THE OREGON ARGUS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

BY WILLIAM L. ADAMS.

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 Principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

Vol. IV. OREGON CITY, OREGON, AUGUST 14, 1858. No. 18.

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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.

For the Argus.

The Gold Excitement--Routes, &c.

MR. EDITOR: It is difficult to say anything in regard to the gold mania which has recently spread like a conflagration along our whole coast, without damaging the general welfare by adding to the excitement. Reports the most marvelous concerning the discovery and yield of the gold diggings have found their way into the papers. Some of these have been entirely unauthentic and most have been exaggerated. Also glowing representations respecting the exclusive advantages of particular routes to the mines are constantly being made by interested parties. Every place and route has had from the first its *ex parte* advocates, whose statements so conflict with each other that instead of enlightening the honest inquirer after truth, they only tried to confuse or mislead him. The responsibility and censure for these exaggerated and unreliable reports must in great part fall upon speculators and steamboat companies.—They have "an axe to grind"; and many a poor miner will be made rich in anticipation only to discover sooner or later that he has been duped, and fleeced out out of a handsome competence. Therefore every natural feeling as well as every dictate of duty prompts me to lift my voice to dissuade all who have homes and are earning a livelihood from being lured away to the land of gold, —a land of very doubtful locality and extent. Thousands of those who have set out for the mines have gone at least a year too soon, and in most cases their adventures will end in disappointment, if not in disgust.—The work of exploring, prospecting, establishing routes, and providing facilities for reaching the gold diggings could have been done better by a much smaller number.—But in the eager haste of the masses to get rich, few have stopped to consider the difficulties, dangers, or chances, and a rush has been made for the nearest point of approach by water, and because of their ignorance of the country a necessity has been created for information concerning routes and the region beyond. This necessity has been most shamefully abused by misrepresentation. And a state of things is found to exist which is the occasion of deep regret to every friend of justice and humanity and to all who desire the prosperity of the country. But with all this there are many more who stand ready upon the first encouraging report to start off in quest of gold. To those therefore who will not be dissuaded, but are determined to go to the mines at all events, and to others who desire information concerning all the routes to the Frazer's and Thompson's rivers and Suswap mines, I deem it proper to communicate some facts concerning the route through the Snoqualamie Pass that may be worth knowing.—Having recently visited Seattle and obtained my information from men with whom I have long been acquainted, I feel safe in saying that their statements are entirely reliable. I deem it the more important that these facts should have publicity, because of the seeming attempts of interested parties to turn the travel upon other and more difficult routes, by suppressing all knowledge of this one.

It is well known that the route by way of the Dalles and that by way of Frazer's River and the still unfinished trail from Whatcom have had their rival advocates, and their advantages and disadvantages have been set forth again and again. It will be remembered that the Snoqualamie Pass is some twenty-five or thirty miles north of the Nachess Pass, and the one which Gov. Stevens has recommended as the natural route through the Cascade mountains for the Northern Pacific Railroad. The Indians say that snow seldom falls so deep in this Pass as to obstruct travel through it in the winter season.—The following distances were given me by two men who assisted in opening out the trail from Seattle through the Pass: From Seattle to Black River, the outlet of Duamish Lake, the distance over a good wagon road, is 12 miles. This river is fordable for teams and pack animals. From Black River to Meridian Prairie the distance is 14 miles. From Meridian Prairie to Rattlesnake Prairie the distance is 18 miles.—This prairie is situated at the entrance of the Pass, and the distance from it to Summit Prairie is 20 miles. And 15 miles from Summit Prairie the road enters the open country beyond the mountains. From this point the Weenacha river is about 35 miles, or to Fort Thompson, near the Suswap Lake, about 170 miles—making the whole distance from Seattle to Thompson's River, about 250 miles. Those who have been over the trail from Seattle through the Pass say there are no difficult hills to climb and descend and only two streams to ford, Black and Cedar rivers, which are only about knee deep to a horse—and that a good wagon road can be made with no other labor than that of cutting it out. The whole expense of opening the trail from Black River to the Pass—a distance of about 50 miles, Mr. H. L. Yesler informed me, was only $340, and as an indication of the ease with which this trail can be traveled, Mr. Yesler and another person rode in from the Pass to Seattle in less than a day and a half. The country beyond the Pass in the direction of Thompson's River is understood to be free from timber and comparatively level. Mr. W. H. Pearson, the noted Rocky Mountain expressman, recently conducted a company of nearly a hundred miners through from Seattle to the Weenacha River, and left them to go on under the charge of Capt. Yantis while he came in with a delegation of Indian chiefs to White Salmon.

In my opinion, persons desiring to go to Thompson's River or to any point in the mining country east of the mountains, would find it much more economical and about as expeditious to go to the Sound and through the Snoqualamie Pass, notwithstanding all that is said in favor of the route by the Dalles. Miners may take their animals from Portland to Monticello on the steamer for three dollars or less, per head, and then ride them to Olympia, Steilacoom, and Seattle, without further necessary expense.—The distance from Monticello to Olympia is about 75 miles; thence to Steilacoom 25 miles; thence to Seattle 35 miles.

D. E. B.

OREGON CITY, Aug. 3, 1858.

For the Argus.

Governor Whiteaker's Speech.

HIS Excellency opens his inaugural by stating "that while the people of Oregon were preparing for a State organization, the government of the United States was menaced and *greatly imperiled* by the acts of a sister Territory, while framing for itself a constitution, preparatory to entering the Union." He then congratulates himself that no such lawless proceeding characterized the conduct of the citizens of Oregon in their preparation for entering the sisterhood of States. The peaceable and orderly proceedings of the Oregonians he ascribes to the fact of their being of a high order of citizens.

Now, there are three items in the above paragraph that demand attention. 1st,—The government of the United States was *greatly* imperiled by the acts of the people in Kansas, &c. This is simply ridiculous—the United States Government in danger of being overthrown by the little squad in Kansas!!! Fudge! 2d. Oregonians a higher order of citizens than the people of Kansas; therefore, we get along peaceably. Now, his Excellency is either very ignorant or considerably dishonest. If he did not *know* that the *cause* of the Kansas difficulty (slavery) had been excluded from this country by her organic law, he is grossly ignorant; if he *did* know it, then he is *dishonest* in ascribing our peace to another cause. How silly and ungenerous and *mean* for modern democrats to glorify themselves over Oregon tranquillity when slavery was prohibited in our organic act. If it had not been admitted into Kansas, who believes there would have been any trouble there? No one.

3d. These superior citizens elected John Whiteaker GOVERNOR!!! That caps the climax! This is proof, incontestible, of their superiority! If they had not been of a very high order they never could have perceived his qualifications for Governor.—They must have had "optics keen to see things, where nothing is to be seen".—What will the people in the States (those who were acquainted with John) think when they learn that he is elected Governor? Will they not conclude that *talent* is scarce in Oregon? OBSERVER.

EUGENE CITY, July 27, 1858.

For the Argus.

Protective Union.

LABOR DOUBLY TAXED.—The farmer taxes his labor in two ways: he sells his grain at prices giving a profit thereon to the merchant; he buys boots and pays a profit on them. And yet how easy the working people feel about it. Some, themselves, live in hopes of becoming rich by speculation; others think that because inequalities will exist under the best circumstances, therefore speculation, monopoly, poverty, are all right —many must be poor that a few may be rich—some must be rich to enable them to help the poor; many plod along little caring or thinking whether they receive fair play or not—as their fathers went to mill so go they; others argue, the more lawyers, doctors, and speculators we have, the better it is for the laboring man: he will have somebody to eat his wheat and apples.—Yes, the young farmer should marry a widow with a dozen children to find a market for his flour! Most beautiful logic!—One cent on the dollar we would consider a burdensome tax to support government; we make a pretty face at the Mormons for paying one tenth of their increase to the church; some of us pay our preachers as much, each, as a dollar a year and think we do well. But in face of this we pay at least *one fifth of our earnings to speculators for just nothing at all.* "What ought a man make, clear, on Oregon produce?" asked a trader last winter, of one of our Salem merchants. "Twenty per cent." was the answer. That is on the trade one way; certainly the gains of buying and selling, both considered, would overreach one fifth.

Double speculation applies to all laborers. The operative in the cotton mill pays a large share of his labor, from one third to one half or more, to the capitalist, then another portion to the merchant. But the poor laborer is subject to more than this: he not only pays profits but the highest profits, because he buys at retail. His dollar is not so "big" as the rich man's.—Thus is he oppressed from all sides. No wonder that he can afford so few of the real comforts of life—that his children go without education—that he frequently becomes discouraged. Let me ask the moralist or preacher if it is a mystery that the poverty-oppressed laborer should become not only discouraged but actually immoral. Is he in a condition to entertain favorably morals and religion, who scarcely knows today how food will be obtained for to-morrow! Verily we may preach and pray, but one of the great and first conditions to success in the case of the laborer is justice.—"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"; give the laborer the product of his labor.

LABOR IN THE FUTURE.—Labor in Oregon notwithstanding the influence of our gold mines, will bow to the common law manifest in the experience of all old settled countries. How is it in England? How is it in the large cities of our own United States? Thousands of men and women working more than all day, and Sunday too, fail to meet decently their necessities. How many prostitute themselves body and mind from dire necessity! Without prevention thus it will be in Oregon. In view of this what shall we do for

OUR CHILDREN.—True, nearly every one claims to be working for his children; the farmer, the mechanic, the greedy money-maker, the merchant, and even the dram-seller. But every blockhead ought to know that having wealth for children is no insurance against poverty. A thousand times better would it be to give a child a practical education and leave for it good institutions.

Humanity don't need alms-giving nearly so much as justice, a fair chance to take care of self. Poverty being the likely field for operation for the larger share of the children of the rich and many more besides, and labor the only true remedy, it is wisdom to secure justice to the laborer. But,

THE UNION—What has it to do with all this? Thus much: when by united effort we learn to protect ourselves from the speculations of trade, we will know enough to form labor associations for the direct protection of labor. The union principle is thus applied, I am told, in Massachusetts; operatives owning and driving two or three large manufactories. Union in trade, and union in labor, will effectually cut off that double speculation so long feasting upon the energies of the laboring man. Then the operative will get all that his labor makes, and then passing to union trade, can buy his bread without a load of profit. "In union there is strength."

Labor is the basis of wealth; capital cannot compete with it properly directed; and it should rise to be master of capital rather than continue a servant. Injustice to labor is one of the great errors, if not *the* error of all government. The Protective Union goes one step toward its correction.

C. HOEL.

Affairs about Parkersville.

PARKERSVILLE, July 12, '58.

ED. ARGUS: As it is your design to keep your readers "posted up" in all the interesting topics, both religious and political, in which the minds of our people are absorbed (and I fear that the political absorption has much the predominance), I have concluded to contribute my mite, hoping that it will be as favorably received as was that which the widow of old cast upon the altar.

I attended the Rock Creep camp-meeting during last Saturday and Sunday. I should have remained longer, but my business required my services at Parkersville this morning at eight o'clock. Of course there was the usual apportionment of horse-racing, foot-racing, children-squalling, and various other pleasantries incident to all camp-meetings; and, in addition to these, there were two cigar shops at a short distance from the camp ground, where cigars, candy, nuts, pies, and various other commodities and "Yankee notions" could be obtained in any quantity by simply paying the cash. There was also a boarding-house on the ground, where a meal could be obtained at any hour, for which offense the offender was required to forfeit fifty cents. It may be an incredible assertion, but it is none the less true, that with all these, by some supposed to be nuisances, there was better order observed on the ground this year than has ever been before, and this is acknowledged by all who attended, except perhaps a few individuals noted chiefly for their querulousness, who would find fault with most anything rather than be deprived of the pleasure of grumbling. For my part, I thought the new arrangement was an excellent one, accommodating alike the gentleman and the loafer; for while the loafers and gamblers were amusing themselves in racing, drinking, smoking, &c., at the groceries, the gentlemen and ladies could have some satisfaction in listening to the preaching; whereas if the loafers were on the camp ground they would be so disorderly that the remainder of the congregation could catch but a word here and there, and thus neither would be in the least benefited by going to camp-meeting.

As great revivals are so common in the States at present, there will doubtless be some of your readers who, before reading this far, will come to the conclusion that I am going to tell about great excitement, wonderful zeal in the cause of religion, &c., but this, alas! is not the case; were it so, gladly would I herald it through the land, that, if possible, some sinner might through the stimulus of such examples be turned to the cause of Christ. The people generally appear to think that earthly treasure is more desirable—at least for the present—than is the treasure which is so liberally promised to them by the church; in fact, there was more said about gold and the gold mines than anything else, religion included.

[Just here we have cut out a dozen lines which might give offense to the man with a "sensual look. Such strictures being rather theological in their cast, would be more appropriate in the Advocate.—ED.]

The gold mines are "all the rage" in this part of the world. Men are going crazy almost about the mines. Everybody is in a passion, and all are going who can go; and those who can't would like to go. It is feared by some of our farmers that it will be impossible to gather the harvest (which is not very exuberant in these parts, there being considerable smut in the wheat) on account of the general rush to the mines.—I think, however, that all or nearly all will be saved. I hope so; we shall need it all, and more too. Flour will command an extravagant price this winter. I notice that there is still a great lack of machinery in Oregon, particularly in the way of threshers and reapers. Wm. C. Dement & Co. are entitled to praise for their efforts to introduce them into Oregon; and if they will persevere they will surely reap a rich reward before they quit speculating in reaping machines. One good reaper is worth more to an Oregon farmer than ten buck negroes; besides, he can own a reaping machine without being stung by his conscience,—which can be avoided in the other case only on the supposition that he who will own them is not blessed with so noble a possession.

Perhaps you will hear from me again at some future time.

J. W. MELDRUM.

For the Argus.

Horse-Racing.

A race came off near Salem last Saturday attracting considerable attention. Let us suppose for a moment that the people of Salem vicinity and Oregon continue progress in this line for several years, and that looking over a moral and religious newspaper corresponding to this development, we read:

"THE RACES.—The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. A., after which came the usual bantering, betting, swearing, maneuvering, &c., and finally the principal race. The horse 'Jim Tick' won. We congratulate our friend and brother on his success. A thousand dollars is not picked up every day for nothing, these hard times.

"We were much pleased to see the little boys on the ground. Their parents deserve praise for their thoughtfulness in the matter. The little fellows, many of them, talked in the polite language of the race-course, and could swear as loudly as the men.—Evidently they are all improving. One lad bet against the judgment of his father, and won a pony. That boy will make somebody in the world—mark our words for it. Among the distinguished persons present, with their ladies, lending their influence to the good cause, were Dr. B., Judge C., and our brother Rev. Mr. M.—It speaks well for the interest they feel in the upward tendency of Oregon society. God favor the races!"

Now for the advertisements:

"SALEM COLLEGE.—A new professorship will be added, on the science of Horse-racing, and the literature of the Race-course, &c., &c. Best methods taught of getting the advantage in the start, or, as it is sometimes technically termed, 'getting the *balge* on him.'"

"SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—This school is located near the Salem Race-course, where young ladies may enjoy peculiar advantages in acquiring a knowledge of the refinements and elegancies of language and manners found in the society of young gentlemen nowhere else."

"A BANTER.—Mrs. G. offers to bet her half section of land that 'Old Bob' can beat 'Old Jim' all to flinders. Who dare take the bet? Come on with your chink. Here's the chance to get your money back."

It is proper to remark that women have just as good a right to bet as men. It is nonsense to hold that betting is right for man and morally wrong for woman. So far as morals and manners are concerned, what is lovely in man cannot be essentially otherwise in woman. Swearing, drunkenness, smoking and chewing tobacco appear worse in women because it is not common to see them under the control of those habits.

But progress is onward if not upward, and here is an

"OBITUARY.—James, youngest son of G. and Sarah B., was thrown from his racer at the Salem races last week, and got his neck broke. His mourning parents find consolation in the knowledge that he was prepared to meet his Maker. He was a worthy member of Union church."

Here is something peculiar from Dr. H.:

"TO THE PUBLIC.—I lost my gold watch on the race last Saturday. I must have it back, or lose two or three more in the effort. My credit is at stake; so any of our brethren of the church, who may have a gold watch to risk against my judgment next Saturday, will just 'pitch in.'

Here is an editorial remark I omitted in the proper place:

"We could but notice how backward some of the young men were. A couple risked the enormous sum of 'four bits,' and the one that lost seemed very much downcast indeed. The winner seemed to feel sorry for his friend, and there was talk of giving one 'bit' back. These boys no doubt were from the country, and rather new at the business; but they will outgrow all such backwardness, no fear, if they will only continue to attend the races."

The reader is left to think how such a state of society would suit him. If betting on horse-racing is right, such exhibition of the principle could not be wrong. Where is the man who would desire such a state of affairs? and what is the duty of editors, and good citizens generally, with reference to horse-racing and its devotees? I pause, and let each give such practical answer as judgment and conscience may dictate.

A CITIZEN OF MARION.

August 2, 1858.

For the Argus.

Why was Bush Behind his Ticket?

EUGENE CITY, Aug. 1, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: I see that Bush and some of his friends are making great efforts to explain the circumstance of Bush being behind his ticket in, I believe, every county and almost every precinct in the Territory. I believe they have decided that it was in consequence of his being a *better* man than his fellow candidates?—that is, he had done more for the party, and, by consequence, more for the country—in other words, Bush has been persecuted for righteousness' sake! But what perplexes me is, why so many of *his own party* have failed to perceive his merits—it was not his enemies that forsook him at the polls, but his friends, that is, political friends—men who sustain his party.

Now, Mr. Editor, permit me to give my opinion on this important question. And I will say, in the first place, that it was not in consequence of any *superior merit* on his part that he fell behind—the *uniformity* in the matter tells a tale that is not easily misunderstood.

There are two classes of men connected with Bush's own party who will not support him for any office. First, those who are determined to maintain at least a portion of their independence, and not be driven into the support of men and measures contrary to the dictates of their own better informed judgments. The second are those of a religious turn of mind, who have become disgusted with the vile and sneaking infidelity constantly retailed in the Statesman. I do not remember ever to have taken up a number of that paper in which I did not perceive some slur on religion, some dark insinuation against Christianity. It seemed to be one prominent object of that sheet to inflict secret stabs upon the cause of Christianity. If this was only an occasional occurrence we might suppose it was an accidental circumstance; but when it is so uniform and constant we are forced to the conclusion that it originates in the fixed and deep-seated enmity in the heart of the editor against Bible religion. The editor of the Statesman seems to possess a large share of the instincts of the buzzard. That filthy bird sees no beauty in anything that is clean—he can sail over beautiful fields and flower-scented landscapes without being in the least attracted thereby; but let him scent the putrid carcass of a dead dog or cat, or the decaying body of any other animal, and he at once wheels in his course and lights upon it—here he struts and swells himself—upon this he feasts his disgusting nature. So with Bush. He can pass over all of the beauties of Christianity, all the benevolence of pious Christians, all the devotion and self-sacrifice of ministers of the gospel who have spent their lives in heathen lands trying to elevate and improve the wretched inhabitants thereof, in dead silence—not a word of commendation from him. But let some church member violate the rules of propriety, let some scandalous story start upon some deacon or elder, or some disgraceful tale go forth on some minister of the gospel, and he instantly seizes it and parades it in his columns, with exaggerations and additions to suit his depraved nature. These seem to be his delight: scandal, filth, and defamation of the Christian, and especially that of the ministry.

Here let me give a specimen or two from the Statesman, vol. 8, no. 14: First, a fling at "Rev. Dr. Cox, and those of his order"; second, "The effect of long sermons"; third, "A repentant dry-goods merchant"; fourth, "Charitable sister." Vol. 8, no. 16: First, "Home without a mother"; second, "Sniggins finds a lost note"; third, "David and Goliath"; fourth, "A minister hung." Now, this *minister*, as he calls him, says it had been *fifteen years* since he fell (from his position as a minister), and yet Bush heads the article "A minister hung." Was it true that he was a minister when he was hung? No, nor had he been for fifteen years. Bush may excuse himself by saying that he copied the article as he found it in other papers—but I say he had no right to circulate a falsehood; but this shows the buzzard. I notice this same case in other papers, headed "An *ex*-minister hung"; the Statesman leaves off the 'ex.' Now, suppose Delazon Smith should be hung; would it be true to say a "minister" was hung in that case? What say you, Asahel?

After all Bush's thrusts at Christianity and slander of the ministry, there are church members and ministers who take his paper and support him. I do not say they are Christians—but they have the name.—I rejoice, however, that there are so many of the Democratic party who when they come to vote throw Bush's name off their ticket, and many others who voted for him did it reluctantly. Nothing but party drill saved him. Bush is a source of deep mortification to many of his own party—with the advantages he has had (being at the helm of their organ) he ought to have led his ticket, instead of hanging on at the tail. OBSERVER.

☞ The following statement by Dr. Livingstone, the traveler in Africa, makes a sad void in our poetical knowledge. If there was anything that we did have faith in it was the

MAJESTIC ROAR OF THE LION.—"The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud (as the roar of the lion) yet he never was feared by man. To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle. In my mentioning this fact some years ago the assertion was doubted, so I have been careful ever since to enquire the opinions of the Europeans who have heard both, if they could detect any difference between the roar of a lion and that of an ostrich; the invariable answer was that they could not when the animal was at any distance.—The natives assert that they can detect a variation between the commencement of the noise of each."

FREAKS OF THE GREAT ILLINOIS TORNADO.—The Peoria Transcript of the 19th tells a tough yarn: At El Paso it blew some houses to splinters, and yet broke not one pane of glass in the windows it carried some distance. At Kappa, two ladies were blown away and have not since been heard from; they probably wore hoops. At Chenoa it demolished a house completely, and yet left a book-case that was in it without a scratch or a broken pane of glass. It carried a large mirror sixty feet and laid it down unbroken. The most wonderful feat of all, however, occurred at Chenoa. A frame house was blown at two jumps not less than two hundred feet from where it stood, and set down so easily that the plastering was not cracked or the dishes knocked off the table which was set for supper.—A similar occurrence took place at Gilman, where a kitchen was blown from the side of a house into a slough, without a plate being broken, and when our informant left, the inmates were journeying back and forth on a raft, to get the cooking utensils for breakfast.

STARTLING FOR WEAK NERVES.—Hughes, of Indiana, sent a challenge to Harris, of Illinois, for words spoken in debate. The correspondent of the New York Post says that Harris, who, being the challenged party, had choice of weapons, chose muskets, to be loaded with buck shot, and the distance *ten paces*. As might be expected, the matter was soon settled by mutual friends.—Mr. Hughes withdrew his challenge, then withdrew the language used by him towards Harris which caused Harris to charge Hughes with a falsehood, then Harris withdrew his charge of falsehood against Hughes. Verily, a musket loaded with buck shot, at ten paces, is a powerful pacificator.

AN INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the N. Y Tribune, writing from Beaufort, South Carolina, relates the following:

"On the plantation where I am a temporary resident, we have a weekly Sabbath School for the blacks; daily evening prayers in the cabin of one of them, who is a deacon and a model of Christian piety; a Thursday evening prayer meeting, more general in its character, and often, when there is ministerial company in the house, on Saturday or Sunday evening a short familiar lecture at our *prayer-house*, at which some, if not all, the white family are present.

"On one occasion of this kind, about a year since, a little girl, a child of eleven years, who was with us on a visit, accompanied the mistress of the mansion to the *prayer-house*, leaving the drawing-room full of company; and there, on her bended knees, among those enslaved Africans, her heart received the message God's minister addressed to them, and she silently, though tearfully, gave herself to the Lord, in a covenant never, as we trust, to be broken."

VERDICT AGAINST HOT BISCUIT.—Dr. Bunting, who has been experimenting with Alexis St. Martin, the Frenchman with a window in his stomach, through which can be seen all the processes of digestion, declares that hot bread never digests at all. It is tumbled about for some time, till it begins to ferment, when it is forced out with the other useless debris. It never digests, and is never assimilated by the organs of nutrition. Its only effect is to produce dyspepsia. This is Dr. Bunting's testimony as demonstrated by repeated experiments upon the stomach of St. Martin.