* and bubbling brook rippling westward ho! down which the fleet careers at a spanking speed for three miles or so, to the beaver dams and grizzly prairie; here is situated beaver city; and at the mouths of all the streams putting into grizzly prairie, similar thriving villages can be found; the enterprising beverians have here displayed great mechanical genius in the construction of dams, locks, and water levels—scientific engineers are they; some of the dams are at least one hundred and fifty yards long and of beautiful workmanship. Grizzly prairie is large, flat, marshy; about half of it covered with water some few inches deep, filled with reeds and rank watergrass—resembling a half grown rice crop. Hauling up to windward we weather the ramparts of Beaverburg, unfurl the calico fleet to the breeze and bob along on the silent waters; working round the point of a timber belt that obtrudes on the marshes, where we get sight of a deer, and come to an anchor, while Pryus bears down on the game, which is feeding on the sponge-grass near the belt; Pryus sends Tennessee out to agree on the terms of capitulation, who sustains well his former reputation in diplomatic matters *de mort*, which we guess from the game jumping into the air hog-backed and coming down again on its fore feet, which is a tolerably good indication that the venison is stirred up among the vitals somewhere; this one was, although as usual, running two hundred and fifty yards up the pine belt, where we found it dead as a mackerel. Cutting off the hams, we threw them aboard the donkey transport, belay all, and revolve once more on the raging rice patch, a couple miles or so south'ard, where we emerge from the damp to the dry territory of grizzly back bone, where cinders and scoria and other debris of ancient rage volcanic, flourish in a high state of gloom and ashes, through which the calico fleet unrolls itself very gingerly some three miles, where we struck a trail leading up a creek southwest; which creek heads in the divide or rim range of the *plateau*, west. Keep up the above creek west by south and southwest, until we chase the trail into the bear jungle and strand the fleet. The bear jungle, by the way is a long stiff brush, flattened down by platoons half its length, then suddenly rising well mixed, pointing like bayonets in a stack of arms badly stacked. We now back out and scale the mountain with the intention to take the ridge until we find a trail across—find none however; but frequently does the gay Goruf point her prow into an opening, only to point it out again by the same road, as nothing but a grizzly can migrate through such breakers. By the shades of the fearless we have been here before, remarks Pryus; and so we had, at least three times; and the idea is buzzing around making preparation to enter the fearless, that we are in the circumlocution office, and the question is, how to sail out? The sun is stripping for a bath in the Pacific, and of course gets out of sight, leaving the cavalcade feeling for openings among the shades and jungle, with prospects plain for a shake down on the "cold cold" mountain; so the first thing on the tapis is water; where is the most convenient water? Which question finds no answer, and it now occurs to the bold, that we have seen no water for some time. Already the jungle smells of night, dressed up in all of her most melancholy sables. A hasty council is now held, and it is determined, to take the first ravine we come to without regard whither it goes, so it leads to water. Getting waked up to the emergency, we bulge through the tempestuous billows of brush without much regard to the rigging of the fleet. After one or two rotary revolutions through the labyrinths of the office, we worked through the breakers, found a gulch, and plunged into it, and down the mountain with every rag set to the breeze, making various knots per hour, which under the circumstances is fast fleeting. Dark as flugens; no water yet; with rueful visages and prospects black as the night around us, we forge ahead thus for nearly an hour, when Scrips transport soused into a water hole at least three inches deep, and gave the glad tidings to the wings of night in a few blasts that went careering through the pines to the fearless and probably waked up some of the monarchs of the jungle. We now appreciate the lines of Winkle that

There is nothing so good
For the youthful blood,
As cool sparkling water.

of which the courageous drink, the fleet drink, and we all drink together, and feel much good.

Camped under a huge pine, struck up a fire and hastily improvise coffee, venison and bear for four; fought fire for awhile, which spread in the pine leaf formation which is here about a foot thick near the ground; drink more coffee; plant sticks before the fire armed with strips of venison, to further appease the gastric; disentagle the calico cavelcade from the brush, and moor close round camp; thread the labyrinths of the circumlocution office and do the events of the day over the comfortable, well filled pipes, and without further ceremony pitch into the blankets, where we sleep like the tombs of Egypt.

JULY, 22d.—"*Petite gelee. Mucho Frio,*" says Bolus, flapping his flippers to warm his fingers like another old salt, in regular nautical style. Breakfast over, we board the fleet and shove out of the grizzly cages, just as old Sol is making his appearance from the seat of war on the other side; head west up the gulch we decended last night, to the summit of the mountain; crossed over near the circumlocution office above named, and stepped off into a most beautiful opening called summit prairie—the old hunting range of Pryus; here we hunt about two days, wounding about two dozen deer, but for want of a dog, fail to catch "em John," the reason being that we shoot them late in the evening, and they take refuge in the grizzly jungle, and next morning grizz breakfasts on them before we come to time; about the only shot that will stop one of these bucks short of three hundred yards, is to break his back which is most apt to 'nip 'em. We kill grouse during the two days, and have a good time generally, but oh! ye that sympathise with the shell-bark notes listen! whilst a tale we unfold, that may have a tendency to dry up your pilpill, and elevate your hat up an inch or so—owing to the length of the capilary crop, that is, provided you have rubbed much against the mountains, which you probably have. The columbiad is bastificated, and left us destitute of defence against the cruel cold! The commissariat is suffering from that fell destroyer consumption, and hence we are compelled to leave these classic belts and glades with regrets *mucho*. Before having however, we go to the summit as it is here named, to take a last look at the most magnificent picture we ever saw; standing on the knob we see mount Pitt to north'ard glistening in the sun's rays; to the south'ard, mount Shasta looms up apparently only thirty miles distant, but really 70—plainly visible from cap to truck, whose ponderous head stands high above the clouds in solitary grandeur, impressing the fearless with the vast powers of the Architect who built the glacier the *monde*—the universe; whose eternal snows feed a thousand springs which tumble into the *mer* through the Golden Gate and Klamath, freighted with commerce; whose frosted brow is crowned with etherial gauze; broad shoulders covered with a ruff of atmospheric air, and skirted with festoons of brilliant clouds *a-la-mode* Elizabethian. Turn to the west, northwest, and we behold the prettiest part of the worlds panoramma—the valley of the Rogue river—its thousand wheat fields, cottages and kaleidoscopic views, cannot fail to facinate an artist from this stand point. To the eastward, the chessboard of belts and glades with blue mountains in the dim distance, is truly picturesque, and well worth seeing.

Truth to tell, the picture is so good that we are loth to leave, and with difficulty turn the cranks of the cavalcade homeward. But "time and tide" wait not for the fearless more than any other man, and ours is out. So we plunge off the rim of the *plateau* down Grubs creek, at a quarter pitch angle, to the north, northeast, through a patriarchial pine forest to Grubs prairie, and thence to our first camp on the *plateau*, having made a circuit of about fifty miles. We are now back to the milk station, and within the radius of the Pony, which we are sorry for, because we had rather not hear the horrors of war—for

The silent belts have charms
We prefer to clash of arms;
But what can't be cured
Will have to be endured,
Until the country is secured
Beyond all chance of rupture;
Moreover the fact is,
We're compelled by biz,
To stand by indeed,
And see our stars bleed.

Changing the subject, it is no bad thing to be seated behind a bowl of butter milk here at the milk station, neither is it unhealthy to mix straw berries with rich cream and partake sumtuously thereof; at least the fearless lean that way somewhat. While on the milk subject *imprimitura*, that Col. Grub has a huge churn rigged to travel by water power, and it is a treat to witness the Grubs make the butter fly, and the article we attest is of *qualite superieur*. The same may be said of Stearn's works at the Mammoth springs where we are camped; and others in the vicinity likewise.

JULY, 24th.—Temperature balmy. Homeward Ho! The fleet bowls along under a stiff breeze with Goruff and Wopsle dancing in the wind like unto things of life—as they are; possibly they have seared up a yellow jackets nest. We return to R. R. valley by the old dead wood road, over the rim of the *plateau*, on which we have the good fortune to find some quail, bagged by Winkle. Bolus throws out a handfull or so of shot, but did not find any thing; under a heavy press of canvass for 20 miles—we heave to and camp for the night, on Emigrant creek; where we fish until 11 A. M., and catch some beautiful trout—and right here is a most salutary liquid of which the bold use vast quantities—it is soda water of a taste peculiarly pleasant, exhilerating and *excellanta*. Camped on the premises of an Emerald Islander, and the fleet was scattered loose on the waters of the creek in a field in which the fearless fished; towards mid-nox the gentlemanly proprietor of these waters hove in sight, and entered the port; hailing us, he wished to know—very naturaly—"what the deuce we were sailing into his port for?"—expected he would enquire for our ships papers. When the diplomatic Winkle boarded him and revealed the calibre of the expedish in his usual happy style, and immediately the "troubled waters were smooth" as oil, and Mr. M. very kindly gave us the last paper from town with news from out side and inside, celestial and terestial, which we take in by degrees, mixed with soda water; as we having fasted over a week, from motives *sanitarie* and the expedish being sleepy, and other circumstances various, which it is too late now to mention—being past midnight, the fearless will now be under the necessity of whispering *bonsoir a'jamais*, and turn in to review the stirring events of the past few days in profound slumber, outside of at least two gallons of soda water. And the rough notes insist on smoothing down to a simmer and severing the thread, whilom exisiting with the gay fearless, and slough back into space with any crude materials left from No. 5—don't know about using them but, "save the pieces" were the words of *mere* to *fil*, when the later washed the crockery. So, the rough notes will glide off into the relentless past with as little agony as possible under the circumstances,—keep a waven, *toujours*.

SCRIPTI.

[From Sentinel Extra, August 24th.]

BY TELEGRAPH.

Expressly for the Oregon Sentinel

Battle in Missouri—Generals Lyon, Price, and M'Culloch Killed.

LAPORTE (Ind.), August 12th.—A bold attempt was made last night to throw a freight train going east off the track of Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, one and a half miles above here, by placing a rail and tie on the track.

KANKAKEE (Ill.) August 12th.—A destructive fire occurred here yesterday morning; $20,000 damage; mostly insured.

WASHINGTON, August 12th.—The following Consuls have been appointed; To Smyrna, Proff. C. D. Cleaveland, of Pennsylvania; to Mexico, Mr. Ottenberg, of Wisconsin; to Hongkong, H. M. Congar, of New Jersey; to Marracaibo, Fred. Hipperman, of Wisconsin.

Two regiments have been raised in New Mexico for its defense, Col. St. Vrain Espino; Lieutenants, Kit Carson and Manual Caveso.

The President's health is excellent. He will not leave Washington this year.

The War Department has been busy since the adjournment of Congress inpreparing for the distribution of the law recently enacted for the regulation of the army. Nearly all the commissions for the officers already provided for by the late increase have been made out. The labor has been great.

BANGOR, Maine, August 12th.—At one o'clock this afternoon, the office of the Bangor *Democrat* (secession sheet) was cleaned out. During the alarm of fire, a crowd entered the office and cleared it of every thing, and burned the contents in the street. Emery, the editor, was unharmed.

WASHINGTON, August 12th.—A number of the most distinguished army officers of Europe, particularly from England and France, have tendered their services to the United States, but it is not known that any will be accepted.

Gen. Robert Anderson is here, and seems to be in poor health.

Several weeks ago one of our consuls abroad expressed the opinion that Garibaldi would visit this country and command a column of Union forces, if the President of this Government would indicate his services were needed. There being no official information on the subject, of course the President could take no official action, but it is understood he has taken measures to ascertain if Garibaldi would accept a command if offered, and has authorized parties to express to him the gratification it would afford the President to witness his return to the United States, and see him at the head of a column of our troops.

Another ex-Government Clerk, Alexander W. Flowers, was arrested yesterday, en route for Richmond, on the charge of being a rebel spy.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 12th.—Today a flag of truce arrived from Norfolk with twenty-two released prisoners. They were mostly surgeons captured at Bull Run.

NEW YORK, August 13th.—Brig Sea Fowl, from Curacoa, reports privateer Sumter arrived there July the 17th, and was allowed by Government to coal and refit, against remonstrances of the United States Consul. She left the 24th. The crew had liberty to go ashore during the time, and raised the devil generally.

The Constellation is momentarily expected, having been ordered to return to reinforce the blockade fleet.

LOUISVILLE, August 12th.—Judge Catron of the Supreme Court has been expelled from Nashville because he would not resign his Judgeship, and was obliged to leave a sick wife in Nashville.

NEW YORK, August 13th.—The *Tribune* publishes a proclamation for a National Fast on the last Thursday in September, signed by the President.

A letter from Minister Fogg says Garibaldi said if the United States war for freedom I am with you with 20,000 men.

The flag ship Lancaster has reported at Panama, that the oath of allegiance was taken with great enthusiasm by all the crew except one. The St. Mary was ordered to relieve the Cyanne on the coast of Mexico.

BOSTON, August 13th.—The following instructions have been given by the Bank Committe:

That the Committee be authorized to say to gentleman of the Committee and New York and Philadelphia banks, that in the judgement of the gentlemen assembled the banks and bankers of Boston and State of Massachusetts, and its people, are prepared, and ready, and determined to do all in their power to aid in suppressing the present rebellion, by furnishing men and money to the utmost extent of their ability, now, henceforth, and forever.

ST. LOUIS, August 13th.

The following official report of the fight near Springfield, Missouri, is forwarded by one of General Lyon's Aids to Fremont:

General Lyon, in three columns, under self, Sigel and Major Sturges, of the Cavalry, made an attack, at 6:30 A. M. August 10th, nine miles south of Springfield. The engagement was severe. Our loss in killed and wounded is 800. Gen. Lyon was killed in the charge at the head of his column. Our force was 8,000, including 2,000 Home Guards. Muster rolls taken from the enemy give their strength at 23,000, including regiments from Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana, with Texas Rangers and Cherokee half-breeds. Their loss is reported heavy, including Generals McCulloch and Price. This statement is corroborated by rebel prisoners. Their tents and wagons were destroyed in the action. Gen. Sigel left one gun on the field, and retreated to Springfield, with a large number of prisoners. At three o'clock in the morning of August 11th he continued his retreat to Rolla, bringing off his brigade trains and $25,000 in specie from the Springfield banks. Detailed accounts of this fight go to California by this Pony.

LOUISVILLE, August 13th.—A dispatch from Richmond says a land slide occured Sunday night, about seventeen miles from Richmond, on the Manassas Railroad. Eight cars with soldiers were smashed and shivered to pieces. Companies from Nashville were the principle sufferers.

NEW YORK, August 13th.—Three vessels under British flags were refused clearances at the Custom House.

Brig Sea Foam says feeling at Curacoa was against admittance of the Sumter. Officers of a Spanish man-of-war in the harbor refused to associate with the Sumter's officers.

WASHINGTON, August 13th.—General Wool has been ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he will assume command, vice Gen. Butler. Gen. Butler will remain for some days and then will be called to more active duty.

Capt. Cox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy reports that he has engaged one hundred vessels for the United States in the department of enforcing the revenue laws.

The rebel Congress has passed an Act for the imprisonment or expulsion of all Union men.

It is said the rebels are in strong force at Edwards' Ferry thirty miles above here, and were supplied with artillery.

George N. Sanders, late Navy Agent, is defaulter to the amount of $21,000. A process is sued out against his sureties.

Gen. Pillow has broken up camp at New Madrid and gone to Memphis. The movement is supposed to be on account of the active preparations of Fremont at Cairo.

ST. LOUIS, August 10th.—The Provost Marshal has issued stringent orders against wearing concealed weapons by the citizens, and interdicted sales except by special permits.

CALIFORNIA TROOPS CALLED FOR.—The following important document has just been placed in our hands:

WASHINGTON, August 14, 1861.

John G. Downey, Governor of California: Please organize, equip and muster into service, at the earliest date possible, four regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry, to be placed at the disposal of General Sumner.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

The Governor immediately telegraphed General Sumner, inquiring if he was prepared to equip the troops called for in the above requisition.

The War Department has intimated to the Governor that the appointment of General D. D. Colton to command the cavalry regiment would meet the wish of the Department. Colton is the only officer recommended for appointment.

[From Sentinel Extra, Wednesday, Aug. 28th.]

Second Dispatch---Latest.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 26th.

The Pony arrived at Well's Station (187 miles east of Fort Churchill,) this morning at nine o'clock. The following is from the *Union:*

ST. LOUIS, August 19th.—Foreign relations are attracting the attention of the Government. At present the Administration will maintain the right to close the rebel ports at all hazards. The subject is now under consideration between our Government and those of England and France. It is believed our rights will be fully conceded.

Gen. Butler has been authorized to raise a division of 60,000 men in Massachusetts. He has been granted absence to superintend their organization in person.

It is reported that Gen. Rosencranz's small command is in a precarious position, in the Mountain Gap neighborhood, at Big Spring, cut off from water by the rebels.

Teighman is organizing a rebel force in the lower counties of Maryland.

Rosencranz is authorized to accept regiments from Western Virginia, which he does as fast as they are ready.

Gen. Sumner has been ordered to raise, immediately, a column of five to ten thousand Californians, to march to Texas and Arkansas.

The rebels are playing a desperate game. A British sailor named Ross says, he was impressed as a gunner, on the *Speed*, on July 31st, near Nags Head. They attacked, took and burned a British vessel, having destroyed the entire crew. Ross refused to fight his countrymen, and was shot at and wounded by the rebel captain, and confined in irons. He escaped by aid of a fellow sailor, who was also impressed. Ross is going north, and wishes to lay the matter before the proper British officials.

Thomas Seaville, a prominent secessionist, was arrested at New York on arrival of the *Persia*, with £40,000 in Bank of England notes, the proceeds of the Confederate loan. Seaville is very wealthy, and a native of New Orleans. Important papers were found on him.

Sigel is at Rolla. His command was not menaced by McCullough's army.

At the battle of Wilson creek, the Unionists killed, wounded and missing, don't exceed 600. Some of the rebels estimate theirs at 2,500 or 3,000. They give a very different account of the battle, and claim a brilliant victory.

The privateer *Davis* is still untaken and is committing extensive depredations on Union vessels and cargoes; privateer *Sumter* is reported taken by a United States ship of war.

Rebels are in large force in the neighborhood of Washington. Scott thinks they will not attack Washington.

An attempt was made to blow up Fort Columbus on Governor's Island. Four men it is represented, arrived there on Monday with the intention of laying a train to blow up the magazine and destroying several hundred tons of powder, and a large number of soldiers.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 16.—Three notorious rebel bridge burners have been arrested by Federal scouts at New Creek.

A force of 1,100 rebels are reported near Romney. The Federals at New Creek are expecting an attack from them.

Released Federalists think the rebels will attack Fortress Monroe.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17th.—Since our capitalists have taken the new Government loan so freely, the Treasury Department entertain no doubt that loans will be largely taken abroad.

Judge Nelson, of Tenessee, is in prison at Richmond.

All the military depots of the States of Maryland, Delaware, and a portion of Virginia, together with the City of Washington, have been united in one broad department. Generals Banks and Dix are thus placed in a subordinate position. Fortress Monroe is not included in the new arrangement.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17th.—A detachment of United States troops at Cape Girardeau, seized $58,000, belonging to the bank of St. Genevieve, yesterday, by order of Gen. Fremont, and brought it here today. It is understood the money was to have been used for the benefit of Confederates.

ROLLA, Mo., Aug. 18th—Gen. Price has issued a proclamation, at Springfield, to the effect that a great victory has been won over the Northern oppressors of Missouri, and that they have been driven back.

Capt. Emmet McDonald, of the secession army, reports that at Wilson Creek, the killed and wounded is from 2,500 to 3,000. He says their force was 22,000 before the engagement.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18th.—Schooner *Hannibal* reports that the privateer *Sumter* is captured by one of our men-of-war and taken to Curacoa.

SACRAMENTO, August 26th.

The Steamer Gem, from Red Bluff, arrived at 9 o'clock last night, bringing the following sad news: At 1 P. M. (25th) the Steamer McClelland, Capt. C. Mills, bound for Red Bluff, exploded a short distance below Knight's Landing, carrying away all her forward cabin and shattering the hull that she sunk in 15 minutes.

The following is a list of the killed as far as ascertained:

Capt. Wilson mate, Gardener lumber dealer, of Sac. City; I. A. Riecga, Noel Hubert of Knights Landing; two firemen, names unknown; Aaron Leland of Knights Landing; one passenger name unknown; two men were found on the bank, below, one hundred yards from the boat, names unknown; Chas. Howell, clerk; Isaac Keel; the cook of the boat, name unknown.

WOUNDED—Jas. Morrow, badly scalded; Cap. Mills, slightly wounded; Jas. Bowman engineer, badly bruised; Andrew Flynn, one leg blown off and both arms broken; J. C Hilman slightly bruised; J. M. Knott badly bruised; Jas. Cox badly bruised.

The number on board is not known, but it is supposed that many more are killed than in the above list.

The Gem brought all the wounded down to this city, where every attention was shown them. The cargo and steamer are a total loss.

NOT SO.—The report that the Republicans had withdrawn the name of Stanford for Governor of California, is denied by the Secretary of the State Central Committee, in a dispatch to the *Journal* at Yreka. We see by the Sacramento *Union*, 27th instant, that should a combination take place, Leland Stanford, the Republican candidate, will be the man. If a combination takes place we will inform our readers of it as soon as possible. At present everything remains in *statu quo*.

THE United States revenue cutter *Joe Lane*, at San Francisco, and *Jefferson Davis*, at Oregon, have been ordered to New York. The names of these vessels should be changed, and probably they will be before being attached to services within the blockading fleet.

BIRTHS.

In Jacksonville, Aug. 24th, the wife of Mr. David Linn, of a daughter.

DIED.

On the 23d instant, at the residence of R. S. Belknap, in Josephine county, Oregon, of typhoid fever, NATHAN BARNEY, formerly of Steuben county, New York. Aged 54 years.

[Papers of Steuben county, N. Y., please copy.]

SPECIAL NOTICES.

I. O. O. F.

JACKSONVILLE LODGE No. 10, holds its regular meetings every *SATURDAY EVENING*, at their Hall (Mc'Cully's Theater building).

Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

R. F. MAURY, N. G.
E. F. RUSSELL, R. Sec'y. [32:6m]

WARREN LODGE No. 10, A. F. & A. M.

HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OGN.

G. W. GREER, W. M.
H. BLOOM, Sec'y.

PHOENIX LODGE No. 23, A. F. & A. M.

Hold their regular communications the SATURDAY EVENINGS on or preceding the full moon, in Phoenix, Oregon.

S. M. WAIT, W. M.
S. REDLICH, Sec'y. jan26:2

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4,

--OF--

ROYAL ARCH MASONS,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON,

Will hold its regular communications on the **First Saturday Evening of Every Month.**

All sojourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

W. W. FOWLER, H. P.
JAS. T. GLENN, Sec'y. dec8:47

Dr. G. W. Brown's Medical Establishment, for the permanent cure of all private and chronic diseases and the suppression of quackery. The Doctor warns all those who are suffering with diseases of a private nature to guard against impudent quacks. The Doctor wants no person but those who can appreciate the skill of a scientific physician to patronize him; that such is Doctor G. W. Brown, his practice abundantly proves. If he does not effect a cure, he asks no pay. 30:tf

Sand's Sarsaparilla.—The popularity acquired by this truly invaluable medicine is as extended as it is richly merited. If the tens of thousands of scrofulous ulcers which have been cicatrized and permanently healed by this extraordinary antiseptic had each a tongue, a chorus of testimony would attest its efficacy, not only in scrofula and all external manifestations of disease, but in dyspepsia, billious complaints, general debility, and the various internal disorders in which it affords speedy and lasting relief. 30:4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Great Preparations

For War!

2,000 Volunteers Wanted!

To assemble immediately at the Headquarters

-OF-

H. Bloom's

One-Price Store,

Each with a Cash Capital of from One to Fifty Dollars, or as much more as they can spare, to whom

GREAT BARGAINS

Will be given, as I intend to sell all my present

-OF-

Summer Dry Goods

-AND-

CLOTHING, AT COST!

In order to make room for a much larger and better assorted stock for the approaching

Fall and Winter Trade.

I will also add that I have now on hand and am constantly receiving

The Very Best Groceries

FOR FAMILY USE

That can be procured in San Francisco, And am selling at prices to *defy competition.*

LADIES and GENTLEMEN are kindly solicited to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

REMEMBER MY OLD STAND

At the Corner Store, in McCully's Two-Story Brick.

HERMAN BLOOM.
Jacksonville, Aug. 31. 32tf.

Notice.

HANNA F. JOHNSON, vs. JOSEPH D. JOHNSON. } Bill for Divorce,

TO JOSEPH D. JOHNSON, Defendant; You are hereby notified that, unless you appear in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Jackson,

On the 7th Day of October, 1861,

And answer the complaint therein filed by Hanna F. Johnson against you for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, the same will be taken for confessed and the prayer thereof granted by the Court.

B. F. DOWELL,
Solicitor for Complainant.
Jacksonville, Oregon, Aug. 27, '61. 33t4

El Dorado Saloon!

Corner of California and Oregon Sts.,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

WM. BURKE, Proprietor.

The most choice brands of

Brandy, Whisky, Cordial,
WINE, CIGARS, ETC.,

For sale in any desired quantity. 33