

CONSISTENCY.

A Democratic journal of Oregon says that "Democrats oppose rascality wherever it is found, while the Radicals endorse it if found in their own party." The same journal shows its consistency by abusing the Oregonian for condemning the Republicans in Texas for their attempted frauds against the Democrats. This shows that it did not believe the first assertion which it made, but was only conforming to the natural instincts of modern Democracy. We refer to this instance only as an illustration. The Democratic press, everywhere, with hardly an exception, are equally as consistent and truthful. We do not think they gain anything by such a course. People read now more than they used to, and are able to judge for themselves whether such statements are true. Those of the people who take Democratic papers, can very easily call to mind how much they have read in them of a condemnatory nature about the Tammany frauds. They can sum it all up in the word nothing, pretty much. But in regard to the Hodge defalcation, these readers could not possibly remember all that these same Democratic journals piled up in the shape of editorials, headed by such captions as: "Radical Honesty," "More Radical Thefts," etc. But when they found out that Hodge belonged to the Democratic party, it was real funny to notice how quiet they became all of a sudden. It was like the sudden stopping of a great tornado. The logic of it was, Hodge is one of us, and mum is the word.

The last Legislature of Oregon was guilty of an infamous swindle, denominated the Swamp Act. Honest Democrats in the State know that act to be a miserable piece of "rascality," designed to cheat bona fide settlers out of their improved lands; and yet how many Democratic journals in Oregon do we find "opposing" that rascality to day? We have the first one to see yet. The fact is, the moral code of modern Democracy is drawn from some other source than that of the Bible. The Book of Books forbids selfishness and injustice, as exemplified in the case of the unjust Steward, and yet the Democratic press refuses to condemn the Litigant and Swamp Act measures of the last Legislature. The Bible says: "Thou shalt not steal." Tammany steals enormously—millions of money are stolen by Tammany—but because Tammany is the principal leader in the Democratic party of New York and the nation, no voice of condemnation is heard from the Democracy of Oregon; but on the contrary, in order to distract public attention from Tammany, a great hue and cry is begun against the Republican party, charging it with numerous frauds and thefts, the great bulk of which are traceable solely to the fertile imaginations of Democratic journalists. In this manner they have from the first attempted to shield Tammany from investigation and punishment. Even now, since a few leading Democrats in New York have come out against the Ring, the Democratic journals in Oregon, at least, are silent. The readers of Democratic journals need not be surprised to read editorials written in condemnation of those Democrats in New York who are now assisting in bringing Tweed & Co. to justice.

In view of these facts, patent to every reader of Democratic journals, how truthful is the assertion that Democrats oppose rascality wherever it is found? Without uniformity in principle, having a variety of "departures," how ridiculous and absurd to claim infallibility. The most superficial observer can easily detect the sham.

The Republican party claims no infallibility. So long as it is com-

posed of human elements, or adherents, it must necessarily be more or less imperfect in faith and practice. It claims to be honest, however, in the advocacy of a code of principles, clearly defined, and of uniform acceptance. Under its wise and judicious management, the Nation is advancing in wealth and happiness. In managing the vast machinery of government, some dishonesties, defalcations, thefts, have been perpetrated by its agents. These have been few, however, in proportion to the number employed. Whenever these have occurred, they have been exposed and condemned by the Republican press as well as the Democratic. Before it was known that Hodge was a Democrat, many of the Republican journals including the Register, held him up to condemnation. So far as the Register is concerned, it does not propose to become an accessory to any crime by refusing to expose, or condemn, where the interests of humanity require such exposition or condemnation.

Example.

Example is stronger in its influence over the minds and hearts of mankind, than precept. It is one thing to believe, and another to do. To convince the understanding is not half so difficult as to persuade to a corresponding practice. Practice, or doing, is more the result of example, or association, than intellectual conviction. Traits and habits, motives and desires, are mainly formed from living examples. The example of father and mother is the most potent in moulding the disposition and habits of the child. They are looked upon as perfect models of propriety by the innocent offspring. All knowledge and truth and virtue are symbolized in their daily lives. To reach father's attainments and character, is the highest ambition of the little son. To grow up and possess mother's grace and adornments, is a consummation desired by the little daughter. The parent may inculcate good morals, forbid evil practices, but unless his daily life is a practical illustration of his precepts, his labor will be in vain, the precept will be ignored, while the practice will be followed most truthfully. The impress of the every day lives of the parents, their dispositions, their words and actions, their very manner of thinking, are more or less impressed on the minds and hearts of the children, and reflected in their subsequent lives. Assimilation to living ideas and examples, is the tendency of human development. The same principle of example moulds the habits and customs of society and government. The habits of the more intelligent, wealthy and powerful, become the centers of attraction. Their customs and manners become patterns of the highest refinement and social development. The social status is regulated by their daily walk and conversation. They regulate the style of a hat and bonnet, and the cut of a dress and coat. If they eat soup with a fork, and put mustard on apple pie, everybody else proceeds at once to do the same thing—it becomes the fashion. No matter how ridiculous or unhandy a thing may be, if it is introduced and used by these central luminaries of propriety, that is sufficient—it becomes the mode at once. Ideas, too, have their central luminaries—living, active, who give coloring and point and direction to thought. The thinking world are influenced by the habits of thought inculcated by these. If their habit is to theorize and philosophize, the world of letters soon becomes possessed by the same propensity—oceans of theories and philosophical vagaries and disquisitions are poured out like floods. If the central magnets of thought become superficial in their tastes, and give preference to light, trashy literature, its effect is soon perceptible in the milk-and-water effusions which characterize the literary press. A

few thinkers, manipulators, give thoughts, principles, habits, to great political parties. The habits of popular leaders are very efficient in moulding the conduct of admirers. Such men as General Jackson, Clay, Washington, do an immense amount of good or evil, as these qualities predominate in their sentiments and lives. The daily walk of the minister of the gospel is far more efficient in persuading to a life of piety, than his sermons. The consistent life of a Luther, Calvin, Wesley, was more satisfactory to their adherents than the logic of their creeds. In other words, the attestation of their lives to the principles of their creeds, made them invincible.

Example, then, being of so much importance in the development of human character, and in the moulding of the elements of society, how important it is that every man should endeavor to set a good example.

Destruction of the Whaling Fleet.

News of the destruction of the whaling fleet in the Arctic ocean, was received in San Francisco on the 5th. The fleet was driven upon mud shoals by ice which drifted down from the northwest in immense fields, and grounded in 12 to 14 feet of water, showing its great thickness. The loss will aggregate a million and a half of dollars. The oil lost amounts to 13,055 barrels of whale, 2,065 of sperm, and 100,000 pounds of bone. All the San Francisco vessels out this year were lost, together with the Florida, Carlotta, Victoria, Julian, Awashonks, Minerva, William Roberts, Mary Roman and Comet. Nine persons perished in the Shellekoff. The last who died was Ashley Crane, son of Judge Crane, of Alameda county, Cal. He was on his way to superintend a sugar plantation at Callao. He died before the steamship Moses Taylor hoove in sight. The vessel had been water-logged, drifting helplessly 19 days, during which time nothing could be obtained from below, and the sufferings of the crew were terrible until death relieved them.

Captains of the whalers Arctic, Gay Head, Minerva, Eliza Swift, Reindeer and Eugenia, which had arrived at Honolulu, furnished the following details of the whaling fleet: The vessels had commenced arriving at Cape Thadens the 1st of May. On the first of June the ice opened and let the fleet up within sight of Navarino. The fleet working northward, found some whales crossing the sea of Anadyr. In Behring sea whales were more plentiful, but much trouble was met from ice, and when the fleet arrived at Cape Behring and Plover Bay, the whales had passed into the Arctic, whither the fleet followed, meeting with fair success until about the 1st of September, when ice floes and bergs of great extent commenced drifting down, and by the 10th a number of vessels had been sunk, and the bulk of the remainder hemmed in and driven ashore. September 2d the brig Comet was stove and sunk. On the 7th the Roman was lifted bodily out of the sea by two floes, and crushed like an egg shell. The crew narrowly escaped. The Florida and Victoria, of San Francisco, were crushed. September 13th the captains of the fleet hemmed in between Point Belcher and Wainwright Inlet held a meeting and resolved to abandon the vessels in order to save the lives of the crews, which was done, and 1,200 sailors took refuge on board the remainder of the fleet which had been fortunate enough to escape out side before the ice closed in. The vessels thus abandoned are the Concordia, Gay Head, George, John Wells, Massachusetts, J. D. Thompson, Contest, Morgan, Champion, Henry Tabor, Eliza Swift, O. Crocker, Navy, Reindeer, Fanny, George Howland, Paica, Eugenia, Kohala and T. Dickinson. It is supposed that the whole number lost will reach thirty-three. Those known to be saved, with the oil secured by each, are as follows: Arctic, 480 barrels; Progress, 250; Chance, 220 sperm, 280 whale; Daniel Webster, 250; Lagoda, 720; Europa, 330; Midas, 450 whale, and 140 sperm. All the abandoned vessels will be, it is believed, a total loss, there being little chances of even rescuing even the cargoes in the Spring. The captain of the Florida arrived here by the Moses Taylor. The news created the greatest excitement in Honolulu and here.

Chicago. Chicago is being built up very rapidly. Thousands of men are employed on hundreds of edifices, and soon the district, so lately swept over by the destroying flames, will assume an entirely new aspect—will be covered with magnificent houses both for business purposes and to dwell in. The late disaster failed to weaken the almost lightning activity and buoyancy of Chicago enterprise. The progress of the flames was no sooner arrested, than, undismayed, Chicago cheerfully began to clear away the smoking clinders, preliminary to building substantial structures. Now those structures are going up like magic; and it will not be many years until a far more beautiful and substantial city covers the burnt district.

A Right-ous Kent-ner.

Rosenwig, the notorious abortionist, was convicted of manslaughter in New York, and sentenced to serve seven years in the Penitentiary. It is to be hoped that his fate will have a salutary effect in breaking up this fiendish business. The laws should be so amended, as to make it murder in the first degree, for a party to procure an abortion.

Up in a Balloon.

The Utica (New York) Herald publishes this:

Prof. Squire returned Monday from Poughkeepsie, and gives a thrilling account of the ascension made there on the fourth. Prof. Squire went up in the "Atlantic." A Miss Thurston went up in another balloon at the same time. The two started together from Poughkeepsie. Prof. Squire ascended nearly to the clouds. Then seeing that Miss Thurston was not following him very fast, descended, intending to tell her to throw out some ballast. Before he could get near enough to give her any directions, she cast the contents of one sand bag overboard; this was immediately followed by the contents of another. She then went into the clouds and out of sight of her fellow aeronaut, and out of sight of those on earth, of course. Prof. Squire says: "She went up like a rocket, and out of sight almost instantly." Squire allowed the "Atlantic" to drift under the clouds, and in sight of the earth, until over Hyde Park, four miles from Poughkeepsie. Then he threw out sand and went up above the clouds in clear sunlight. He says he must have ascended half a mile above the clouds before he caught sight of Miss Thurston's balloon. This balloon was then far above him, and looked no larger than a gentleman's hat. Of course he could not see the lady at that distance. He is of the opinion that the lady was at least four miles from the earth. She says the air was so cold and raw that the pain in her eyes and ears was almost beyond endurance, and that she could only pull the valve cord by winding it around her arm and throwing her weight upon it. Miss Thurston is nineteen years of age, well educated, and a student at a prominent institution of learning. None of her friends, save her mother, knew that she was to try to manage a balloon alone on that day. She is the niece of a late balloonist, in his day the most daring in the country, and has made about twenty excursions with him during his life. This was her first trip alone.

It has been discovered with the microscope that when we pour milk into a cup of tea or coffee, the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of tanned hides, and which makes it leather as distinguishable from the original skin. He consequently estimates that in the course of a year, a tea-drinker of average capacity, imbibes enough leather to make a pair of shoes.

DUNCES.—Fisher Ames entered Harvard at the age of twelve, and Edward Everett at thirteen; Bishop Heber translated "Phaedrus" into English at seven; Anna Seward repeated from memory the first three books of "Paradise Lost" at nine; and Lord Brougham wrote on philosophy at eighteen.

When will the Methodist brethren quit talking about the Dis-cip-line? In conferences, no word is more commonly mispronounced than this. Call it Discipline—the accent on the first and not on the second syllable. Please, brethren, don't slip any more at this mug!—Methodist Record.

The Home of the Snakes.

We condense the following marvelous snake story from an Iowa paper, which guarantees the truth of every word, and gives the names of a number of distinguished public men of the State as additional vouchers. It appears that a certain Mr. Cummings owns a gypsum quarry near Fort Dodge, and employs a force of some twenty-five men in the stone. He has worked it only a year or two, but ever since he opened his men have suffered from the myriads of snakes that have a den in the crevices, and swarm in during the Fall and out in the Spring. The quarry has a northern exposure, the kind that is always chosen by snakes as a den, for the reason that it is not affected by the premature thawing and freezing of early Spring as a southern slope would be. As soon as the weather gets settled in the Spring and the effects of the April sun is felt, the serpents begin to show themselves and the battle begins. From out of the crevices and the nooks of the rock the reptiles swarm, crawling up the slope of the bluff, basking in the sun or hastening away over the prairie to their summer haunts. Now comes the tug of war: the foreman of the quarry is compelled to detail two men to fight the hideous things that the men may work, and one is kept carrying away the dead in a wheelbarrow and burying them so that the harmless festering bodies will not breed disease. And from all the surrounding country, the snake-hunters throng to enjoy the sport of killing snakes, and in among them they go slashing and striking until the poisonous odor compels them to beat a hasty retreat. Twenty-five snakes in fifteen minutes is a common haul.

The editor of the paper in question, in company with a number of other gentlemen, recently paid a visit to the quarry. The sun was just warming up the northern slope when the party arrived, and this is the description of what followed:

From out of the crevices the snakes were crawling in all directions, and "swash," "swash," went the huge clubs of the two men who were defending their fellow-workmen, every blow was the death of a snake. Just at our feet crawled a deadly moccasin, which to the right and left spotted adders and chasers squirmed and hissed as they twined among the stones or escaped up the bluff. Directly in front of us lay a pile of dead snakes as large as a two bushel basket, while on the face of the sloping bluff were probably three hundred reptiles which had escaped the clubs of the men, and were hastening away to the prairie. Their elevated heads and writhing bodies, making the bluff into the mythical Gorgon head, just above us on a ledge of rocks, was a huge adder; Mr. Cummings took up a piece of rock, heaved it on him, pinning him to the ledge, but the snake was gone; some three feet of his body was free, and gathering himself up he would leap full at us with all his force, hissing and opening his jaws in a way that made the blood run cold, and the next leap he made a blow from our camp sent his head spinning a score of feet, and the bleeding trunk dropped to the earth below.

The snakes are said to retire into their dens about 2 p. m. every day, after which all is quiet until the sun's rays again reach the quarry, when the same thing is repeated. Two hundred and seventy-five snakes were killed that day, the number for two weeks footing up 6,500, while it is supposed that ten times that number escaped. On the 15th of October the snakes commenced to return and enter their dens for the winter, when the same slaughter is repeated. The ledge of the quarry is twenty-two feet in height, and nearly perpendicular, and down that distance they crawl, roll and tumble, catching on a crag, and with a twist of their tail, they disappear in the dark crevices for their long sleep.

Last Fall on the 14th day of October came unnotified by the men; they were busy with their toil in the rock below. The foreman was half stooping, drilling into a rock preparatory for a blast, when suddenly across his neck dropped a monstrous spotted adder, hanging and hissing half his length on either side. On looking up they saw fifty or more snakes pouring over the edge of the cliff, and crawling down the ledge. Then it occurred to them that the 14th day of October had come, and for the next two weeks swarms of snakes kept pouring in. This quarry with its den of snakes is worthy the attention of the curious and scientific. It has doubtless for centuries been a resort of serpents, for, at the bottom of the ledge of gypsum where it joins on the iron ore, are found the petrified bodies of snakes. How long has this twenty-two feet of gypsum taken to form? Doubtless ever since the waters subsided, the slimy denizens of the prairie have had their winter homes in these rocks, and there is certainly there to-day a curious subject of inquiry for the naturalist and scientific, as well as a subject of horror for those who hate the wriggling serpent.

Mr. Alcott, who is a hard rider of the vegetarian hobby, once said to Dr. Walker, of Harvard College, "I think that when a man lives on beef, he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork may he not grow to be swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes!"

Darwin has called attention to the intimate connection between the number of cats in a given district and the yield of red clover seed. The mice destroy the bumble bees, and the cats destroy the mice; therefore the more cats the more bumble bees, and the more bumble bees, the greater is the red clover yield.

"If you had avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbor, "your early habits, industry, and intellectual abilities would now have permitted you to ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

The Virtue of Medicine.

"Shall we throw physic to the dogs?" A spicy art cle by E. P. Butler, in Lippincott's Magazine for September, contains the following: Not long is more probable or natural than that we should overestimate the virtue of medicine. We do it because we wish to do it. We all expect to be sick, and we wish to believe that when we become so we can be cured. Many of us will indulge in violations of the known laws of health, and we wish to believe that the punishment for such violations can be averted. We all wish to have faith in the skill of our physician, and will pardon a great amount of assumption of authority on his part. It never excites our jealousy to hear him extravagantly praised. We like to see him sport a fine turn-out, and often make him a pet in our households. We will not harbor a suspicion that he is capable of a mistake or that his judgment can be at fault. Some, it is true, in health, profess to believe the doctor a humbug; but when sickness comes the most swaggering heretic is suddenly converted, summons the physician, and swallows the nauseous potion with all the alacrity of the lifelong believer. Then it happens, in a medical point of view, that

When the Devil gets sick, the Devil a monk would be; Although it is equally true that When the Devil gets well, the devil a monk is he.

The physician, very naturally, too, allows his powers and the virtue of his drugs to be overestimated, because it is flattering to his vanity, and he soon begins to accept the undue appreciation of himself and his medicines as really deserved. Thus it happens that the selfishness of the patient and the selfishness of the physician alike tend to produce an extravagant estimate of the necessity and virtue of medication.

Run on Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher doesn't believe in turning the other cheek. He says when a fellow smites you, "Hand him one on the bugie."—N. Y. Independent.

Misinformation. Beecher never used slang. He merely said, "Police him on the snoot."—N. Y. Ledger.

Ridiculous! We are informed by parties who ought to know, that the words used by Mr. Beecher, were, "Bust his bazoon."—Pensylvania Journal.

All wrong, gentlemen: the elegant divine merely used the classical expression, "Swat him on the gob."—Western Globe.

Lord! his reverence didn't say that! He said, "Give him one on the pasteborn."—Boston Palladium.

No such thing. He said "Put a slanty over his eyes."—Potlham Courier and Freeman.

Gentlemen, you wrong the reverend divine. He plidly remarked, "Raise a cupulo on his lemon."—Burlington Free Press.

"Our Tom," who was present, understood Mr. Beecher to advise "Putting a French roof over his skylights."—Seyton Journal.

The Independent is correct. Henry Ward simply intimated that you should "Draw the fellow's claret."—Echanga.

No he didn't, either. He only hinted that you might "Lend him one on the mug."—N. Y. Levant.

"Cassar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "what do you think is de most useful ob de comets—de sun or de moon?" "Well, Clem, I don't know dat I should be able to answer dat question, seein' as how I neber had much book larnin'." "Well, Cassar, I spee' de moon orter take de first rank in dat particular." "Why so, nigger?" "Because de moon shine in de night when we need de light, and de sun shine in de daytime when de light am ob no consequence." "Well, Clem, you is de most larned ducky I ever seed. I guess you used to sweep out a school-house for a libin'."

"I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbors as infamous."—John Pierpont.

The great joiner—the lawyer; he can replace a tenant, impanel a jury, box a witness, bore the court, chisel his client, augur the gains, floor a witness, nail a case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and gouge the whole community.

Dr. Chronik, the Jewish Rabbi in Chicago, is forming a new congregation, who will adopt the Berlin prayer-book, and observe Sunday as their Sabbath.

Why are pimples on a drunkard's face like the cuts in a certain London paper?—they are the illustration of Punch.

A local editor assures the kind lady who sent him a nice pie, with the request to "please insert," that such articles are never crowded out by a press of other matter.