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The Oregon Argus.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less) one insertion, \$2.00. Two insertions, \$3.00. Three insertions, \$4.00. Each subsequent insertion, 1.00. Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING. THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS DESIRING 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 all orders for the same. He has also received a large quantity of the following: HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANK CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK, and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

Wants in Newspaper Editors. One reader cries, your brain's too grave, too much morality you have, too much about 'em; Give me some what is wiser tales, of sphered ghosts, with fies and soles, and feathers like a pigeon. I love to read, another cries, those monstrous fashions' lies— in other words, those novels, composed of kings, and princes and lords, of border wars, and Goshu heroes, that used to live in hovels. No, no, cries one, we've had enough of such confounded love's stuff. To create the fair creation, give us some recent foreign news, of Russia, Turkey, the Poles or Jews, or any other nation. The man of dull scholastic lore would like to see a little more of first-rate scraps of Latin; The grocer's fair would like the price of tea and sugar, fruit and rice; The draper, silk and satin. Another cries, I want more fun, a witty anecdote or pun, a rebuke or a riddle; Some wish for parliamentary news, and some, perhaps, of wiser views, would rather hear a fiddle. The critic, too, of classic skill, must dip in gall his pen for quill, and scribble against the paper; Of all the literary folk, bread in our colleges and schools, he cuts the greatest caper. Another cries, I want to see a jumbled-up variety— Variety in all its age; A miscellaneous bag of odds and ends, composed of (I only give the hint) Of miscellaneous small things. I want some marriage news, says miss, it counts in my highest bliss, To hear of wedding dainties; For a nigger in general, say, None runs from a drought 'tis plain, At least not one in twenty. I want to hear of deaths, says one, Of people totally unknown, By losses, fire or fever; Another answers, full as wise, I'd rather have the fall and rise, Of raccoon skins and beaver. Some gaily a secret wish For now and then a favorite dish, Of politics to suit their taste; But here we rest at present case, For should it never be on us, we cease, We never should confute them. Or grave of humorous, wild or tame, Let's laugh or 'tis all the same, Too lengthy or too lumbering, So, brother editors, persevere The path that leads to the best to you, And let the grumbler's grumble.

condition in various portions of the Old World where the iron heel of despotism has crushed her to the earth, for your everyday observation tells you that she is the unfortunate victim of tyranny and abuse in liberty-loving America, even in our own beloved Oregon. This is what I want to talk about. I want to tell the American people, if they don't already know it, and more especially the men of Oregon, what the legitimate sphere of woman is, and what their duty is toward her. It is the current opinion of mankind that women were created not as the equal but as the slave of the man, with no natural rights except such as were granted to her by the lenity of her master. But this we peremptorily deny, and throw back the insult into the teeth of its supporters with that indignation which the nature of the sentiment so justly requires. God never intended that there should be any grades or castes in the human family, or any recognized superiority of one sex over the other, but that all should be equal, in the full enjoyment of all the rights and immunities calculated in the least to contribute to human felicity. But history—my own experience—tells me that man has perverted the fiat of the Deity, wrested from woman her dearest rights, and reduced her to the condition of a slave. True it is, that the onward march of civilization is fast overthrowing the old and long-established customs that have hitherto circumscribed her sphere of action, and is fast elevating her to her proper position. But common observation will tell any one, free from prejudice, that she is yet denied many of those rights so dear to every human heart. Entertaining the opinion, as the world does, that she is mentally incapable of self-control and is naturally void of that stamina so necessary in the discharge of many of the important duties of life, she is denied the exercise of those high prerogatives which naturally belong to every human being, and is reduced to a complete cipher—a civil and political nonentity. Understand me not as aiming to say that she should, or even desires to, exercise the full rights of citizenship, figure on the political chess-board, hold offices, guide ships, command armies, and rule empires; for verily the natural gentleness and angelic sweetness of her soul are too pure, too holy, for such brutifying and degraded callings. But she does claim, that in the domestic circle—the utmost limits of her commendable ambition—she should be the recognized equal of man, and be allowed a voice in the control of those affairs with which she stands so intimately related.

McMinnville, Nov. 22, 1858.

Nicaragua.—Nicaragua continues to claim a large share of space in the newspapers. Senor Jerez, the special Envoy to this country, has issued a manifesto, cautioning persons against purchasing passage tickets for the steamer Washington, which is advertised to sail in a few days for San Juan del Norte. He says that, owing to the unsettled state of the Isthmus question, it will not be in the power of the owners of the Washington to fill the engagement to carry passengers across that route. It is a matter of grave dispute between the ever-vigilant Washington letter-writers whether or not Gen. Jerez is in actual intercourse with this Government, while it is reported that Gen. Cass has informed him that the powers he exhibits do not warrant any further negotiation. It has been stated that Lord Napier and Consul Sartige have formally communicated the resolution of their respective Governments to protect Central America from the filibustering expeditions now making against her. Specific orders have been given to capture and detain all private armed parties proceeding against any Central American State that may be found on either coast. The President has issued a proclamation "enjoining upon all officers of the Government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active and faithful in suppressing these illegal enterprises," &c. The Central American question has now assumed such a shape as to bring matters to a crisis. Our Government is called upon to acquiesce in the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty assumed by England, but which we have all along so strenuously denied; and the forcing of this interpretation down our throats is singularly in keeping with the announcement of a large fleet of French and English vessels ordered to Nicaragua. If England or France, or both of them, undertake to be "the power" in Central America, or oppose the United States in any interest there, the obligation is put upon our Government of vindicating its rights.—Washington Cor. Alta California.

Cromwell's Head.—The story some time since current, that Cromwell's head was in possession of some one in England, is again revived by a Paris correspondent of the New York Express, who says: "Before leaving England I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell, not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a remarkable state of preservation. Its history is authentic, and there is verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil.—Cromwell died at Hampton Court in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest convictions, and of his sincerity as a Christian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts, he was taken up and hung in Tyburn. Afterward his head cut off, a pike driven through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall.—It remained there a long while, until by some violence, the pike was broken, and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier, and concealed, and afterward conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families which can be easily traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Winkington, ex-member of Parliament, from Buckingham and Bromley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head, and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrill, the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting Chapel, and myself. The head of Cromwell is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair still remaining, and even the large wart over one of the eyes—such being a distinctive mark on his face—is yet perfectly visible. The pike which was thrust through the neck still remains, the upper part of iron, nearly rusted off, and the lower portion in splinters, showing that it was broken by some act of violence. It is known historically that Cromwell was embalmed, and no person thus cared for, was ever publicly exhibited, except this illustrious man. In addition to the most authentic records concerning the head possessed by the family, and which I have found sustained by historical works, and even by an old manuscript in the British Museum, Mr. Flanman, the distinguished sculptor, once gave it as his opinion that this was none other but the head of Oliver Cromwell. Yet its existence seems almost unknown in England, and only a few years ago, a discussion in some of the public journals, which I have seen, alternately denied and advocated it. Such a rumor was in circulation, and as no one had then seen the head, it having been kept concealed, none could speak by authority. Recently the motive for concealment has passed away, and permission to see it was carefully granted. It is a curious keepsake for a lady, but it is carefully preserved under lock and key, in a box of great antiquity, wrapped in a number of costly envelopes, and when it is raised from its hiding-place, and held in one's hand, what a world of thought is suggested."

Trees.—Dr. Holmes, in the October number of the Atlantic Monthly, talks about trees. Hear him: "I have something more to say about trees. I have brought down this slice of hemlock to show you. Tree blew down in my woods (that were) in 1852. Twelve feet and a half round, fair girth; nine feet where I got my section, higher up. This is a wedge, going to the center, of the general shape of a slice of apple-pie in a large and not opulent family. Length about eighteen inches. I have studied the growth of this tree by its rings, and it is curious.—Three hundred and forty-two rings. Started, therefore, about 1510. The thickness of the rings tells the rate at which it grew. For five or six years the rate was slow—then rapid for twenty years. A little before the year 1550, it began to grow very slowly, and so continued for about seventy years. In 1620 it took a new start, and grew fast until 1714; then for the most part slowly until 1786, when it started again, and grew pretty well and uniformly until within the last dozen years, when it seems to have got on sluggishly. "Look here! Here are some human lives, laid down against the periods of its growth, to which they corresponded. This is Shakespeare's. The tree was several inches in diameter when he was born; ten inches when he died. A little less than ten inches when Milton was born; seventeen when he died. Then comes a long interval, and this thread marks out Johnson's life, during which the tree increased from twenty-two to twenty-nine inches in diameter. Here is the span of Napoleon's career—the tree doesn't seem to have minded it. "I never saw the man yet who was not startled at looking on this section. I have seen many wooden preachers—never one like this. How much more striking would be the calendar counted on the rings of one of those awful trees which were standing when Christ was on earth, and where that brief mortal life is circled with the stolid apathy of vegetable being, which remembers all human history as a thing of yesterday in its own dateless existence."

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.—The Springfield Republican says:—"The editor has lived for very little purpose who has not learned that a true newspaper style differs as much from a magazine style as Dickens from Lord Bacon. Newspaper articles are not studied—they are read—read hastily and carelessly. They are almost always read at a time when men's minds are full of business. If they have salient points, these are remembered. They make an impression which remains. If they have no salient points, they are hardly read at all. A man at leisure will take up and carefully read the carefully elaborated articles of his magazine, but what he catches from his newspaper he catches at a glance. It must be striking and bright, or it will have no power to disengage itself upon his mind."

DR. KANE.—The October number of the Atlantic Monthly contains an article on 'The New World and the New Man,' being a comparative review of the American and the European, especially the Englishman—the lean, sharp-featured man, and the adipose. The author ably and completely refutes the charge of Mr. Robert Knox, of England, the ethnological thinker, who proclaims that all Americans are undergoing a physical degeneration, involving an equal lapse of mental power, and the writer in the Atlantic Monthly illustrates his argument with one of the finest specimens of the American—and mental manhood, too—the country has seen—the late Dr. Kane. He says: "But while the typical American organization is of this admitted delicacy and lightness, it is still capable, under high and powerful impulse, of extraordinary feats of endurance. This has of late been admirably illustrated. Not long since, returned to our shores a hero who—as Dante was believed by the people of Italy to have entered the Inferno of Fire—had actually descended into the opposite Inferno of Frost, and done unprecedented battle with the demons of that realm. Dr. Kane was slight, delicately framed, lean, with sharp, clear-cut features, of quivering mobility and fineness of texture, having the aspect rather of an artist than an explorer—not at all the personage to whom most judges would assign great power of endurance.—And as one follows him through those three Herculean toils—sees him not only bearing cheerfully the great burden of his own cares and ills, but lifting up, as it were, from his companions, and assuming upon his own shoulders, the awful oppression of the polar night, as Atlas of old was fabled to support the heavens—not even one's admiration at such force of soul can wholly exclude wonder at such fortitude of body. Whence, we ask, this power of endurance? We can trace it to no ordinary physical resource. It comes from no ordinary physical resource. It is pure brain-power. It streams down upon the body, in rivers of invigoration, from the cerebral hemispheres. "When the question is asked, how the slight frame of this Arctic hero could support such tests, the answer must be analogical—it clung to his brain. The usual order of support is reversed; and here is that truer Mercury, in whom the winged head, possessing as function what its prototype only exhibited as ornament and symbol, really soars in its own might, bearing the pendant feet. Dr. Kane was one of the purest examples of the American organization; and as he issued victorious from that region where 'the ground burns frost, and cold performs the effect of fire,' the Man of the New World was represented, and in him came forth with proven strength. The same significance would not attach to all feats of endurance, even where equally representative. Here are Hercules and Orpheus in one—the organization of a poet, and the physical stamina of the gladiator."

The Great Balloon Race. We find in the Cincinnati Gazette a very full and interesting account of the recent trip in the clouds: "The Starting.—The Chase.—Exciting Incident.—The balloons started from the city lot at four o'clock twenty-one minutes. Prof. Steiner landed in his 'Pride of the West,' followed closely by Mons. Godard in his 'Leviathan.' The latter gained rapidly upon his rival for the first mile or two from town, until the aeronauts were within speaking distance when less than three miles from the city, both moving about twenty-five miles an hour. Mons. Godard sailed up majestically beside the professor, and the latter greeted his rival with a welcome, and pointed to the beautiful sight which every where met the eye. "Magnificent," responded the representative of France. Mr. Godard then introduced his friend and passenger, Mr. Wm. Hoel, to Prof. Steiner, and at the same time proposed that they should take a friendly drink. Both aeronauts opened a bottle of wine, when Mons. Godard proposed the toast—"To the Great Republic."

This was drunk with a will in sparkling California, when Professor Steiner gave the following: "To Mons. Godard, the justly celebrated French aeronaut." The compliment was returned by Mons. Godard: "To Prof. Steiner, the greatest aeronaut in America." Mons. Godard drank "bottom up," and his companion followed suit, and then, after filling the glasses, Mr. Hoel gave a toast: "Here's to our sweethearts and wives." "Three cheers for that," shouted Professor Steiner, as the balloons were coming near together, and the three joyed heartily in a "hip-hip-hurrah."

The Collision between the Balloons.—Scarcely five minutes after, the balloons came in collision, at an elevation of some 3000 feet from the earth! The balloon of Prof. Steiner drove rapidly towards his rival, so that the basket of the latter struck the former about midway of the balloon. Mons. Godard and his companion promptly faced off with their hands, and Prof. Steiner shouted to M. Godard to throw out ballast, which he did, and rapidly rose above the 'Pride of the West,' and out of danger of any further contact. Mr. Steiner, at 6 o'clock, opened his basket of provisions, and set down to an excellent supper, which he partook of while driving through the air at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. "The Aeronaut gets Alone and Brings up in a Tree. Top.—About half-past 9 o'clock the aeronaut became very sorry, and found it almost impossible to keep awake. The cold was quite numbing. He sang songs, overhauled his traps in the basket to divert his attention, and finally attached about 3,000 feet of guide line to his wrist, so that if he descended the rope would wake him. He then threw out ballast, and ascended to an elevation of about 11,000 feet, and stable long to keep awake, and finally regained himself to a comfortable nap. About 10 o'clock the aeronaut was awakened by a crash, and found that his balloon had descended so low that the ear in which he was sleeping, a sound sleep, had stuck on the top of a tree, in the middle of a small forest. The basket was turned nearly over, and the sleeping aeronaut was thrown

violently into the hoop to which the ropes were attached which united the basket with balloons. The remainder of the supper was thrown out—his wine was cast overboard—a part of his ballast followed in the descent; his bundles of dry articles and papers kept them company. The shock was so great as to split the seat on which the aeronaut was taking a nap. The basket righted in a minute, and the balloon being relieved of a considerable weight in the way of cold chicken and other preparations for a long voyage, shot into the air with great velocity, so rapid that the aeronaut opened his valve in order to prevent going "away up yonder" amongst the stars. Before being stopped, the balloon reached an elevation of 12,000 feet, and finding the atmosphere dangerously cold, the aeronaut commenced to descend. Finding a good current at an elevation of 3000 feet, Professor Steiner managed to keep his convalescent in it, and proceeded at a speed of sixty miles an hour, when he discovered Lake Erie but a few miles ahead.

The balloon struck the ground about 500 yards of the water before the anchor took a firm hold. The landing place was about half a mile from Sandusky city, in a corn field, on the farm of Mr. A. G. Townsend. Professor Steiner called loudly for assistance, but failing to arouse anybody, he evaded his balloon, and gathering a shock or two of constables, he wrapped himself in his blanket and overcoat, and lay down by his "Pride of the West," and slept until daylight.

All this time, from 6 o'clock, Prof. Steiner had no knowledge of his captor—the race, but on arriving at a station on the railroad, some fifteen or twenty miles from Sandusky, Mons. Godard came on board with his monster "Leviathan." He had landed near Hunt's Corners, some eighteen miles this side of Sandusky. Recaptivation of Time.—The aeronaut started at 4:21, and Mons. Godard landed at about twenty minutes past ten—having been up about six hours. Professor Steiner landed at 10:20, having been in the air ten or fifteen minutes longer than his competitor, and having traveled in six hours and ten minutes about two hundred and thirty miles. The Result of the Race.—According to the stipulations of the race, signed and witnessed before starting, it was understood that the aeronaut who made the greatest distance, without regard to time, was to be declared the winner, and it is with no little personal gratification, as well as national pride, we announce the fact that our young American aeronaut has borne off the honors.

The Hartford Press says that a young man at Norfolk, Conn., named Edward K. Horn, has during four years past, been exercising his ingenuity on the matter of knitting machines, until he has patented, both in this country and Great Britain, a machine which bids fair to make as much of a revolution in the manufacture of knit goods, whether of silk, cotton or wool, as Whitney's cotton gin did in the cotton manufacture. He bought an ordinary knitting loom, and while knitting socks, alterations continued to suggest themselves, until he had made application for twenty-one improvements, eighteen of which were accepted; and the result is a virtually entirely new machine. Its chief feature is that the work runs rapidly through (as in an ordinary weaving loom), widening and narrowing according to pattern, and without the necessity of stopping to let down or take up stitches. The advantages gained are seen in the fact that knitting which is done elsewhere at a cost of five dollars or over per dozen, can be done in Norfolk at twenty-five cents per dozen, or perhaps less. One machine will knit one dozen pair of drawers each day, and one girl can tend three machines. New machines are building that will knit two drawers at a time, or two dozen a day. One person can knit four dozen drawers per day.

Poisonous Vegetables.—The Trinity Journal says: "In the Pitt river mountains there is a small root resembling a potato, which potato is a deadly poison. Traveling there, a companion of ours found a quantity of them in the bottom of a spring, two or three of which he ate, and was dead in two or three hours. The spring was near the trail, and the poisonous things had been placed there by the Indians, who know the ten ping death concealed in them.

An old lady reading not far from Exeter was, perhaps, one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and, at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning, but could not die. At last," said she, "I remembered I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer, so I took out some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear! he went off like a lamb."

The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said, "You can easily have it repaired." "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar." "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor! Here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper."

LEGAL BAPTISM.—Some Baptist paper makes the following complaint, concerning the decision of a judge of one of the Kentucky courts: "Pedobaptism has gained an extraordinary victory in the courts of Kentucky.—Judge Nutall, of Henry county, has officially decided that 'sprinkling is legal baptism.' A negro girl about to be hung for the murder of her mistress, experienced a timely change of heart, and expressed a desire to be baptized. Her counsel applied to Judge Nutall for permission to take her away from the jail for the purpose of immersion. The Judge, however, with that 'hard horse sense' so peculiarly shocking to scruples of conscience, couldn't see the necessity of such an inconvenient form of baptism. 'Why not sprinkle her?' he inquired. 'Because,' urged her counsel, 'sprinkling, according to the faith she holds, is not baptism. And her faith, may it please your honor, is that of thousands of the best and purest in this community.' 'Oh! well,' said the Judge, drawing himself up with an air of gravity, 'I decide, and I want it distinctly understood, that sprinkling is legal baptism!'

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass: "God did at first make man upright; but he—" To which a gentleman added: "Most surely had continued so; but she—" "Every one carries two packs, one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbors; the other behind, filled with his own."

A CONTENTED PERSON.—The New York Atlas says: How profound is our admiration for contented people—who are always as comfortable as a cat in a sunny window,—who do not allow themselves to be worried about anything—who take the ill and pleasures of life with a precious and delightful calmness—who do not allow their souls to be ruffled with a puff of human life—whose purring dispositions are as ineffably blissful as the sleeping infant—who never grumble at misfortune, murmur in illness, or storm at disappointment. When we see a woman possessed with these virtues, we always feel as if we would approach her humbly, and, kneeling by her side, rest our weary head in her lap. A rose odor and a perfume of pinks seem to pervade the atmosphere about her hallowed person. "A contented mind is better than a feast." We admire the spirit and philosophy of the Massachusetts wife who, in a letter to her husband who was seeking his fortune in California, wrote as follows: "MY DEAR HUSBAND:—As it is some time since you left for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say that we are all enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small-pox. Amanda Jane has got the typhus fever. Betsy is down with the measles. Samuel got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chipped off three of his fingers with a hatchet. It is a mercy he did not chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are well, and getting on nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us.—I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a peddler. Poor girl! she has been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she has got married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope, though, for I'm sure I was glad to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find that baked beans don't go off near so fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family. The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate, I'm sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes the house would go, too, for it's very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it did not receive much injury. Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves sick by eating too much fruit. Hoping you enjoy yourself in California as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife."

A YANKEE CHARMER OF RATTLESNAKES.—A correspondent of the South Carolinian, at the Sweet Springs of Virginia, thus mentions an exhibition there of the snake-charmer. A tall, bony, Yankee-looking foreigner, last from California, made his appearance with a box of snakes—rattlesnakes, moccasins, blacksnakes, vipers, &c. He collected a crowd around him, though at a respectful distance, and grasping with both hands a bunch of snakes, coiled them around his neck and thrust them into his bosom, as if they were strands of silk or cotton. Their twistings and wringings seemed to give him pleasure, while the bystanders were filled with very opposite emotions. He professes to tame his savage friends by mesmerism, and thus fights the rattlesnake with its own weapon. Some in the crowd suggested that he should take a wild, untamed snake, and show his power over it, which he agreed to do for twenty-five dollars. This sum was readily subscribed, and a rattlesnake, caught the day before, was soon procured. The operator examined him with some caution, but presently turned the box over and threw the venomous reptile upon the green sward. He kicked him about several times, caught him by the tail and threw him back and forth, and finally seized him in the middle and held him at arm's length. The snake turned its head toward him, and their eyes met; the latter fixed his gaze steadily upon the snake, and kept it so for several minutes, when he suddenly coiled it around his neck, thrust it in his bosom, as he had done the others, and the snake seemed entirely docile. Two days after, he repeated his experiment for twenty dollars on a large rattlesnake which had just been caught, and with similar results. A crowd of ladies, gentlemen and children in the piazza of the hotel witnessed the singular exhibition. It was painful to behold, though the individual seemed to have the most entire confidence in his ability to control the horrid animals.

The last news about Paris "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring large quantities of butter, smashed rose-leaves, and such like. The Empress is quite "corpulent," which accounts for the style. The fashion will be over here before long. We hail it with "Joy." A new craze is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash-tub, perhaps.

The interest of an old debt is two cents paid in his language.