THE OREGON ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY WILLIAM L. ADAMS.

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The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

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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 o 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.

☞ Here is one of VIOLA'S best. After a long repose on the enchanted summit of "Iris Hill," VIOLA catches the inspiration of the sweet warbler, and mingles her melody with that of the prince of aerial songsters.

For the Argus.

To the Meadow Lark.

Beauteous child of melody,
Singing from out that old oak tree,
Perching thyself on the topmost bough,
Who can rival thy music now?
Scattering song on the morning breeze
Like a shower of rain-drops from the trees,
Telling the listener's heart of spring,
Gilding with hope-light every thing,
Hopping about in the sunny hours
O'er the yard's gay carpet of yellow flowers,
Thyself as like, thou wert hardly seen
If thy feathers were only tipped with green,
But the russet brown of thy humble wing
Is like leaves that grew in a former spring—
They are withered now, and lie scattered round
Enriching and shielding the fruitful ground,
And thy coat is so like those dead leaves sere
That thy voice must tell us when thou art near.
Cheerily now thy warblings fall
On my listening ears, and I treasure them all
Up in the choicest nook of my heart, [part.
That their gladness and sunshine may never de-
Often I wake in the cool spring night
And listen to thee with deep delight,
Breaking out in a trill so long,
Filling the still night air with song,
Waking the echoes at midnight hours,
Shaking the dew from the sleeping flowers,
As if thou wert waking from some bright dream,
Or gazing with joy on the moonlit scene.
A treasure thou art of worth untold,
Yielding us music that never grows old.
But say, sweet lark, why so happy thou art?
Why so gay thy song, and light thy heart?
Why not grieve for plumage more rich and rare,
And complain to thy Maker of 'nothing to wear'?
How darest thou be seen in the summer light,
When so many are dressed in colors more bright?
The bird flitted by, but sang as he went,
'I'm teaching a lesson of sweet *content*.'

IRIS HILL, July 12, 1858. VIOLA.

BULWER ON THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.—A short time ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delivered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he has for a number of years represented in Parliament, on the early history of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, and Jewish nations, and closed with the following powerful and dramatic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus:

"Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judea and Samaria became a Roman province, under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive that the Jews broke out into rebellion; and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterward Emperor of Rome. No tragedy on the stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions at the deadliest war with each other—all the elements of civil hatred had broken loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—the granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a short time the rival factions united against the common foe; they were again the gallant countrymen of David and Joshua—they sallied forth and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this triumph was brief; the ferocity of the ill fated Jews soon again wasted itself on each other. And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—and from the heights the Roman general gazed with awe on the strength and splendor of the city of Jehovah.

"Let us here pause—and take, ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem; as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines.—These walls, of solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers; opposite to the lofties' of those towers Titus had encamped. From the height of that tower the sentinel might have seen stretched below the whole of that fair territory of Judea, about to pass from the countrymen of David. Within these walls was the palace of the kings—its roof of cedar, its doors of the rarest marbles, its chambers filled with the costliest tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself.

"But high above all, upon a precipitous rock, rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solomon. This temple was as strong without as a citadel—within more adorned than a palace. On entering you beheld porticoes of numberless columns of porphyry, marble, and alabaster; gates adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on through a vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself—all sheeted over with gold, and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds sitting there and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles.

"But, alas, the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inexpiable crime, and the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city arose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rock, and showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city was entered—the temple itself was stormed. Famine in the meanwhile had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living men; they devoured the belts to their swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of the warlike prophet who had first led the Jews toward the land of promise—"The tender and delicate women amongst you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eye shall be evil toward her young one and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." Still as if the foe and the famine was not scourge enough, citizens smote and murdered each other as they met in the way—false prophets ran howling through the streets—every image of despair completes the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews rushing through the flames to perish amidst its ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th of August; the whole hill on which stood the temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives.

"Amongst the smoking ruins and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome. Thus were fulfilled the last avenging prophecies, thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day men were still living who might have heard the warning voice of Him they crucified—"Verily I say unto you all, these things shall come upon this generation. . . . O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, . . . behold your house is left unto you desolate!"—And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, still retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still a living proof of the truth of those prophets they had scorned or slain—still, vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose divine misson was fulfilled eighteen centuries ago, upon the Mount of Calvary."

Grasshoppers in Texas—Destruction of the Crops—Swarms and Myriads of the Pests Roosting on Trees and Breaking Down the Branches.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Day Book.

BASTROP, TEXAS, April 27, 1858.

During the past month the grasshoppers have again made their appearance in western Texas, and have already destroyed our gardens, also the corn and cotton in this and adjoining counties. The grasshopper of the Middle States is very different from ours. With you the egg is deposited in the fall, and in the spring the young come forth and feed all summer in the same field in which they are hatched. Not so with us. Here they are migratory in their habits. Last fall myriads of these pests appeared in this and adjoining counties, apparently blown from the west; they destroyed the fall crops and gardens, and deposited in the ground hundreds of eggs for every old grasshopper. This spring those eggs were hatched out, and the result is a hundred-fold more grasshoppers than we had last fall. We know where they come from, but no one can tell where they go when they leave. After the hatching process is gone through with, they emerge from their nests in the ground, and immediately commence feeding upon the nearest vegetation.

For the first six weeks of their existence, they use their legs for the purpose of locomotion, as their wings do not appear until a few days before their departure for parts as yet unknown; but during the six weeks they do incalculable mischief. On last Monday week, one of our planters had six hundred acres of corn knee high, promising to average fifty bushels per acre; the grasshoppers appeared in his field the next day, and on Friday he hadn't a hundred acres left standing. They resemble fish in their habits in one respect, going in shoals from field to field,—but they do not destroy vegetation promiscuously, seeming to have a very discriminating taste. In our gardens they eat the cabbage and onions, and leave the salsify and lettuce;—they eat the Irish potato vine, and this, too, when these plants stand side by side. They are fond of the grasses, but leave the prairies to feed upon the corn and cotton, preferring the latter when both are found in the same field. They are not to be found lower down the Colorado river than the 97th degree of longitude, but as far west as the country is settled. They have already commenced immigration from this section of Texas. But where they go to is, as I have said, a mystery. They fly perpendicularly up into the air until they reach an elevation of about 100 feet, and then take an easterly course. If they pursued this course in a right line, we should find them either in the lower counties or in the Gulf.

Upon the hypothesis that they descended upon the lower counties and hid themselves in the ground to lay their eggs, would they not have been discovered before this by the planter in breaking up his ground for the spring crop? Nor can we explain or unravel their mysterious flight by supposing them to be drowned in the Gulf, for surely, if the myriads of grasshoppers which flew over this and adjoining counties last year, had continued their flight to the Gulf, some vigilant Jack tar would have seen the descent and reported the fact. Last year they came in such numbers from the West that they eclipsed the sun and turned day into night for a few hours during their flight over the city of Austin. Do not consider this exaggeration, for I can assure you that in many instances they broke down our peach trees by going upon them to roost. I know this will seem very strange, but it is a fact, that the Texas grasshopper seeks with as much punctuality as our chickens at sundown, to find a roosting place. Our citizens here are now re-planting their crops, and are buoyed up with the reflection that notwithstanding the grasshoppers, Texas is the greatest State in the Union, and the West the loveliest and most desirable portion of Texas.

☞ Robert J. Walker says he will go to Kansas and speak against the English bill if necessary to secure its rejection. His secretary, Stanton, stil has his residence there, and his wife remains in the Territory.—Neither of these gentlemen show any abatement of their hostility to the Administration, and are apparently enlisted for the war. Secretary Stanton says the course of the Republicans in voting for the Crittenden-Montgomery bill was "liberal and patriotic,"—and that the Administration, by its course in regard to Kansas, has "assumed the sectional and indefensible ground, leaving the Democratic and true Constitutional platform in the possession of the anti-Lecompton Democrats, Americans, and Republicans."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—About the 12th of June, both ships, with the accompanying frigates, make all speed to the center of the Atlantic, or rather to the center of the space to be traversed by the cable, which is about 32 deg. west of Greenwich. Here the splice between the two halves will be made without loss of time. There is 1,500 fathoms water where this join must be made, and both vessels will remain stationary until the splice has well settled on the bottom, when the Niagara will at once steer for the New World, and the Agamemnon will return to the Old.—Each will steer as fast to her homeward destination as is consistent with the safety of the undertaking, so the cable will be either laid or lost within twelve or fourteen days from starting. The depths to which the Niagara will have to sink her portion vary quickly and irregularly from 1,500 to 2,500 fathoms, or from 1⅞ to about 3½ miles; and this is the case also with the Agamemnon's portion of the distance.—But on the American side the water shoals easily and gradually toward Newfoundland, whereas, on the British portion of the ocean the Agamemnon will have to surmount a tremendous ridge, which may be called the Andes of those vast submarine plains of the Atlantic. It commences at about 15 deg. west longitude, and in the course of a few miles the water suddenly shoals from 1,750 fathoms to 550. Up this vast rocky precipice—almost as steep as the side of Mont Blanc—the cable must be laid with extreme care. The difficulty once overcome, the way thence to Valentia becomes comparatively of no account.

PAST PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.—The following tabular statement, a conjectural but probable representation of the progressive increase of Christians in the world, is attributed to Sharon Turner:

1st century,	500,000	10th cent'y,	50,000,000
2d "	2,000,000	11th "	60,000,000
3d "	5,000,000	12th "	70,000,000
4th "	10,000,000	13th "	80,000,000
5th "	15,000,000	14th "	90,000,000
6th "	20,000,000	15th "	100,000,000
7th "	25,000,000	16th "	125,000,000
8th "	30,000,000	17th "	155,000,000
9th "	40,000,000	18th "	200,000,000

In this nineteenth century, the Christian population of the world cannot be far from three hundred millions, and its progress now is more rapid than in any period since the Apostolic age. What imagination can forecast the conquests of the next fifty years! The leaven is working in every land. The old empires of idolatry and superstition are effete and ready to vanish, while new Christian empires are born almost in a day. Every new discovery in nature, or invention in art, helps to speed the Gospel. Trade, commerce, revolution, exploration, all prepare the way, and herald the approach of the heralds of the Cross. This work of preparation has been long going on.

☞ Stone bullets were used until the year 1514, when iron came into use. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon-balls are yet used in the East.

☞ Gen. Scott was seventy-two years old on the 13th of June last. He has been in the army fifty years.

☞ "Where is the hoe, Sambo?"—"Wid de rake, massa." "Well, where is the rake?" "Wid de hoe." "But where are both?" "Why, bof togeder, massa; you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis mornin'."

Republican Patriotism.

"It is not our habit to suspect our fellow-citizens when they utter sentiments of patriotism, and give vent to apparently honest expressions of indignation against those who wantonly assail the Government and People of the United States. It is delightful, indeed, to hear our Republican friends declare how valiantly they will maintain the honor of the Republic, and how they will put down its foes. Republicans do not often utter patriotic sentiments; and so we are more inclined to commend their conduct in reference to the outrages recently committed upon our merchant ships in the West India waters.

"But, after all, we cannot forego the opportunity of recording a prophecy upon this matter: We believe our whole Republican family, under one pretext or another, should the search question become serious, will turn their backs upon the Government, and trot over to the British side."—*Washington Union.*

The 'Union' and its party are disappointed. How they would have exulted, had Republican members of Congress pursued the course taken by the Post and Tribune, of New York—had they apologized for the British outrages, advocated the British claim to visitation, and declaimed about the overwhelming power of England! "Behold these sectional fanatics!" would have been their language; "willing, in their mad crusade against Southern institutions, to sacrifice the honor and interests of their country, to join with its enemies, to pander to British schemes of universal empire! Now, as always, it is left to the South and to the Democratic party to maintain the honor of the flag and the independence of the Republic."

Better counsels controlled our Republican friends in Congress. Much as they abhor the slave trade and deplore the prostitution of our flag, they could not, without denying a principle vital to the freedom of the seas and the independence of sovereign States, admit for a moment the British claim. They saw no conflict of duties. They were ready to maintain alike the *independence* and *honor* of the flag—to resist the establishment on the high seas of a despotism; and at the same time to hunt down piracy and the slave trade. So they thought and spoke; and the unscrupulous Pro-Slavery Party, which had fondly hoped to win glory by a cheap display of patriotism, found, much to their mortification, a wonderful unanimity of opinion. There was no chance at all for setting themselves up as the peculiar champions of the country's honor. In fact, the patriotic sentiment was so strong, that Mr. Buchanan and his friends are constrained to play the part of conservatives. They have the responsibility, and it is for them to indicate what is to be done. So far, their policy is to await the result of communications with the British Government, and meantime to obtain from the Senate a calm assertion of the true doctrine in relation to the claim of visitation, and a firm expression of the determination of the American people. The Republicans make no opposition—they unite in support of this policy. Does the Administration want anything more? What impertinence, then, to be casting imputations in advance upon a party which has shown at least equal zeal for the honor of the country, equal jealousy of its rights!—*National Era.*

MORE DIFFICULTIES WITH ENGLAND.—The National Intelligencer, under the head of "rumors," has the following:

"We are likely to have a question with the British government, as to our north-western boundary line, which is about to be run and marked by the Joint Boundary Commission. Mr. Archibald Campbell is the American Commissioner, and has taken passage for California. He was employed there the last year upon the duty, and now returns to it. The question which has arisen is as to the title to the important group of islands in or near the Straits of Fuca, and between Vancouver's Island and south of the parallel of 49. By the treaty, the 49th parallel is our northern boundary, till it strikes Vancouver's Island, but then it turns south, giving the whole of that island to England. The British government set up a claim to the small islands as appurtenances to the larger ones; while on our side we claim everything south of 49, except Vancouver's Island. When the Oregon treaty was before the Senate for ratification, Mr. Benton made some statements as to the importance of these small islands as a key to the Straits and Gulf, and claimed them as belonging to the United States under the treaty."

ARE MINISTERS' SONS ALL RASCALS?—The Episcopal Recorder has an article touching this class in which it deprecates the idea that they are worse than other sons, and draws for important information on Dr. Sprague's late work, which gives the lives of several hundred 'Calvinistic' ministers. It takes the biographies of the first five hundred, and says:

'Of the sons of three hundred, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in learned professions. Is there any body of one hundred men, taken at random from any other pursuit of life, of whom the same can be said?

BYRON—HIS MARRIAGE, ETC.—The following is the solution of the mysterious marriage according to Mr. Trelawny's comment and recollections:

"Byron's marriage must not be classed with those of the poets, but of the worldly wise,—he was not under the illusion of love, but of money. If he had left his wife and cut society, (the last he was resolved on doing,) he would have been content; that his wife and society should have cast him off, was a mortification his pride could never forgive nor forget. As to the oft-vexed question of the poet's separation from his wife, he has told the facts in prose and verse; but omitted to state that he treated women as things devoid of soul or sense,—he would not eat, pray, walk, nor talk with them. If he had told us this, who would have marveled that a lady tenderly reared and richly endowed, pious, learned, and prudent, deluded into marrying such a man, should have thought him mad or worse, and sought safety by flight. * * * [Byron loquitur.] 'As to my marriage, which people made such ridiculous stories about, it was managed by Lady Jersey and others. I was perfectly indifferent on the subject; thought I could not do better, and so did they. I wanted money. It was an experiment, and proved a failure.'"

The greater mystery than even the marriage, the man himself, is resolved by Mr. Trelawny into an imitation of George Prince of Wales.

"His conversation was anything but literary, except when Shelley was near him. The character he most commonly appeared in was of the free and easy sort, such as had been in vogue when he was in London and George IV. was Regent; and his talk was seasoned with anecdotes of the great actors on and off the stage, boxers, gamblers, duelists, drunkards, &c., &c., appropriately garnished with the slang and scandal of that day. Such things had all been in fashion, and were at that time considered accomplishments by gentlemen; and of this tribe of Mohawks the Prince Regent was the chief, and allowed to be the most perfect specimen. Byron, not knowing the tribe was extinct, still prided himself on having belonged to it; at nothing was he more indignant than at being treated as a man of letters, instead of as a lord and a man of fashion; this prevented foreigners and literary people from getting on with him, for they invariably so offended."

SERVED "CHARIVARARI" RIGHT.—The New Orleans Picayune gives an account of a very proper punishment inflicted on one of those disgusting nuisances called Marrowbones and Cleavers Concerts, given as a sort of Musard welcome to newly-married couples, for the purpose, no doubt, of keeping them awake. It seems that a Mr. Seymour married a Miss Mary Horan, at the house of the bride's mother, when a party of dirty rowdies commenced their diabolical musical devilry.—Upon their refusing to desist when Mrs. Horan entreated them, her son James, a lad only eight years old, took a loaded revolver and discharged several barrels into the mob, wounding several. It has been decided that it is justifiable to shoot such parties.

ETHAN ALLEN'S REMAINS DISCOVERED.—The Springfield Republican says that the long sought remains of Ethan Allen have now been found—the doubts are forever put at rest. In more thoroughly removing the earth at the place of burial in Burlington cemetery, Tuesday forenoon, for laying the foundation of the monument, the consecrated bones were found right beneath the place of the old tombstone.—They were boxed up and re-interred beneath the new monument.

INSECTS NEVER GROW.—Many people fancy that a little fly is only little because it is young, and that it will grow up in process of time to be as big as a blue-bottle. Now this idea is entirely wrong; for when an insect has once attained its winged state it grows no more. All the growing, and most of the eating, is done in its previous states of life; and indeed, there are many insects, such as the silkworm-moth, which do not eat at all from the time that they assume the chrysalis state to the time when they die.

☞ The French Gazette Medicale states that by an accident charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

☞ After various experiments with all sorts of paving for twenty-five years, Boston has returned to cobble stones, as the only convenient and practicable material. The iron pavement is better but too expensive. All other materials have proved inferior to cobble-stone.

☞ Jonathan suggested to his sweetheart that their marriage should be in May. Susan thought it an unlucky month.—"Make it June, then," said Jonathan.—"Would not April do as well?" asked Susan, with a blush.

☞ Strain the bow and the arrow swerves; such is the case with the mind.

BOOKS IN ANCIENT TIMES.—The moderns, even with the aid of the printing press, are not so far in advance of the ancients in the power of multiplying copies of books as is generally supposed. The disinterment of buried cities revealed a singular perfection in all that pertained to their domestic comfort, and in the ornaments and articles of taste which marked a high civilization, but later investigations have brought to light facts more surprising in regard to their literary labors and the extensive diffusion of books among the people.

In the time from Cicero up to Marcus Aurelius, scarcely less was written and read than in our day. This was effected by slave labor. Slaves were the amanuenses of Roman publishers. What the printing press now does for the spread of intelligence—for bringing the poet and the orator, the historian and the essayist in communication with the minds of the masses, bond-men then performed, and the cheapness of their labor superseded the necessity of machinery.

In the large publishing establishments a work to be produced was dictated to several hundreds of slaves at once, who were capable of an almost incredible precision and celerity. Martialis tells us that the second book of his epigrams, which numbers some six hundred and fifty verses, did not cost more than one hour to the copyist. If three hundred were engaged at the same moment upon it, fifteen hundred could have been produced in a single day. The price of this work was quite as cheap as one of similar dimensions printed at the present day.

The passion for literature, if we can form a correct judgment from the broken records that have come down to us, was equal to that manifested in the present age. From Publius Victorinus we learn that during the second and third centuries after Christ there were in Rome alone twenty-nine public libraries, many of which as to the number of books, equaled the celebrated Alexandrine Library, which is supposed to have contained 700,000 volumes.

FREEZING TO DEATH.—That to be frozen to death must be a frightful torture, many would consider certain, from their own experience of the effects of cold.—But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives.—The most curious example of the seductive powers of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cooke's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep, and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man.—In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die.

The same warning was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow.—Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence.—*London Quarterly.*

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.—The English correspondent of the Zion's Herald writes:

"Thomas Cooper, the noted skeptic, and author of the 'Purgatory of Suicides,' has recently become a convert to Christianity; and after having spent thirty years of his life in lecturing and writing against the Bible, he is now striving to make reparation for the mischief he must have done, by lecturing in defense of the Sacred Scriptures."

WELL SAID.—A cotemporary says:—"In our estimation, the result of long experience and observation, an editor of a newspaper deserves far more credit for what he *keeps out* of his paper than for what he *puts in* it."

☞ It is said that, at the very lowest estimate, Kansas has already cost this country fifty millions of dollars.

NEW ORLEANS BATTLE MONUMENT.—A monumental obelisk is being erected on the New Orleans battle ground. The foundation is completed. The obelisk is to be entirely of white marble, and one hundred and fifty feet in height. It is to have an inner stairway running up the entire shaft.

☞ Mr. Buchanan, of Hamilton, has declared in the Canadian Parliament that there are five hundred thousand persons in Canada without employment and without money.

☞ In order to live justly, and be respected, we must refrain from doing what we blame in others.