THE WABASH EXPRESS.

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The Wabash Express.

R. N. HUDSON, Editor.
I. M. BROWN, Local Editor.

TERRE-HAUTE:

Saturday Morning, July 23, 1856.

These, with one or two other available hirelings, (conspicuous among whom was one Crosby of Terre Haute, a more contemptible puppy than whom, does not breathe,) who officiated as go-between for Willard & Co., and Thompson and Dowling, and who boasted that he would vote for Willard and Buchanan, contrived to sell out the Convention, "lock stock and barrel," to the corrupt and damnable clique of old line Locofoco politicians, who fester upon the State Treasury at the "Capitol."

The above is a fair specimen of an editorial in that vile and filthy sheet published at Vincennes by one Mason, called the *Gazette*. It appeared in his issue of last Monday and was intended as an excuse for the sudden change which has come "over the spirit of his dream." This miserable specimen of humanity, finding no substantial reason for his change, seeks to cover up his infamous conduct by such villainous and contemptible abuse as the above. No one who has pretensions to the least spark of a gentleman, would use such blackguard language, toward gentlemen, far his superior in any particular, both as to intellectual and moral worth. In justice to Mr. Crosby, we take occasion to say, he is a consistent Fillmore man, and has been, and the assertion made by the editor of the *Gazette*, that he boasted that he would vote for Willard and Buchanan, is an unmitigated falsehood, conjured up for the occasion by this vile traducer. As for his slang in regard to Col. Thompson and Col. Dowling, together with that cast upon Willard and our party, it only manifests the utter depravity of his heart, if he has any, which we very much doubt, and therefore entitled to no further notice from us.

The above from the Terre Haute *Journal*, we transfer to our column only to show our readers, how that prostituted sheet can speak of one of the most estimable gentlemen in our State. Mr. Mason, of the Vincennes Gazette, is so far, morally, intellectually, and politically above Grafton F. Cookerly & Co., that to attempt a comparison would be ridiculous.—Occupying, as he does, a position as a writer, as far in advance of the editors of the Journal, that should he attempt to reach *down* to them, he would find the distance so infinite, that he would never be able to reach their parallel.

If the Journal has only now found out that "one Mason" publishes a paper "called the Gazette," we opine it will, ere long, learn something more from that quarter. One dash from Mr. Mason's quill will demolish the pigmies of the Journal, with as much ease as the giant arm of manhood dashes into pieces the infantile creations of childhood.

We do not know much about Mr. Crosby, but one thing is certain, that he was a very noisy, foolish and excitable member of the late Fillmore Convention, and we recollect seeing him myself, in private conversation with Mr. Willard, just before the meeting of that Convention in the afternoon, and are able to prove that he there said, he intended to vote for Willard for Governor, and we have big little doubt he intends to do the same thing for Buchanan for President. This notice, however, is giving him more importance than he deserves, and as the Journal has become (of course) his defender, we will give the editors of that sheet the above, as a text to say something in favor of Mr. Fillmore.

We are sorry to see however, that Col. R. W. Thompson has placed himself in such political company as Mr. Dowling, an avowed Buchanan man, and Mr. Crosby an avowed Willard man. But then the Journal comes gallantly to their defense, embracing them with a peculiar fondness, and it is well it does, for there is not an American or Republican paper throughout the entire State, that does sanction their acts in the American Convention. And although the democratic press in this State, will make every effort to keep the Fillmore men united, yet as soon as they have time to consider they will see the trap, and almost to a man, act with the anti-Nebraska party and give their support to O. P. Morton and John C. Fremont.

To make the game, concocted by political wire-workers, effective, it must be consummated quick—time is death to it, and when the people discover it, they will back out as honest men retire from a den of thieves.

The Fillmore men of this State will never lend their aid to make Willard Governor, or Buchanan President—there is plenty time for consideration, and before the elections, they will see the old line trick, by which they are asked to throw away their votes, and of one accord they will repudiate it.

EDITOR WABASH EXPRESS.—*Sir:*—On my trip on the 22d, on the cars from Lafayette to Indianapolis, I aided in taking the Presidential votes of the passengers, as follows:

Fremont	31.
Buchanan	18.
Fillmore	4.

At Indianapolis, I took the cars on the T. H. & R. Railroad, for Terre Haute, and aided in taking the vote as follows:

Fremont	27.
Buchanan	21.
Fillmore	12.

TRAVELER.

☞ We understand that a large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Bridgeton, Parke County, on Saturday last, which was addressed by Messrs. GOOKINS and NELSON of this place, and Gen. STEELE of Rockville. Parke is right side up, and we are assured she will roll up a large majority for the People's State ticket and for USHER.

We do say most emphatically that Usher is the nominee of the Abolition party.—*Journal.*

And no man unless he is as ignorant as the editors of the Journal, believes it.

☞ The publication of the Jacksonville (Ill.) Constitutionist has been suspended.

[For the Express.

MARSHALL CO., IND., July 3d.

Mr Hudson: The "Free State" fires in this part of the Commonwealth, are multiplying and growing brighter and brighter every day. The nomination of Buchanan was received by those of the *Demijohnic* party who have any conscience left, as a sack is received on the back of a mule, with a *visible*, though inaudible grunt; while those who have banished from their breasts that anti-Democratic article above mentioned, join loudly in the Babylonish cry to the man who has just crawled out of his own skin and "squared himself," "O King, live forever!"

Even the less corrupted portion of the party have not so much objection to the Pennsylvanian, if he could have been brought on to the course bare-back; but to have bound upon him that ugly monstrosity, the Cincinnati platform, that hideous conglomeration of un-American principles—that *slave harness*, dangling with bludgeons and clanking with chains at every step—is a little more than many of them hurrahed for in 1852; and hosts of them are standing back a little while to take a fair look at the thing, before they decide to fall down and worship it. *Wise man!* And not a few have already proved their wisdom by taking to their heels in fright, and swearing by the shade of Jefferson that it has not a drop of democratic blood in its veins—that it has all run out, and the genuine *Congo* is injected in its stead, through Northern squirt-guns held in Southern hands.

Last Monday night a Fremont ratification meeting was held at the county seat, full of *men* and full of enthusiasm. I have seen no political assemblage so wide awake, since the hurricane of 1840. It was the outgushing of the popular heart—no office seeking demagogue in the background to engineer it—no office-seeking projects in the foreground to inspire it with false feeling—but old gray haired Democrats and young Democrats, old Whigs and young Whigs, Know Nothings and no slave-Territory men, all melted together in one red hot fusion of patriotism, determined never to cool down till they burn up, root and branch, the Upas tree that has been planted in Northern soil.

There is no doubt of the nomination of Colfax in the 11th District, and no doubt of his election. He has proved himself a man, in Washington, where men have been so scarce, and he cannot have leave to come home. This county is strong for freedom, and deserters from the enemy are constantly arriving in camp, where they see the only true American flag flying.

Hoping that every true hearted man may see his way clear to join with all his powers, regardless of personal preferences, in this patriotic crusade against the most unholy alliance the world has seen since Jezebel drove Elijah into the wilderness.

I remain yours, LYNX.

The Vote on the Expulsion of Brooks.

Six supporters of Buchanan voted to expel Brooks, as follows:

Hickman, of Pa.	Vail, of N. J.
Packer, of Pa.	Wells, of Wis.
Spinner, of N. Y.	Williams, of N. Y.

Sixty-three Buchaniers voted against expulsion. And thirty-two of those opposed to the Administration, voted against expulsion, as follows:

Bell, of Tenn.	Oliver, of Mo.
Bowie, of Md.	Porter, of Mo.
Carlile, of Va.	Puryear, of N. C.
Cox, of Ky.	Reade, of N. C.
Davis, of Md.	Ready, of Tenn.
Etheridge, of Tenn.	Ricaud, of Md.
Eustis, of La.	Rivers, of Tenn.
Evans, of Texas.	Smith, of Ala.
Foster, of Ga.	Sneed, of Tenn.
Harris, of Md.	Swope, of Ky.
Harrison, of O.	Talbot, of Ky.
Kennett, of Mo.	Trippe, of Ga.
Lake, of Miss.	Underwood, of Ky.
Lindley, of Mo.	Walker, of Ala.
H. Marshall, of Ky.	Watkins, of Tenn.
A. K. Marshall, of Ky	Zollicoffer, of Tenn.

For expulsion there were Free State men 120, and Slave State men 1. Thirty-two Free State men and 32 Slave State men voted against expulsion. Those absent, or not voting, were as follows:

Barclay, of Pa.	Flagler, of N. Y.
Paine, of N. C.	Campbell, of Ky.
Fuller, of Pa.	Richardson, of Ill.
Caruthers, of Mo.	Fuller, of Me.
Talbott, of Ky.	Childs, of Del.
Herbert, of Cal.	Trumbull, of Ill.
Cullen, of Del	Mace, of Ind.
Valk, of N. Y.	

"Things is Working."

The "Huntington County Banner," an Old Line paper, has changed front, and is now for Fremont and Dayton. The Putnam County Banner, and Vincennes Gazette, formerly strong Fillmore papers, have hoisted the Fremont flag. Many others are just "betwixt and between," and we hope in a few days to be able to record that all the Fillmore papers in this State, seeing that their influence was really increasing the prospects of Buchanan, have concluded to go for Freedom and Fremont.

☞ We suggest to our Democratic friends that they might, perchance, make a little capital out of the nomination by placing the names at the head of their papers thus:

FOR PRESIDENT.

James Buchanan, of Pa.

"If I thought there was a drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I'd let it out."

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

J. C. Breckenridge, of Ky.

"I have always gloried in being a Whig."

☞ The increase of government expenditure in Great Britain during the two years of the recent Russian war, was £55,688,000.

Dissolve this Union!

We always feel like laughing, when we hear any of the stump orators in this State say, that if certain things happen, this Union will be dissolved. That if Mr. Fremont should succeed to the Presidency the whole South would "back out" from the Union. Well, suppose they did, it would not be ten days until they would seek to "back in" again. There is no disposition on part of the North, to dissolve this Union. No Northern man ever thought of such a thing, and while the great majority of the American people are north of Mason and Dixon's line, still that majority has not the least desire that the bands which hold together this confederation of States, shall be severed. Suppose, however, that the slave States, in order to protect their "peculiar institution," should conclude to organize a separate government, it would not be twelve months, until her slaves, by thousands, would cross the line which would divide them from the free States, and there being then no "Fugitive Slave Law," this species of property, would be an entire loss to their masters. And not only so, but the North, now opposed to a dissolution, would be over-run with free negroes, and while one government would lose its property, the other would be flooded with a useless population. The politicians of the South, in all probability, are in favor of a dissolution, but the commercial men—those whose factories convert their cotton into fabrics to be worn, and whose ships whiten the seas, do not for one moment entertain such a thought. While place and power might thus be attained by the ambitious demagogue, the men upon whose shoulders rests the weight of our institutions, are not going to sacrifice all their interests, in order that unscrupulous partisans may gratify their unholy desires.

This idea of a dissolution of the Union does not come from the great North, with her immense majority and rapidly increasing power. Its people are willing to live on terms of amity and peaceable relations with their Southern brethren; but it comes from the minority in the South, who in effect say, "yield to us our wishes and our desires, or we will withdraw from the common brotherhood!" Well, if the majority must thus yield or see this Union dissolved, we are inclined to think, the minority will have to be permitted to "slide out." The North never threatens, that if she cannot triumph in a certain line of policy, she will go by herself—she always, and at all times, has said "let the majority govern."

Then if the majority of the American people are opposed to the extension of slavery North, and at the ballot-box they so determine, where can the South find a sufficient excuse not to acquiesce? If the South succeed in this Presidential controversy, and the American people thereby decide that slavery should be extended over territory secured to freedom by the Compromise of our fathers, then, we have not the least doubt, but the North will acquiesce, and bide her time for another conflict at the ballot box. This government is one where the majority rules, and whenever the minority refuse to recognise that principle, then indeed, is this no Republic. We have not lived very long, but even in our life time we can remember several occasion, when if we had believed the cry of demagogues, this Union was on the eve of a political dissolution. Hot-spurs of the South, and dough-faces of the North, have, in their excited fancies, many times seen these States torn and severed by civil dissensions, and the stars that sparkle upon our National emblem, reduced to one half their number.—They have created a Northern and a Southern confederacy—run an imaginery line through the tomb of Washington, and fancied in their vain conceit, that promotion was just within their reach. But these fancies have all, time and again vanished, and now the "scare crow" of the dissolution of this Union, has ceased to have any weight with men of sense, and old maids have almost forgotten to go into histerics, when they hear it mentioned.

The stability of this Union, thank God does not depend upon the wish of hot brained partizans, but it rests upon the moral and politi- integrity of the honest masses. It is *their* government—it is the sweat of their brows that has made it what it is, and it is their industry that will advance and protect it. It was the will of *patriots*, and not *demagogues*, that wrested our institutions from the monarchial grasp of George III.—it was their blood that reddened the field of Bunker Hill, of Monmouth and of Yorktown, and their sons will never consent that this glorious heritage shall be dissevered, until they, all of them, are consulted. The memory of Lexington belongs equally to the South as well as does that of New Orleans to the North. The revolutionary history of this country is one—the interests of the people are one—the graves of our fathers belong to us as one people—our destiny is one, and the Union of these States are *one* and *indissoluble*, the croaking of demagogues to the contrary notwithstanding.

[For the Wabash Express.

TERRE-HAUTE, July 24, 1856.

MR. R. N. HUDSON—*Sir:* In your daily issue of the 24th, you state that you saw me and Mr. Willard in private conversation, and that you are able to prove that I committed myself to the support of Willard and his party.

Allow me to inform you, that I never said I would either vote or use my influence for the Willard party. I can prove by Mr. Hammond and Mr. Dunn, of Indianapolis, that, in a conversation held last June, I most emphatically refused to support any man on the Democratic ticket. Instead of my being an avowed Willard man, I have, ever since the nomination of the People's ticket, been an avowed Morton man.

In regard to my conversing with Mr. Willard, I claim I have a perfect right to converse with any gentleman, whether he be a democrat or what not. In our conversation at the Bates House, the subject of politics was not mentioned, and for my part, not thought of.—Nor was our interview a private one, unless the main entrance of the Bates House is suited for such an one.

By noticing this, you will much oblige,

Yours, &c.,

H. E. CROSBY.

WASHINGTON, June 23.

SENATE.—Mr. Seward presented an invitation from Mr. Vanderbilt to the members of the Senate to visit, on Saturday morning next, his new ocean steamer lying off the Arsenal, and stating that facilities would be afforded for that purpose.

The bill relative to the improvment of the Savanah river passed.

Mr. Mallory, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a joint resolution authorizing the acceptance by Lieut. Maury and other naval officers, of medals from foreign governments for services to the cause of science and humanity. The bill passed.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—SENATE.—A long debate concerning the priority of business, during which Mr. Weller said that to-day had been assigned by a Democratic caucus for a consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill.

Trumbull protested against the majority meeting in secret and deciding the order of business. They might as well expel the minority at once.

Weller explained that the object was dispatch of business in a systematic way, instead of wasting time discussing its purity.

Clayton said that for the remainder of his life he should always vote as he pleased without being a slave party.

Douglas justified the caucus in order to defeat the policy of the opposition, who desire to delay action on the public business.

Fessenden, in behalf of the minority, denied that they ever avowed such a policy, or were actuated by such desire.

Douglas thought everybody who witnessed the course of the minority, would have a right to infer from their action that such was their policy. He was willing the public should decide the question whether he was correct or not.

Weller withdrew his motion to take up the Pacific bill, finding the whole day likely to be fruitlessly consumed.

The bill continuing improvements of Sheboygan harbor was discussed and passed.

Adjourned.

HOUSE.—By unanimous consent the clerk read a statement from Gallegos, who says the sneers and jests with which certain members have permitted themselves to treat a proposition that he should be heard by counsel because of his inability to make a formal discourse, in English, have produced no other effect upon him than that of painful disappointment at these exceptions to the generous spirit which he has been encouraged to expect from all representatives of a free and magnanimous people. He asserted that making a speech was not a chief nor vital function of a delegate. He denied that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church and her priests was brought not to support, but to crush him.

Otero, the contestant, during his reply said that Gallegos should have gone to school to learn the English language, before attempting to represent New Mexico in Congress. The sitting delegate had appealed to the magnanimity of the House, but he (Otero) demanded justice, and failing in this, he would scorn to ask a favor. He would never surrender this so help him God. He was the first native of New Mexico, who had addressed the American Congress in the language of her constitution and laws. If any man should say he was a demagogue, he would treat him as a calumniator and a villain. The bishop referred to by Gallegos had exposed those priests who disagreed with the religion they preferred by flunigence in view in all its aspects, and placed their places with others, and established schools upon a good foundation. It was not surprising that priests who were no longer able to retain their wicked ascendency, should find fault with the Bishop's resolutions declaring that Gallegos was not, and Otero was elected a delegate. Adopted. Otero sworn in.

The committee on printing reported a resolution which was adopted, to print 20,000 copies of the reports of the Kansas majority and minority Investigating committee, with 100,000 copies without the journal and evidence for the use of members. The former cost 61 and the latter 9 cents a piece.

We find in the *New Orleans Delta*, whose former chief proprietor has been to Nicaragua, and who, on his return, just reached Washington in season to whip the editor of the *Star* for speaking too lightly of the venerable Padre—the following description of that newly instituted functionary:

"Padre Vijil is a remarkable man, and enjoys a greater reputation, as a thinker and a scholar, than most of his countrymen, at home or abroad. He is now in the maturity of his powers, being about forty-nine or fifty years of age, and has improved his naturally acute and searching intellect by comprehensive and varied observations of men, manners and things. He has traveled, struggled, talked and thought, and, like Ulysses, he has become a name,

"For always roving with a hungry heart,
Much has he seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Himself not least, but honored of them all."

In many respects his career has been adventurous, singular, almost romantic, and displays, as his salient characteristics, prescience, promptitude and versality.

The Padre was at one time a lawyer practising in Granada, we believe, and enjoyed very great prestige as an accomplished jurist and a skilfull speaker, being almost as effective in Court as in Chambers, in pleading as in advice. He became connected with the political movements which agitated Central America periodically, and had to choose between exile and death as the penality of his patriotism, or his rashness, or his ambition, or whatever it may be called. Accordingly, he had to leave Central America, and was refused the privilege of returning in the character of a lawyer, or a soldier, or a politician. Only one role remained which he could play with any chance of success, and in due time he resolved to perform it, and re appear in his native country under the protection of the Church and in the surplice and stole of a Priest. A Priest may act as a lawyer when occasion required, but it is somewhat novel to find a lawyer with sufficient hardihood to become a Priest. There is very little affinity between briefs and bibles, between psalms and forensic harangues, between the service of Christ and service of an ordinary client; but Padre Vijil was able to reconcile both, and exhibited an equal amount of ability for fees and fervor, for briefs and beads, for the court and confessional, for cross-examination and the cross.

In his new capacity the Padre won many friends and rapidly rose to distinction in the ecclesiastical world, securing universal respect by his charity, his talents and unquestionable virtues. There is no safer profession than that of a priest, and as far as our experience goes, none so profitable. So the Padre found that he was secure under his surplice, and that one who cannot love his country as a lawyer with impunity, can afford to worship her as a priest. In diplomacy he soon distinguished himself as much as in theology, and we see the practical result of his sagacity and energy in the recent appointment which he has received from the revolutionary government of Nicaragua. Personally the Padre is a very accomplished individual, with a splendid physical as well as mental organization.

He is said to be one of the handsomest men in Nicaragua, and we presume is a favorite father confessor to the fair penitents of that beautiful and voluptuous land. With his fine well balanced head, his stately bearing, his polished manners, his insinuating eloquence, he is likely to overtop by a head (if we may use the significant phrase of old Homer) all the diplomats, foreign or domestic, assembled at Washington.

Of course Mr. Marcy will hasten to welcome the Padre, and oppress him with diplomtic attentions for the purpose of retrieving his mistake in the case of Mr. Parker French, as well as of turning the tables on Mr. Buchanan, who is said to have censured the Administration for its non-recognition of the *de facto* Government of Nicaragua.

Colporteurs.

Judge Gookins of the Supreme Bench and two or three other gentlemen of this city, have accepted the appointment of Colporteurs tendered by the saintly order which meets every Sabbath. They are now running around peddling out gratis, Sumner's speech.—*Journal.*

The reader will readily see the low, contemptible fling, made at the private character of Judge Gookins in the above paragraph.—The insinuation that the Judge acts with a political party, which meets on the Sabbath, is, if such a thing can be, even a disgrace to the Terre-Haute Journal. The press, when conducted by *men*—by those advocating and recognizing manly principles, is the great bulwork of our institutions—but when corrupt, envious, senseless dolts, presume to mount the tripod, then indeed, is the character of our best citizens subject to be blackened and destroyed. No remark that originates in our most degraded doggeries—no rumor, that is circulated by the most corrupt and heartless scoundrel, but what finds its way in the Journal, and is given to its readers as truth.

The above personal charge against Judge Gookins, cannot injure him in this community, where he and the editors of the Journal are both known, but at a distance, it may have a tendency to mislead the unsuspecting. We will, however say, as we are often compelled to say, in reference to articles appearing in that sheet, that there is not one word of truth in it.

If any of our democratic friends have been feeding themselves up with the hope of a division among the American and Republican parties, upon the State ticket they would do well to give up that hope as utterly futile.—However the two parties may differ as to their choice of Presidential candidates, on our State and county ticket they will present an unbroken front to the common enemy. On that point we are a unit.—*N. A. T ibune.*

We are glad to hear that the Fillmore men in Floyd county, are a unit on the State ticket. Here in Vigo there is some little difference of opinion, but that difference is growing less daily, and we feel satisfied that before the October election, the Fillmore men in this county, will to a man, cast their votes for the People's State ticket. If nothing else would satisfy them of the propriety of such a course, the warm friendship now being manifested for Mr. Fillmore, by the Terre Haute Journal, is enough to make them [illegible]—The Fillmore men here cannot, and will not be cajoled by such men as Cookerly & Co., and as soon as they discover the cloven foot, they will act with that party, who are anxious to overthrow Old Line miscule in this State, and democratic wickedness in the general Government.

Portrait Painting.

Mr. Wright, a celebrated artist is now in our city, and has his studio in the Odd Fellows anti-rooms. He has finished some few portraits, and in style of finish, beauty of coloring, and life-like likenesses, we have hardly ever seen their equal. Indeed we cannot speak in terms of too much praise of Mr. Wright's merits, as a skillful portrait painter.

Those in our city (and there certainly must be many,) who desire to secure correct representations of themselves or their children, should not let this opportunity pass. There is no more beautiful additions to our parlors, than fine paintings, and particularly, when the genius of the artist leaves upon the canvass, the true, full and almost living personification of those we love.

GAMBLING AND DEATH.—The following incident occurred not long since, in a certain town in this State, which is noted for the generally good character of the population. It illustrates not only the evils of intoxication, but also the callousness and inhumanity which gaming and drinking combined, will work in men's hearts. A company of men were sitting at cards around a table. Near them, in the same room, sat a man who had but recently recovered from that horrible disease of both body and mind, delirium tremens. The card players had scarcely time to observe his appearance and yet they noticed something singular about him. As a physician entered they inquired of him, "Dr., what is the matter with that man?" Nothing is the matter with him," said he, lifting his hand a moment, and then suffering it to drop, "only that he's dead." It was even so. While they were intent upon the game, and perhaps a little stupid with intoxication, that spirit, in the immediate presence of such unfitting scenes, with the preparation only of delirium, had taken its flight, and left behind a body bloated and diseased with rum. But the worst remains yet to be told. The game went on. The presence of death even, under circumstances so strange and thrilling, could not check the game, and it was still pursued while the man yet remained in his chair. How hardening are the associations and indulgencies of the gambler and the drunkard. Men have been known to drink and gamble over the coffin of a wife or mother. These vices will destroy the natural feelings of the heart, and make the man a brute.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Pacific.*

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Seward, a resolution was adopted, directing the Committee on Manufactures to inquire concerning the extent to which iron may be substituted for wood, stone and brick in the public buildings of the United States.

Mr. Butler introduced a bill to regulate the compensation of members of Congress. He proposes to give a salary of $3000 for each regular session instead of the present per diem, and for each extra session the present per diem, and 20 cents per mile for travel each way.

Senate concurred in the action of the House to adjourn on the 18th of August.

The bill for continuing the improvement of the harbor at Racine, Wisconsin—passed, 24 against 12.

HOUSE.—The House met at 11 o'clock, and received the consideration of the Senate resolution fixing a day for adjournment. The resolution was amended so as to fix the 18th of August for adjournment of Congress, and then adopted—yeas 123, nays 51.

The House then resumed the Nebraska contested election case.

Express.

The abolition editor of this paper talks about spitting in our face. Nice expression this for the gentleman, that struts along over the streets dressed in the habilments of the exquisite with his cane a-la-Brooks.—*Journal.*

As the silly editors of the Journal are so envious of our "dress," we will present them, if they will call at our office, with a few of our old clothes, and if it was not for the respect we have for our cane, we would give it to them also.

There was no abolitionism in Know Nothingism, and when such notorious Abolitionists as Jim Hook, Ryce, Potter, Soule, Hudson and others, attempted to foist their damnable doctrines, on that order, it was no place for us.—*Journal.*

And no other place where gentlemen associate together, was a fitting place for you, or either of you. The doggery, where vile poison is sold by the dose, is *just* the place for you, and where you will never have the malignant pleasure of finding Messrs. Hook, Ryce, Potter or Soule.

You remember our "chapter of changes of Bob Hudson." We have another to write, and when that is done, the end is not yet.—*Journal.*

Hope you will write it soon—our finger ends are tickling to show this community, how one of the editors of the Journal left the American party, because that party refused to give him its nomination for Mayor, and why the other changed, every person knows, but we suppose no one cares.

Hon. Thos. S. Stanfield Declines.

Hon. Thomas S. Stanfield, of St. Joseph Co., was placed on the Fillmore electoral ticket for the 9th District.

It will be seen by the following note from him that he declines being placed in that position:

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have just this moment learned that my name has been put in nomination as an elector for the 9th District for Fillmore and Donelson. It is entirely unauthorized by me. I never had the remotest thought that such a thing was intended. After coming upon the bench I have taken no part in politics, save silently to cast my vote.

In days gone by Mr. Fillmore had what little support I could give him; but Mr. Fillmore of 1856 is not the man that we so strongly cherished in 1848. He has suffered himself to be swallowed by a party that can never have my approbation under any conceivable circumstances.

I therefore decline the position assigned me, and being ignorant of the existence of an organ of the Fillmore party, I address this note to your paper.

Respectfully, Yours, &c.,

THOS. S. STANFIELD.

South Bend, July 21.

A. L. OSBORN, Esq.—We are authorized by A. L. Osborn, Esq., to say that he declines serving on the Fillmore electoral ticket, not being [illegible]

When Col. Fremont and his band of explorers were ordered out of California by the Mexican Governor, Castro, in 1846, Fremont and his company fortified themselves, raised the American flag, and wrote: "We have in no wise done wrong to the people or the authority of the country. If we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every man of us, under the flag of our country!"

The inventor of a new cooking apparatus; called at the office of the Scientific American a few days since, with one of his machines under his arm, which having placed on the floor, he heated it up and baked a loaf of bread and pan of cakes in about twenty minutes. The fuel used was alcohol, the expense of which, on the occasion, amounted to two cents.

WOMAN.—Dr. Solger, in his very able lecture on "The Sphere of Woman," disputed the position assumed by the strong minded women, who make so much fuss about "Women's Rights," and demonstrated that while the female sex had always had the greatest opportunities for improvement in all matters of science and knowledge, not a single woman had ever made a great and useful discovery, started a new and striking idea, or done any other prominent and lasting good to mankind, while in every century there had been hundreds of men, rising by their own exertions, from the lowest ranks of life, and distinguishing themselves in science and in art.

Ten Cents a Day.

What have the Black Line organs to say of Buchanan's suggestion to pay laboring men but **TEN CENTS** a day for their labor? This suggestion was made in the U. States Senate on the 22d of January, 1840, and may be found at length in the Appendix of the Congressional Globe, page 129.

"In that speech he solemnly affirmed his belief that a reduction of the wages of labor would prove beneficial to the insterests of the country. Nor did he stop here. He went on to argue that not only would the laborer be in a better condition with wages reduced, but the exporter of produce—that is cotton, &c.,—would derive a greater profit; or, in other words, James Buchanan proposed to crush the laborer into the dust, and, in doing so, to let the man of money not only escape unharmed, but have his property doubled.

"The scheme of James Buchanan was simply this—to help the rich cotton planter of the South at the expense of the poor laborers of the whole Union! What say you to this, Workingmen—can you vote for a man who would reduce your wages to ten cents a day?"

WASHINGTON, July 23.—A telegraph despatch was received to-day for Burlingame, N. Y., saying he intended forthwith to return to Washington, as Brooks had failed to follow him. He was answered to pursue his journey to Canada, and await his appointed time; but some of his friends anticipated his return to-morrow. Meanwhile the police officers of Washington are on the look-out for him.

TO MY MOTHER.

[The following lines, written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, are touchingly beautiful:

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam;
And time, since then, has roll'd its years,
And marked them on my brow
Yet, I have thought of thee—
I'm thinking of the now.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When at my tender side,
You watched the dawning of my youth,
And kissed me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy.
While your bright fancy honors wove,
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
When, with anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust was there;
Fond memory brings your parting words,
While tears rolled down your cheek;
Thy long, last, loving look told more,
Than ever words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my aching brow;
The dearest ties affection wove
Are now all torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came—
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still I would not let thee know
How sorely I'm distressed;
I know you would not chide, mother,
You could not give me blame;
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter with his baleful cup
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its venom sting,
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrow of thy child.

Oh! I have wandered far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea;
Oh, mother! still I love thee well,
And love to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my bleeding breast,
That thy free'd spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And while I wipe a tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me enter there.

A Strange History and Mysterious Disappearance.

About twenty-two years ago there lived in this city a man by the name of Edward Dunoh, by trade, a large family, consisting of several grown children, and one little girl aged about two years. He had accumulated a little property, and was owner of a small lot of ground now included within the bounds of the present city commons. His wife died, and very soon after he left the city without giving any notice of his intention to depart, or leaving any information as to his destination or how long he would be gone. Years went by. The grown children all married and became scattered, and the little girl grew up to the age of fifteen, at which time she had not a single relative in the city. Father, brothers and sisters, all gone, and whether dead or alive she had no knowledge in the world.—She worked and earned a good living for herself, but felt very keenly the utter loneliness and isolation of her position. At this time she made the acquaintance of a young man named Thomas. He was pleased with her; went to see her often; they became attached to each other, and finally were married. For a year or so they lived happily, but a change came over him. He was fond of strong drink. The habit fastened upon him, and he soon became a drunkard. He abused his wife, and finally left her. She has not heard of him since.

After his desertion, she was taken into the family of a Mr. Kohlman, who lives at this time near the Prairie House. A few weeks since the long gone father returned. He was an old man of sixty-five years. He had been roving through Texas, Mexico and South America, white hairs were covering his head, his steps were tottering, and he thought it would be a blessing to his old heart to look once more upon the scene of his former home, and feel the welcome of long lost children. When he came, he was shocked to learn how remorseless death had been among his family; but was soon solaced in the love of his only daughter, the little pet of his earlier life. All wounds were healed; the remembrance of where and what he had been seemed like a dream, and to him and his only child, life opened anew. The promptings of her youthful heart found a response in the childishness of his old age. They talked, hoped and loved alike. He was going to claim his property on the commons. It was very valuable now.—He had been assured by lawyers that his title was yet good. The land would bring him plenty of money and they should never know want again.

His legal adviser was so confident of his success in recovering his estate, that the old man was enabled to borrow little sums of money on the prospect. Last Monday he borrowed about $200—on that same afternoon he got a little tipsy, and about dusk was observed near the corner of Locust and Fourth streets. He has not been seen since. What has become of him is beyond conjecture. His daughter is almost crazy at her loss. He has doubtless met foul play of some kind, but from what motive it is difficult to imagine.—The truth will never be known. The tale is strange and sad.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

The citizens of Philadelphia seem to be rather discouraged with the management of the steam fire engine in that city. A few nights since she arrived at a fire more than an hour after it broke out. The reason for this however was bad management—the persons in charge of her having to go at least a mile to procure a team of horses to haul the engine. As to her capacity there seems to be no doubt if she is properly manned, having given entire satisfaction to all who witness her when fairly tried.

☞ To succeed in the world, all that is necessary is a sweetheart and ambition. We care not how lazy a man may be, get him in love and he'll work like a beaver fed on beer. That's the opinion of the New York Dutchman.

A Pennsylvania paper asserts that Col. Fremont goes to mass. A very trifling error only, as the masses go to him.