THE OREGON ARGUS.

BY D. W. CRAIG.

TERMS—*The* Argus *will be furnished at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, to single subscribers—Three Dollars each to clubs of ten at one office—in advance When the money is not paid in advance, Four Dollars will be charged if paid within six months, and Five dollars at the end of the year.*

☞ *Two Dollars for six months—No subscriptions received for a less period.*

☞ *No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.*

The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

VOL. V. OREGON CITY, OREGON, MARCH 10, 1860. No. 48.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (12 lines or less, brevier measure) one insertion, $3,00
" " two insertions, 4,00
Each subsequent insertion, 1,00
Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS is happy to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

For the Argus.

To "Winnie."

Dear Elf! I love thee, for thou bear'st
A keen stiletto. Thou hast pricked
A bladder with various odors filled—
And these have spread far and wide,
From Tillamook to Lake Labish.
They can be breathed, and still the breather
Live!
Dear Elf! I love thee, for thou lovest truth;
—The dying bride, the pale-stricken wife!
Ah! the dust should dry upon her grave
Before the loved should seek another!
The kiss should be forgotten ere the agonized
Should seek to plant another upon
A successor's cheek!—Oh, heaven!
'Tis sad to think of the false hearts
That encumber this fair earth of ours!
To see the lov'd, the idolized, the pure,
Yield up in death their gentle spirits—
The Lethean waters pass o'er their memories,
And forgotten are their beauty, virtue,
Love, for aye!
Dear Elf! I love thee! Thou hast torn
Away the gauze that hid pretension.
Thou hast drawn a picture that some
Hate to see. Others will see it—
It stands out in the clear sky,
Distinct as that huge mountain now
Before me. In some hearts
Wounds forever rankle!
Dear Elf! Thou hast thrown around thee
Some fancy caps, and it is fitting
That those they fit should put them on;
How beautiful one looks upon the fair brow
Of him who dons it with all its plumes!

THE POET OF MOLALLA.

For the Argus.

To the Author of "Some One to Love."

Why, "Jennie"! have you never known
Your heart to thrill with strange delight,
While listening to some fond one's tone,
When life seemed suddenly more bright?
Or dreaming fairy dreams alone,
O'er which Love shed a magic light?
Earth has no joy surpassing this,
Heaven cannot give supremer bliss.
—I wrote so far, then stopp'd awhile,
To think of woman's fair, false smile;
Of all the dear, delusive arts
By which they win men's simple hearts;
Of one who stood up to be wed,
And heard the fatal "No Sir" said.
And then I thought of lovers' lies,
Of false oaths sworn by fair one's eyes;
Of him who promised he'd have two,
But 'tween both stools has fallen through.
—Yet, Jennie, hope, and trust to fate:
Perhaps even yet you'll find a mate!

OREGON CITY, March 3, 1860. O. P. Q.

For the Argus.

Mollie.

So calm and serene our darling lay,
I thought I but dream'd she had passed away;
For an angelic smile her features wore,
As though she rejoiced her sufferings were o'er.

As though those features, so pale the while,
Had caught the first beam of the spirit's smile;
When, with all earth's galling fetters riven,
The exulting soul feels the joys of heaven.

I stooped, as so oft I had done before, [more;
To press those lips which should meet mine no
I thought of the loving words they had spoken,
Then I knew "the golden bowl was broken."

But the Lord that gave hath taken her home,
And we've laid her frail form where the wild flow'rs bloom,
While her starry-crown'd spirit traverses the skies,
Mid the soul-lighted gardens of Paradise.

MARIE LOCKY.

WOOL.—The history of the growth of wool is very curious. Fifty years ago not a pound of fine wool was raised in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In the latter country, the flocks were owned exclusively by the nobility or by the crown. In 1694 a small flock was sent to the Elector of Saxony, as a present from the King of Spain, whence the entire product of Saxony wool, now of such immense value. In 1809, during the invasion of Spain by the French, some of the valuable crown flocks were sold to raise money. The American Consul at Lisbon, Mr. Jarvis, purchased fourteen hundred head, and sent them to this country. A portion of the pure, unmixed Merino blood of these flocks is to be found in Vermont at this time. Such was the origin of the immense flocks of fine wooled sheep in the United States.

☞ Ex-Senator Jerry Clemens, writing from Washington to his paper, the Memphis Enquirer, says: "There is less sectional excitement than I anticipated, and the members generally seem to be in better temper; a little bluster about breaking up the Union, if a Republican is elected President, without waiting for an overt act of his in derogation of our rights, was to be expected, and as it does no harm to any but those who utter it, it may be permitted to pass without comment."

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—A fact of much interest to young ladies of fashion and old ladies of juvenile ideas, has just been brought to light in Paris. This is nothing less than the discovery that the "pearl powder" used for whitening the skin, is a slow poison. The carbonate of lead used in its composition, works gradually into the system, producing at last fatal results.

☞ The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer says that Mr. Buchanan and one or more members of his Cabinet, on many accounts, prefer the election of some Republican, to that of a Democrat, inasmuch as the Republicans have done more toward carrying on the Government than the Southern Democrats.

TELEGRAPH.—The Morse telegraph patent expires in 1861, and will then be free to the public. It will cause considerable extension of telegraph lines, and will give rise to a good deal of competition.

☞ Why does a door generally stand in the subjunctive mood? Because it is mostly wood or should be.

☞ The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze.

Shrubbery.

ED. ARGUS: Many of our farmers are exhibiting some taste in laying out their yards in front of their houses, and planting them with shrubbery and trees. This is generally in accordance with the wishes of the mother and daughters, and will prove a means of beautifying our beautiful country. I have thought a few remarks on this subject would not be out of place.

A house should always be placed, if it can conveniently be done, near the road, on rising ground. The ground should so fall off as to make it dry about the house; so much so that a sunken culvert for waste water should carry it so far from the kitchen that it will not prove a nuisance. The out-houses should be at a convenient distance, and they can be so placed that they will add much to the comforts of the residents.

The yard in front of the house can be made useful and ornamental. Latterly varieties of shrubbery have come into use not known years ago, while some of the old varieties will always be beautiful. Owing to the favorable character of our climate, many kinds of shrubbery, tender in the States, can be successfully grown here.

The Rose is "the queen of flowers."—Here we can have them in all their glory. Not only will the Remontants, or "Hardy Perpetuals," succeed here, but many of the Bourbons, Chinese and Noisette Roses.—These latter three varieties blossom from early spring till frost checks them. The Hardy Perpetuals blossom some three times during the season—in June, August, and October. These latter are the most beautiful, but they do not produce such a shower of roses as the former. If I were to recommend varieties of the Hardy Perpetual, I would name four—La Reine, Madame Laffay, Duchess of Sutherland, and Prince Albert; of Noisettes, Ophirie, Champney, Blanche, and Fellemberg; of the Chinese, Agrippina, Blush Daily, White Daily, and Louis Phillipe; of the Bourbons, Hermosa, Bouquet de Flore, Walter Scott, and Dr. Marx. The Tea Roses are too tender for out-door culture. It is hardly worth while to get standard June roses when these can be found. There are a few running roses which are desirable. The American Hybrids (Rosa Rubifolia) are gorgeous, but generally without fragrance. The best of these are the Queen of the Prairies, Henry Clay, and Baltimore Belle.

Where the grounds are inclined to be wet, they should be raised in beds for roses—not so much so but that their roots will go into damp soil. Roses which blossom often, are gross feeders, and the grounds can scarcely be too rich.

Of other shrubbery, I would suggest the Persian Lilach, the Snow-Ball, Sweet-scented Shrub, Deutzia Scabra, and Gracilis, Wieglia Rosea—and several of the new Spiraes—Reevesii, Douglassi, Prunifolia. These are all beautiful—and grow from three to five feet high. If their leading buds are pinched off in summer they will make compact and handsome plants.

There are some beautiful varieties of climbing Honeysuckles which will grow well here. I would name the Belgian Monthly as best, and next the Chinese sub-evergreen. The last blossoms three times during the season, and both are highly fragrant. The coral honeysuckle is beautiful, and also a yellow variety, but they are without fragrance. These can be trained all about a house or over the door.

I find my paper is exhausted without exhausting my subject. I will write again. That man who makes a home lovely, will make his children love home, which will have a strong influence to make them moral, amiable, and worthy. A. B.

(To be concluded next week)

POULTRY.—Ed. Argus: Housewives, in the country, sometimes have much trouble with hens to prevent them from wasting their time in setting. The hens, bereaved of their eggs, seem to be inconsolable, and will occupy their nests even without eggs. To check their sorrows, and induce them to resume laying, shut the setting hen up in a pleasant coop with a young rooster.—The hen will soon forget her sorrows, when you can let her out, and she will go on her way cackling and laying as usual.

It happens, sometimes, that all the hens are out of the way, and an ancestral rooster is seen moving about sad and slow, with nary chuckle and nary crow. Procure a young, handsome pullet, and shut up the two together, and the rooster will soon "become as brisk as a flea," and as happy as though his old matronly hen was about him. COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

☞ Grand Divisions of Buchanan's Message. 1st, *Niggers*—Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Dred Scott. 2d, *Triggers*—Them Mexicans! 3d, *Figures*—More revenue needed!

☞ The Baltimore Patriot comes out in a strong article for Edward Bates of Missouri as a candidate for the next Presidency.

Asparagus and Rhubarb.

ED. ARGUS: There are no early vegetables more desirable than asparagus and rhubarb. They can be had with a very little well-directed labor, in abundance.

Asparagus seed should be sown early in the spring in a bed, as beet or carrot seed. It is some time coming up, and should be weeded and treated delicately. The next spring have your permanent bed prepared. This should be four feet wide, and as long as you please. It should be dug two feet deep, and the soil mixed well with rich, rotted manure. Holes should be made for the plants, so that the crowns of the roots should be two inches below the surface.—The plants should not be cut the year they are transplanted; and not too much the second year. Every fall cover the bed with well-rotted manure, and in spring fork it into the bed, being careful not to injure the crowns of the roots.

Rhubarb is sought for tarts early in the season. When well made, scarce any pie or tart is better. Prepare a bed as for asparagus. Get plants of some approved variety. Put the plants about three feet apart. Do not pull the stalks the first year. The rhubarb is a gross feeder, and the soil can hardly be too rich. Plants from seed often disappoint. The improved varieties are hybrids, and there is a constant tendency of new plants to go back to the original type. Hence it is always best to get roots of the well-known sorts—Linneus, Scotch Hybrid, Giant or Colossal.—These can usually be found at the nurseries. A. B.

The Business of 1859.

From the annual circular of Dunn, Boyd & Co., mercantile agents, New York, it appears that the number of failures in the United States, the past year, was 3913, involving liabilities of $64,294,000. This is a decrease in the number of failures since 1858 of 312, and in liabilities of $31,455,662. Of the failures last year 123, with liabilities of $4,759,000, occurred in Boston, and 169, with debts to the extent of $1,927,000, in the rest of Massachusetts; 61, with liabilities of $1,159,000 occurred in Maine; 25, with liabilities of $307,000, in New Hampshire; 36, with liabilities of 537,000, in Vermont; 10, with liabilities $246,000, in Providence; and 10, with debts amounting to $359,000, in the rest of Rhode Island. The number in New York city was 299, with liabilities of $13,218,000. Of the whole number of failures last year, 401 are classed as swindling and and absconded debtors, with obligations amounting to $5,650,000; as not dishonest, but will pay little or nothing, 675, with debts to the extent of $7,933,000. The number likely to pay in full is 130, whose indebtedness amounts to $6,242,000.

The number of failures in Canada and the British Provinces was three hundred and fifty, with debts of the amount of $4,073,000.

The business of the year, the circular remarks, exhibits a general improvement, although not much money has been made. A healthy and moderate business has been realized, and the prospect is that an equally and improved state of affairs will continue. The effects of the disasters of 1857 still remain, especially at the West, and no great enlargement of business the coming year is to be looked for. Such a crisis cannot be recovered from under four or five years.

The aggregate of the past three years shows a bankrupt debt in the United States and British North America of the enormous sum of $468,355,571, of which amount $262,907,508 will prove an absolute loss to the creditors. This is irrespective of the immense losses by railroad and other public corporate companies. In 1857 the failures in the city of New York were about eighteen and a half per cent. of the entire number, thus proving that the effects of the crisis were immediately felt in the cities of the Union, for the per centage of twenty-one cities shows about the same ratio. The failures of the past two years have been mostly confined to the country. The number appears large, but the amount involved is comparatively small.

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral grey color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of sea-faring men.

Dr. Holmes and Christianity.

Dr. Holmes has given us in the 'Professor's' last words, says the Chicago Journal, his *best* words. Read the dying scene of the Little Gentleman, and his interview with the Divinity-Student, and the sentiments thereon, to which the Professor gives utterance, and tell us if it is not infused with a most genial and Christian spirit; if it lacks anything of the noblest charity; if it does not rebuke the bigotry and narrow-mindedness that have sundered born friends; as if doctrine were more than deed, believing more than living.

This is an age of philanthropy; missionaries go abroad with their lives in their hands; widows have "homes" and orphans shelter; they that were blind see, and the tongues of the dumb sing; but for all this, the age is not so charitable as it ought to be; there is a lack of gentle humanity in matters of religion; an intolerance that, though it does not sharpen the sword, yet it does worse, for it embitters the spirit.—And when we hear of men—as we often do—clergymen, meeting for the purpose of discussing religious doctrine, and hear of the sharp words they said, and the hot spirits that chafed, we think that both champions would be better off at home, cultivating humility and a spirit of meekness, and reading the Sermon on the Mount. These sectarian strifes are idle things; no one is convinced, no one conquered, and each goes away with the opinions he fought for more than ever a part of himself.

Dr. Holmes has been censured for some of the doctrines he had rather implied than advanced, but what is there in the following to meet disapproval?

"Do you know that every man has a religious belief, peculiar to himself? Smith is always a Smithite. He takes in exactly Smith's-worth of knowledge, Smith's-worth of truth, of beauty, of divinity. And Brown has from time immemorial been trying to burn him, to excommunicate him, to anonymous-article him, because he did not take in Brown's-worth of knowledge, truth, beauty, and divinity. He cannot do it, any more than a pint pot can hold a quart, or a quart pot be filled by a pint. Iron is essentially the same everywhere, and always; but the sulphate of iron is never the same as the carbonate of iron. And the *Smithite* of truth always differs from the *Brownite* of truth.

The wider the intellect, the larger and simpler the expressions in which its knowledge is embodied. The inferior race, the degraded and enslaved people, the small-minded individual, live in the details, which to larger minds and more advanced tribes of men, reduce themselves to axioms and laws. As races and individual minds must always differ, just as sulphate and carbonate do, I cannot see ground for expecting the Broad Church to be founded on any fusion of *intellectual* beliefs, which of course implies that those who hold the largest number of doctrines as essential, shall come down to those who hold the smaller number.

The Broad Church, I think, will never be based on anything that requires the use of *language*. Free Masonry gives an idea of such a church, and a brother is known and cared for in a strange land, where no word of his can be understood. An apostle of this church may be a deaf mute carrying a cup of cold water to a thirsting fellow-creature. The cup of cold water does not have to be translated, for a foreigner to understand it. I am afraid the only Broad Church possible, is one that has its creed in the heart, and not in the head—that we shall know its members by their fruits, and not by their word."

Virginia and the Tribune.

POST OFFICE, LYNCHBURG, Va., December 2, 1859.

MR. HORACE GREELY—*Sir:* I hereby inform you that I shall not, in future, deliver from this office the copies of the New York Tribune which come here, because I believe them to be of that incendiary character which are forbidden circulation alike by the laws of the land, and a proper regard for the safety of society. You will therefore discontinue them.

Respectfully, R. H. CLASS, P. M.

Reply.

MR. POSTMASTER OF LYNCHBURG, VA.—*Sir:* I take leave to assure you that I shall do nothing of the sort. The subscribers to the Tribune in Lynchburg have paid for their paper; we have taken their money, and shall fairly and faithfully earn it according to contract. If *they* direct us to send their papers to some other Post Office, we shall obey the request; otherwise, we shall send them as originally ordered. If you or your masters choose to steal and destroy them, that is your affair—at all events not ours; and if there is no law in Virginia to punish the larceny, so much the worse for her, and our plundered subscribers. If the Federal Administration, whereof you are the tool, after monopolizing the business of mail carrying, sees fit to become the accomplice and patron of mail robbery, I suppose the outrage must be borne until more honest and less servile rulers can be put in high places at Washington, or till the People can recover their natural right to carry each other's letters and printed matter, asking no odds of the Government. Go ahead in your own base way; I shall stand steadfast for Human Liberty and the Protection of all natural rights.

Yours, stiffly, HORACE GREELY.

New York, Dec. 9, 1859.

☞ The month of December, 1859, is regarded as one of the coldest Decembers on record.

A Chapter on Women.

There be many kinds of women. Of course I adore them all; but there is one who excites unfeigned astonishment. I allude to the rabbit woman. She has four chins and twelve babies. She has two dresses—a loose calico wrapper for home wear, and a black silk for "meetin'." She eats tremendously, and never goes out; she goes to bed with her twelve babies at 8 o'clock every evening, and calls her husband "Pa." She is quite content to roll leisurely from her rocking chair in the nursery to the dining-room table, and thence back again, year in and year out. She knows nothing that is passing in the outside world, nor cares. She never touches a book or newspaper, not even when she is rocking her baby to sleep and might. She never troubles herself about Pa, so long as he don't get in her way, or sit down on the twelve babies. She has particular fondness for the child who cries the most, and won't go to sleep without a stick of candy in each fist. She has a voice like an auctioneer, and prefers cabbage to any vegetable extant.

"Pa" is devoted to her,—that is, he calls her "my dear," and as soon as he enters the house, before hanging up his hat, kisses all the twelve babies immoderately, whether dirty or clean, and inquires tenderly after her health, keeps her stupid on a full diet, and flirts desperately, at a safe distance behind her back.

Secondly, there is the *prim* woman, with her mouth always in a prepared state to whistle; who crosses over if she sees a man coming, and tosses up the end of her shawl when she sits down, lest she should crease it; who keeps her parasol in several layers of tissue-paper when not on duty; puts her two shoes on the window-sill "to air" every night, and suggests more indelicacy by constantly running away from it, than she could ever find by the most zealous search.

Thirdly, there is your butterfly woman, who, provided her wings are gay and gauzy, is not particular where she alights; who cannot exist out of the sunbeams, and dreads a rainy day like an old gown; who values her male acquaintances according to their capabilities for trotting her to balls, operas and parties, and giving her rings and bouquets; who spoils all the good looks she has trying to make herself "look better," and turns into a very ordinary catterpillar after her marriage.

Fourthly, there is your library woman, steeped in folios; steeped in languages, both living and dead; steeped in ologies; steeped in politics; who walks around a baby as if it were a rattlesnake, and if she is born with a heart, never has found it out.

Fifthly, there is your female viper—your cat—your hyena. All claws, nails, and tongue. Wiry, bloodless, snappy, narrow, vindictive; lapping up your life-blood with her slanders, and clawing out your warm, palpitating heart. Out on her!

Sixthly, there is your woman, pretty or plain, it matters not; lady-like by nature, intelligent but not pedantic; modest, yet not prudish; strong-hearted, but not "strong-minded" (as that term is at present perverted;) no "scholar," yet will read; no butterfly, and yet bright and gay. Merry without noise, silent without stupidity, religious without fanaticism, capable of an opinion, and yet able to hold her tongue. If married, not of necessity sinking into a mere machine; if unmarried, occupying herself with any other thing than husband hunting. Liking books, yet not despising needles and brooms; genial, unaffected, good-natured; with an active brain, and a live heart under lock and key. God bless her wherever she is, for she redeems all the rest.—*Fanny Fern.*

Washington Irving.

The London Athenæum publishes a genial notice of Washington Irving, in which the editor thus speaks of Irving's literary popularity in England:

"When a distinguished writer dies, the entire civilized world is bereft of a friend; but in most cases the loss especially belongs to the country which gave him birth, the literature of which he has enriched. But Washington Irving's achievements have, in a certain sense, made him one of our own countrymen, and England, scarcely less than America, has reason to mourn for him. More than any other of the many distinguished scholars who have raised American literature to its present high position—more than Cooper, Bancroft, Prescott, Longfellow, or any of the other transatlantic writers, Washington Irving has become a household friend among us. His works are to be found in every English home where literature of any kind is esteemed; and so completely have we adopted him as a compatriot, that we believe many studious inhabitants of our country houses where living authors are known by their works and not by meagre sketches in biographical dictionaries, will feel something like a surprise at remembering that the author of 'Bracebridge Hall, the 'Sketch-Book,' and the 'Life of Oliver Goldsmith,' was born a citizen of the United States."

FOREIGN MILITARY SERVICE.—An American citizen, notified by the French military authorities to attend at the office of the Prefect to draw in the conscription for seven years' military service, resisted the demand, was arrested and was carried before a military tribunal charged with contempt of law. Marshal Magnan was present in the Court. M. Roussel, a Parisian lawyer, commenced his speech thus: "Gentlemen, you have committed a most grave error in arresting my client. He is not only a citizen, but was born a citizen of the Government which of all others protects with the the most energy and the most jealousy its subjects, whether in Europe or elsewhere, whether they be full or only partial subjects. I warn you also that of all the legations of the United States in Europe, that of Paris is the most sensitive to the rights of its people." This appeal had the desired effect, and the gentleman, a Louisianian creole, was acquitted at once with an apology for the error.

The Capital of Japan.

What shall I say of this greatest and most singular of all cities? A volume is needed to describe it, without attempting to give its history. I have read of old Nineveh and Babylon below the ground, and seen and handled the works of art which have been disinterred and created so much admiration on both sides of the Atlantic; but one living Jeddo, above the ground, is worth a hundred old fogy cities below it. I cannot give you an idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike anything except itself, and so impossible, as you think. I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewildered and confounded when I saw this. It is situated on the western shore of this charming gulf, twenty miles wide by twenty-four miles long. It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of semi-circular form, with its horns turned outwards, and along which a street extends, crowded with blocks of stores and houses, and teeming with moving crowds, while shopkeepers, artisans, women and children, seemed equally within doors and at the doors. Indeed, a dozen or fifteen miles might be added to the length of the city in this direction, since there is nothing but an unbroken succession of towns and villages for this distance, which are as populous and well built as the city itself. In crossing the city from the western shore to the outskirts I have walked two miles and a half, and then proceeded on horseback for ten miles more, making twelve and a half in the whole, while in other places it may be wider still. According to the lowest estimate, the city covers an area equal to seven of the New England farming towns, which were usually six miles square. And all is traversed by streets, usually wide, well-constructed, perfectly neat, and crossing each other at right angles—streets lined with houses and stores as compactly as they can be built, and crowded with moving and stationary masses as thick as in our Washington street, or New York Broadway, at least for considerable distances. The population is estimated generally at three millions, which Mr. Harris, our Minister, thinks is no exaggeration. For my part, judging from what I have seen when I have gone into the heart of the city, and crossing the city from side to side, I should be willing to add as many millions more; for the living, moving masses, seen from sunrise to sunset, and everywhere the same, fairly seems beyond computation. One city as large as seven fine towns in Berkshire county, and containing a population three times as large as that of the whole State of Massachusetts! That is enough to think of for a moment.—*Japan Correspondence of the Boston Traveler.*

NEWS FROM COLVILLE.—We clip the following items from the Mountaineer. The extract below is from a letter of Mr. Mauldin to his employers, Messrs. Green, Heath & Allen:

"Burchard & Co., whom we fitted out last Fall, are doing remarkably well at the Similkameen mines. They have struck a lead in the bank above high-water mark, where they find the gold coarse and plenty. Adam Bean has not done much at present; in fact the weather has been so cold that they could not expect to do much."

Another letter from a Colville merchant to his brother at the Dalles, dated Feb. 5, says:

"There has not been very much done on the Similkameen this winter; two miners arrived from there yesterday, and reported the river had been prospected for ninety miles up, and turned out good at every point tried, so I think there will be big mining done there this year. The weather is moderating; there is about ten inches of snow in the valley now, and we expect it will be off by the 23d of this month.

"We understand from a Frenchman, who arrived here last Monday from Colville; that good diggings have been found on the Novolipiteum, a stream entering the Columbia opposite Fort Colville. We presume it is the stream put down on Anderson's map as 'Dease's Fork.' The Frenchman above mentioned, is about settling on on Okanagan Lake, and is taking up with him farming implements, seeds, etc."

THRILLING INCIDENT.—In a lecture recently delivered by "Grace Greenwood," at Boston, on "Heroism," she referred to an incident that took place at the burning of a steamer on one of the Western lakes:

"Among the few passengers whose courage and presence of mind rose superior to the perils and horrors of the night was a mother, who succeeded in saving her two children by means of a floating settee. While they they were in the water the mother saw a man swimming towards the settee, and as he was about to grasp it, she cried out: "Don't take it from my poor children!" The man made no answer, yet the appeal struck home, for by the light of the flaming vessel she could see that his face was convulsed by the struggle between the mighty primal instinct of nature and something better and holier. It was but a moment. He threw his hands up with a groan of renunciation, flung himself over backward and went down.

☞ In the Alabama Senate, the Hon. Mr. Bullock, urging the adoption of disunion resolutions, said:

"If the South should delay and wait for an overt act, venal papers and men should spring up in the South within a short time to advocate giving a fair trial to the Black Republican Administration and to hold office under it. *The policy of that Administration would be to give more offices to Southern than to Northern men.* It would be shrewd enough to work in such a way as to keep the South divided, and prevent Southern unity. It would not commit any overt, act."

☞ Time is like a river, in which metal and solid substances are sunk, while chaff and straw swim upon the surface.