☞ A large number of passengers came down by the up-river boats last night, intending to leave on the steamers of Tuesday for the Atlantic.—*S. F. Ex.*

Drawing Water from Lake Michigan

Sometime ago Mr. Gooding, an eminent engineer of Illinois, was applied to for his opinion on the project of cutting a channel from Lake Michigan to a branch on the Illinois running near Chicago. He replied by letter published in the *Democratic Press*, estimating the cost of excavating such a channel as was proposed at about twenty millions of dollars, and giving the data upon which he based his estimate. In the *Press* of yesterday, we find a second letter from Mr. Gooding, in which he repeats and fortifies his opinion that the plan of making such an opening that the waters of the Lake would flow into the river in sufficient quantity to make the latter navigable at all times for the largest boats, is entirely too magnificent and expensive to be entertained at present; but states that there is a plan perfectly feasible and not requiring an outlay of more than half a million of dollars, by which the water of the Lake can be used for the purpose in any desirable quantity.—Mr. Gooding estimates the quantity of water passing a given point in the Illinois river at its lowest stage, to be fifty thousand cubic feet per minute.—He states and proves, so far as we can judge, that this quantity can be doubled at a cost of less than half a million, by merely enlarging to the extent required the Hydraulic works, by which water is now raised from the lake to the summit level of the Illinois and Michigan canal. Mr Gooding seems a good deal afraid of being laughed at for his suggestion; but in this age of wonders people are becoming cautious of ridiculing new ideas, lest they should be made to laugh on the wrong side of their mouths.

THE PRESIDENCY.—The N. Y. Herald breaks ground thus:

"We are involved in the commencement of another great political revolution, and things are rapidly tending to that point of intense feeling when the people will do justice to General Scott, at the proper time and at the proper place. The very intense disappointment at the failure of Gen. Pierce, will only tend to swell the revulsion of popular feeling which will carry Gen. Scott into the Presidential chair in the contest of 1856, in opposition to all conventions, and without any convention. His name, as a matter of pure justice, is beginning to be stronger than conventions or compacts."

☞ The Know-Nothings have started a newspaper at Washington called the *American Eagle*.—B. C. Wright & J. C. Dunn, Esqs., are the editors. The object is plainly stated—namely, the administration of the government to be exclusively in the hands of the natives of this country, as well as the enjoyments of public offices with all their emoluments.

Changes in the S. S. Companies.

We stated on the arrival of the last mail steamer that George Law had sold out his entire interest in the line of steamers plying between N. Y. and Aspinwall. Among the gratifying changes caused by this sale, we learn that the company have condemned the two steamers Georgia and Ohio, and that they will soon put on the line in their places two new, handsome, and comfortable boats. In addition to this, the company intend having a steamer always lying at Aspinwall, so there will be no danger to passengers of detention. John Aspinwall, a brother of Wm. H. Aspinwall, President of the P. M. S. Company has been elected President, and the two companies, instead of being to a certain degree antagonistic, as they have heretofore been, will now harmoniously operate together for the safety, quick transportation and comfort of their passengers.

On this sale changes have also been made. A. B. Forbes, has been duly installed as agent in the company here, and the popularity which he has obtained among the travelling community during his agency at Panama, is well an earnest of his success here. He is in every way fitted for the position which he occupies, and [illegible] a boon to the property [illegible] of the company. Mr Parsons, [illegible] accepted the agency of the [illegible] Other changes of minor importance have been made, and all with a view to the accommodation of the traveling community. Among the improvements, we noted yesterday that the company had already secured the exclusive use of Cunningham's Wharf.

The railroad across the Isthmus of Panama will be completed by September next, and when that is done, with the arrangements already made and to be made, the travel by that route will be materially augmented, and the comfort and speed of travelers insured.—*Alta Cal.*

Curious Effects of "Hasheesh"

In one of Bayard Taylor's letters from Egypt to the N. Y. Tribune, he says that he lately took some of this singular preparation of the Turks. I had, he says, frequently heard of the curious effects produced by *hasheesh*, which is prepared from the *cannabis indica*. It is used by the Turks to throw them into an ecstacy, similar to that caused by opium, but milder and less dangerous in its effects. On reaching Siout, I took occasion to buy some for the purpose of testing. It was a sort of paste, made of the leaves of the plant mixed with sugar and spice. The taste is aromatic and slightly pungent, but by no means disagreeable. About sunset, I took what Achmet considered a large dose, and waited half an hour, but without the slightest effect. I then repeated it, and drank a cup of hot tea immediately after. In about ten minutes I became conscious of the gentlest and balmiest feeling of rest stealing over me. The couch on which I sat grew soft and yielding as air; my flesh was purged from all gross quality, and became a gossamer filagree of exquisite nerves, every one tingling with a sensation which was too dim and soft to be pleasure, but which resembled nothing else so nearly. No sum could have tempted me to move a finger. The slightest shock appeared sufficient to crush a structure so frail and delicate as I had become. I felt like one of those wonderful sprays of brittle spar which hang for ages in the unstirred air of a cavern, but are shivered to pieces by the breath of the first explorer.

As this sensation, which lasted but a short time, was gradually fading away, I found myself infected with a tendency to view the most common objects in a ridiculous light. Achmet was sitting on one of the pyramids. [illegible] the evening. I thought, was there ever anything so absurd as to see him sitting on that chest! I laughed immoderately at the idea. The turban worn by the captain next put on such a quizzical appearance, that I chuckled over it for some time.—Of all the turbans in the world, it was the most ludicrous. Various other things affected me in like manner, and at last it seemed to me that my eyes were increasing in breadth. "Achmet," I called out, "how is this? my eyes are precisely like two onions!" This seem'd the crowning of absurdity. I laughed so loud and long at the singular comparison I had made, that when I ceased from sheer weariness, the effect was over. But on the following morning my eyes were much better, and I was able to write for the first time in a week.

☞ Written for the Oregon Spectator.

THE LAST INDIAN.

"Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep—
There, swan-like, let me sing and die."
Byron

'Twas summer's evening; over land and sea,
Where Ore-son beheld the ocean roll
And break in mountain waves upon his shore;
Or, like an infant in its period sleep,
Reflecting from its quiet breast the stars,
The light, the pure serenity of Heaven
Lonely, and vast, and grand, for solitude
A fitting temple unpolluted by man,
Save one that wandered silent and alone
Upon a lofty promontory's brow.
Across whose rocky base for many an age
The mighty sea had raged and roamed in vain
With toilsome labor and the highest brow, he leaned
Against a tree, whose shape of leaves
Responsive sighed, to the zephyr's whispered tale
Old, silent, stern, and statue-like, he seemed
The embodied Genius of the place.
The wild flowers lavished around him unobserved;
Couch'd the soft breeze unnoticed with his hair
Unheard the restless murmurs of the sea;
The melancholy, unceasing waves
Not the blue vault of Heaven, with starry gems
Inlaid, not dreamy cloud reflected in
The sea, nor the tint, mom that filled the air,
The ocean and the earth with rosy light,
Could lure to the potent spell that bound his soul
He gazed intently on the distant land, and then,
As if some spirit-voice addressed his ear, he said
"The land is mine. Long since the settlers came
Ha! let the coward and cloak-and-dagger chief
Fall down before me, my strength is all-sufficient
[illegible] Freemen
My hatchet left, in the tents [illegible] the dead
And [illegible] and love [illegible] a father's grave
[illegible] There's not a spot in all the world,
Save this, that bears the sparkle of my presence
The blood that courses my dark veins, can claim
No kin to Caucasian human heart
Off! Cowards! I will wrestle with my destiny:
Strength I will [illegible] against despair,
[illegible]
[illegible] I stand and gaze
[illegible]
[illegible] with a thousand mute words
The central anthem of the ocean choir
Awakes the deep response in my heart.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]