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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.—

VOL. IV.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, AUGUST 21, 1858.

No. 19.

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 deductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING.

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

The Horse Tamer and the Zebra. From the London Daily News, May 25. Mr. Rarey, the celebrated American horse-tamer, whose feats have already attracted the notice both of the public and the press of the United Kingdom, reopened his school in Kinnerson street yesterday, for one flying lecture previous to his departure for Manchester, Liverpool and Scotland. On this occasion the little theatre was filled with the Professor's most distinguished pupils, and the result of the lecture was to convince every one present that his system is perfectly sound and legitimate—sound in principle, and sound in application; that it is based on a life long observation of the equine idiosyncrasy, physiological and psychological, and that there is not one particle of quackery or empiricism in it from beginning to end. Although it is part of our general human nature to be fond of the horse, it may often have been remarked that particular individuals have more of this sort of attachment than others; and whenever this is the case, and when peculiar circumstances favor the development of this feeling, the result generally is that such individual soon throws new light on the equine curriculum, and introduces important changes into existing systems of training and breaking the horse. Mr. Rarey is obviously one of these individuals, and he has devoted his whole life to the study of the horse's peculiarities, his nervous organization, his strength, his weakness, and his tastes. He has plumbed all the depth of his passions, measured the full height of his intelligence, found out what he likes and dislikes and is afraid of, and putting all the isolated facts of a lifelong experience together, he has constructed a theory on the soundest principles of induction, and he exemplifies it and carries it out with an unerring skill and finish of manipulation which we fear few of his pupils will successfully imitate, even after they have been initiated into all the freemasonry of the science.—The only thing to be regretted in the matter is, that Mr. Rarey's pecuniary interests, and the simplicity of his system, require that only the favored few who become his pupils should have the advantage of his admirable instructions. The great basis of his system, and which may be divulged without any branch of the understood compact under which individuals are permitted to be present at the lectures, is the careful, patient, skillful application of the law of kindness, which Mr. Rarey triumphantly proves to be more potent with the strong and fiery horse than all the whips and spurs and snaffles in the world. But to work out this law successfully with the horse the teacher must himself be taught; that is to say, he must in the first instance have thoroughly tamed and humanized himself. His temper must have become as even as a saint's—his touch as gentle as a woman's; he must neither swear, nor bellow, nor stamp, nor call ill names; and therefore is the system so based calculated, if widely diffused, to become a great national moral agent; and for that reason it is to be regretted that the amiable, original and highly intelligent apostle of the new creed is obliged to pupils give up what was meant for mankind.

Mr. Rarey, it appears, spent the early portion of his life in the State of Ohio, where he had frequent opportunities of studying the nature of the horse, both in his domestic state and when recently caught wild in the prairies. Even in childhood he could manage horses which defied the most active and powerful grooms, and from that period to the present he has concentrated all his intelligence upon the subject, and now comes before the public, offering, and we believe, with a certainty of success, to tame the wildest horse, to make him as docile as a lady's palfrey, and this, too, without the slightest coercion or cruelty exercised upon the four-footed pupil. Let all those who have horses, ay, children, to deal with, bear in mind that kindness is the most potent agent yet discovered for subduing refractory spirits; and when they remember that Alexander tamed Bucephalus merely by turning his head gently from the sun, let them be prepared to believe the wonderful results which Mr. Rarey promises from the application of tenderness in the education of the noblest of our four-footed friends and servants.

In the course of the most interesting lecture which Mr. Rarey delivered yesterday, and which was all the more impressive because it was delivered in an easy, natural manner, and with intrinsic evidence that the speaker believed every word he uttered, he called attention to the fact that the most unruly horses in the world were those of South America, where they were caught by the lasso and controlled by the spur; and that the most docile and obedient were the Arabian horses, which were treated as friends and companions by their wild Bedouin master, sharing the latter's frugal dish, and often slept with his infant children.—The horse, he said, was an animal of fine nervous organization, and having much more intelligence than his master would give him credit for—sometimes much more than the said master himself could boast of—and to bring him into complete subjection it was necessary that due attention should be paid to these two points. The now celebrated "Cruiser" was then introduced, bearing on his body more than one mark of the injuries he had inflicted upon himself before he made Mr. Rarey's acquaintance, but now as gentle as a lamb, following his teacher about the arena like a dog, stopping when he pointed his finger, lying down when he was told, rising again when he obtained permission, and doing all this in a mild, good-humored sort of way, as if the wish to oblige was the sole ruling motive, and that the now docile Cruiser was unaware that there were such things as whips or spurs in the world. Mr. Rarey exhibited the terrible array of bits and muzzles with which Cruiser's first teachers had sought to bring him to reason, and gave one or two interesting particulars of his own early interviews with the ferocious animal. Cruiser's habit, it appears, was to scream and yell when any one approached

him, to smash up his stall "into lucifer matches," and to attempt to bite and destroy every living thing in his neighborhood. When he was to be fed or watered his groom was to ascertain, by thrusting a long pole in at the stable door, where the enemy stood, and then to deposit the food, shut the door, and vanish as soon as possible. Mr. Rarey changed all this in a moment. He ordered the stable door to be thrown open, introduced himself according to his system, which is the very essence of Chesterfield, to his new friend without a moment's delay, and in half an hour the indomitable Cruiser might be ridden by a child, could listen tranquilly to the beating of a drum, and stand unappalled, even if Mrs. Gamp were to flourish his most imposing umbrella in his face. Cruiser, it is true, was a little out of condition yesterday, and his eye had a somewhat saddened expression, but his natural remorse for former turbulence was sufficient to account for these little symptoms, and the promptitude and dexterity with which he performed all that was required of him by his master, proved to demonstration that if he had become a sadder, he was also a wiser horse than formerly. An ordinary hackney, the property of a gentleman present, was then introduced, and satisfactory evidence having been given that he had only received his first lesson on Saturday last, he was duly submitted to the civilizing process. Mr. Rarey lecturing as he proceeded, and giving a clear, satisfactory, and sensible reason for everything he did. The horse followed him about, lay down at the word of command, turned over on the other side at a motion of a finger, allowed Mr. Rarey to sit on his withers, to place his head between his hind legs, to knock his fore-legs together, and, finally, to beat a drum all round him. In this case, the pupil was in the best of humors all through the lesson, indeed, was quite frisky and playful, volunteered an encore of the lie-down-and-turn-over movement, and seemed to be quite exhilarated with the consciousness of his own manifold accomplishments.

But the great novelty of the day was the introduction of the Zebra of the African desert, the latest pupil in Mr. Rarey's school, and one with which, although he ultimately expects to drive him through Hyde Park, he yet makes his account to have a great deal of trouble. The specimen introduced was the most beautiful four-footed beast we have ever seen, with his perfect symmetry of form, bright glossy coat of the richest cinnamon and deepest black, and a pair of eyes that flashed lurid fire as he made his appearance in the lists. This pupil is still in the rudiments, and yells out his "Propria que maribus" in a most uncivilized manner when politely requested to go through his task. But he does it nevertheless, lies down when he is told—though not with the grace and readiness of his more civilized school-fellows—turns over with a helpless whine of despair and sense of subjugation, and admits that even he, the hitherto untameable steed of the desert, has at length found a firm although gentle master. Now, we must confess that when at first we heard that Mr. Rarey was going to introduce a zebra to his pupils, we had a shrewd suspicion that something like a theatrical coup was contemplated, and that some venerable "woolly horse," who had perhaps graduated in a circus, was about to be introduced for the sake of novelty and attraction. But all suspicion of that sort was dispelled when we saw that wild ferocious animal, so beautiful, and yet so terrible in his beauty, follow the great horse-tamer reluctantly into the ring.—There was something positively unearthly in the scream with which he saluted the company, and the fact of the barricade being only breast high set at least one person who was present about making nervous calculations as to his probable stock of agility. As he lay upon the ground he kept up a low whining soliloquy which a person acquainted with the Honyhinn language might, no doubt, have translated, "It would give me intense gratification, to devour this fellow where he stands, and to kick out the brains of those impertinent lookers on immediately afterward, but, unfortunately, there is no justice for zebras' now-a-days, so I have nothing for it but to lie quiet, and to behave myself henceforth and forever like a civilized quadruped and a gentleman." A strong color of probability was given to this translation by the subsequent conduct of this beautiful and now subdued demon. He retired slowly and with dignity, rather than sulky in his deportment, gave one flying scream as he passed through his stable door, had one gentle nip at his groom who held it open for him, and subsequently permitted a lady of distinction, who was present to stroke him down as he lay in his stable exhausted after his recent exertions, or, possibly coming over his lesson against the next instruction day. This terminated the day's lecture or lesson, whichever it may be called. All present expressed themselves not only completely satisfied, but profoundly impressed with the soundness and novelty of Mr. Rarey's system, and retired with the most favorable reminiscences of himself, of his clear and natural intelligence, his obvious earnestness and faith in his discovery, and of approbation of the kindness, gentleness, and forbearance which he never failed to inculcate as the great leading characteristics of his school.

HEAVY PURCHASE BY A FREE NEGRO.—At Iberville, La., at a public sale recently, a free man of color became the purchaser of a sugar plantation in that parish, at the price of \$240,000, making him the owner altogether of 4,500 acres of land and 200 negroes.

GOOD REPLY.—A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus: "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied, "Would give me the rheumatism and so it would you!"

THE PARAGUAY DIFFICULTY.—Everybody knows we have a difficulty with Paraguay. But very few know what it is or what is the cause of it. The history of the case, from the documents recently published, appears to be this. We copy from the Albany Evening Journal:

Twelve years ago the Paraguayan government issued a decree encouraging and inviting foreigners to settle there and engage in trade—by offering them lands, monopolies, &c. This was done for the purpose of developing the resources and increasing the commerce of the country.—'The Yankees' are always on the look-out for such openings, and the invitation was responded to by the formation of an Emigrant Company in Rhode Island. The legislature incorporated it with a capital of \$300,000. The Company bought and took to Paraguay steam-engines, vessels, saw-mills, cotton-gins, planing machines, sugar mills, brick machines, rice mills, agricultural implements, &c., &c., enough for a large colony. A large number of mechanics, farmers, and others, embarked in the enterprise, and the colony was formally planted in 1853. The government received them, bestowed the promised privileges upon them, and encouraged them to enter upon a large business.

Paraguay is one of the finest timbered countries in the world, and has some of the best tobacco land in America. The Company soon found that their saw-mill (the first ever built south of the Amazon and east of the Andes) was a most lucrative property, and their cigar factory was about equally profitable. It happened that President Lopez found it out also.

Though nominally a Republic, Paraguay is in fact a despotism, and the President is an absolute dictator. With him, to covet the property and thriving business of 'los Yankees' was as natural, as to seize it was practicable. He formulated three decrees revoking their title to their lands, repudiating his contracts with them, and confiscating their privileges for his own benefit. He seized their mills, vessels, and machinery, and would not even let them leave the country alive, unless they would formally relinquish everything to him. It happened that an American man-of-war, the Water Witch, Commander Page, came along just then, took the Americans on board in defiance of the President, and brought them home. They now demand reparation.—Lopez, in reply, declares that the Water Witch committed a 'scandalous hostility' in taking them off, and sets up, in justification of his conduct, the plea that they had practiced fraud in obtaining title to their lands. A little prompt and firm action on the part of our Government would bring President Lopez to terms, quite easy.

GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN UNION.—The London Times, in a leading article, calls the attention of the British public to the wonderful expansion and prodigious development of the American Union. "In reality," says the Times, "not even the marvels of American nature are comparable in magnitude to the recent features of American progress. The new State of Minnesota contains an area exceeding that of France [the Territory did, but not the State], and Kansas is larger than Great Britain. The mighty process of colonization, which goes on there with such rapidity, is without a parallel in the history of the race."

ONE OF THE ITEMS.—Among other items added by the Senate to the army appropriation bill, is \$80,000 for three regiments of Missouri desperadoes mustered into the service of Shannon and Woodson, and called "Kansas militia." These are the same cutthroats who sacked and burned Lawrence and Ossawatimie. This is a sample of those extras which have swelled the expenditures from about fifty-two millions under Mr. Fillmore to \$83,000,000 under a simple-minded Democrat like Mr. Buchanan.

THE IOWA GOLD STORIES A HUMBUG.—Mr. John Daily, of Osceola, Clark county, Iowa, writes to the Indianapolis Journal that the stories of large quantities of gold having been found in Iowa, are all false.—Mr. D. says that he lives in the vicinity of the Clark county mines.

A new material for paper is said to have been discovered in the fiber of the beet root, which remains after sugar-making and distillation. It is twenty per cent cheaper than common paper, and has been used in cartridges at Woolwich arsenal.—It is to be introduced and tested in this country.

A conference between the Lords and Commons of England has resulted in a compromise by which Jews will be admitted to seats in Parliament. The result will be the speedy admission of Baron Rothschild.

In Louisiana, there are fifteen thousand square miles of fine alluvial soil, which lie below high water mark, and require to be protected by artificial embankments.

IMPROVED FIREARMS.—The Adjutant General of Massachusetts has recently drawn from the U. S. Arsenal at Springfield two thousand muskets, with which to arm the militia of that State. This is the first State to procure the improved muskets lately manufactured at the Government Armories. This arm has the Maynard primer, the rear sight graduated for different distances, from 100 to 900 yards, and the improved plan for attaching the bayonet. Even the ramrod is of an improved pattern, so shaped as to fit the ball when driving home, and with a swell stem which firmly secures it in the groove when not in use. This new musket carries an elongated expanding ball, weighing 500 grains only, and with a charge of 60 grains of musket powder (which has been found to answer better than one of 70 for the distances of 600 and 700 yards), it has been found that there is very little recoil. One of the objections to the musket of 1842, and it was a serious one, was that carrying a large ball (weighing 740 grains) necessitates a charge of 70 grains of powder; the recoil was severe, and in practical service would be unendurable.

DEATH OF HANNIBAL.—The following biographical sketch is copied from the Cleveland Plaindealer:

"This old and distinguished elephant died at Canfield, Ohio, recently. He was quite old—extremely so. We have heard his age stated variously at from five hundred to one thousand years. At times Hannibal was rather wild. Domestic troubles may have been the cause of this. We believe his faults were of the head, however, and not of the heart. He never used tobacco in any form, and in all his travels was never forced to 'spout' his trunk for his hotel bills. What other showman of any note can say as much? Still the fact can't be disguised, Hannibal cut up some very hard capers during his life. In Maine, years ago, he was one night shut up in a shed—in the morning he was found three or four miles off, with the roof of the shed upon his back!

"When connected with June & Titus's Circus and Menagerie, he had a falling out with some of the performers, and one day, whilst they were making their grand entree in the ring, on their high mettled and gorgeously caparisoned horses, Hannibal burst his fastenings, rushed into the ring, and unhorsed every man of them. After tossing them around for a while, he returned to his accustomed place and permitted his keeper to tie him up again.

"Going from Boston to Salem some years ago, he became enraged about something or other, and made terrific work on the road—tearing down fences, tipping over wagons, and tossing men and horses into the air.

"Traveling from one small town to another, one Sunday afternoon in New Hampshire, Hannibal met a long line of carriages filled with people going from church. The man in the lead carriage struck the elephant a smart blow with his whip as he passed. Hannibal immediately unloaded the entire line of carriages. No one was seriously injured.

"One night, as his keeper was driving him through a strip of woods in Vermont, a violent thunderstorm arose. A tree was struck by lightning, and one of its shattered branches struck the keeper and killed him instantly. All night long the elephant watched the dead man closely and tenderly, even as a mother would watch the corpse of her child, and never from that moment left him until he was buried. Hannibal meant well.

"We don't hear what ailed Hannibal—probably it was old age. We understand that he cost his last owners, Van Amburg & Co., \$14,000. 'Peace to his ashes.'"

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE IN OHIO.—Mr. Schenck, of Franklin, Warren county, Ohio, writes to the Ohio Farmer, that the grasshoppers are making their appearance there in vast numbers. He says:—"Last year we had millions of them, this year we have hundreds of millions." For five years, he says, they have been increasing on his farm, and he fears that, unless some means are discovered for their destruction, they will totally ruin his own and his neighbors' clover fields.

THE FLOOD AT CAIRO.—It appears the damage done by the flood at Cairo, Ill., is far less than at first reported. The Mayor of that place writes to the Chicago Times: "Cairo is far from being destroyed. A considerable portion of our town is inundated, but no house of any considerable size has yet been destroyed or is expected to be.—The loss principally is in fences, outhouses, goods, furniture, &c. Principal business houses still above the water. The losses will soon be repaired."

A down east woman, who is opposed to woman's rights, asks—"If men can't do the voting, and take care of the country, what is the use of them?"

Never insult poverty.

POPE'S ODE.—The London Athenaeum, noticing a new edition of Pope's Works, gives a pleasant biography of the poet's exquisite ode, 'The Dying Christian to his Soul,' in which occurs the following paragraph:

"Considering that this beautiful Ode has been for more than a century the admiration of everybody—a sort of inspired thing, struck off at a moment, in 1712—it may be interesting to compare the copy sent to Caryll in June, 1713, with the 'warm from the brain' copy, which is assumed to have been written in 1712, which was first published in 1736, and which has continued 'warm from the brain' from that hour to the present."

The only change in the first stanza, is in the second line, where, for

'Quit, oh quit this mortal frame,'

we have,

'Dost thou quit this mortal frame?'

The second, commencing, 'Hark! they whisper,' does not appear in the later copy, but, instead of it,

'I hear around soft music play, And angels beckon me away! Calm as forgiven hermit rest, I'll sleep, or infants at the breast, Till the last trumpet sounds the ground; Then wake with pleasures at the sound.'

How beautiful is that closing strain, rich with an enthusiasm that is near akin to inspiration!

'The world recedes; it disappears! Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?'

The later version is a faint and feeble echo:

'My swimming eyes are sick of light, The lessening world forsakes my sight, A damp creeps cold o'er ev'ry part, Nor moves my pulse, nor heaves my heart; The hovering soul is on the wing! Where, mighty Death! oh where's thy sting?'

MIXING OF THE CHILDREN.—The French practice of giving children to nurse, gives rise to some curious social features. On the Northern railway there are special nurse trains on Saturdays. At the Paris station there is a room where the children may be deposited, if the train is not ready to start, while the nurses go to gossip, and to bid their lovers adieu—the Landscapers and the Carbiniers of the Guard, so that when the bell rings for the train, a general rush of the nurses takes place, and as French children are all dressed alike, it is easy to conceive how, in the confusion of the moment, a wrong selection from the mass may be made.—If the second nurse sees that her child is a stranger, she must put up with her fortune just as gentlemen do at a soiree, where the first out have made a razzia of the best hats. With the nurses it is a commerce, and it makes little difference to them whether they have changed children or not; so that a change once made, the affair rests a secret for all parties.

WHAT JEWS CAN DO BESIDES MARK MONEY.—Who composed Il Barbiere? Rossini—a Jew; Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the Huguenots and the Prophet? The composer is Meyerbeer—a Jew! Who has not been spell bound by the sorcery of Die Judin!—by Halvey—a Jew! Who that at Munich has stood before weeping Konigsparke, whose harp solemnly hung on the willows by the waters of the Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist is Bendemann—a Jew! Who has not heard of the able and free spoken apostle of liberty, Boerne—a Jew! Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel's sweetest singers, Heine—a Jew! Who has not listened, with breathless ecstacy, to the melting music of the Midsummer Night's Dream?—Who has not wept with Elijah, prayed with Paul, and triumphed with Stephen? Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies? Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who, alas that I must so write it, was a Jew!—Bentley's Miscellany.

JEWISH TALMUD.—The reading of the Jewish Talmud was forbidden by various edicts of the Emperor Justinian, of many of the French and Spanish kings, and numbers of popes. All the copies were ordered to be burnt. The intrepid perseverance of the Jews themselves preserved that work from annihilation. In 1566, twelve thousand copies were thrown into the flames at Cremona. John Reuchlin interfered to stop this universal destruction of Talmuds, for which he became hated by the monks, and condemned by the Elector of Mentz. But appealing to Rome the persecution was stopped, and the traditions of the Jews were considered as not necessary to be destroyed.

DESTITUTION AMONG ENGLISH CLERGYMEN.—John Bull is at times glaringly inconsistent.—While he is lavishing large sums in ostentatious public charities, devising means for the promotion of great social ends and exercising excessive philanthropies to foreign lands, the clergy at home are actually in as destitute a condition as the slaves of the lamp delving in her mines.

The Rev. W. G. Jervis, Secretary to the Fund, says that in one year four hundred of them applied to him for any sort of relief—clothes or food.

The Bishop of Soler and Man states that the poverty of his clergy is so great that fresh meat is a luxury to them; and another Bishop lately stated that he knew many clergymen in his diocese, who, together with their wives and families, seldom tasted meat. The Rev. G. Radcliffe, recently sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for forgery, had a wretched 'living.'

A title of the sums squandered upon an idle pensioned nobility, would relieve the destitution of the clergy.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing his memory in your face, and making annoying comparisons."

"Even that won't do it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise him, and say hanging would be too good for you."

Youth, enthusiasm and affection resemble three days of spring time; let us not, therefore, complain of their short duration, but endeavor to enjoy them.

ADJOURNMENT OF PARLIAMENT FOR A HORSE RACE.—"Truth," they say, "is stranger than fiction," and the most daring romancer would not venture to imagine the events of the day. The fate of a government, of a legislature, of an empire of 200,000,000 of people, is hanging in the balance. A host of orators have got up their speeches. Capital points, fearful sarcasms, solemn perorations, are ready for delivery on the shortest notice. Europe anxiously awaits the issue of the conflict, which is to decide, no one knows how long, who is to wield the influence of this great empire in the politics of the world. But all is suspended. Forty-eight hours are suddenly lost to the history of mankind.—A dark chasm discovers itself in this most critical chapter of modern chronology, not by the sport of the elements, or the history of time, but wilful and deliberate. As armies have stopped in full charge, and at the very moment of encounter, to gaze on some portent or some ridiculous spectacle, the British legislature resolves for two whole days to sit still and hold its tongue.—Whence this awful pause? What suspends the thunder cloud ere it breaks on the world? We must tell the homely truth. Last night the House of Commons was occupied in hearing Sir C. Napier delivering himself on a subject which has kept, he said, for more than forty years, and which, it might be fairly inferred, would keep a little longer; and to-day all London runs off to a chalk town distant twenty miles to ascertain which is the fleetest of some twenty horses. It is hard to say which, in British estimation, is the more important question at issue. The same man has the greatest interest in both. To-day the question is whether Toxophilite (the Earl of Derby's horse) is the fastest horse in the country; on Friday the question is whether his master is the best man for Premier. It is shrewdly observed that the stake in both cases is £5,000, but honor is above all reckoning. Profane people wickily suggest that Lord Derby cares more for the success of his horse than for that of his administration, and that if Toxophilite wins to-day he cares not who grasps the reins of power on Friday. It is not for us to decide. For to-day even political rumor and that fertile fancy which feeds best upon nothing, and which makes Sunday its chiefest work-day, are content to be idle. We should seem ourselves to infringe on the specialty of the festival if we went too deeply or too savagely into such a question as the treatment of Talookdars or the mercy due to Oude. This is the Derby day; but Lord Derby himself to-day gives precedence to his horse, and we cannot do less.—London Times.

In the Senate of the United States there are now four printers, namely—Hamlin of Maine, Bigler and Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Rice of Minnesota—and we know not how many more besides. The printing-office has, indeed, proved a better college to many a boy—has graduated more useful and conspicuous members of society—has brought more intellect out and turned it into practical, useful channels—awakened more minds—generated more active and elevated thought—than many of the literary colleges of the country. A boy who commences in such a school and ideas brought out; and, if he is a careful observer, experience in his profession will contribute more toward an education than can be obtained in almost any other manner.

GRASSES.—Over 400 varieties have already been noticed by naturalists. Over 200 varieties have been cultivated in England. A dozen sorts cover nineteen-twentieths of all the meadow land from Maine to Texas. Herds-grass, whose other name is Timothy (derived from a man by the name of Timothy Herd), a hundred and fifty years ago was a wild plant growing only in Maine.

BOTANICAL CURIOSITY.—Mr. Benjamin S. Welton, of Watertown, has exhibited to the Waterbury American, a full blown white rose, growing upon the stem of a yellow sweeting apple tree, in his garden. The rose has eight or nine tiers of leaves, and is in every respect as natural as if grown upon a rose bush.

Electricity is about to be applied to music. A performer seated before a piano, constructed for the purpose, in London, Moscow, or St. Petersburg, will play a morceau, every note of which, by means of the electric wire, will be repeated by another instrument in one of the concert rooms in Paris. We already have music by steam; now we are to have music by electricity. Lungs will go out of fashion.

THE BIBLE.—In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir Walter Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. "Can you ask?" said Sir Walter; "there is but ONE," and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John.