The Oregon Statesman.

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TOM DARLING.

BY A CALIFORNIA POET.

Tom Darling was a darling Tom,
(Excuse all vulgar puns);
A type of California's bright
Rising and setting suns.

His father was an austere man—
An oyster man was he,
Who opened life by opening
Shell fish of the sea.

But hearing of a richer clime,
He took his only son,
And came where golden minds are lost,
While golden mines are won.

They hoped to fill their pockets from
Rich pockets in the ground.
And 'midst the boulders of the hills,
None bolder could be found.

For though a mining minor, Tom
Was never known to shirk;
And while with zeal he worked his claim,
His father claimed his work.

Time's record on his brow now showed
A fair and spotless page;
And, as his age became him well,
He soon became his age.

Thinking that he was up to all
The California tricks,
He now resolved to pick his way
Without the aid of picks.

In less than eighteen circling moons
Two fortunes he had made;
One by good luck at trade in stock,
And one by stock in trade.

With health and wealth he now could live
Upon the easy plan;
While every body said of course,
He was a fine young man.

But Thomas fell, and sadly too,
Who of his friends would thought it?
He ran for office, and alas!
For him and his—he caught it.

Mixing no more with sober men,
He found his morals fleeing;
And being of a jovial turn,
He turned a jovial being.

With Governor and Constable
His cash he freely spends;
From Constable to Governor,
He had a host of friends.

But soon he found he could not take,
As his old father would,
A little spirits, just enough
To do his spirits good.

In council with the patriots
Upon affairs of State,
Setting no bars to drinking, he
Soon lost his upright gait.

His brandy straightway made him walk
In very crooked ways;
While lager beer brought to his view
A bier and span of grays.

The nips kept nipping at his purse—
(Two bits at every dram.)
While clear champaign produced in him
A pain that was no sham.

His cups of wine were followed by
The doctor's painful cup;
Each morning found him getting low,
As he was getting up.

Thus uselessly, and freely did
His short existence fit,
Till in a drunken fight he fell
Into a drunken fit.

The doctors came, but here their skill
They found of no avail;
They all agreed, what ailed poor Tom
Was politics and ale.

DELAZON TO MR. GEER, AND OTHERS.

You will allow me to say that I have *better* opportunities of learning and judging of the facts, here in Washington, than you have in Oregon. From this stand-point, where I *ought* to be presumed to *know* the truth, you take issue with my statements and persevere in an opposite direction.

MR. GEER TO DELAZON *(perhaps)*.

"Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most,
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop:
'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to *know*'—
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision."

—*Rev. James Merrick.*

LANE COUNTY.

A Lane county correspondent writes as follows, under date of Nov. 1, 1859:

I am positively certain that nine-tenths of the democracy of this county desire to fairly and amicably settle all disputes, but am not certain this sentiment will find expression in our convention. An effort will be made to pack it. Already the Eugene Junta have made themselves quite odious with the management of the Surveyor General's Office. Chapman gave his son a contract, the son carried the chain and Haft the compass. Block gets a big rent for his house out of town, while Heatherly and Owen offered buildings in town at a far less rent, (but they are anti-Lane,) and Dr. Patterson does all the traveling, and missionary business; such as inspecting surveys, telling about the Col.'s exalted character, &c., &c. The Col. still keeps his eye upon the gilded dome of the Senate. Alas! how soon that vision will fade. Wonder if he recollects West Point, Iowa, where he once tarried a short time?

The great McKenzies' Fork wagon road company has exploded, and it was ascertained, after the snow vanished in the summer, that it would take an enormous capital to build the road upon the summit of the mountains, as that part of the route was so thrown up by volcanic action, as to make it the next thing to an impossibility for a road to be constructed in that place.

Several bands of cattle that had started in that way to cross, backed out and went up the middle fork road (built in 1853) without any inconvenience. Many other bands have crossed in the last named route, numbering in all about 1500 head.

☞ A very large lump of mortality residing in Polk county, officiously informs the public, through the medium of the *Statesman*, that he knew us in Iowa, has known us here, and thinks us a demagogue. We think that if he had a few wisps of straw around him, he would make a first rate *demijon*.—*Delazonian*.

POLK CO., Nov. 10th, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: The above reference to my rotundity of person is unkind on the part of Delazon, particularly when for the two years that I knew him in Keosauqua, Van-Buren county, Iowa, if he had been furnished with a handle, I could have picked him out of the gutter any day, without the addition of "wisps of straw;" and if reports are to be credited, I might have picked him out of worse places in Washington City. I have always been able to carry my contents, while the ex-Senator occasionally has to be carried. "DEMIJON."

OBITUARY.—Mrs. Sarah Rees, wife of Geo. Rees, of Molalla Prairie, Clackamas county, Oregon, died of consumption, October 19th, 1859, in the 31st year of her age.

Sister Reese experienced a change of heart about two years ago. She manifested to the last a satisfactory evidence that all was well. When the time of her dissolution drew nigh, she realized that death would soon sever her from her companion and children; but with true christian resignation she gave them up to God, and waited for the solemn change which would relieve her from pain and death, to enjoy that Rest which remains for the people of God. H. C. RHODES.

BENTON CO.—Mr. Spillman, who was thrown from a horse about a month ago and had his leg broken, suffered amputation this week, and is now lying in a very critical state.—*Union.*

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 30, 1859.

EDITOR STATESMAN—The fall elections have taken place in some States, and nominating conventions are held and being held in others, selecting candidates and erecting platforms *to suit the times*. The democratic party stands upon the brink of a precipice—a theoretical wall not strong enough to sustain its weight, but against which the party may dash out its own vitality. The question of slavery in the Territories—the right of the people thereof to control it—also the power of the Federal government to interfere, are questions that must be met and decided in the next canvass. The *theory* that the Constitution carries slavery with it—the Congressional slave code for Territories, *which follows as a consequence*, are political straws with which foolish southern politicians tickle each other and their constituents, and equally foolish northern men try to gulp down. But note the fact, not one man, north, has attempted to stand upon the doctrine, that hasn't been hurled from place in a manner that should teach observers that there is a *cause*.

The Constitution of the U. S. *does not* establish or prohibit slavery in the Territories, beyond the power of the people to control it. But in *theory*, suppose it does, and that the Federal government with U. S. troops, Supreme Court and all, attempt to protect and maintain the institution in a Territory where the people are averse to it. Is there a man so silly as not to know, at a glance, that these powers are as nothing against the moral force of an honest people, who know their choice and *dare* find *expedients* to maintain it? None can be so blind as not to know that the people must and will *practically* control the question as well in Territories as States; that however much their choice may differ from "the true theory of the government" matters not, theirs is the *will* that must control.

This silly abstraction of the U. S. Constitution carrying slavery with it—the slave code and their *concomitants*, are a political maelstrom—without benefiting any section *practically*, it, in the north, takes down whoever attempts to approach the deadly circle.

The belief is becoming more and more prevalent, daily, that the whole departure by a portion of the democracy within the last two years from the Kansas-Nebraska principle, has been the work of ambitious, but *weak* politicians—men who saw that all eyes were being turned towards Mr. Douglas as the able and faithful champion of popular rights, a principle which should endure and make him President, *by its own power*, unless something was done to crush it out. Hence, some holding Cabinet place, undertook to kill him by undermining a *principle* that he was identified with, and which the people have sustained, and were becoming more pleased with in proportion as they comprehended the principle.

There was, as is always the case, a set of vain, weak, silly demagogues about Washington, who, by *flattery*, are led to calculate *their* chances for the Presidency, and such, without exception, joined in the effort to kill the Nebraska-Kansas principle so as to injure him. Though without ability to sustain a principle, much less to originate one, they instinctively feel that to tear some one else down increases their own prospects, and hence all such, out of very envy, join in the effort to sustain the abstraction and thus kill Mr. Douglas, no matter how damaging it might be to the party. To such, the astonishment was without limit when they saw Mr. Douglas come out triumphant in the struggle last year. They did not comprehend the form of the *principle*, but viewed it as a personal struggle between Judge Douglas on the one hand, and Cabinet patronage, to the extent of millions, and his natural political foes, on the other. It was not his *personal strength*, but the principle he stood steadfastly to, that sustained him.

The conviction that this whole departure from the Kansas-Nebraska principle, as laid down in the Cincinnati platform, is the work of those who consider the destruction of the democratic party as nothing when considered by the side of *their* Presidential prospects, is becoming more fixed daily, and among northern democrats there is a disgust that will make itself felt at Charleston. The number of Presidential aspirants is astonishing to behold, and it astonishes still more to see *who* they are. Some that can't read or write the king's English correctly, but chance to hold public place, are flattered, "puffed up," calculate *their* chances, and all such, to a man, are having some *theory* that is calculated to injure popular rights and thus damage a supposed rival.

It was formerly considered honorable to seek a nomination as candidate for President, and, of course, is so now, but the thing is undeniably being turned into ridicule on account of the numerous ridiculous pretensions that are daily developed, and I fear that some innocent old gentlemen are made game of on account of this very laudable ambition. I know of several instances, but will only name one.

On a certain night, at Washington, a party of gentlemen were having a *good time* over the social glass, when it was observed that they ought to have a *grand dinner* given them by some *genuine* Presidential aspirant. After a merry consultation upon the subject—during which they indulged in frequent libations of the *fluid*—it was agreed that whoever of their number should first secure the coveted honor for the party, should receive the unanimous recommendation for Secretary of State under the *dinner* President. During the week, sure enough, after some "pipe-laying" by a certain Alabama *brick*, they all received an invite to dinner from the *victim*, who turned out to be old Mr. Lane, of Oregon. During the repast, the viands and Presidential prospects of *our hero* were alike vigorously discussed, and terminated with the enthusiastic resolve to *keep laying the pipes*. After the party returned to their *regular quarters*, the meeting was called to order that they might ratify the dinner-table plans; only a portion of the proceedings of this meeting, however, have transpired, and will probably not until developed by the proceedings of the Charleston Convention. It is understood, however, to have been resolved, *unanimously*, that the prospects of *our hero* were like his wine, "sparkling and bright." The old gentleman is represented to be quite good natured and confiding, and I fear it causes him to be imposed upon. If the inhabitants of Oregon are content to have him do what he can to represent them, of course it is their privilege to do so, but he should be careful about being made game of on their account, if not on his own.

But I have wandered from the subject, concerning which I feel much interest, as every democrat ought, and about which I commenced to write. The Nebraska-Kansas principle, as defined by the Cincinnati platform, with a *fit* standard-bearer, will be triumphantly sustained in 1860, if the people only have the chance. What a pity, then, to allow this myriad of more than silly demagogues, for the sake of killing off their common rival, to so load down the party that it must be crushed beneath its weight. Are there any who uphold Congressional interference in the Territories? or, who deny the people of such the right to exercise their choice? If so, they stand where abolitionists have always stood, and ought to be ranked with them. The democratic party in *each* State now owes to itself an important duty—*to stand strictly by its principles*. If men are within its ranks who uphold the *personal* interest of any man or set of men, consider them as so many leeches feeding upon the very life-blood of the party, and at the same time fostering and instilling a poison that only needs time to destroy.

TICINO.

FROM THE ATLANTIC STATES.

The P. M. S. S. Northerner arrived at Portland on Sunday, the 6th inst. We are indebted to the Company's attentive agent, J. Steinberger, Esq., for the following memoranda and list of passengers:

MEMORANDA:

The P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamer *Northerner*, Wm. Dall, Commander, left San Francisco on Wednesday, Nov. 2d, at 4 P. M. Crossed Columbia River Bar, Saturday, Nov. 5th at 1½ P. M. Reached Vancouver at 3 A. M., on the 6th.

PASSENGERS:

R. P. Meade, Mr. Beckman, Miss Wright, Miss Lee, Mr. Record wife and three children; Mrs. Moill and two children; Miss Moreland, Mr. Stone, Miss Collins, Mr. Reeves, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Thierman, Mr. Griffin, Hr. Hugat, Miss Collins, Mr. Stark, Miss Burns, Mr. Dodge, Mr. White, Mrs. Pontius and child, Mr. Bergan, Wm. Taylor, (W. F. & Co.), Mr. Meade, (F. & Co.), and nineteen in the steerage.

G. F. BOWMAN, Purser.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Kansas election, on the 4th of October, on the question of the acceptance or rejection of the Wyandotte Constitution, passed off quietly. The adoption of the Constitution is generally conceded as certain. Leavenworth City gives 331 majority for the Constitution. Other precincts in the country to hear from increase the majority.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) *Post*, a paper favorable to Daniel S. Dickinson for the Presidency, states that the delegation lately appointed to cast the vote of New York in the Chanleston Convention, stands divided as follows:

Stephen A. Douglas,	18
Daniel S. Dickinson,	17

A majority of the delegation under the instruction of the Convention will cast the whole vote as a unit. Douglas is, therefore certain of the thirty-five votes of new York at Charleston.

H. M. McGill, Acting Private Secretary of the President has been appointed Secretary of Washington Territory. Wm. A. Shannon, a clerk in the Treasury Department has been designated to supply the place vacated by McGill.

The bark Hazard, Capt. Goodridge, arrived at Boston Oct. 4, says the *Evening Courier*, from the West Coast of Africa, and from the owners we learn that she was fired into by H. B. M. steam sloop-of-war Pinto. On the 8th of May, at 2 P. M., as the Hazard was running north, with studding sails on both sides, she made a two-masted steamer some 12 miles ahead, on the starboard bow, and steering for her, and showing English colors. The Hazard ran up the American flag to the peak, and it blew out well. The steamer continued to bear down for her, until within about a mile, when, being forward of the bark's starboard beam, she fired a gun. The shot came whizzing over the Hazard's deck, between the fore and main masts, and struck the water within 200 feet of her side to larboard, and she hove to.

The steamer sent a boat alongside with two officers, who asked the name of the vessel and that of the master. They stated the name of the steamer to be the British steam sloop-of-war Pinto.

The captain of the Hazard declined to permit them to come on board, telling them they had exceeded their orders. They replied, "We do not get our orders from you. Let us see your papers," and they were shown. Capt. Goodridge asked them how they came to fire into them, as her flag was up. They replied, "d—n your flag. We wanted to see your papers."

When about to leave, they asked, "Do you want us to enter any complaint in your log?" and the reply was "No." They then asked, "Can we do anything for you?" and a negative answer was returned, and bidding the Hazard good-day, pulled off.

A dispatch was received at Washington, October 4, by the Attorney General, from the District Attorney at New Orleans, stating that the ship Fashion had cleared from Mobile, nominally for Galveston, but that her real destination was New Orleans, where she intended to take on board a large number of men, ammunition, etc., for Central America, headed by General Walker and other notorious filibusters.

Additional dispatches were received by the Secretary of the Treasury to-day from the Collectors at Charleston, Mobile, and other ports, stating that quite a large force of filibusters had effected their escape through false papers and various other means, from the above mentioned ports.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—The Third Congressional District is conceded to the opposition. The balance of the districts are regarded as democratic, though the vote in the Seventh and Eighth Districts is close. Gov. Brown is reelected by a heavy majority.

A dispatch, dated Washington, Oct. 4, says: A month ago information was received in this city of filibustering movements against Nicaragua. Although the statement was not fully credited, it was deemed of sufficient importance to justify the issuance of instructions to the proper federal officers to exercise more than ordinary vigilance, the President himself superintending these precautionary measures.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The overland mail from China had arrived at London, bringing the important intelligence that hostilities had been renewed between the Chinese and the English and French forces before Canton.

A most bloody conflict had taken place at the mouth of the Pekin river, in which the Allied squadron were repulsed with great slaughter, and obliged to abandon their attempt to land a force and capture the forts.

The Chinese fought with great bravery and sustained but little loss, as they were protected by fortifications, while the English alone lost nearly 500 men killed and a large number wounded.

It is reported that the American Ambassador to the Celestial Empire had arrived at Pekin and was received in a most friendly manner.

A terrible accident occurred on board the steamship Great Eastern during her trial trip.

The feed-pipe casing to one of her funnels exploded, and five of her firemen were instantly killed, while a number of others were badly wounded.

The furniture and cabin of the steamer were considerably injured. The damage thus sustained is estimated at £5000. Otherwise the ship and machinery sustained no serious injury.

PORTLAND.—A fatal casualty occurred in this city, resulting in the death of Mr. George Allen, one of the Engineers of the steamer *Belle*. Mr. Allen had occasion to go into the paddle-box of the steamer, and while in there, was thrown into the water. A short time after, the body of Mr. Allen was recovered, and conveyed to his late residence. We are informed that Mr. Allen leaves a wife and two children. —*Times.*

CLACKAMAS.—We learn that Jacob Avery, of this county, was drowned in Big Sandy, on Thursday of last week. He was trying to cross on a foot-log, when he fell in and was lost. The body of Mr. Avery was found on Monday last, about two miles below where the accident took place, and was buried.—*Argus.*

STEALING OREGON APPLES.—The San Francisco *Herald* says the first officer of the steamship Columbia, charged James Dempsy with breaking open and stealing part of a box of Oregon apples. Defendant was caught in the act, and some of the fruit found on his person. He was convicted and ordered to appear for sentence.

PERSONAL.—For a year or so, ever since we found fault with Lane's "playing fast and loose" with the admission bill until he could ascertain whether or not he had been elected to the Senate, there has been handed around among the members of the society a story that we had an unjust or fraudulent claim that we wanted Lane to get through Congress. Both Hibben and Garret have had it in their letters, and several of the penny-whistles have produced it editorially. We have taken no notice of it, and are strongly inclined not to now.

The facts are these: The bill for printing the second edition of the Oregon Statutes, 1855, was disallowed by Secretary Guthrie on the ground that "Congress did not order the work executed." The objection was unsound, for Congress never ordered *any* printing for Oregon. It was not the province of Congress to do it; the local legislature ordered the printing of the said Statutes, as they ordered all printing. The other was allowed, and that disallowed, for a reason which should have cut off all. Mr. Whittlesey, the Comptroller was of the opinion that the claim should be paid, but said it would require a resolution of Congress. Gen. Lane said "the claim was a just one and should be paid," and he would get the resolution passed. He introduced one and it passed the House, without objection, but died in the Senate. Gen. Lane said it was Douglas' fault that it did not go through that body. We early became impressed with the belief that Gen. Lane did not desire the passage of the resolution—that he preferred to keep it "hanging by the gills," thinking that by keeping it in his power to defeat the claim, he would furnish an inducement to us to continue in his support. Of course, each session closed without the passage of the resolution, and each *failure* was followed by one pretence or another—we ceased to keep the run of them. Below is a specimen:

"I was headed off in your case *by the black republicans*, but it is not lost it is only a matter of time. I will have it, and you can set it down that the gov't. owes you the am't. of your bill for the 2d volume of the Statutes, and don't give any credit till you get the money."

The Statutes (500 copies) were published in 1855, delivered to the Secretary of the Territory, and by him distributed to the counties. They have had and used, have got and are using them. We have not "set it down that the government owes us the bill," (neither an unjust or a fraudulent one) and have no more expectation now of ever receiving a return of our outlay than we have that Joseph will be elected to the Presidency. We never expect again to prefer the claim.

The above facts ought not to influence our journal in respect to Gen. Lane, *one way or the other*. And we think they have not. If satisfied that Gen. Lane had been faithful as a *public servant*, it would be the duty of our journal to support him; if satisfied that, as such, he had been derelict, it would be its duty to withhold its support, without reference to the foregoing matter, in one case or the other.

KILLING.—A Mexican named Vinciente was shot dead by a man whose name we are unable to learn, at Applegate Creek, near Hugh Heaps' house, on last Thursday evening. Both parties were employed in Claffin's pack train. The man says that the Mexican drew a knife and threatened to use it upon him; that then he presented his revolver, and told the Mexican that if he advanced further, he would shoot. The deceased disregarded this warning, and approached. At this the man fired twice. The first shot passed through the body of the deceased from side to side; the other penetrated in the region of the heart. The Mexican lived about a half an hour.—*Jacksonville Sentinel.*

FOR THE PENITENTIARY.—James Wilson and George McShan were convicted of larceny, in robbing the house of Davis Evans of clothing, at the present session of the Circuit Court here, and on Thursday were sentenced by Judge Prim to two years each in the Penitentiary. The fellows afterwards remarked that they got off very easy, all things considered. One of them amused himself in prison, by sketching his comrade in rascality upon a gallows, awaiting execution, in the act of making a farewell address to the crowd below.—*Ib.*

LARGE SALE OF LAND.—Mr. James Pool sold his claim on the borders of the town (Jacksonville) during the week, to Mr. John Bigham, for $18,000. The tract has somewhat over 500 acres of fine rolling and meadow land, with portions of it well timbered. There are but few improvements upon the claim. Both gentlemen are old residents.—*Ib.*

SUICIDE.—A butcher named Buck hung himself in his own room, on Monday morning last, at Kerbyville. The cause for this rash act is not known. Deceased was supposed to be in rather comfortable circumstances.—*Ib.*

☞ George Smith (our 'devil') has laid us under obligations for a liberal contribution of apples.—*Argus.*

The "devil" probably laid somebody's orchard under contribution.

A LONG DRIVE WITH A PAIR OF ELK.—The *Cleveland Leader* announces the arrival in that city of Mr. George Raymond, all the way from Salt Lake City, via Cherry Creek mines and Kansas, having come the entire distance, driving a span of elk before a wagon. The elk in question are only three years old, an age at which horses are not at all fit for use, yet Mr. Raymond asserts that he actually traveled as fast as one hundred miles in a single day. Mr. R. is on his way to Vermont with his novel team. The elk have now upon their heads horns three feet in length, which have been only six weeks in growing.

CHEAP FAME.—In Kansas it only costs a man fifty dollars to have a town named after him. Positively throwing it away. A friend says he had some body else's child named after him, about two years ago, and it has cost him three dozen bottles anodyne cordial—eighteen yards merino—six rattle boxes—four "Johny-jump-ups," and a dozen india-rubber rings, to say nothing of a willow posset-bowl with spoon on the occasion of the christening, and an indefinite quantity of the best linen "birds-eye." He is inclined to the opinion that it costs considerably more than it comes to.

INTERESTING TO THE BEARDED.—A writer in the Boston *Post* has the following pithy communication:

I have seen it stated somewhere that there is an intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes, and allowing the beard to grow strengthens the eye. It is said that surgeons in the French army have proved by experiment in Africa that soldiers wearing the beard are much less liable to disease of the eye, and it is generally conceded that it is a protection from disease of the throat and lungs. It is asserted that in countries where it is the custom to wear the beard, the eye retains its lustre and brilliancy much longer. It may be argued that females do not suffer more than the males from disease of the eyes, &c., but it must be admitted they are much less exposed to the elements. What did the Creator give the lords of creation a beard for? Certainly not to support barbers. There is just as much sense in shaving the head as the chin.

☞ Lotteries are among the many monster humbugs of the day. Great flaming advertisements are published, the successful drawing of some poor man who was saved from utter bankruptcy and ruin by the purchase of a ticket, and other tempting matters displayed before the public, to draw in the lazy, the vulgar, and the adventurous. Young men, don't expect to get rich by purchasing lottery tickets—you might as well expect to live happily after marrying a fashionable wife.

PHREE-KNOW-LOGICAL LECTURE.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

I shall begin my friends, with the definition of a *Pseudo-science*. A Pseudo-science consists of *a nomenclature*, with a self adjusting arrangement by which all positive evidence, or such as favors its doctrines, is admitted, and all negative evidence, or such as tells against it, is excluded. It is invariably connected with some lucrative practical application. Its professors and practitioners are usually shrewd people; they are very serious with the public, but wink and laugh a good deal among themselves. The believing multitude consists of women of both sexes, feeble-minded inquirers, poetical optimists, people who always get cheated in buying horses, philanthropists who insist on hurrying up the millennium, and others of this class, with here and there a clergyman, less frequently a lawyer, very rarely a physician, and almost never a horse-jockey or a member of the detective police. I did not say that Phrenology was one of the Pseudo-sciences.

A Pseudo-science does not necessarily consist wholly of lies. It may contain many truths, and even valuable ones. The rottenest bank starts with a little specie. It puts out a thousand promises to pay on the strength of a single dollar, but the dollar is very commonly a good one. The practitioners of the Pseudo-sciences know that common minds, after they have been baited with a real fact or two, will jump at the merest rag of a lie, or even at the bare hook. When we have one fact found us, we are very apt to supply the next of our own imagination. (How many persons can read Judges xv. 16 correctly the first time?) The Pseudo-sciences take advantage of this. I did not say that it was so with Phrenology.

I have rarely met a sensible man who would not allow that there was *something* in Phrenology. A broad, high forehead, it is commonly agreed, promises intellect; one that is "villainously low" and has a huge hind-head back of it, is wont to mark an animal nature. I have as rarely met an unbiassed and sensible man who really believed in the bumps. It is observed, however, that persons with what the Phrenologists call "good heads" are more prone than others toward plenary belief in the doctrine.

It is so hard to prove a negative, that, if a man should assert that the moon was in truth a green cheese, formed by the coagulable substance of the Milky Way, and challenge me to prove the contrary, I might be puzzled. If he offer to sell me a ton of this lunar cheese, I call on him to prove the truth of the caseous nature of our satellite, before I purchase.

It is not necessary to prove the falsity of the phrenological statement. It is only necessary to show that its truth is not proved, and cannot be, by the common course of argument. The walls of the head are double, with a great air-chamber between them, over the smallest and most closely crowded "organs." Can you tell how much money there is in a safe, which also has thick double walls, by kneading its knobs with your fingers? So when a man fumbles about my forehead, and talks about the organs of *Individuality, Size*, etc., I trust him as much as I should if he felt the outside of my strong-box and told me that there was a five-dollar, or a ten-dollar-bill under this or that particular rivet. Perhaps there is; *only he doesn't know anything about it*. But this is a point that I, the professor, understand, my friends, or ought to, certainly, better than you do. The next argument you will all appreciate.

I proceed, therefore, to explain the self-adjusting mechanism of Phrenology, which is *very similar* to that of the Pseudo-sciences. An example will show it most conveniently.

A. is a notorious thief. Messrs. Bumpus and Crane examine him and find a good-sized organ of Acquisitiveness. Positive fact for Phrenology. Casts and drawings of A. are multiplied, and the bump *does not lose* in the act of copying. I did not say it gained. What do you look so for? (to the boarders).

Presently B. turns up, a bigger thief than A. But B. has no bump at all over Acquisitiveness. Negative fact; goes against Phrenology. Not a bit of it. Don't you see how small Conscientiousness is? *That's* the reason B. stole.

And then comes C. ten times as much a thief as either A. or B.—used to steal before he was weaned, and would pick one of his own pockets and put its contents in another, if he could find no other way of committing petty larceny. Unfortunately, C. has a *hollow*, instead of a bump, over Acquisitiveness. Ah, but just look and see what a bump of Alimentiveness! Did not C. buy nuts and ginger-bread, when a boy, with the money he stole? Of course you see why he is a thief, and how his example confirms our noble science.

At last comes along a case which is apparently a *settler*, for there is a little brain with vast and varied powers.—a case like that of Byron, for instance. Then comes out the grand reserve-reason, which covers everything and renders it simply impossible ever to corner a Phrenologist. "It is not the size alone, but the *quality* of an organ, which determines its degree of power."

Oh! oh! I see. The argument may be briefly stated thus by the Phrenologist: "Heads I win, tails you lose." Well, that's convenient.

It must be confessed that Phrenology has a certain resemblance to the Pseudo-sciences.

I have often met persons who have been altogether struck up and amazed at the accuracy with which some wandering Professor of Phrenology had read their characters written upon their skulls. Of course the Professor acquires his information through his cranial inspections and manipulations. What are you laughing at? (to the boarders). But let us just *suppose*, for a moment, that a tolerably cunning fellow, who did not know or care anything about Phrenology, should open a shop and undertake to read off people's characters at fifty cents or a dollar apiece. Let us see how well he could get along without the "organs."

I will suppose myself to set up such a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in casts of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Brainey, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him, ask him a question or two, so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him, I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows:

SCALE FROM 1 TO 10.

List of Faculties for Customer.	Private Notes for Pupil: *Each to be accompanied by a wink.*
Amativeness, 7.	Most men love the conflicting sex, and all men love to be told of it.
Alimentiveness, 8.	Don't you see that he has burst off his lowest waistcoat button with feeding—hey?
Acquisitiveness, 8.	Of course. A middle-aged Yankee.
Approbativeness, 7.	Hat well brushed. Hair ditto.
Self-Esteem, 6.	His face shows that.
Benevolence, 9.	That'll please him.
Conscientiousness, 8½	That fraction looks first-rate.
Mirthfulness, 7.	Has laughed twice since he came in.
Ideality, 9.	That sounds well.
Form, Size, Color, Weight, Locality, Eventuality, etc., 4 to 6	Average every thing that can't be guessed.

And so of the other faculties.

Of course, you know, that isn't the way the Phrenologists do. They go only by the bumps. What do you keep laughing so for? (to the boarders). I only said that is the way *I* should practise "Phrenology" for a living.

PAUL JONES.

The *Virginia Index* is publishing a series of interesting sketches, by Mr. Thomas Chase, of Chesterfield, on "The Life, Character, and Times of Paul Jones." We consider these sketches a valuable addition to the naval history of our country. They throw much light on the character of Paul Jones, and give, we doubt not, a most faithful account of the famous battle of his ship, "*Bon Homme Richard*," with the "*Serapis*." After stating that the ships were locked together, which was effected by Jones, because he saw that to keep off at fair gun-shot, with a new and strong frigate like the the *Serapis*, would never do for such a crazy old hulk as the *Bon Homme Richard*, Mr. Chase proceeds:—

"The working of the big guns had been suspended during the time of lashing the ships together, but was now resumed. Of course neither ship could use her guns but on one side, and these were nearly muzzle to muzzle—so near that those who handled the ramrods sometimes hit each other.

"The firing was not rapid, particularly on Jones' part, for it could do the ships no hurt, except to knock their guns about a little, and knock off the gunwales, and occasionally raise a cloud of splinters from each other's decks. Jones and his men kept a very sharp look out, that Pearson and his men did not cut the lashings and sever the ships. Neither of these ships were damaged 'between wind and water,' nor could they now be by any use of the big guns. Both had men in the rigging doing all the mischief they could. In this kind of play, Jones had the best of it; for his men were more terrible, and his spars and yards were longer, still Pearson would not surrender, insisting that Jones ought to.

"Captain Landais, of the *Alliance*, came up to help Jones, and fired a broadside; but of necessity it hurt Jones as much as it did Pearson. Jones immediately cried out, 'Captain Landais, let us alone, I can handle him.' Both ships were often on fire, and often was the fire extinguished. Had it not been for the men in the rigging, this was one of the safest sea-fights, as far as those on deck were concerned, that almost ever happened—I mean after the ships were lashed together. The flash of the guns would go clear across each deck, and the men by keeping a good look-out, could avoid being hurt, only by stepping a little aside.

"Had the *Bon Homme Richard* been a new, strong ship, as was the *Serapis*, both might have lain there and burned powder and thrown shot until they rotted, as to sinking either with the guns of the other. But the *Bon Homme Richard* was old and rotten, and was leaking badly before Jones made her fast to the *Serapis*; and thus fast, the strain upon her against the other ship, and from the explosion of the guns, made her leak worse, and it was evident she must ere long go down.

"Some of Jones' men, and one of his officers, told him she must soon go down, and suggested a surrender. 'You never mind that; you shall have a better ship to go home in,' said Jones, pleasantly. Jones and all his men, and Pearson and his crew, very well knew that if the *Bon Homme Richard* was about to sink, she would capsize the *Serapis*, and both must go down together. It was, therefore, likely to be a test between Jones and Pearson; which, for the sake of saving himself and men from a watery grave, would strike first.

"But Jones had recourse to a stratagem, which was completely successful. He secretly sent his men below, one by one, with the strictest possible orders to be fully prepared for boarding, and at a given signal to rush on deck, and he would lead them on the deck of the *Serapis*, and clear it. So Jones' men seemed to diminish, though not very fast, until only about thirty were left on his deck. Pearson, supposing that they were killed, or badly wounded, and that Jones must soon strike, was thrown completely off his guard. This was Jones' time. Giving his signal, his men were ready in an instant, and with Jones ahead, with his deadly sword, rushed like 'hell-hounds' upon the deck of the *Serapis*, killing everything he could reach, and in a short time would have killed everything on board; but Captain Pearson, seeing his time had come, cried with a loud voice, 'Captain Jones, I surrender,'—at the same moment taking his sword by the blade, and presenting the handle to Jones, and with the next breath ordered his colors taken down.

"This was in the night. The next day evening, the *Bon Homme Richard* went down head foremost. Thus terminated the strangest naval fight on record. Paul Jones took the *Serapis*, but Captain Pearson sunk the *Bon Homme Richard*."

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE.—A young French officer thus writes of his first experience in battle:

Our officers kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was, moreover, more prudent, for this murderous fire—so fatal to the white coats—did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated their dense masses, while those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had ever faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first balls, but Henry IV., they say, did the same at the beginning of every battle. It is, in fact, a physical effect, independent of the will.

But, this tribute paid, if you could only feel how each shot electrifies you. It is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated, the smell of gunpowder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes bloodshot, and the look is fixed upon the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion excited in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.

Everybody who has tried it, testifies to the peculiar intoxication which is produced by being in a battle. There is an infatuating influence about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of the bullet, and the sight of human blood, that instantly transforms men from cowards to heroes—from women sometimes to monsters. None can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence but those who have been in the fray themselves.

DISMISS THAT HOG.—Judge Dooley, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as for other talents. At one place where he attended court, he was not pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first of his arrival a hog under the name of pig—had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same repect, and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished dinner, Judge Dooley rose from the table and in a solemn manner thus addressed the clerk:

"Mr. Clerk, dismiss that hog upon his recognizance until the first day of the next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

A COVER FOR THE FLOUR BARREL.—Housekeepers generally cover their barrel of flour with a cloth loosely thrown over the top for protection from dust, &c., consequently it is always coming off, and the mice are not kept out of the barrel. To prevent this annoyance take the top hoop, after the head of the barrel is removed, and sew in white cloth; it makes a nice, convenient and firm cover, thus protecting the flour from dirt and vermin.—*Rural New Yorker.*

NUTS FOR THE NEGROPHILISTS.

Fred. Cozzens, in his recently published pleasant volume of Novia Scotia travels, called "Acadia, or a month with Blue Noses," relates the following as among his experiences:

TERMINUS OF AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—"We are now approaching a negro settlement," said my *compagnon de voyage*, after we had passed the Acadians. In a few minutes we saw a loghouse perched on a bare bone of granite that stood out on a ragged hillside, and presently another cabin of the same kind came in view. Then other scare-crow edifices wheeled in sight as we drove along; all forlorn, all patched with mud, all perched on knolls, or gigantic bars of granite, high up, like ragged redoubts of poverty, armed at every window with a formidable artillery of old hats, rolls of rags, quilts, and indescribable bundles, or barricaded with boards to keep out the air and sunshine.

"You do not mean to say those wretched hovels are occupied by living beings?" said I to my companion.

"Oh yes," he replied with a quiet smile, "these are your people, your fugitives."

"But surely," said I, "they do not live in those airy nests during your cold winters?"

"Yes," replied my companion, "and they have a pretty hard time of it." "Between you and I," he continued, "they are a miserable set of devils; they won't work, and they shiver it out here as well as they can. During the most of the year they are in a state of abject want, and then they are very humble. But in the strawberry season they make a little money, and while it lasts are fat and saucy enough. We can't do any thing with them—they won't work. They are in their cabins just as you see them, a poor, woe-begone set of vagabonds; a burden upon the community; of no use to themselves, or to anybody else."

WHITE SLAVES OF NO ACCOUNT.—"Do you know," said I, "Picton, what we would do" (we had just emerged from a coal pit) "if we had such a devil's pit as that in the States?"

"Well," answered the traveller, interrogatively.

"We would make niggers work in it."

"I dare say," replied Picton, dryly and satirically, "but, sir, I am proud to say that our Government does not tolerate barbarity; to consign an inoffensive fellow creature to such horrible labor, merely because he is black, is at variance with the well-known humanity of the whole British nation, sir."

"But those miners, Picton, were black as the devil himself."

"The miners," replied Picton, with impressive gravity, "are black, but not negroes."

"Nothing but mere white people, Picton?"

"Eh?" said the traveller.

"Only white people, and therefore we need not waste one grain of sympathy over a