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CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

Tallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

DARE TO BE RIGHT.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
As to gladden all heaven, and silence all hell.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cowards and quidnuncs dread everything new;
Unless you can stand at your post in a storm,
How can you fight in the ranks of reform?

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Foes may be many, and friends may be few;
Truth and her companions oft stand alone,
What's a man good for if he hasn't "backbone?"

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Other men failing excuses not you;
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Keep the great Judgment seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Love may deny you its sunshine and dew;
Let the dew fail, for then showers shall be given;
Dew is from earth, but the show'rs are from heaven

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Bottles the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair on your head.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Can not Omnipotence carry you through?
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be bright?

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
The sun may burn red, and the planets burn blue;
God may toss into chaos the systems again,
But his promise to you is yea and amen.

Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Prayerfully, loving, firmly pursue
The pathway by saints and by seraphim trod,
The pathway that climbs to the City of God.

Senator Douglas' Record—"Documents are Dangerous Things.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

Senator Douglas and his friends deny that Congress, under the Constitution, has any power to legislate on the subject of Slavery in the Territories. It is not enough that we point them to the fact that the first Congress, assembled after the adoption of the Constitution, composed largely of the great and good men of that period, who *made* the Constitution—affirmed and prepetuated, by positive legislation, the Ordinance of 1787, which expressly *prohibited* Slavery in every foot of territory then belonging to the General Government. It avails nothing when we show them that Gen. Washington, who was President of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, was President of the United Statet at the time this ordinance of freedom was legalized by Congressional action, and under the sanction of an oath to support that instrument, gave that law his official approval. It is not enough that we point them to the historical fact that *every President*, from Washington to Polk, recognized the power of Congress to legislate on this question by signing acts which directly assumed control of this question. It is not enough that we establish the fact from the record, that Chief Justice John Marshall clearly affirmed the power of Congress, under the Constitution, to legislate on this subject and that the various State Courts of most of the slaveholding States have repeatedly affirmed the constitutionality, not only of the Ordinance of 1787, but also of the Missouri Compromise. While they will admit that such has been the history of this question, and such the practice of all the departments of the Federal Government in reference to it, for more than sixty years they yet contend that we are wiser than our fathers, and understand better than they the "true intent and meaning of the Constitution."

But what will they say if it shall appear, *from the record*, that as late as June 1850, Senator Douglas, the man who now denies, so vehemently, that Congress may constitutionally touch this subject of Slavery, *admitted* that in his opinion Congress *could* pass laws *excluding* negro slaves from the Territories? The following extract from pages 1115 and 1116 of the Congressional Globe for 1849-50 shows, beyond dispute, that Senator Douglas was once a believer in the doctrine that Congress has the power under the Constitution to *prohibit slavery* in the Territories. The Compromise bill of 1850 was under discussion in the Senate, and Mr. Douglas in reply to Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, said:

"But, sir, I do not hold the doctrine that to exclude *any species of property* by law *from a Territory*, is a violation of any right to property. Do you not exclude *whiskey* from being introduced into a large portion of the Territory of the United States? Do you not exclude *gambling tables*, which are properly recognized as such in the States where they are tolerated? And has any contended that the exclusion of *gambling tables*, and the exclusion of *ardent spirits* was a violation of any *constitutional privilege* or *right*? And yet it is the case in a large portion of the territory of the United States; but there is no outcry against that, because it is a prohibition of a specific kind of property, and not a prohibition against any section of the Union. Why, sir, our laws now prevent a tavern-keeper from going into some of the Territories of the United States, and taking a bar with him, and using and selling spirits there. The law also prohibits certain other descriptions of business from being carried on in the Territories. *I am* NOT, *therefore, prepared to say that* UNDER THE CONSTITUTION *we have* NOT *the power to pass laws* EXCLUDING NEGRO SLAVES *from the Territories*!"

It would seem from the above that Mr. Douglas was not in 1850 so much of a Squatter Sovereignty as he now is. He was then willing to admit that Congress might constitutionally prohibit the introduction not only of *banks and gambling tables* and *whisky*, but also NEGRO SLAVES, into the Territories of the United States.

But this is not all. Mr Douglas was chairman of the Committee on Territories in the House of Representatives (of Congress) in 1846, and introduced the Oregon Bill on the 23d of December of that year. The 14th section of that bill extended the principle of the Ordinance of 1787 over Oregon, which expressly prohibited Slavery. Mr. Douglas also *voted for* a clause in that bill which reads as follows:

"*All laws passed by the Legislative Assembly shall be submitted to the Congress of the United States, and if disapproved shall be null and void!*"

Mr. Douglas also reported (in the Senate) an amendment to the Oregon Bill as follows:

"*Provided*, That no act of the Territorial Legislature shall become a law until approved by the Governor!"

Thus giving to the Governor an *absolute, unqualified vote*, and enabling him, although appointed by the President, to defeat the will of the "squatter sovereigns" of that Territory upon all questions of legislative action, even if passed *unanimously* by their Representatives in the Legislative Assembly. This last proposed amendment the House refused to agree to, and during the last hours of the session the Senate, which had adopted it, receded from it. It is proper to remark, to prevent misapprehension, that Mr. Douglas was a member of the House when the Oregon Bill was originally introduced, but took his seat in the Senate before it passed that body.

We leave his friends to answer how much of *popular sovereignty and non-intervention* are evinced by his speech in the Senate in 1850, and his action on the Oregon Bill in 1846 '47 and '48. His "*our real principle* had not been copyrighted at the period of which we speak. But it is not strange that the man who once said "The Missouri Compromise is a sacred instrument—canonized in the hearts of the American people, and no ruthless hand will ever dare disturb it,"—and only two years afterwards destroyed that "sacred instrument" with his own "ruthless hand," unaided even by the South—it is not strange, we repeat, that such a man should change somewhat upon the grave question of the right of Congress to legislate upon the question of Slavery in the Territories? T.

A CUTE YANKEE.—A Sheriff in Illinois who hates Yankee peddlers as he does "pizen," makes it his especial business to see that this class of itinerating merchants do not vend their wares without a license. This functionary met a peddler lately whom he suspected of violating the statutes, and after pricing a number of articles purchased a bottle of the "Balm of Columbia," or, as the peddler stated, it "Balm o' Kulumby, price one dollar good for the *hair*, and assistin' poor human nature," and in reply to the peddler's question whether he wanted anything else, said he *did*—he wanted to see the peddler's license, which was exhibited, and pronounced "all right." Handing back the bottle to the peddler, the sheriff said, "I don't know that I really want this stuff now, what will you give for it?" "Wal," replied the Yankee, "bein' it's you, Sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it," and after purchasing it at that low figure, he said to the sheriff, "have you got a peddler's license about your trowsers anywhere?" He allowed he hadn't, and had no use for the article. At the next village the Yankee complained of the sheriff, who was fined eight dollars for vending "Balm o' Kulumby" without a license.

DEATH OF A TYPO.—We see it stated that James B. Dixon, a printer formerly of this city, died at St. Pauls, Min., a few days ago. The unfortunate man had been under the influence of liquor for some time, and fearful that he was about to be attacked with that dreadful disease delirium tremens, he took a dose of morphine from the effects of which he died. Mr. Dixon formerly published the Ohio *Eagle* at Lancaster. He removed to minnesota where he attained quite a prominence in politics and held various offices of trust an honor.—*O. S. Journal.*

Garibaldi's Progress—The Battle of Melazzo.

The Government of the Dictator Garibaldi has caused the two following bulletins to be published:

NATIONAL CAMP OF MERI, July 20.

This morning at six o'clock an exchange of musket shots took place. It was thought at first to be an affair of outposts, but it soon became a general action. The Royalists had artillery, on our side there was none. The struggle was terrible the Royalists being under cover, while our men were fighting unprotected. At one moment the position appeared difficult. but at the magic name of Garibaldi, our men rushed on like lions and carried the position, and at twenty-five minutes past three our troops entered Melazzo, after capturning five pieces of artillery, three of which were taken in the action outside the walls, and the two others at the entrance. The Veloce steamer cannonaded the fort, where the Royalists shut themselves in, constantly pursued by the bayonet; they were crowded there as in a barrel of anchovies. Our men then took the first gate of the fort and a bastion, and our flag is floating over one tower.

We have a heavy loss to deplore; that of the Royalists is enormous. The surrender of the fort and the entire column is considered certain. A reinforcement, with rifles and cannon, has this instant arrived for us. The soldiers of Spadafora are retiring upon Gesso.

July 11.—Yesterday, at 6 A. M., the battle commenced at Melazzo, and was not over before 8. P. M. The struggle was terrible: there was fighting along the whole line. There was a great carnage of the Bourbonists; who fought with much obstinacy, so that it became necessary to gain ground, under a shower of grape. The field of battle, covered with dead bodies of the enemy, and with baggage of every kind and five guns, was at last conquered, amid cries of "Long live taly!" "Long live Garibaldi!"

Our young men vied in enthusiasm with the brave men of Garibaldi's legion, which was the first in the combat, and the first to charge with the bayonet, to storm Melazzo, and also seiz the first and second redoubt of the fortress, still pressing the Bourbonists close with the bayonet.

Our loss has not been excessive. The legion of Garibaldi has had a few of its men wounded; our young men have also suffered very little, but the loss of the continental soldiers has been considerable. Enormous loss, enormous damage has been inflicted upon the enemy, who in flying was driven into the rest of the fortrees. He was pursued thither, and the water conduits were cut off.

This morning, the 21st, Bosco presented himself to the Dictator, and requested leave to quit with the honors of war. "No," replied Garibaldi, "you shall leave disarmed, if you please."

Fabrezzi and Interdonato have marched to Gesso, by order of the Generalissmo. The enemy occupying the position withdrew immediately to Messina.

The Dictator, in a cavalry engagement at Melazzo, cut off with a blow of his saber the sword arm of the Neapolitan corps that was pursuing him after which the Neapolitan cavalry were dispersed and destroyed—a just punishment of their fratricidal obstinacy.

"Long live Italy! Long live Victor Emanuel!"

The Presse publishes a letter from M. Alexandre Dumas describing the engagement at Melazzo of which he was an eyewitness. The following are extracts:

At dawn on the 20th all the troops were in movement to attack the Neapolitans, who had come out of the fort and village of Melazzo, which they occupied. Malanchini commanded the left; General Medici and Cosenz the center; while the right was composed of a few companies only, intended to cover the center and left wing from a surprise. Garibaldi was in the center, where the action was expected to be the sharpest. The firing began on the left from the Neapolitan outposts, concealed in a reed-bed halfway between Meri and Melazzo. A quarter of an hour later the center attacked the Neapolitan line, and drove it from its first position. The right meanwhile dislodged the Neapolitans from some houses which they occupied. As the difficulties of the ground prevented reinforcements from arriving, Bosco with 6,000 men, turned upon the 500 or 600 who had driven him back. The latter were at first obliged to retreat before the superior numbers of the enemy but, when other troops came up to their aid, they again attacked the enemy, many of whom were still concealed among reeds and protected by fig trees, so that a charge with the bayonet was impossible. Medici, while advancing at the head of his men, had a horse killed under him. Cosenz was struck in the neck by a spent ball, and fell; he was for a moment supposed to be mertally wounded, but he was only stunned, and almost instantly he was on his legs again shouting "Viva l'Italia" Garibaldi, at the head of the Genesse carbineers and some guides, attempted to take the enemy in the flank but suddenly came on a gun placed in the center of the road, and which he determined to attack. When within 20 paces, the cannon, loaded with grape, was fired by the King's troops. The effect was terrible; only five or six men remained standing.

Garibaldi had part of his boot and his stirrup carried away; his horse was also wounded, and he was compelled to alight. Major Breda and his trumpeter was killed by his side; Misori's horse fell dead under him. Statella was left standing unhurt in the midst of the iron storm; all the others were killed or wounded. The gun which had done all this mischief was taken soon after. Then the Neapolitan infantry opened and gave passage to a charge of 50 cavalry for the purpose of retaking the piece. Colonel Donen's men, who had been but little under fire, threw themselves to the sides of the road instead of receiving the charge on their bayonets. The cavalry came like a whirlwind, the Sicilians firming from both sides. Thus assailed both right and left the commander of the Neapolitan cavalry stopped, and wanted to turn back, but found the passage barred by General Garibaldi, Misori, Statella, and five or six men. The General seized the officer's bridle and cried out "Surrender."

The officer replied with a blow of his saber, which Garibaldi parried, and by a back stroke cut the officer's cheek open. The latter fell from his horse. Meanwhile three or four sabers were raised against the General, who wounded one of his assailants with a thrust of his saber, while Misori killed two others and the horse of a third with his revolver. Statella brought down one antagonist, while another, who sprang at Misori's throat was killed by the fourth shot of his revolver. While this struggle was drawing to a close, Garibaldi rallied his scattered men, charged with them, and either took or killed the rest, of the fifty horseman. Seconded by his center, he next charged the Neapolitans, Bavarians and Swiss with the bayonet. The Neapolitans fled at once, but the Bavarians and Swiss made a short stand before they gave way. This decided that fate of the day,

Closing Paragraphs from the Speech of Hon. D. S. Dickson.

REGULARITY OF NOMINATIONS.

When all other expedients fail, we are reminded that the nomination of Douglas and Johnson is entitled to support over the other for its *regularity*, and I have observed that certain gentlemen who were *regular* members of the speckled Buffalo Convention of 1848, are most emphatic in swearing all allegiance to *regularity*. The Convention; which made this nomination had no sign, no show, nor shadow of regularity. The delegated Convention at Charleston had not power to adjourn to Baltimore—a distance of hundreds of miles, in another State, and nearly two months afterwards. No such thing was ever contemplated,—no such power or discretion was delegated even by the most far fetched implications. A good nomination at Baltimore would have been entitled to respect and support, but not on the semblance of it. The regular Delegations for a large number of States were rejected, and bogus contestants, some of them without pretence of regularity or delegated authority, were admitted in their places; while regular Delegations from numerous other States, because of this outrage, withdrew, and this pretended regular Convention was a mere fraction of one partly but not wholly filled up with unauthorized persons from the outside. It acted in violation of the uniform rule of Democratic National Conventions which it had itself adopted, requiring two-thirds to nominate, and then disregarded it in making the nominations, for at no time, bogus Delegates included, did the vote reach a two-thirds vote. Its nominee for Vice President was Mr. Fitzpatrick, who declined to accept such a nomination, and the regularity of Mr. Johnson, who now runs, as Vice-President with Douglas, consists in the request of some half-dozen individuals, after the adjournment, that he should run, and in which request it seems he cordially united. The *regular* President of the Convention, Gen. Cushing, left his chair and went away, and presided over the Convention which nominated Breckinridge and Lane; so that the *regularity* of the nomination of Douglas and Johnson may be summed up in this; that Mr. Johnson was not, and has not yet been nominated by any Convention; that Mr. Douglas was nominated by Delegates of an irregular, fractional broken up Convention,—without a head,—without a Democratic body, but a mere skeleton, half Soft, half Republican State Delegations and a *bogus tail!* [Laughter.]

No one pretends that the nominations of Breckinridge and Lane have the authority of a regular National Convention, according to the usages of the party. But they have more claim to regularity than the other: This Convention had a head in the President of the whole Convention. It had a Democrat body in the regular Delegations from all the sure Democratic States—a majority of the States of the Union—it had no bogus extremity, and it had a platform of manly principles—of liberty, equality and fraternity—upon which every true Democrat of the whole Union can stand together. [Laughter]

The question recurs, what shall we do? Do? Why, stand resolutely by principle and let the storm rage on—there is sunshine beyond the clouds—shun all entangling alliance of every name and kind. The readiest, surest speediest, most honorable way to success, is to repudiate all fusions, all factions, all patch-work, all devices, all expedients, all efforts to be upon both sides, and stand by our candidates and our creed. We shall then commence to deserve success, and if we preserve in this stern path of constitutional rectitude, we shall preserve our self-respect, command the respect of all others, and our effort will be crowned with triumph for our party and our principles, the good influences of which will last when party managers and ticksters and their vile schemes are forgotten or remembered only to be hated and execrated. [Cheers for Breckinridge and Lane and Daniel S. Dickson.]

A PIOUS DEACON.—A certain deacon, called Highly, used to trade horses at the Berkshire cattle market Stirred up by the preaching of his minister, he one Sunday, after meeting, thus communicated with one Brown:

"You don't s'pose, brother Brown," he argued, "You don't s'pose them little stories—sort o' lies,—that you and I tell in the way o' trade, will be reconed agin us in the day o' judgment? Sarcumstanced as we are, we can't help it, you know.—I don't s'pose it makes no difference in the sight o' the Lord, long's the heart's all right, brother Brown."

THE SYRIAN OUTBREAK.

Fearful Details of the Damascus Massacre.

The Mercantile Courier, of Genoa, published an authoratative account of the Massacre at Damascus up to the 10th of July, inclusive. Three thousand Christians had taken refuge in the citadel occupied by the Algerines under Abd-el-Kader. The town was in the power of the murderers and incendiaries to the number of 24,000, principally Druses and Bedouins. The Turkish garrison consisted of 5 000 men, who were inactive or hostile. The soldiers had driven the Christians into the flames of the burning houses. Same account computes the number of victims at three to four thousand but states that this may be exaggerated owing to the prevailing terror. The following are extracts of letters from a European resident in Damascus to a friend in Beyrout:

DAMASCUS, July 10—5½ A. M.

A few minutes after I closed my letter of yesterday, an uproar commenced in the street opposite my house. The Moslems—men, women and boys—began to assemble, crying out that all should go to the Christian quarter to plunder, burn and massacre, and threatening not to leave a house or a Christian. I went to the street and spoke to some of them, hoping it would come to nothing. It grew rapidly worse. Every one was calling to others not to come without arms, and the women were violently exciting the men.—There was some fear expressed of the soldiers, but most declared the soldiers would not interfere with them. I now found it prudent to take the advice of some of my neighbors, and keep inside my house.—The street past my house is about the shortest road from the Shughoor and the Meedan, the two worst districts in the city. Soon after I went into my house the ruffians began to return from the Christian quarter with burdens of plunder, while the numbers running towards it were increasing, and threats, imprecations and yells were numerous and loud. Every sort and size of thing was carried past my house—mares and goats, gold and old iron nails, silks and cottons, chests large and small, tables, chairs, books, and every imaginable article. There was a regular stream of these plunderers past my door till after sunset—nearly five hours. Afterwards they became fewer, but they never ceased all night, and with the dawn they again increased As soon as they had plundered some of the houses they set them on fire. During the night tho' there was clear moonlight, the flames and smoke presented a sight as grand as it was awful. During the first half of the night the flames presented an unbroken arc of a circle, as viewed from my roof, of more than 70 degrees, extending from a little north of Bab Shurky to the extreme north point of the Christian quarter. Towards morning the arc became shorter, partly because it had been steadily approaching me, and the Christian quarter as it comes this way grows narrower, and partly, perhaps, because the line of fire was not sweeping all the houses on the north border of the quarter. Towards morning the flames also became lower, or less violent, on most parts of the line, and fewer houses were in flames at once. Still the fire is raging fearfully. There has been an increasing tumult of cries, of the fire, of breaking open houses, &c., all mingled up together. I have no means of guessing the amount of murder committed. Last night comparatively few appear to have been killed, but there is said to have been more butchery this morning. I cannot go out of my door without being in the midst of the hellish ruffians thirsting and crying for blood and plunder. If one of the native Christians in my house were to go out, I believe he could not reach the corner of the street alive. So my means of information, beyond what I see and hear of the flames and tumult and plunder, are very limited. We overhear a good deal of their talk in the street, and some of the talk of our Moslem neighbors on the roofs.

I believe it would not have needed a great effort on the part of the Government to prevent all this, but not the slightest effort has yet been made. There were soldiers in the Christian quarter and neighborhood; others were sent in the evening with four guns, and more this morning, but they have not at all interfered with the ruffians. Yet a majority of the miscreants are actually women, boys and girls. I would affirm that there are not in all more than a few hundred men—say 500—mostly the lowest of the low, and miserbly armed. Not one in twenty has a gun. A very large number have only sticks, the rest swords, pistols, daggers or axes. Opposite my door is a sort of stopping place for them, and we can overhear their talk; and I can affirm that from the first, and all through, they have had the greatest dread of the interference of the soldiers, and constantly ask one another as they meet whether the soldiers in such and such a direction are stopping the murderers or opposing them; and this although during seventeen hours the soldiers have been passive. I firmly believe that one hundred, or at most two hundred soldiers, or armed, resolute men not soldiers, could have put down the insurrection at the worst moment. Of course, it would have been easier to do so within the first hour or two.

This meager account does not give anything like an adequate conception of this most horrible and most disgraceful affair; that words could hardly do. Horses, donkeys and mules are employed to carry plunder, and some of the soldiers help themselves to a share. There were several thousands of poor widows, orphans, and other plundered and ruined refugees here, depending on the charity of the Christians for food, shelter and clothes.—They are now burnt out again, amid the horrors of last night, and those who were providing bread for them are now as helpless and miserable as themselves.

NOON.—The plundering still continues, but the number engaged in it seems greatly reduced since morning, and most of the articles now are of little value. No effort has yet been made to stop this reign of terror and destruction, easy as it would seem to be; and a Christian, at least a man, would, probably, be in greater danger among the ruffians now than at any former period.

A New Mexican Forest on Fire---Awful Scene---Two Men Burned to Death.

[From the St. Louis Democrat.]

A friend just arrived from Santa Fe states that four Mexican herders were driving a heard of cattle through the mountains north of that place, a short time since, when the following incident occurred, which I give as I received it:

The mountains were on fire at the time, but the way clear before them, they proceeded up a valley until they found their way barred by an impenetrable wall of fire; in vain hope that escape might still be possible. But alas! they were too late; fire had closed the avenue by which they entered the valey, and a broad belt of flame encircled them on every side, the area of which was rapidly diminishing every moment. The long drought had rendered the rubbish and undergrowth below as dry as tinder, and the flames licked them up with fearful rapidity; and springing upward, caught the pine leaves, glossy with rosin, and then leaping from tree to tree, forming a pillow of fire awful to behold. The affrighted herd, bellowing with fear, dashing through the flames, the most of them escaping badly burned, but some perished Two of the herders attemped to follow them; but who can breathe in such an atmosphere, walk on burning coals, enveloped in flame and live?

A few steps only were taken, when their nerves became contracted with the intense heat—their limbs refused to perform their office, and they sunk shrieking on a bed of fire, and the roaring and the cracking of the flames, as they came surging onward, and maddened by dispair, they dashed wildly from side to side, eagerly seeking that which they dared not hope to find, and already suffering, in anticipation, the agonies of a death too fearful to think of, when a huge rock barred their way, and they saw, with a thrill of joy, that a small spring of water gushed out at its foot. Hope revived within them at the sight: and with an energy such emergency only could inspire, they improved the few remaining moments ere the flames should reach them in preparing to resist them.—Everything combustible was removed, until the increasing heat forced them to desist, then inserting some dry branches in the crevices of the rock above the spring, they saturated their blankets with water and spread them out upon them, and seating themselves under their shelter, continued to apply the water as fast as the scanty supply permitted.

Ashes, coals and burning brances fell thickly around them, and their hopes fluctuated rapidly between hope and dispair, as their chances of hope increased or lessened. Moments seemed lengthened into hours, and doubtless more than the agonies of death were passed by these poor herders, ere hope repined into certainty, and they knew they were indeed saved as "brands from the burning."

Later from California.

ST. JOSEPH, Aug. 16.—The Pony Express, with dates from San Francisco to the 4th instant, arrived here last night.—The Pony Express, with St. Louis dates to July 20th arrived at San Francisco on the 1st inst.

Senator Gwin and Latham had arrived at home.

The political contest in the State does not open with much more than the ordinary spirit.

Both wings of the Democracy are quite confident of carrying the State, and several bets offered that Douglas would receive the most votes, have been taken even, by Breckinridge men.

The steamer John L. Stephens, on her last downward trip, took $45,000 of Washoe silver ore for New York.

The arrivals of Chinamen at San Francisco, for the last three months, exceed 7,000, and more than half that number have departed for British Columbia.

Parties returned from the Coso Mines report having discovered many new leads of silver and gold-bearing quartz. Col. Fremont and a party have gone thither, on account of the favorable reports received.

A report reached Carson Valley on the 2d inst., that a company of twenty-eight men had had a fight with the Indians near Black Rock, in which two Americans were killed, and the balance forced to retreat.

Large numbers of Indians were reported to be congregating along the emigrant routes, and it was feared that they would be troublesome.

HOLD ON.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly or use any improper word. Hold on to your hands when you are about ready to strike, pinch, scratch, steal or do any improper act. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you. Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth, and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places. Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

[From the Hartford Evening Press August 7.]

Stephen Goeth to see his Mother.

Stephen was anxious to see his mother. His mother was anxious to see Stephen. The dutiful boy advertised it in the public prints that he was on his way to see his mother. He started from the city of New York to vist his mother, who resides in the western portion of New York State. He naturally came to New Haven Guilford and Hartford on his way, and at the latter place he was "betrayed" into a speech. Still bent on the maternal pilgrimage he goes towards Boston, attracted by a relative of his wife. It was a case of relative attraction. On his way at Worchester, some Judas "betrayed" him into a speech. At Boston, betrayed again. Now, however, he started towards his mother. At Albany, seeking to pass through there as a private man, astonished at the magnificent demonstration the unexpected reception (like the one at Hartford) he was "betrayed" into a speech in which he declared he was on his way to see his mother. From here the pilgrim son reaches Saratoga. Here he lays aside politics, thinks of his long unseen mother whom he is about to visit, and sinks into the genial pleasures of the place. Previous to this we ought to mention, he was "betrayed" into a speech. Full of thoughts of his mother, he starts in a northlerly direction and lands at Rutland, the home of his youth. Owing to the wholly unexpected arrival in that place, so hallowed, &c.—he—well—is "betrayed" into a speech. Full of pent-up affection he can no longer restrain himself but goes to Bellows, Falls. Amid the bellowing of the populace and the sobs of Stephen, he is deceived, deluded, imposed on—in fact, "betrayed" into a speech. He flies to the north, he lands at White River Junction. What a junction, what a conjunction in point of fact was there! Stephen was "betrayed" into a speech. Cutting his filial stick in a southeast direction he informs us at Concord that he is visiting New England to look upon the grave of a relative. Sad Stephen, how skillfully his anxiety to see his mother is disguised. This statement was made in the course of some extended remarks which in point of fact, "betrayed" pious Æneas into a speech at this very place. At Manchester, at Nassau, at Providence still seeking the maternal embrace that still receeded, he is still surprised and still "betrayed" but why repeat the sad details?

Stephen, Stephen, who seems unable to cut his bread and cheese even, is next seen at a clam-bank at Rocky Point far, far from mother, relatives or graves; on this strictly private tour to see his mother, Stephen, we say, sinks the maternal for a season, and allows one hundred and fifty bushels of baked clams and thirty thousand people to "betray" him into a speech—a brief one of an hour and a half.

Look at the map of New England. Where do you think Stephen is now? Why, way down on the rocky end of Rhode Island, at Newport, kicking up his truant heels by the great ocean, as much as to say that, having traveled all over New England on the strength of her, he now don't care a "brass farthin" for his maternal!

And yet, by and by, when he gets recuperated and wants to start on another tour, we shall hear his low, sweet voice mingling with the roar of the surf down there by the sounding sea, softly singing:

"Wake, and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear."

A Parable.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects, and said to him.

"What is your employment?"

"I am a blacksmith."

"He said:

"Go home and make me a chain of such a length."

He went home, it oepied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain only the trouble and pains of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said:

"Go and make it twice as long."

Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brough it up again, and the monarch said:

"Go make it longer still."

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said:

"Take it, and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire."

These were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years welding links of the chain, and he says; "Go and make it longer still."

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours and put another link on, next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link, on, next Monday you will do a dishonest act, and so keep on making fresh links to this chain, and when you have lived twenty years the devil will say: "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." For the wages of sin is death. There is a subject for your meditation. Go and apply it to your heart.—*Spurgeon.*

THE CORN CROP.—The yield of corn in Central Illinois, this season, will be immense, unless some unforward event occurs to blight to present prospect. The prairies everywhere resemble an unbroken cornfield; much of it is now seven feet high, and it is growing with unequaled rapidity. Farmers are already looking around for stock to eat the corn. The crop having been short for several years, has caused a great thinning out of stock, but this years there will be plenty for all purposes, and fat cattle will be a stable article in old Sangamo.—*Springfield (Ill) Journal.*