

THE OREGON ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
BY WILLIAM L. ADAMS.

Office—Good's Building, Main st. Editorial Room in first story.

TERMS—The ARGUS will be furnished at Five Dollars per Annum—or Six Months for Three Dollars.
No Subscriptions received for less than Six Months.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.
One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$3.00
" " " " two insertions, \$4.00
" " " " three insertions, \$5.00
Each subsequent insertion, \$1.00.
Reasonable deduction 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 the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

For the Argus.

They ask if Sam's alive, sir,
And scornfully they claim
That the Native spirit lingers,
And lives but in the name.
They point to old Virginia,
They talk of Tennessee,
And boast of North Carolina
With voices full of glee;
And then with exultation
For Oregon they shout,
As if the whole creation
Had joined the Durham rout.
But Sam's in California,
The land of golden mines,
From Yreka to Los Angeles
The glowing beacon shines,
That calls the sons of Sires
Who fought for freedom first
To kindle new-born fires,
And cause their flames to burst
In lines of lightning triumph
From the summit of each hill,
That demagogues no longer
Control the people's will,
Kentucky and Ohio,
New England and New York,
With the Empire of the West,
No longer do their work;
There's a rising shout from millions
Who urge the cause along—
Men who can read and write—
Men who can fight the wrong.
Not one would choose to rebel
The stranger from our land,
But all of us would meet him
With the warm and welcome hand.
If they come in search of freedom,
With us there's many a spot,
Midst choicest of earth's blessings,
Where depots harbor them not.
If they come in search of office,
Or to rule us with a vote,
Like the man who claims his living
From the one who gave his coat—
Then, sir, we cannot use them:
They are welcome to return,
If their ancient Lords allow them
Freedom's lessons to unlearn.
The Democracy might miss them
At the ballot box, 'tis true:
Which of us would ever wish them
To annul the vote we threw?
Give us Yankee birth and language,
Yankee schools, and Yankee hearts—
Hearts within whose depths are planted
Truths that laugh at foreign arts.
No need have we of secret councils
To perfect the glorious plan,
For the seeds of truth are planted
In the souls of free-born men.
Then let the Durhams flourish,
Let their varied colors blend;
If the germ of truth we nourish,
Even Oregon may mend.

A Fragment.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other
Like waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the
Persons we once knew—the scenes in which we
were actors, they appear before the mind like
phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy re-
joicing in the glory of his youth—the wheels of time
cannot roll too rapidly for him—the light of hope
dances in his eye—the smile of expectation plays
upon his lips—he looks forward for long years
to come, and his spirit burns within him—he
wants to be a man; he longs to tread the path of honor,
to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again:
he is now in the meridian of life, care has stamped
the wrinkles on his brow, disappointment has dimmed
the lustre of his eye, sorrow throws its gloom
upon his countenance, he looks back upon the
waning dream of youth, and sighs for its futurity.
Each revolving year seems to diminish his happi-
ness, and he discovers that the dream of youth,
when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the
season of enjoyment.

Who is he of the aged looks? His form is bent
and tottering—his footsteps move rapidly towards
the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days
appear to be few; he confesses that they were evil
—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity;
the hilarity of youth, folly; he considers how soon
the gloom of death must shadow the one and dis-
appoint the other; the world presents nothing to
attract, and little to delight him; still however, he
would linger in it, and still he would lengthen out
his days; though of beauty's bloom, of fancy's dash,
of music's breath, he is forced to exclaim, 'I have
no pleasure in them.' A few years of immaturity
and pain must consign him to the oblivion of the
grave—yet this is the gay, the generous, the high-
souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life,
but such cannot be the ultimate destiny of man.

To be cast down by undesired con-
science, or related by unmerited complaint, is
alike proof of weakness.

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS,
Editor and Proprietor.

AMERICA—Knows nought of golden promises of Kings;
Knows nought of Coronets, and Stars, and Strings.

SUBSCRIPTION.
Five Dollars a Year.

VOL. 1.

OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

NO. 28.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Many Tribes Combining—Winter Campaign Ahead—Movement of Troops.

Mr. O. B. Twogood has furnished us with the Times Extra of Saturday, containing the following:

Capt. Cain, Indian Agent for Washington Territory, returned to this city on the steamer "Belle," to-day. He left the Dalles on the 18th, (last Thursday.) From him we gather the following facts:

By arrival of Mr. Brazil Grounds, direct from Colville, Oct. 14th, he learned that a party of seventeen men were to start for Puget Sound the day after Mr. G. left, (about the 25th of Sept.) across the Yakima country; also, that the party were very poorly armed—having only six long guns with them. Among this party were Messrs. Warbass and Stuart, the Expressman.

Mr. G. says that after the day that he left they had no further news of the Indian troubles since the murder of Mr. Mattice, nor did he learn any thing until in the immediate neighborhood of Fort Walla Walla. When Mr. G. left the mines, about the 25th Sept., the cold weather had already set in, and the mountains were covered with snow. There were a few whites still in the mines, intending to winter there, and were doing well.

Oct. 15.—By arrival of Mr. Wolf to-day, from Whitman's valley, (in the Cayuse country,) we learn that all the Indians in the upper country are very much disaffected—that two of the Cayuse chiefs (*Un-lone-lets* and *Sticks*), still remain friendly to the whites, and had secretly warned all the settlers to leave immediately for the Dalles, and to make a long march before they slept. *Old Sticks* told Mr. Whitney, one of the settlers, to leave as quick as possible, that he warned Dr. Whitman once in the same way, who disregarded him and was slain.

The Oakanagan, the Palouse, a tribe at the mouth of Snake River, some of the Walla-Walla, Cayuses, and Umatillas, have joined the confederation against the whites. The Walla-Walla and Cayuses have not all joined yet, but no doubt will do so when they get the news of the defeat of the U. S. Troops, under Maj. Haller, who with his command—both officers and men—by the way, have behaved very gallantly, and ought to consider themselves very fortunate in getting off as easily as they did, or in fact at all. The major says that on his return he thinks he saw nearly two thousand Indians in the field, and small bands still coming in from every direction; and that there is a sharp winter's work for a Regiment over there.

Oct. 16.—The disposable force of U. S. troops at the Dalles under Maj. Rains, go down this evening to the mouth of the Clikitat River to establish a depot.

Oct. 17.—This morning a party of mounted Indians appeared on the opposite side of the river immediately in front of Messrs. Simms & Humason. After observing us for some time, they gave a yell or two, and one waved his blanket and got off his horse and came to the bank of the river and fired his gun at our party standing near the shore. They did this evidently as a sort of challenge, as the distance was too great for small arms to effect any harm. The wind was too strong to cross the river in a small boat, or some of our volunteers would have shown the Indian that his challenge was as readily taken up as it was impudently given.

The following letter is from Nathan Olney, Indian Agent:

FORT WALLA-WALLA, Oct. 12.

DEAR SIR:—I arrived here this morning. *Pee-Pee-Mox-Mox* has crossed over to the mouth of the Yakima with all his property and people. All his movements indicate a determination to join in the war. *Win-lin-Snoot*, of Umatilla tribe, is on the Umatilla River with two or three lodges. *Water-Stand* is on the North bank of the Columbia opposite, with one or two lodges. *Win-lin-Snoot* says he will not join in the war. *Water-Stand*, also, and that he was going to winter on the North side of the Columbia River, but since I have ordered him, he will come back to this side. Some of the Cayuse chiefs are said to be on the Umatilla; I will go to see them, if possible, as soon as I can see *Pee-Pee-Mox-Mox*. I have sent for the last named chief to come and have a talk with me, but doubt very much his coming. Indians are riding at full speed in every direction, as if something of the greatest importance was going on. They avoid speaking with the whites as much as possible. They do not come to the Fort, nor to the houses of the white settlers. If asked anything about the Indians on the other side of the River, or about the murder of the Americans, they appear very surly, and say they know nothing. Something must be done, and quickly, for delay in this matter is ruinous: as the bad weather will soon set in.

Be sure you stop all persons coming in this direction.

Yours truly,
NATHAN OLNEY,
Indian Agent.

To Mr. R. R. THOMPSON,
Ind. Agt. Ft. Dalles.

Oct. 19.—Maj. Rains sent up an express last night from the Clikitat River for the steamer "Wasco," which immediately went down and brought up the troops and landed them on the opposite side of the river at the Dalles. Mr. Thompson informs me that in another letter from Mr. Olney, dated the day after the above, he says his messenger

at *Pee-Pee-Mox-Mox's* camp found about a hundred of this chief's men dancing around the scalps of some white men. The confederated Indians here boast of having killed, in all, sixty white men.

5 o'clock p. m.—The "Mary" has just arrived, bringing Capt. Wilson's company of volunteers, of 81 men, and also, what was more welcome—the news of Lieut. Slaughter's safety.

Death of Ex-Governor Metcalfe. (—Old Stone Hammer) of Kentucky.

The Louisville Courier of August 21 announces that Ex-Gov. Thomas Metcalfe died at his residence, Forest Retreat, in Nicholas county, Kentucky, on Saturday evening, August 18, of cholera.

He was a native of Fauquier county, Virginia, where he was born on the 20th of March, 1780. When quite young his parents emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Fayette county, where he had the advantage of attending a country school for a few months. At the age of 16 he was indentured to a stone-mason, and served three years' apprenticeship, when, at the death of his father, he set about making a living for his mother and sister. He was very fond of study, and employed his leisure time in reading good books.

In 1809 he appeared as a public speaker. In 1813 he commanded a company at Fort Meigs. While in the army he was elected to the Legislature, receiving all the votes in his county but thirteen. He was elected to Congress in 1818, defeating Joseph Desha, afterwards Governor. In 1827 he was the "National Republican" candidate for Governor, and beat the Hon. Wm. T. Barry, who represented the Jackson interest, by a majority of seven hundred and nine votes. The Courier relates the following incident:

"Hon. George McDuffie, of South Carolina, having challenged him to fight a duel, he accepted, chose Kentucky rifles and ten paces. The fire-eating Carolinian backed out."

In 1834 he was chosen to the State Senate—in 1840 made President of the Board of Internal Improvements—in 1848 appointed to fill Mr. Crittenden's unexpired term in the Senate. Since then he has confined himself to his farm, situated about half way between Marysville and Lexington. The Courier says that in his old age his intellectual strength did not abate one jot, and that, a stone-mason by trade, he always boasted of his service in that honorable line of the mechanic arts, and delighted in being called the "Old Stone Hammer."

When and How to Bud Trees.

In the month of August, or when the fall sap flows most freely, which depends much upon the season being early or late, with a sharp knife cut a perpendicular incision about an inch long, in the shoot intended to be budded, which must (or is best to) be of the present summer's growth; then, at the base of the incision, cut a horizontal gash about three eighths of an inch in length; raise or loosen the bark on each side carefully; then take a bud off a twig of this summer's growth by cutting across the twig one-fourth of an inch below the bud, and along the sides to an apex above the bud, of such a length to fit in the incision prepared for its reception; slip it in carefully under the raised bark; press it carefully together, and bind it with a coarse woolen string above and below the bud, to hold the raised sides firmly down upon the bud; let it remain so for seven or eight days, then cut the string. The next spring cut the top off the tree about an inch above where it was budded. The advantages of budding over grafting are many and obvious—first, if it does not grow it will not injure your tree. It grows faster than grafts, and is much more quickly and more easily done. The writer of this has always had the best of success in budding as described above.

A correspondent of the New York Post tells the most astonishing stories in relation to Col. Kinney's movements in Central America. The following is a specimen:

"The Colonel has become a very large landholder since he arrived there, as our correspondent reports, having purchased as less than 30,000,000 of acres, with 300 miles of seacoast. It is the same tract that was originally granted by Messrs. Shepherd and Halley to Senator Cooper, Wm. C. Johnson, Joseph L. White, of this city, and others, but which conveyance became void in consequence of the grantees failing to comply with some of the stipulated conditions. The Col. pays only five hundred thousand dollars, which is pretty cheap, considering that his farm is about as large as the State of New York."

Fifty women, of Washington, Guernsey co., O., clubbed together and emptied the liquor shops of that village of their contents, a few days since. The owners stood back while the work "went bravely on," holding it inexcusable to offer violence to a woman, even under such circumstances. They may prosecute them, but it would be hard to convict. Women are said to be "Free from action, and exempt From execution and contempt."

—Scioto Gazette.

A Persian poet says: The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bed from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick veil of darkness; he made mirrors of the worlds and threw a reflection from his own face on every atom.

An Incident of the Times of Daniel Boone.

Rev. Dr. Milburn recently lectured in New York on "the Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags." The lecture was replete with incidents and description of backwood's life and manners, as the following quotations will show:

In 1789, or about twenty years after Boone's first exploration of the country, and while Kentucky was yet knocking at the door for admission into the Union, the red men resolved to make another effort to exterminate their foe. A blockhouse, which served the double purpose of a fort and dwelling, was the habitation of Boone and his companions. Fearing a descent of the savages, from various premonitions of danger understood only by the experienced hunter,—he sent two trusty scouts, named McLellan and White, to learn if possible the destination of the savages. After proceeding some distance, they ascended a bluff, precipitously steep on one side, and fenced by jutting rocks on the other, whence they had a broad and extended prospect—and on the other side ran a deep and rapid river, on which side they found themselves in dangerous proximity to their enemy. Beneath they beheld a large number of squaws and wigwags, the usual indications of an Indian village, and in the open space they observed the warriors painted in their war pattern, evidently showing that their mission was one of blood.

They determined to remain and watch the movements of the enemy, and for this purpose concealed themselves from observation, till forced from their hiding place by their water being exhausted, of which they had but a scanty supply. McLellan went in search of some with two canteens, and had not proceeded far when he discovered a beautiful fountain gushing from a rock near the base of the bluff. Having procured the much needed element, he returned to his companion, and they determined to get a supply daily, and continued to do so for several days. One day White went to the spring, and after filling his vessels and refreshing himself with a copious draught he laid down his rifle and sat on it, and child-like, amused himself by looking at the workings of nature beautifully exemplified in the bubbling fountain. This man, educated in the midst of Indian cunning, whose sense was sharpened to the utmost acuteness, was thus amusing himself when he heard foot-steps, and sprang to his feet just in time to see and be seen by two squaws, the elder of whom raised the war cry, which he well knew if repeated and heard by the band, would be certain death; he sprang upon them and seizing both by the throat plunged into the stream with them with the intention of drowning them. This he very soon accomplished with the elder, but her companion being young and vigorous, struggled with her captor with much effort, and when nearly exhausted, he heard her with horror utter exclamations in English.

To rescue her from drowning, and bear her up the ascent to the summit of the bluff to his companion, was the work of a moment—where when sufficiently recovered she informed them that herself and father settled on the present site of Wheeling, and were taken prisoners by the Indians, who soon put her father to death, and treated her with the utmost barbarity. In the mean time the Indians perceiving the body of the woman floating on the river, and recognizing the print of the white man's finger upon her neck, approached the bluff shouting their war yell. The scouts recommended the girl to return to the Indians and consult for her own safety by telling them how the affair had happened. She replied, "I would prefer to die in the presence of the white man to be a slave to the Indian. Give me a rifle, and see what I can do." But this they could not do—yet they were determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

As before described, on one side they were shielded by a rock, and with unerring accuracy, shot several of the bravest and most daring of the foe. One point was accessible, from an impending cliff which overhung the bluff, and in that direction they were able to surprise them from that quarter) to appear above the rock to form a target to aim at. At last the savage, with upraised tomahawk and exulting yell, was about to make the leap and spring upon his foe, when the flint of McLellan's rifle hung fire. He had lowered the butt and was about replacing it by a fresh flint from his pocket, when he saw the Indian, whose shout of victory was turned to one of pain, fall headlong into the chasm beneath, but shot by whose rifle he knew not. Several others shared the same fate, and in a similar manner.

At the approach of night the Indians withdrew and the scouts were congratulating themselves on their success so far, and wondering who their unknown auxiliary was, when they beheld the rescued girl, rifle in hand, approaching them. This at once accounted for the prompt and efficient aid they received. She informed them that in the early part of the conflict she succeeded in surprising one of the bravest asleep, and possessed herself of his rifle and ammunition.

Determined to leave under cover of the night, the girl volunteered to act as their guide; when, to their disappointment and dismay, they found their retreat cut off by a platoon of Indians, stationed to intercept their progress.

The girl cautioned them not to make the

slightest noise, and to remain stationary; she left them and shortly returned and told them that she had succeeded in putting them on a false trail, and that they could now proceed. They had not gone far when they were alarmed by the bark of a dog; again the girl gave the injunction to remain still, with the information that they were now in the center of the camp of a thousand warriors—but to trust to her. At length they got clear of the village, and reached the blockhouse in safety—when, to the surprise all, the girl was found to be the sister of one of Boone's companions.

What the Pope Says.

Archbishop Kendrick, of Baltimore, in a late pastoral letter, or something of that nature, took occasion to declare that the Roman Catholic Church did not aim at the temporal power in this or any other country. Mr. Chandler, also, while in Congress, made a lengthy speech, very indefinite and Jesuitical, upholding the same doctrine.

But, the highest known power of the Catholic Church on earth holds a very different opinion. He claims, demands, and exercises temporal authority. He has claimed and exercised it for a thousand years; and, despite all the fallacies and round-about arguments of the Chancellors and Kendricks of America, still, in the most explicit manner, declares that spiritual and temporal authority are banded together.

In his Ecclesiastic Letter, dated Gaeta, 1848, the present Pope, Pius IX., declared: "The spiritual power could not be separated from, nor do without the temporal dominion, it being necessary to keep them united in order to maintain the splendor and grandeur of the Catholic Church."

Messrs. Chandler and Kendrick had better ponder upon the above paragraph a short time, and endeavor to find out its spirit and meaning, for either they or the Pope are deluded or mistaken. However, the "infallibility" of Pius sets the matter at rest. The Catholic Church does claim temporal dominion, and His Holiness expressly proclaims it.

NOVEL RACE.—A singular race came off on the Fourth at Galesburg, Ill., being no less than a mile heat between a horse and a locomotive with a tender and two passenger cars attached. Both started at the top of a drum and ran a mile on a wager of \$500 a side. Of course, a locomotive under full speed, would outstrip the fleetest horse; but it was questionable whether starting from a dead rest with a train, it could gain sufficient motion to overtake a fleet animal within the first mile. On the trial the horse kept the lead for three-fourths of a mile, when the locomotive gave a snort, scared the horse, and came in ahead.

Crossing the Atlantic in Three Days.

A working engineer by the name of John Ross, residing in Montreal, has addressed a letter to the Mayor of Boston, upon the subject of a recent invention of an extraordinary character. He claims to have discovered a new motive power which will waft a ship across the Atlantic Ocean in three days. And further: if a hole were bored in the bottom, the vessel would float with equal safety and freedom. In order to complete a working model, which is wholly independent of steam, he asks the assistance of fifteen hundred dollars from some gentleman's pocket. No progress, says Mr. Ross, has been made in that direction (the sea) to keep pace with the movements over railroad on the land, but this desideratum will certainly be accomplished and demonstrated in his great discovery.—Boston Daily Advertiser.

The Mental Faculties.

1. The perceptive faculties are those by which we become acquainted with the existence and qualities of the external world.
2. Consciousness is the faculty by which we become cognizant of the operations of our own minds.
3. Original suggestion is the faculty which gives rise to original ideas, occasioned by the perceptive faculties or consciousness.
4. Abstraction is the faculty by which, from conceptions from individuals, we form conceptions of genera or species; or, in general classes.
5. Memory is the faculty by which we retain and recall our knowledge of the past.
6. Reason is the faculty by which, from the use of the knowledge obtained by the other faculties, we are enabled to proceed to other and original knowledge.
7. Imagination is the faculty by which, from materials already existing in the mind, we form complicated conceptions or mental images, according to our own will.
8. Taste is the sensibility by which we recognize the beauties and deformities of nature or art, deriving pleasure from the one, and suffering pain from the other.—Dr. Wayland.

Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

Goblets made of quassia wood are now sold at the leading druggist's shops in New York. Water is poured into them, which, after being left for some minutes, is drunk, as a cure for dyspepsia. The quassia is a valuable corrective.

Personal Appearance of the Apostles Paul and Peter.

From St. Paul's expression, "before all," (Galatians ii, 14,) it is evident that his rebuke of Peter took place on some public occasion.

The scene, though slightly mentioned, is one of the most remarkable in sacred history; and the mind naturally labor to picture to itself the appearance of the two men. It is, therefore, allowable to mention here that general notion of form and features of the two apostles which had been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is set before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of the Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were, a transparent complexion, which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright gray eye, under thick, overhanging eyebrows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer, from his continued journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertion, and his own words, on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much from bodily infirmity.

St. Peter is represented to us as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled back and thick round his temples and his chin, when the two apostles stood together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditional pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination. And they certainly must assist us in realizing a remarkable scene, where Judaism and Christianity, in the persons of two apostles, are for a moment brought before us in strong antagonism.—Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by Conybeare.

A FAMILY SCENE.—"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage, we must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man—to day there is nothing that I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children.—Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in the active hands and the loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see—you shall see," said several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

Such a wife and such children, are true riches to a man.

The Earth that we walk on.

It may surprise some readers to learn that all the earths—clay, flint, chalk, &c., are nothing more than the rust of metals; that at one time, during the ago of this world, they were all shining brilliant metals. Geologists speak of the earth as being hundreds of thousands of years old. All their philosophy is based upon mechanical science; the formation of strata, the upheaving of mountains, the burying of forests, have been attributed to some "great convulsion"—that is, to shaking together of the earth's crust. Whether this great ago of the world be true or not, it is very certain that before any of these events could have taken place, the formation of each of the earths must have been the work of ages; otherwise the metals, of which their base consists, could not have been so completely rusted as to assume an earthy texture.—To understand this, we must leave the mechanical, that is, the geological theory, and enter upon the primary or chemical theory. It cannot be disputed that the first changes of the earth's surface were of a purely chemical nature. Combinations took place then as now; the metallic bases, by mere contact with the atmosphere or water, passed into oxides, as the chemist calls them, or earths, as expressed in daily conversation. Chemists thus recognize something like forty different kinds of these oxides or earthy bodies, some being very scarce, and others as plentiful. By the merest touch of air, some of the metallic bases of these earths instantly pass into the rusty or earthy state, some, by contact with water, are so energetic that they burst into flame.

By this process of reasoning, we come to the conclusion that the earth is one mass or globe of mixed metals, of which the mere crust has become rusted, or of earthy form; the outer rind, as it were, preventing any rapid combination taking place with the metallic surface, five or six miles below the face of the dry land. Eruptions from volcanoes are probably produced by the sea getting down to the metallic surface, through some fissure in the earth's crust; decomposition of the water then takes place—fire, flame and steam causing an eruption. It would be an instructive lesson to man to quarry into the earth's crust to the depth of ten or twelve miles.—Scientific American.

A NOBLE GIRL.—Miss Annie M. Andrews, of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived at Norfolk on Thursday, and tendered her services to Mayor Woods as a nurse in the hospital. Her services were promptly accepted.—Cleveland Herald.