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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, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

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JOB PRINTING.

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

For the Argus. Cause and Cure of Disease in Fruit Trees. The disease of the peach tree in Oregon is the thick or curly leaf, so well known I shall not describe it. While some ascribe the cause to an insect, I have no doubt it is caused by sudden changes of weather.— Says Mr. Barry: "A number of warm days, that cause the expansion of the young leaves, followed by a cold rainy day, is almost sure to produce it to some extent; and the more severe and protracted the cold, the more extensive and fatal it is." To the same cause I attribute the blight on the branches of the apple tree; (I do not mean the mildew or leaf blight—I will give my opinion of this at another time.) As this disease has never done much damage until the present year, and as it is not universal, many orchards having entirely escaped while others are badly injured, a brief description will not be considered out of place. It makes its appearance about the time of putting forth leaves. Instead of healthy, vigorous leaves and bloom, the leaves are of a pale, sickly color, very narrow, something like the disease in tobacco we call "French." The fruit buds never fully develop themselves, but both leaves and fruit buds finally dry up and fall off.— The branches affected, however, do not die immediately, but break out in small black pimples, giving the limb a very rough appearance; and by cutting out a bud it will be found that under the inner bark there is a black circle around each bud, and the sap has a sour, disagreeable smell. This disease begins at the extremities and works its way downwards. Sometimes trees are so little affected that the points of the limbs perish and the balance of the tree entirely recovers. In other cases the tree all above ground dies; but as a general thing all that are not too far gone before our warm showers in May and June recover. Of about one hundred and fifty of my largest and best trees affected with this disease, only five died; and now some that had not a healthy leaf on them the middle of May, show no signs that they were ever affected, save a few of the extremities of the branches are dead. I have not been able to discover that any one variety is more subject to this disease than another. But one variety of about eighty which I have in my orchard entirely escaped. This was the Sweet June; but I am told by others that with them it fared as badly as any other. In many cases one will entirely escape, whilst another only twenty feet from it, of the same variety, is badly affected. Even of the same tree sometimes a part of the limbs are healthy, vigorous, and loaded with fruit, whilst other portions of the tree are badly diseased, and, as far as my observations have extended, the diseased portions are no more liable to be toward one cardinal point than another. As a friend of mine observed, "that can only be accounted for on the ground that everything in Oregon goes in streaks."

I will close by giving my own experience and observation. First, in wrapping; in the month of February the peach buds began to swell. I thought I would try an experiment whether or not wrapping them with old clothes would not retard the bloom. I wrapped about twenty-five limbs. On the 25th of April the trees were in full bloom. I cut off the wrapping and found that they were advanced as far as the unwrapped. I gave up. My experiment amounted to nothing, as I then thought.— But I missed one branch, and the wrapping remained on it to the middle of May. By this time the leaves were fully curled all over the orchard. I unwrapped this limb, and found the peaches under it a little larger than the unwrapped ones; the leaves were white, being excluded from the light, but not curled. This limb is yet in a healthy condition, and the fruit thick enough on it and maturing well. So much for the wrapping experiment. I consider it worth a further trial. Now as to high cultivation: I planted my fruit trees in 1852, manured a part of them, and cultivated all of them highly until last year. I began to slack off, many telling me I would shorten the life of my trees—that they were more liable to be winter-killed, &c., &c. I thought so many surely couldn't be wrong; and, having a large nursery on hand, I determined to cultivate it well, and the orchard trees that stood on it. The result was, that of the four hundred orchard trees standing in the nursery, just two are winter-killed, dead, down to the collar. The others are in as growing, thrifty a condition as trees can be. They are only three years old, and some of the early bearing varieties have a half bushel of apples. Of the thirty thousand nursery trees there is not one killed or injured! But of my largest orchard trees, about four hundred in number, which, as I before said, I cultivated but shortly last year, one hundred and fifty were badly injured; five are entirely dead; not more than half of them have borne any fruit at all, and not more than fifty are as full of fruit as they should be. The philosophy of good cultivation I'll give in my next.

NEILL JOHNSON. Walnut Grove Nursery, Sept. 1st, 1858. The Captain Who Wouldn't Race. BY THE YOUNG 'UN. Early in the spring of the past year, a magnificent new steamer was launched upon the Ohio river, and shortly afterward made her appearance at the levee opposite the flourishing city of Cincinnati. Gilt-edged covers enveloping the captain's 'respects,' accompanied with invitations to 'see her through' upon her first trip, being forwarded to the editorial corps in that vicinity, the chivalrous hats were 'numeros' on the occasion. It was a grand affair, this debut of a floating palace, which has since maintained her reputation as the 'crack boat' par excellence upon the Western waters. Your humble servant was among the invited guests—and a nice time he had of it. I found myself on board this beautiful craft, in close communion with a score of unquestionable beauties. The company proved to be a heterogeneous conglomeration of characters—made up of editors, and lawyers, auctioneers, indescribable, and 'fancies'—with a sprinkling of 'none-suches.' There was a stray parson, too, in the crowd, but as his leisure time 'between meetings' was spent in trading horses, we dispensed with his 'grace before meals.' We left our moorings an hour before sunset, upon a clear cold afternoon, and passed rapidly down stream for a considerable distance, without experiencing any out-of-the-way occurrence. The 'son of temperance' and the parson foresaw amused themselves over a smoking whisky toddy—the 'boys' were relieving each other of their superfluous dimes and quarters at eucher, when a tall gentleman, who was some when he was sober, stepped suddenly into the cabin with the information that a well-known 'fast boat' had just hove in sight at the mouth of the Kentucky river. The cards were dropped instantly, the punches disappeared, and the 'mourners' were soon distributed in knots on the promenade deck to note the progress of events. Our 'bully' boat sped away like a bird, however, and the craft behind gave us early evidence that she should offer no child's play. The 'fat was in the fire' at once—a huge column of black smoke curled up in the clear atmosphere—an extra tar or two was visible upon our own boat, and away we went! A good deal of excitement existed among the party, as the rival steamer was clearly gaining on us. A craft like ours, with such a company and such a captain, mustn't be beaten. As the boat behind us fell in under our stern, and we could count her passengers, a sort of impression fell upon us that, by some mistake, we had got upon the wrong boat! At least, that was the expressed opinion of the parson, as he threatened to go down stairs and take another drink. Our captain was a noble fellow—he paced the deck quietly, with a constant eye to the windward; but he said nothing. A bevy of the mourners stepped up to him with— 'What speed, cap'n?' 'Fair, gentlemen; I think it very fair,' responded the captain, calmly, as he placed his hand upon a small brass knob at the back of the pilot house. This movement was responded to by the faint jingle of a bell below, followed immediately by a rush

of cinders from the smoke pipes and an improved action of the paddles. 'Now we move again.' 'Some,' was the response, and a momentary tremor pervaded the boat as she slid along right snarley. But the craft in our rear moved like our shadow on the calm waters, and as we shot down the river, it seemed as if we had her in tow, so calmly and uniformly did she follow in our wake. The excitement of the congregation upon deck had by this time become intense, and it was pretty plain that the boats must shortly part company or split something.— The rascal behind us 'took advantage of a turn in the channel, and 'helm a starboard' was clearly heard from the look-out of our rival, as she hove off and suddenly fell alongside of us! The parson went below and put his threat into execution, as we came up the current again 'neck and neck,' and when he returned were running a twenty-five knot lick, the steam smack on to 40 degrees. 'She's going—going, go—' muttered an auctioneer to himself. 'A perfect nonsuit,' remarked a lawyer to his friend. 'Beaten, but not vanquished,' added a politician; and away we scudded side by side for half a mile. 'Wouldn't she bear a little more?' meekly asked the parson. 'She's doing very well,' replied the captain. 'Don't get excited, gentlemen; my boat is a new one—her reputation and mine is at stake. We mustn't rush her—racing always injures a boat, and I am averse to it,' saying which he applied his thumb and finger to the brass knob again—the bell tinkled in the distance—and our rival pilot shortly had an opportunity to examine the architecture of our rudder post! I was acquainted with the engineer. I stepped below (believing we should be beaten at our present speed), and entering the engine-room— 'Tim, we'll get licked—give her another turn, eh?' 'I rather think she moves some as it is,' said Tim. 'Yes, but the C— is hard on us—give her a little, my boy—just for—' 'Step in here a moment,' remarked Tim; 'it's all mine, you know—nothing to be said, eh? Quiet—there!—don't she tremble some?' I noticed for the first time, that our boat did not labor prodigiously! 'But come round here,' continued Tim; 'look there!—mum's the word you know.' I stepped out of that engine-room (Tim said, afterward, that I sprang out at one bound; but he lied!) in a hurry. The soldier on the connection pipe had melted and run down over the seams in a dozen places, from the excessive heat—a crow-bar was placed athwart the safety valve, with a fifty-six upon one end—and we were shooting down the Ohio, under a head of steam chock up to 54:40! My sleeping apartment was well aft. I entered the state-room—got over upon the back side of my berth—and stuffing the corners of the pillow into my ears, I endeavored to compose myself in sleep. It was out of the question. In attempting to right myself I discovered that my hair stuck out so straight that it was impossible for me to get my head within six inches of the pillow. I tossed about till daylight, in momentary expectation of being landed in Kentucky (or some where else!) but we got on finely. We led our rival half an hour into Louisville, and I immediately swore upon my night-cap, that I would never accept another invitation for a pleasure trip from a steamboat captain who is averse to racing.

MISTAKES OF PRINTERS.—Some people are continually wondering at the "carelessness" of editors in allowing so many errors and blunders to appear in their columns and mar the print. Such people know very little of the difficulties—we had almost said impossibilities—of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors creeping in even when professional proof-readers are engaged expressly for the purpose. And when it is borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs on that account are often hurriedly examined, the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject the following anecdote is not inappropriate. A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experienced proof-readers, it was posted up in the hall of the University, a reward of £50 offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued, several errors were discovered, one of which was in the first line of the first page! When such was the case in a city long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper which must necessarily be hurried through the press while it is news, and where the compensation will hardly afford one "experienced proof-reader," let alone six. The wonted accuracy of our papers is really astonishing. Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light. Give your children education, and no tyrant will trample on your liberties.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.—The affairs of Europe appear to wear a threatening aspect. It is evident that the Emperor of France is seeking for a collision with some power in order to maintain his own authority at home—and it is apparent that England suspects his design to be to make a descent upon that island. The present army of France is said to amount to from four to six hundred thousand men—and she is increasing her steam vessels of war, and her facilities of transportation to the seaports. The soldiers and seamen of England are mostly abroad in India and China on service, and the opening seems to be fair for a French invasion. Notwithstanding the apparent harmony which exists between England and France, it is plain that the former power does not implicitly trust to the amicable professions of the latter—and hence there has been a call for the embodiment of the militia of England. It is true, that the rumor prevails of an apprehended rupture between Austria and France; but this may be a mere pretext to blind the English government. If so, it will entirely fail, and England will be prepared to receive her invaders, should they undertake to enter upon their accustomed vigor and, we hope, success. One result of a war between England and France will be the transfer of a large portion of the steam war vessels of the latter to the former, for the French never were, and probably never will be equal to the English in naval warfare. The only power that could cope with England, vessel to vessel, at sea, with equal chances of success, is the United States—and we do not think that there is any probability of a conflict between these two powers. We look upon the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France as a misfortune to that country—for he exercises his power tyrannically, and has destroyed the freedom of the press and of speech.— He is a tyrant in every sense of the term, and will plunge the nation into war and in debt to gratify his foolish ambition, and to endeavor to perpetuate his power.— But the least reverse will put an end to his prospects and to his reign. England will stand fast amidst all the assaults which can be made upon her by France. Englishmen will fight desperately in defense of their homes and families. Brigham Young, in one of his late sermons, gives a curious account of his traveling four hundred miles by stage in 1836, starting with only thirteen dollars and fifty cents in his pocket. He states that at every point, where he had expenses to pay, he found his pocket, on putting his hand into it, mysteriously and miraculously replenished. Is he quite sure that it was his own pocket he got his hands into? BAPTISTS AND METHODISTS SOUTH.—The Richmond Religious Herald condenses the following comparative view from a volume on the Methodist Conferences at the South. The Church (Methodist) South comprises 23 Conferences. White members, 404,430; colored, 148,529—forming a total, with Indians and ministers, of 552,959.— We have not included the probationers, as they are not members, and many of them will never be received into its membership. The Baptists in the Southern States number 567,579 but, this estimate includes Maryland and a portion of Virginia, connected with the Methodist Church North, which would make the number of Methodists in the same bounds about 650,000. It is estimated that there are 103,506,000 laying fowls in the country, of which 50,000,000 lay one egg a day throughout the year. This would give the annual crop of 18,250,000,000 eggs; and these at eight cents per dozen, would be worth \$121,666,666. CHINA.—Official despatches from the Hon. Wm. B. Reed confirm the report that the Emperor of China has appointed an official to confer with the Peace Commissioners of the United States and Europe. There is hope for China yet. Wm. Locke Chew, Esq., a native of Calvert county, Md., and who emigrated to Mississippi in 1806, died on the 17th July, in the 81st year of his age. For 52 years he was a subscriber to the National Intelligencer. Mr. Peter Fudge left Newburyport, Mass., on a whaling voyage, forty-six years ago, and managed to get home lately. His wife, in the meanwhile, had been twice married and is now dead. DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD.—A pious divine of the old school says—"A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the caterpillar of industry, the thief and beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor, his own shame, a walking swill-tub, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man." A nice picture certainly; but is it not a truthful one? JOHN B. GOUGH AND EDWARD EVERETT.—We find the following sketch of the oratory of these two eminent personages, in a late number of Harper's: "In our own country, John B. Gough, who is the most popular and effective speaker with the great mass of people, is a person of ordinary mind, of small learning, not graceful in manner nor of musical voice—yet he collects crowds everywhere, who pay to hear him upon the subject they have always heard him treat, and who hang upon his every word with tears, and laughter and delight. He is an oratorical actor. He reels, and staggers and falls—he smiles and sighs and grins—in delineation of his theme. Gough was engaged for fifty thousand dollars by the English Temperance Society to work for them in England. The sum is a practical statement of the value of his oratory. "On the other hand, Edward Everett is a person of large scholarship, of elegant and cultivated intellect and tastes, of the highest refinement of association and manner. Singularly timid, fastidious, and cold, he is entirely undramatic. He has studied grace of gesture, never vehement, too characteristically quivering, a musical voice carefully modulated, and a sublime propriety of demeanor. His discourses are most carefully elaborated and committed; the constitution of his mind, and his character, prevent his taking any side, or pressing a powerful conviction or view which might be distasteful to any hearer; he has consequently, neither the stimulus of opposition nor the glory of victory and triumphant assertion. He is who fills the great building and draws the admiring crowds. He is the very contrast of Gough; who, then, shall tell the secret of oratory?" In a book called 'The Fourth Book of Lessons,' published in England in 1858, by the commissioners of education, the United States is described as "a country partly wild and partly cultivated, inhabited mainly by Indians and some civilized population. The three principal towns are New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, situated in the civilized part." The New York Advertiser makes an arithmetical computation that the produce of a single fly by successive generations in one summer is 2,080,820! The notorious Marchioness de Brinvilliers when she was ascending the scaffold, turned to her friend and said that she was afraid she had forgotten to mention in her confession that she had poisoned her father. It was a trifling omission which she wished to have rectified. The ladies down east have resolved to marry no man who does not take a newspaper; and furthermore, they won't allow a man to look at them who owes the printer for more than one year's subscription. Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continual motion, and ceases to exist when it ceases to hope or fear. Politics is like a river in which metals and solid substances are sunk, while chaff and straw swim upon the surface. STRENGTH OF METAL.—In some experiments made for testing the comparative strength of plain and corrugated metal, the superiority of the latter was significantly demonstrated. Two pieces of copper, of equal surface and thickness, were formed into arches of about fifteen inches in length, the one having a flat surface and the other two corrugated arches. The arch with the flat surface gave way under the weight of a few pounds, while the corrugated arch withstood the weight of two men, who violently surged upon it without making the least impression. In another experiment, made on a large scale, and under equal conditions, the plain arch gave way with 3,126 pounds of pig iron upon its crown, while the corrugated arch bore the weight of 16,994 pounds of the same metal for forty-eight hours, without the least perceptible deflection. This was afterwards increased to 27,000 pounds, which also remained forty-eight hours with no visible deflection.—Scientific Record. LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is one great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation you must give her something to talk about, give her education with its actual world and its inspiring events. Ugly her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times. Let the girl attend to the news of the counter-table to be kept a part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the family—men, women and children—read the newspapers. Popping the Question. Silent 'neath the curtain shade Sat a youth—and by his side Was a lovely dark-eyed maid— One he wished to be his bride. Yet, so bashful was the youth, And so diffident was she, Though they knew each other's truth, Still she trembled—so did he. Long they sat and never spoke— Burning in their hearts the flame; Till the silent pause he broke, Greatly breathing forth her name. Then she started—blushed—grew pale— And her trembling hand he took; Could he breathe the tender tale? Would she answer by a look? To his face she dared not raise, Then, her timid, drooping eyes; But she felt his burning gaze, And she heard his broken sighs. Round her own his fingers twine, And her eyes drop lower still; "Dearest girl, wilt thou be mine?" Soft the answer, "Yea, I will."

THE LAST AND WORST KANSAS OUTRAGE.—A woman, writing from Kansas a horrible account of the outrages perpetrated by the border ruffians of both parties, reaches the climacteric thus: "But the meanest of their mean acts, they threw into the well my straw bonnet which I had left behind in a handbar, it being raining when I set out."

INERBRIETY.—When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell attention to things worthy of attention—farewell love of virtuous society—farewell decency of manners—and farewell to even an attention to person. Everything is sunk by the predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without any ray of comfort and consolation. Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, good constitutions, only being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his out-goings or in-comings. When he will rise or when he will lie down to rest is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure, brings pain as surely as night brings morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to sustain it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion. YOUNG AMERICA.—A certain Judge, while attending court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of the house, on the opposite side of the road, and shouted out: "John, don't you drive the cattle in there; I told you to put the cattle in the pasture behind the house." The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect; and the third time gave orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the Judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official duty: "Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh, y-a-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the Judge and then at the parent, "but I don't mind what he says.— Mother don't neither; and 'twixt she and I we're about got the dog so he don't."

THE CAPTAIN WHO WOULDN'T RACE. BY THE YOUNG 'UN. Early in the spring of the past year, a magnificent new steamer was launched upon the Ohio river, and shortly afterward made her appearance at the levee opposite the flourishing city of Cincinnati. Gilt-edged covers enveloping the captain's 'respects,' accompanied with invitations to 'see her through' upon her first trip, being forwarded to the editorial corps in that vicinity, the chivalrous hats were 'numeros' on the occasion. It was a grand affair, this debut of a floating palace, which has since maintained her reputation as the 'crack boat' par excellence upon the Western waters. Your humble servant was among the invited guests—and a nice time he had of it. I found myself on board this beautiful craft, in close communion with a score of unquestionable beauties. The company proved to be a heterogeneous conglomeration of characters—made up of editors, and lawyers, auctioneers, indescribable, and 'fancies'—with a sprinkling of 'none-suches.' There was a stray parson, too, in the crowd, but as his leisure time 'between meetings' was spent in trading horses, we dispensed with his 'grace before meals.' We left our moorings an hour before sunset, upon a clear cold afternoon, and passed rapidly down stream for a considerable distance, without experiencing any out-of-the-way occurrence. The 'son of temperance' and the parson foresaw amused themselves over a smoking whisky toddy—the 'boys' were relieving each other of their superfluous dimes and quarters at eucher, when a tall gentleman, who was some when he was sober, stepped suddenly into the cabin with the information that a well-known 'fast boat' had just hove in sight at the mouth of the Kentucky river. The cards were dropped instantly, the punches disappeared, and the 'mourners' were soon distributed in knots on the promenade deck to note the progress of events. Our 'bully' boat sped away like a bird, however, and the craft behind gave us early evidence that she should offer no child's play. The 'fat was in the fire' at once—a huge column of black smoke curled up in the clear atmosphere—an extra tar or two was visible upon our own boat, and away we went! A good deal of excitement existed among the party, as the rival steamer was clearly gaining on us. A craft like ours, with such a company and such a captain, mustn't be beaten. As the boat behind us fell in under our stern, and we could count her passengers, a sort of impression fell upon us that, by some mistake, we had got upon the wrong boat! At least, that was the expressed opinion of the parson, as he threatened to go down stairs and take another drink. Our captain was a noble fellow—he paced the deck quietly, with a constant eye to the windward; but he said nothing. A bevy of the mourners stepped up to him with— 'What speed, cap'n?' 'Fair, gentlemen; I think it very fair,' responded the captain, calmly, as he placed his hand upon a small brass knob at the back of the pilot house. This movement was responded to by the faint jingle of a bell below, followed immediately by a rush

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