

BY D. W. CRAIG.

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ADVERTISING RATES. One square (12 lines or less, brevity measure) the insertion, \$3.00. 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.

Reflections in Bed.
PORTLAND, JULY 4TH, 1859.
What jinglings and janglings, what rattlings and roars,
What silences in houses, but sounds of doors;
Fumble and turn, and try to rest easy,
But the devilish din is driving me crazy,
Confound all the noises! I wish they would stop,
For, minute by minute, as fast as I drop
Is a bit of a snore, there comes such a roar,
I dream that "Old Nick" is banging my door,
Landing me out on a bit of a lark,
While I cover my head, and try to keep dark.
It must be that old Beelzebub's looze,
And he's "killing" around on a bit of a cruise;
Perhaps he is after some Christian or Jew,
I am sure there are plenty of either would do
To dwell in his "boarding-house" way down below,
Where the climate is warm, and they never have
snow.
The demon of noise is surely around,
And has frightened "dull silence" away with the
sound
Of popguns, and crackers, the banging of guns,
While I wish devoutly that all these "sons
Of thunder" were dropped somewhere out at sea,
Or anywhere else, so that they might be
Content to keep silent, and not bother me.
At last, out of patience, I jump up and cry,
"What the deuce is the matter!"—they say
"Fourth of July!"

A Temperance Lecture.
The following is taken from the writings of Goethe, and is no doubt a correct copy of the oration or closing part of a sermon on drunkenness, by one of the Bishops of St. Rochus, near Bingen, on the Rhine, in Germany. While the language is really correct and suitable, and the composition smooth and graceful, the sentiments would not well harmonize with those of the temperance reformers of the present day. Let it be remembered that a "measure" of wine as herein expressed is two bottles.
After having represented drunkenness, and the drunkenness of his flock in particular, in the strongest and most vivid colors, the good Bishop winds up in the following strain, which will doubtless astound our "Worthy Patriarchs" of Oregon who may chance to read it:
"And hence, my pious, and to confession and repentance already disposed, hearers, you must be convinced that he perpetrates the greatest sin who in such a manner abuses the noble gifts of God. The abuse, however, excludes not the use. It stands written, "Wine rejoices the heart of man." By this it is clearly made manifest that to rejoice ourselves and others, we may and should enjoy our wine. But now there is probably no one among my male hearers who cannot take to himself two measures of wine (four bottles) without feeling the slightest trace of confusion in his senses—but he who on the third, or fourth measure falls so far into forgetfulness of himself that he does not recognize his own wife and children, but abuses them with scolding, striking, and kicking, and treats his best friends as his worst enemies, let him retreat into himself, and meddle no more with this over-quantity which renders him displeasing to God and man, and a scorn to his fellows.
"But he who in the enjoyment of four measures, aye, of five and six, only feels himself in such a mood that he can take his fellow Christian under the arm, can rule his own household, yes, is in a condition to follow out the commands of his temporal and spiritual rulers; let him enjoy his modest portion, and take it with thankfulness away. But let him take heed that, without sufficient protection, he goes no farther, since here the goal is generally set to weak men. For the case is rare, in the extreme, in which the fundamentally-munificent God has bestowed on any one the especial grace to be able to drink eight measures (sixteen bottles), as he has vouchsafed to me, his servant. As, however, it cannot be charged to me that I have fallen into unjust wrath against any one, that I have mistaken my relatives or inmates of my house, or that I have neglected or put off the spiritual duties and business which are incumbent on me; but rather, that you are in readiness to the praise and honor of God, and how active I show myself for the good and benefit of my neighbor—so may I yet farther rejoice myself with a good conscience, and with gratitude for this gift which has been conferred upon me."

THE CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—"Malakoff," the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, gives an interesting history of this celebrated diadem, used at the coronation of the Lombard kings. It has been used at the coronation of 34 different monarchs. This curious relic of antiquity is preserved in a cathedral at Monza, a place in the north of Italy, a few miles from Milan.
"Twelve hundred years ago a Queen of Lombardy, of the poetical name of Theodelinda, widow of a certain Antiar, was begged by her people to re-marry. Tuin was then governed by a valiant Duke, of the savage name of Agilphus, whom she chose for her intended—in petto. Under the pretext of discussing with him some affairs of state, she invited him to meet her half way, at the frontier of the two States, at a place named on certain modern maps Abbatto Grasso, and on others Abbatto Grasso, which means in the first case, "Be ye fat," and in the second, "Fat Abbs." It was exactly by this point, some weeks ago, that the Austrians passed the Ticino into Piedmontese territory; but this time it was neither for a marriage nor to offer to the Sovereign of Sardinia the Iron Crown of the old Lombard Kings. On the contrary!
At this point in the history of the Iron Crown, the legend of the sixth century is abrupt but charming. When the two monarchs met, the young Queen Theodelinda ordered a drinking bowl, and filling it with a liquor—of what kind history does not inform us—drank half its contents, and offered to the Duke of Tuin the other half. After draining the liquor, the Duke offered respectfully to kiss the Queen's hand.
"Go straight to the face, my Lord!" said the Queen—"for when my people pray me to take a new husband, it is you that I choose, and my person as well as my kingdom belongs to you hereafter!"
The Lombard Kingdom being the larger of the

two, it was for the Queen to crown the new King of the united kingdoms, and she placed on his brow the Iron Crown, which, since this event, has become so celebrated. In 774, the Pope, Adrian I., placed this crown upon the head of Charlemagne. In 1452, it made the voyage to Rome to crown Frederick IV., and in 1530 the voyage to Bologna to the coronation of Charles the Fifth. In 1805, Napoleon I. placed it on his own head, repeating the exclamation which tradition attributes to Agilphus, twelve centuries before: "Dieu me le donne, gare a qui la touche!" (God gives it to me, beware who touches it.)
This historical and religious treasure, which the Austrians have lately transferred from Monza to Mantua for greater safety, was kept in the top of a large gilded metal cross, and was exhibited on certain days of the year in the Cathedral of Monza. The crown, however, is not so strictly of iron as its name indicates. It seems, indeed, a mere crown of gold—that is to say, a golden band, about two inches wide, incrustated with variously-colored precious stones. The veritable Iron Crown is enclosed in the interior of this gold casing, and is said to have been made from one of the nails used in the Crucifixion. The public are never allowed to approach nearer than the iron grating which surrounds it, and it is thus seen but indifferently. To see it closely, removed from its place in the top of the crucifix, a special order from the Military Governor of Milan was necessary.
To satisfy the curiosity of the crowds of travelers who annually visit Monza—which is a sort of Milanese Versailles—to see the famous Iron Crown of the Lombard Kings, the people of the Church have had constructed an iron crown very like the crown of Agilphus, which they show as the original, and which they even allow extraordinarily curious people to place on their heads—for a small consideration.
It was Napoleon I. who, a few days after having assumed this sacred relic of Mount Calvary, created the Order of the Iron Crown, an order which passed into the possession of Austria, and remains to this day one of the Imperial Orders of that country. It is easy to conceive, therefore, the value Austria attaches to the treasure of Monza, and her anxiety that the illustrious and venerable crown which claims so sacred an origin, and which encircled the brows of Charlemagne, Charles the Fifth, and Napoleon, should not be left to fall into the hands of the conquerors. It will be placed, no doubt, in the terrible Cage-Tower of Mantua, celebrated for its famous or infamous instruments of torture of the Middle Ages, which disappeared in 1796, and were replaced in 1814. But will it be safe here? Bonaparte captured the Tower in 1797—Louis Napoleon hopes to accomplish the same feat in 1859.
But to return to the ancient legend. The proper crown of Agilphus, as Duke of Turin, when he married Theodelinda, became useless, and was placed among the treasures of the fortress of Monza, where it remained during many long centuries. It was at last brought to Paris, by Bonaparte's orders, in 1797, and was placed in the medal department of the National Library, from which it was stolen in 1804 by one of the cunning thieves that then abounded in the capital. It had a strange destiny, this crown of Agilphus. Forged in the sixth century for the heads of the Kings of Sardinia, and melted up in the nineteenth century by the thieves of Paris!

DYING ALIVE—POPULAR ERRORS.—A Mr. Hovey, a noted anti-slavery man of Boston, who died recently in that city, left a direction to his friends that they should not bury him until three days after death was duly announced by his medical attendants. Being a reformer, progressive, and philosopher of the Garrison-Parker school, of course he had no apprehensions in regard to death or the things beyond, but he expressed the utmost dread of being buried alive, and therefore expressing in his own case that horrible suffering which he had doubtless often read about and heard of as having sometimes happened to unfortunate under such circumstances. It is, indeed, a frightful thought, for it is difficult to conceive of any condition or contingency so appalling as that of being buried alive, and a great many nervous and timid people, and in fact multitudes that are not nervous or timid, have doubtless been distressed by it.
It is quite probable, moreover, that some have had or thought they had cause to entertain this dire apprehension, and that a beloved wife or child may have been the victim of a fate so fearful. Every now and then the newspapers publish appalling accounts of it—how some unfortunate creature has been found, on opening the coffin, to have turned clear over, and with other evidences of terrible struggles to escape the appalling fate which by a too hasty interment they had been doomed to, and the particulars have been so minutely given that they are doubtless extensively believed in. But like many other notions deeply imbedded in the popular mind, it has no foundation in fact, and never could have happened—at any rate, never could happen in the form or manner of the popular apprehension of it. Animal life is impossible without atmospheric air, and while persons deposited in vaults, where there is an atmosphere, might be subjected to this horrible chance, it is of course impossible to those placed at once under ground. A person might, it is true, be alive when buried, but, with the exclusion of the atmosphere, death, except perhaps slight and irregular muscular contraction, would be simultaneous with such exclusion. At all events, consciousness—and that is all that makes it appalling—is utterly impossible, and never could have happened under any possible or conceivable circumstances, whatever might be the mere spasmodic action of the muscular forces.

THE GERMAN REPUBLICANS OF INDIANA.—The German Republicans of Indiana held a meeting at Indianapolis the other day, and Resolved, "That we are opposed to the principle contained in the Cincinnati platform—no interference with slavery—our principle, no interference with liberty by the President, by Congress, by the Federal Court."
That covers the ground of the "irrepressible conflict."

DIFFICULTY TO COMPLY WITH.—A contemporary contains the following: "Wanted, at this printing-office, a devil of good moral character."

Correspondence of the St. Louis Democrat.
The Holy City.
JERUSALEM, January 26, 1859.
The topography of the Holy City is so familiar to everybody that it will not be necessary for me to go into any particulars in describing it. Within half an hour after reaching our hotel we were waited on by an American missionary in Jerusalem, who, after congratulating us upon our safe arrival, took us to his house to give us a bird's-eye view of the city. This gentleman's residence occupies one of the highest points within the walls. From the roof every part of the city can be seen except a small portion to the extreme south, on the ridge of Mount Zion.

It is well understood that the present city of Jerusalem occupies but a small space of that Jerusalem which was the theater of so many events of sacred history, and which was completely destroyed by the Romans under Titus, A. D. 70. But the shape, size, and configuration of the ancient city is a matter of great contention among scholars and archaeologists. The present walls, which are built of stone, are comparatively modern, and embrace a surface of not more than one hundred and ten acres, quite irregular in shape, but resembling a parallelogram more than any other common figure, lying north and south, but having its northern end considerably wider than the southern. From the top of the missionary's house we had a magnificent view both of the city and the surrounding hills, with the missionary at our elbow to point out the different localities. The general appearance of the city, as well as the configuration of the hills and valleys around correspond quite accurately with the numerous descriptions which are so common, and within the reach of every Sunday School scholar.
The city is wholly built of stone, generally covered outside with plaster. Walls, floors, stair-cases, ceilings, roofs, and everything about the premises, except doors and windows, are of stone. Every room, large or small, has a vaulted ceiling, and the roofs are generally flat, with occasional domes, having the appearance of ovens all over the city. These domes are erected over rooms which are larger than the ordinary size, and give to the city a very quaint appearance. The houses are generally two stories high, but in the poorer quarters degenerate into dwellings of a single story, often resembling tents. From our elevated position the eye wandered over a wilderness of stone, to which there was no regularity, nor could the position or course of a single street be made out. Tall, slender towers, called "minarets," rise gracefully from every quarter, while a large dome here and there above the house tops, marks the position of a church or a mosque. A large oblong enclosure in the south-east corner of the city, containing between thirty and forty acres, with the mosque of Omar near its center, and another mosque of smaller size close to the southern wall, with a variety of beautiful trees filling a large part of the intervening space, embraces the site of the ancient Jewish temple. Into this enclosure none but Moslems are permitted to enter, and, of course, we could only look at it from a distance. This area, more interesting to the Biblical student in some respects than any other part of these sacred localities, is the Mount Moriah of scripture. I was at first somewhat disappointed in observing that instead of being a mountain, it was much lower than many other parts of the city, while the Mount of Olives, less than a half a mile directly east, rises at least two hundred feet above this interesting plateau, and Mount Zion on the west, to nearly half that elevation.

Descending from the house-top of our friend, we made our way back to our hotel through intricate and narrow lanes and crowded bazaars. The streets of Jerusalem, if indeed they are worthy of that name, are not over eight or nine feet wide, and are paved with stones of every conceivable shape and size, some turned up edgewise, others flat, and presenting on the whole the most uneven and disagreeable pavement I ever saw. Just in the center of this pavement there is a sort of depression about two feet wide, but whether designed as a gutter to carry off the water, or as a path for donkeys and camels, I am not able to ascertain. These narrow streets are frequently arched over for twenty or thirty rods in a place, with dwelling houses on the top, which gives them the appearance of tunnels under ground, so dark in some points that it is difficult to recognize the face of a familiar friend.
Several of the best and widest streets are appropriated to various retail shops, and are called bazaars. These shops are generally only holes in the wall, often not more than six or eight feet square, and sometimes they consist of a little space in the narrow street itself, like an apple stand in one of our large cities. Instead of counters for displaying his goods, the merchant has generally only a little form or bench a foot or two high, and four or five feet square, on which he sits all day long, "squat like a toad," and waits on his customers without leaving his seat. These bazaars being the principal thoroughfares are constantly thronged with people. Loaded camels and donkeys so completely block up the narrow space that the goods of the merchant will be scraped off their shelves by the passing burden, and the unfortunate promenade must creep along between the animals' legs, or retreat from the throng. Around these bazaars are hundreds of people who seem to have nothing to do, some lounging within the merchant's shop, some sitting on the ground outside, and others lazily sauntering along as if for no special purpose but to pass away the time. Five in six of all these people have in their hands or at their mouth a long pipe, and the lazy way in which they puff the smoke corresponds exactly with their lazy general appearance.

The population of Jerusalem is probably not far from 13,000, of whom 4,000 only are Moslems. The Jews are the most numerous class, and compose at least one half of the whole population. A mixture of Greeks, Italians, Syrians, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, &c., with about one hundred Protestants, chiefly from England and Germany, compose the balance of this motley crowd. Besides the regular population, there are at certain seasons of the year vast crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the East, and from Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia. It is said that there are 3,000 pilgrims, chiefly of the Greek Church, at this time in the city.
There is no commerce, or manufacturing, or any branch of productive industry carried on here which is worth mentioning. To determine how this vast idle crowd obtains the means of living, is a problem entirely beyond my reach. Most of the pilgrims who annually congregate in the Holy City are poor, and leave but little money behind them when they depart. I am told that it is indeed necessary for the various convents in the city to provide board and lodging for a large part of the pilgrims while they are here, to prevent them from starving. A large majority of the resident population do not earn, and have not the means of earning their own livelihood, and hundreds would starve were they not aided from abroad. The Jews in particular are, as a whole, in the most abject poverty. Large sums of money are annually contributed by their richer and more fortunate brethren in various parts of Europe for their relief, and were it not for this there would be great suffering among them. Notwithstanding the inability of persons without means of obtaining a living here, large numbers—especially of Jews—are coming here every year, in the fanatical hope that the promised day of their deliverance and restoration to their own beloved Zion is at hand.
Besides these crowds of Jews, who seem to be thronging in such numbers to a spot where their proverbial shrewdness and skill in business is of little avail, there are here congregated monomaniacs and fanatics from all parts of the world, Christians as well as Jews. One from some part of Germany goes about the streets daily proclaiming himself to be commissioned, like John the Baptist of old, to prepare the way for the coming of the Lord. Another fancies that the blowing of the trumpet, which is an event daily to be expected, will devolve upon himself, and he has accordingly provided himself with an enormous tin trumpet, about eight feet long, which he keeps by him night and day, ready to sound the final blast at a moment's notice. Among these strange fanatics is one lady from the United States, who, though understanding no other language but English, is here, unsupported by any society at all, in the vain hope of converting some of this crowd of all tongues and races to some strange views which she has adopted. She goes pell-mell into a crowd of Arabs and Jews, and propounding to them some of her favorite schemes, which, of course, they do not understand, she asks them to reply in English. The kindness of an English gentleman residing here keeps this singular woman from starvation, though he does not sympathize with her at all in her schemes.
The costume of the different tribes and nations congregated in the city is as various as the forms of religious opinion which has brought them here. As a general fact, the oriental garb is in the ascendant. Nearly everybody, including most of the European residents, wear the red *fec* or *turbouch*. This is a round, red cap, made of felt, and fitting closely to the head, and having an enormous blue silk tassel hanging down on one side. It has, of course, no brim, but the Turks and some of the Jews and Christians wrap around it several thicknesses of white or colored cloth, but sometimes only a handkerchief, and this protects the face somewhat from the fierce rays of the sun.
But the red *turbouch* terminates dissimilarity of costume among the nations and tribes which throng the crowded thoroughfares of the Holy City. First are the Europeans, or as they are here called, *Franks*, who retain the coat and pantaloons, and once in a while the funnel hat. The soldiers of the Sultan, of whom there are here about eleven hundred, have also the occidental coat and pantaloons, but beyond these two classes the oriental style of dress everywhere predominates. Bag breeches, and no breeches at all, cloaks, tunics, wrappers, of every conceivable shape and color, rich Russian pilgrims with fur caps, and their cloaks lined with sable; pilgrims from Persia and Mesopotamia, distinguished by tall, conical hats and brown tunics; Greek monks, with bell-top cloth caps and long robes coming down to their heels; Italian monks bareheaded, and their coarse snuff-colored garments gathered and held around their middle with robes; children of both sexes, with nothing on but a shirt; Turkish women, with their faces covered with colored silk handkerchiefs, and white sheets hanging from the top of their heads to their feet, giving them the appearance of walking ghosts waddling slowly from the graveyards; dirty peasants from the country, whose garb consists of a single piece of coarse cloth, and sometimes of only a goat skin around the middle; dragoons and janizaries belonging to the various consulates and Turkish offices, with wands of official dignity in their hands, and their belts stuck thick with knives and pistols—all these, and a hundred other strange forms of dress, are moving like an endless kaleidoscope before the eye.

There are two American Protestant missionary establishments here, which have been in operation several years, one under the management of the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of the "Reformers," author of the book called "City of the Great King," and one in charge of Rev. Mr. Jones, of the order of Seventh Day Baptists. These two missionaries with their families are, as far as I can ascertain, the only American families residing in the city. From what I can learn by conversing with these gentlemen I judge the results of their labors are very discouraging. Mr. Jones preaches in Arabic once a week to three or four hearers, and Dr. Barclay holds an English service in his own house every Sunday, at which

his own family are the principal attendants. The "London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews" has also a large and long established mission here, at the head of which is Rt. Rev. Bishop Gobat, one of the most pious and learned divines I ever met. This mission, from its large resources and more commanding influence, has been somewhat more successful, and yet its yearly progress, especially in the work of converting the Jews, is very slow. There is also a most excellent German divine, Rev. Dr. Valentiner, who acts as Chaplain of the Prussian Consulate, but devotes himself with great zeal to missionary labors here. The two last named missions have extensive schools and hospitals under their charge. Yours &c., P. A. D.

What is a Zouave?
Maj. Mordecai, of the Army, who, together with Capt. McClelland, was sent out by our Government to observe military operations during the Crimean war, speaks as follows of these noted soldiers, in his report: "The Zouaves are all French; they are selected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proven that they are, what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-reliant, and complete infantry that Europe can produce. With his graceful dress, soldierly bearing, and vigilant attitude, the Zouave at an outpost is the beau ideal of a soldier. They neglect no opportunity of adding to their personal comforts; if there is a stream in the vicinity, the party marching on picket is sure to be amply supplied with fish, roach, &c.; if anything is to be had, the Zouaves are quite sure to obtain it. Their movements are the most light and graceful I have ever seen; the stride is long, but the foot seems scarcely to touch the ground, and the march is apparently made without effort or fatigue. The step of the foot rifles is shorter and quicker, and not so easy and graceful. The impression produced by the appearance of these two corps is very different; the rifles look like active, energetic little fellows, who would find their best field as skirmishers; but the Zouaves, combined with all the activity and energy of the others, that solid ensemble and reckless, dare-devil individuality, which would render them alike formidable when attacking in mass or in defending a position in the most desperate hand-to-hand encounter. Of all the troops that I have ever seen, I should esteem it the greatest honor to assist in defeating the Zouaves. The Grenadiers of the Guard are all large men, and a fine-looking, soldierly set."

CAN'T BE AN OLD MAID.—"I can bear misfortune and all other ills of life, but to be an old maid, to droop and wither, and wilt and die, like a single pink, I can't endure it, and, what's more, I won't!"
Now there's an appeal that ought to touch some bachelor's heart. There is a poor, lone spinster! in a nicely furnished room, sofa big enough for two; two arm chairs, two bureaus, two looking-glasses, everything hunting in couples except herself. I don't wonder she's frantic. She read in her childhood that "matches were made in heaven," and although she's well aware there are some lucifer matches, yet she has never had a chance of trying either sort. She has heard that there never was a soul created, but its twin was made somewhere, and she's a melancholy proof that 'tis a mocking lie. She soon gets tired of sewing, she can't knit forever on that eternal (I was going to say internal) stocking, (besides, that has a fellow to it, and it is only an aggravation to her feelings). She has read until her eyes are half blinded, there's nobody to agree with her if she likes the book, or argue the point with her if she don't. If she goes out to walk, every woman she meets has her husband's arm. To be sure there are half of 'em ready to scratch each other's eyes out, but that is a little business matter between themselves. Supposing she feels very devotional and goes to evening lectures, some ruffianly coward is sure to scare her to death on the way. If she takes a journey, she gets hustled and boxed around among cab-drivers and porters and baggage-masters; her hand-box gets knocked in, her trunk gets knocked open, and she's landed at the wrong stopping place. If she wants a load of wood she has to pay twice as much as a man would, and then she gets cheated by the man who saws and splits it. She has to put her own money in bank and to get it out, hire her own pew, and wait upon herself into it. People tell her that "husbands are often great plagues," but she knows that there are times when they're indispensable. She is very good looking, has black hair and eyes, fine figure, sings and plays beautifully, but she "can't be an old maid, and, what's more, she won't."—Fanny Fern.

THE OREGON SEAL OF STATE.—An es-cutehon supported by thirty-three stars and divided by an ordinary, with the inscription, "The Union." In chief mountains—an elk with branching antlers—a wagon—and the Pacific ocean, on which a British man-of-war departing, an American steamer arriving. The second quartering with a sheaf, plough, and pick-axe. Crest—the American eagle. Legend—State of Oregon.

A MORMON BISHOP'S HAREM.—In searching the house of Bishop Johnson, charged with murder, at Salt Lake, Utah, the United States officials were not able to discover the Bishop, but found therein his ten wives. Four of these wives are sisters, and the Bishop's own niece, and he has besides these, two sisters out of one family, and also a mother and her daughter. This is polygamy with a vengeance.

Honor, innocence, happiness, time, and money lost, are never regained.

Miscellany.
—Gen. Jeff Davis, who has been in Washington, expresses freely the opinion that Congressional action is necessary to assure Spain of our views relative to Cuba, no respect being paid to expressions of Executive policy through our foreign Ministers. It is understood that he will bring forward a bill next winter, directing the immediate acquisition of the Island by purchase or otherwise; also, a bill defining by legislation the rights of neutrals in time of war. He denies that the right of search is a belligerent right, and thinks that the United States should take the initiative in correcting the error.

—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "The Administration are, it is believed, fully alive to the chances now afforded for the acquisition of Cuba, and our European diplomacy will be at once directed to that end, and not without some hope that it will be effective before the termination of the next session of Congress."
—Recently received information from Madrid, of an altogether reliable character, shows that, however desirable it may be for the United States to acquire Cuba, there is no prospect whatever of such a consummation, nor is there any probability of the negotiation of a commercial treaty between Spain and this country.
—Bishop Purcell has issued a circular letter to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ohio, calling attention to the encyclical letter of the Pope, ordering prayers throughout the Catholic world "to avert the scandal of three Catholic nations, armed with all the murderous appliances of modern warfare for mutual destruction." The Bishop says: "There is no foundation in history, reason, or Scripture, for the predictions that the Pope will have to fly to Western isles or continent for safety. His tenure of his peaceful throne we consider more secure than that of any of the crowned heads whose enmity to one another he deplors."

—Lord and Lady Napier are now in London. His lordship writes that the impression in London is that Germany will soon be involved in the war, and with Germany, all Europe. The German Government are opposed to interference, but the excitement among the people is so wild that they cannot be checked. An army will march to the Rhine, he thinks, at an early day. This necessarily involves England in the fight.
—The General Land Office lately gave a decision in a case presented from Kansas, to the effect that if it should be found after the survey of the public land, that the claim of an individual who had settled upon such land prior to the survey should partly lay in a school district, such claimant would be entitled to three months' time from the receipt of the plat embracing the part of the school section in which to file for the whole claim.
—The Washington National Monument Society having applied to the Secretary of War for an engineer officer to take charge of the monument under direction of the Society as engineer and architect, the Secretary has detailed Lieutenant Ives, of the Topographical Engineers, for the service, in addition to his duties under the War Department.
—In addition to the twelve Army officers whose names have heretofore been published, Col. Cooke, of the Dragoons, and Col. Thayer, of the Engineers, have obtained permission from the War Department to go beyond the United States. They will visit Europe to observe military operations.
—The official report of the Ordnance officer of the Paraguay Expedition discloses the astonishing fact that our squadron ascended the River Asuncion with only six hours' ammunition on board! Had Lopez resisted the whole fleet would have been at his mercy.
—The State of Texas is preparing to prosecute before the next Congress charges against Judge Watrous. It now appears from Government records here that Judge Watrous was appointed to office by President Polk, through the influence of parties implicated in the Texas land frauds.
—Gen. Twiggs is very ill at San Antonio, Texas. The Galveston News, May 26, says he is fast sinking, has been given up by his physicians, has made his will, and given directions as to his funeral. The News adds: "San Antonio is noted for the fatality attending Commanding Generals of this Department, and yet no local cause exists therefor. Gen. Worth died of Cholera; Gen. Brooke of an old disease, and now Gen. Twiggs is likely to follow, of a disease which has troubled him at times for years past."
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—Recently received information from Madrid, of an altogether reliable character, shows that, however desirable it may be for the United States to acquire Cuba, there is no prospect whatever of such a consummation, nor is there any probability of the negotiation of a commercial treaty between Spain and this country.
—Bishop Purcell has issued a circular letter to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ohio, calling attention to the encyclical letter of the Pope, ordering prayers throughout the Catholic world "to avert the scandal of three Catholic nations, armed with all the murderous appliances of modern warfare for mutual destruction." The Bishop says: "There is no foundation in history, reason, or Scripture, for the predictions that the Pope will have to fly to Western isles or continent for safety. His tenure of his peaceful throne we consider more secure than that of any of the crowned heads whose enmity to one another he deplors."

—Lord and Lady Napier are now in London. His lordship writes that the impression in London is that Germany will soon be involved in the war, and with Germany, all Europe. The German Government are opposed to interference, but the excitement among the people is so wild that they cannot be checked. An army will march to the Rhine, he thinks, at an early day. This necessarily involves England in the fight.
—The General Land Office lately gave a decision in a case presented from Kansas, to the effect that if it should be found after the survey of the public land, that the claim of an individual who had settled upon such land prior to the survey should partly lay in a school district, such claimant would be entitled to three months' time from the receipt of the plat embracing the part of the school section in which to file for the whole claim.
—The Washington National Monument Society having applied to the Secretary of War for an engineer officer to take charge of the monument under direction of the Society as engineer and architect, the Secretary has detailed Lieutenant Ives, of the Topographical Engineers, for the service, in addition to his duties under the War Department.
—In addition to the twelve Army officers whose names have heretofore been published, Col. Cooke, of the Dragoons, and Col. Thayer, of the Engineers, have obtained permission from the War Department to go beyond the United States. They will visit Europe to observe military operations.
—The official report of the Ordnance officer of the Paraguay Expedition discloses the astonishing fact that our squadron ascended the River Asuncion with only six hours' ammunition on board! Had Lopez resisted the whole fleet would have been at his mercy.
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