

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

JUBILANT.—The schooner Emma Uter, was successfully raised and towed to the Marshfield wharf Friday night of last week. The mill hands from this place and North Bend were on board, and as she came up the Bay about 2 o'clock at night, they woke the echoes of the surrounding hills with songs and cheers; that was not all; they woke the good people of this town, many of whom got up to assist in putting out the fire, or to make themselves useful in the great distress which appeared to exist somewhere. There were eight pumps and forty or fifty men employed in raising the schooner, and an unusually low tide and pleasant weather favored the work.

LEATHER MANUFACTURE.—We are pleased to be able to announce that Mr. Dimmick has decided to establish a tannery on the Bay. Mr. John Kruse, of North Bend, will be associated with him in the enterprise. They have selected and purchased a site for the tannery a short distance below this place, between here and Centerville, and will soon commence work on the necessary buildings. It is gratifying to see this business inaugurated by men who have available means, as well as the practical knowledge necessary to make it a success.

SUPPOSED FOUL PLAY.—A late Victoria dispatch says: The disappearance of Capt. Wake, late of the loyal navy, is creating attention. The sloop on which he sailed from Nanaimo has been found. Six cases, which contained family plate, books, clothing and valuable pictures, have been found on the beach; but as the contents are not to be found, it is feared that the captain has met with foul play, or that, if his death was the result of accident, the sloop was robbed by those who first found it.

LETTER LIST.—List of letters remaining in the post office at Marshfield Feb. 1st 1880, Coos Co. Oregon. Robert Bickerton, Thos. Cadman, Mrs. J. G. Chapman, Christian Dear-Joff, Thomas Drew, W. W. Glenn, (due 3 cts) Green Holton, Joseph Hoffer, Albert Johnson, Mary Laird Mrs. J. R. McKinny, Wm Neep, P. A. Smith, (2) A. W. Smith, Edwin P. Steward, Andrew Souland. Held for postage: True & Co., Augusta, Maine. A. Nasburg, P. M.

LETTER LIST.—List of letters remaining in the post office at Empire City Coos county Or. Feb. 1st 1880. Mrs. Rebecca Ambrose, Thos. Curry R. T. Corpe, (2) Wiley English, Warren Goodale, Linn Hoffman, Mrs. Martha Jones, Thomas Jones, Evan M. Jenkins, John, C. Kinball, J. H. Laws, William R. Moore, Jno. J. Miller, A. G. Wilbur Jr. John Wood, H. Wells, F. SCHETTEL, P. M.

THE COOS RIVER ROUTE.—Our Douglas county contemporaries speak of the route from the valley to Coos, by the way of Coos river, in encouraging terms. The people of Cole's Valley are awake to the importance of the subject, and it is announced that a party will soon start out to locate the road, or to ascertain the most practicable route.

GOING.—J. W. Bennett, of the News, will be a passenger on one of the steamers now in the Bay, en route for Ireland. He is inspired with a patriotic and humane desire to contribute to the relief of the distressed of his native Isle, and with that view will probably take a contract to furnish at least one Irish girl with calico and potatoes. We wish him a pleasant journey.

I. O. G. T.—The following are the officers of the Good Templar's Lodge in this place, installed last Thursday evening: W. C. T. Forest Lang; W. V. T. Nellie Cory; W. M. Thos. Holland; W. S. J. C. Bell; W. C. D. B. Kesting; W. T. Mrs. Holland; W. F. S. Frank Lang; W. A. S. Marcus Dunbar; W. O. G. J. Swanson; W. I. G. Sarah Dunbar; R. H. S. — L. H. S. Mary Merchant; L. D. Wm. Temple.

ARRIVED.—The steamers "Arcata" and "Gussie Telfair" arrived yesterday morning, crossing the bar about the same time. There was apparently some rivalry as to which would be able to get to Newport first to commence loading. The "Telfair" stopped at Nasburg's wharf to discharge some freight, and the "Arcata" went by without stopping and proceeded to the coal wharf.

THE DUNCAN.—The steamer Alex. Duncan arrived last Saturday, proceeded to the Coal Banks and took on coal for fuel and left for Portland Thursday morning. Her future route is undetermined, but there is little probability of her returning here soon.

A CHANGE.—Our Roseburg exchange brings the news that H. A. Coston has bought the Roseburg end of the mail route between Roseburg and Coos Bay. Joe Clough, the former owner, will go north to remain.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.—Rev. C. P. Bailey will preach at this place on the fourth Sabbath in this month, and on the fifth Sabbath at Empire City, in evening, on both occasions.

DEATH OF A CHILD.—After the death of Capt. Floyd's little child which occurred last week, Mrs. Wm Turpen with her family of little children went to Empire to visit her sister, Mrs. Floyd, and on Wednesday her daughter, little Mabel, was taken suddenly ill and died on the following day. We understand and of Mr. Turpen's children is sick with the same disease which carried off the other two children—dysentery.

GRAND PARTY.—The ladies of Empire City are preparing to give a grand masquerade ball next Friday evening, the full announcement of which appears in another column. It may be depended upon for a success.

TO BE REPAIRED.—The contract for taking out the "Emma Uter" and putting her in repair has been let to John Kruse of North Bend for \$1,500. We are not informed where the work will be done.

LIEUT. PAXSON arrived on the Bay, by way of Gardiner last Thursday. We are pleased to see that the Government work here is receiving the attention of competent engineers.

E. A. Anderson the lively stable man bought the cargo of the Uter and has stored the coal near Lobree's store, where it will be covered and held for sale in the local market, for fuel.

LAUNCH.—Cashman's new schooner will be launched from De La Cruz ship yard on Saturday 11 o'clock A. M. She is christened Anastasia Cashman, for a sister of the builder.

WE understand that arrangements are being made to raise and repair the life saving station at Cape Arago.

JUDGE B. E. Bonham, who it was some time since announced, had moved to Roseburg, has returned to Salem to remain.

THE steamer Satellite has been taken to the Empire City wharf and is undergoing repairs.

THE work of building sewers for the transportation of rock, has been commenced at Empire.

MR. FORTS has a large class in penmanship; it meets three times a week. CONSTABLE Noble will sell a number of cattle next Monday at Herron's place on Daniel's Creek.

Opportunities.

The art of seizing opportunities and turning even accidents to account, bending them to some purpose, is a great secret of success. Dr. Johnson has defined genius to be "a mind of large general powers accidentally determined in some particular direction. Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves, will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not see them ready to their hand, they will make them. It is not those who have enjoyed the advantages of colleges, museums, and public galleries, that have accomplished the most for science and art; nor have the greatest mechanics and inventors been trained in mechanics' institutes. Necessity, often rather than facility, has been the mother of invention; and the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty. Some of the very best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of colors. An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blowpipe, said, "There is all the laboratory that I have!"

AN ex-confederate Kentuckian criticizing Beck's speech in the Senate on the 22d ult. wherein he attacked the moneyed men of New York, said it was a little rough for Beck to scold in that way about N. Y. while there would be hundreds upon hundreds of Kentuckians who would be literal papers to-day had it not been for the kindness of those very New Yorkers in the use of their capital.

THE Santee Indians, says an exchange, have received a testimony of the parental affection of their Great Father at Washington in the shape of 1200 brand-new pitchforks. As the Santees number 600 men, women and children, they will have two pitchforks apiece. If this doesn't make them then happy, they must be an ungrateful set.

THE Supreme Court has remanded the case of Sprague, of Ventura county, Cal., convicted of the murder of T. Wallace More, to the lower court with instructions to let the law take its course.

Death in a Coal Mine.

At about 6 o'clock last evening, says the Seattle Post of the 29th, Mr. Geo. Blake, a coal miner, was crushed to death in the mine at Newcastle. It seems that in company with another man he had quit work and was in the act of leaving the mine, when Blake remarked to his companion that he thought he would start a large lump of coal, which lay in the chute. So swinging his pick he struck the lump a hard blow, doing so, however, in a cautious manner, as the incline held a large quantity of loose coal, which was likely to be started and run down upon him. Sure enough, no sooner had the pick entered the mass, and before he could seize the man rope that was near to protect the men at just such a time, than about 45 car loads suddenly rushed down the steep incline, throwing him off his feet, and at once bearing him down to the bottom, where he was instantly buried beneath many tons' weight of the moving mass. Horrified at the fate of his friend, the man in his company shouted for help with all his might. Laborers in the adjoining rooms hurried to his aid, when the fate of young Blake was made known. The only way in which they could get to him was by loading the coal cars from the chute into the cars. Forty cars were thus loaded before the men reached the body of the unfortunate Blake. He was found doubled up, his head lying between his knees. Two hours elapsed from the time of the accident until they obtained the body. Life was extinct, and it is thought that he was killed instantly.

Pulpit and Stage.

We sometimes hear worldly criticism of the fat salaries paid to certain favored clergymen, but the New York Tribune couples in a rebuking way, the earnings of pulpit and stage. Thus, Beecher gets \$20,000; Edwin Booth, \$100,000 a year; Dr. Hall, of Fifth Avenue, and Dr. Dix, of Trinity, get \$15,000; while E. A. Sothorn earns over \$150,000 as Lord Dundreary, and John E. Owens plays 30 weeks annually for \$12,000, and Joe Jefferson plays 40 weeks at "Rip Van Winkle," and earns \$120,000. The scholarly and gifted Dr. Storrs has \$10,000, and Maggie Mitchell earns \$30,000 to \$50,000. Dr. Cuyler works hard and faithfully for \$8,000 a year, and Dr. Heworth for \$5,000, while Dion Boucicault has just finished a season as the "Shangraun," etc., at \$3,000 a week, and his managers scold him in the public print because he would not play longer at the same price. Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, has \$10,000 and a parsonage; the elegant Dr. Tiffany has \$10,000; the once vigorous, now venerable, Dr. Chapin, gets \$10,000, while pretty Miss Neilson makes over \$150,000 a year, and Fannie Davenport earns \$1,000 every week she plays. In this same connection of pulpit and stage, Dr. Crosby in a recent lecture to the Yale theologians said: "Young preachers who go to the stage for an example of manner or utterance, are on the high road to ministerial ruin, although they easily make a newspaper fame. The stage-actor is etymologically and classically the hypocrite, and has, so far as he is a stage-actor, no sympathy with the preacher and his solemn duties."

A Boom in Tellurium Mining Stock.

The Town Talk says that news has been received by L. N. Muncey, President of the Tellurium mines by letter from E. A. Chase, that assays have been made of ore taken from the Tellurium mines, which prove to be very rich with gold and silver. One assay made by Dr. Bunnell, of Roseburg, without the knowledge of any other assays having been made, produced the following result: Ore taken from face of the tunnel, assayed \$61.26 per ton. Second assay, two feet from surface, \$41.47 silver, and \$341 gold. Third assay, twenty feet from surface, traces of silver and \$2,377.67 gold. Two other assays of last rock show traces of silver and \$2,396.65 per ton. Everything looks favorable for a rich yield at the Tellurium mines, and on shares are offered for sale by this company.

If this be only half true, the holders of stock in that mine, (there are a few in this county) have a good thing.

ANOTHER large cotton mill is in course of erection at Lancaster, Pa., which will employ about 200 hands.

HENRY LAWSON, a full-blooded Sioux Indian and a son of a leading chief of the Yankton tribe has been ordained pastor of the church at Yankton Agency. If the brother should take a notion to get up a revival in his parish he will have it if he has to come down and seal the whole congregation.

CHEMnitz, Saxony, Jan 30.—A large spinning manufactory burned, throwing out of employment 300 persons.

OTTAWA, Jan. 30.—A grave-digger had thrown three or four shovelfuls of sand on the coffin of a smallpox victim to-day, when he fancied that he heard a noise. The coffin was raised, and it was found that the person still lived. He was taken back to the hospital.

Solomon and his Sages.

One day the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many score of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded his wise men to appear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan, the court and the school of the prophets. Then King Solomon, arrayed in the regal robes, sat on his throne, the sceptre of Israel in his right hand. The Queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths, and discoursed right eloquently; they told of many things. The eyes of the Queen shone like dew-drops which quiver at sunrise on the peach-blossoms. Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mien. He told of wondrous cities in far-off lands; how the sun scalds the dew in Sahara; how it forsakes the chill north for whole months, leaving the cold moon in its place; he spoke of the flocks that go down to the sea; he told how they weave wax at Tyros, spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Orob, and the linen in Egypt that endures the fire; he spoke of fleets, of laws, the art that makes men happy.

"Truly, he is wise," said the King. "But let others speak." Another came forth; he was young in years, his cheek was burning with enthusiasm, the fire of genius shone in his eye like the day star when all the others are swallowed up in light. He spoke of the words of the great One; told how the cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter, or the pearly dew in autumn, to freshen the late river that glitters at its foot. He spoke of the elephant, the antelope, the jackal, the camel, the eagle; he knew them all. He told of the fish that made glad the waters as the seasons dance and frolic around about their heads. He sang in liquid softness of the daughters of air who melt the heaven into song; he rose to the stars, spoke of old chaos, of the world, of the offering of love. He spoke of the stars, the snows, the rain, and the old laborer Jacob saw. He sang again the star of creation.

"He is wiser than Solomon," said the King; "to him belongs the prize." But at that moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger unwillingly along. His raiment was poor, but so cleanly and snow white. The seal of labor was on his hand; the dust of travel covered his sandals. His beard long and silvery, went down to his girdle; a sweet smile, like a sleeping infant's, sat unconscious on his lip. His eye was the angel's lamp, that burns in still devotion before the court of paradise, making the day. As he leaned on his shepherd's staff in the gay court, a blush, like a girl's stole over his cheek.

"Speak," said the King. "I have nothing to say," said the hoary man. "I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage." And Solomon's countenance rose. "By the sceptre of Elshaddi I charge thee to speak, thou ancient man." Then he began: "My study is myself; my acts, my sentiments. I learn how frail I am; I of myself can know nothing. I listen to that voice within; and I know all." Then he spoke of his glories, his gloom, and his hopes; his aspirations his faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees, the pure golden stars. When he came to Him who is all in all he bowed his head and was dumb.

"Give him the ring," said Solomon. "He knows himself, he is the wisest. The spirit of the Holy is in him." "Take back the gift," said the sage, "I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward, he knows God, he sees the all of things. Alas! I do but feebly know myself—I deserve no ring. Let me return to my home and my duty."

Railroad Progress.

The Walla Walla Union says: At last accounts the track of the N. P. R. R. had been laid for 10 miles out from Ainsworth. The work of grading and tracklaying is being pushed as rapidly as the supply of material and labor will admit. The iron tracks used at Wallula by the W. W. and C. R. R. are to be replaced by steel rails as rapidly as the work can be done. Engineer Zanner has about completed the survey at the Umatilla end of the section, between that point and Wallula, while Engineer Scovill is busy at the crossing of the Walla Walla river.

Draughtsmen are busily engaged in working up the field notes and making profiles of the route down the Columbia.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.—One John Williams is under indictment and held for trial in the U. S. Court at Portland for the crime of murder, committed in Sitka. W. W. Page, an attorney for the defense has filed a demurrer to the indictment on the ground that Congress in making provision for the Government has failed to make any provision for the punishment of crime, or to extend the criminal laws of the United States to that region. The question excites some interest and Judge Deady has taken it under advisement.

The Farce Ended in Maine—The Fusionists Defeated.

The controversy between the fusion of Democrats and Greenbackers on one side and Republicans on the other contending for the control of the Government of the State of Maine, has at length been brought to a close. The Supreme Court of the State has made three successive decisions in favor of the legality of the claim of the Republicans, but the Fusionists, with a recklessness almost unparalleled, insisted on holding the various offices to which the Court decided they were not elected. This high-handed course was pursued till the State was on the verge of bloodshed, but the "sober second thought" has at length prevailed and, as the following dispatches indicate, the farce is ended.

Augusta, Jan. 28.—The Supreme Court last evening answered the questions of the Fusionist Legislature, deciding against the Fusionists on all points and holding the Republican organization to be legal and constitutional. The Fusionists are much depressed. Smith says that the controversy is ended and that he can only submit; that he has got through playing Governor and is going home. His views are adopted by most Fusionists who will take their seats in the Legislature.

The Capitol Guards and Richard's Light Infantry marched out of the State House at 9 o'clock this morning. The Fusion Legislature met in Union Hall. Reporters were excluded. The House immediately took a recess till 4 o'clock.

The general expression of the Fusion members is to go into the State House Legislature. Their Legislature is expected to dissolve sine die to-day. Augusta, Me., Jan. 28.—Hill and Milliken have taken their seats in the State House Legislature. The New Era, the Greenback organ submits to the decision of the Supreme Court and appeals to the people, and calls upon the press to publish the declaration of principles of the Brick Pomeroys League.

A Reverend Clown.

It is now announced that Dan Rice, the oldest American circus clown, has been converted and proposes to become a preacher. The announcement is the more startling because a few days before the country was informed through the same medium that the versatile Dan had eloped from a town in the west with a young and respectable girl. Dan is determined to keep his name before the public in one connection or another. A few years ago he was carried away with the belief that he was an available candidate for the Presidency, claiming that every person who had laughed at him would vote for him. As a successful circus man he has failed. He may do better in the pulpit. But here he cannot introduce his blind trick horse "Excelsior," or his educated mules, Pete and Barny Duffy. He is over three score years of age, and his circus experience for forty years will render him quite as noticeable a pulpit acrobat as Talma is said to be. "Bob Hart," the negro minstrel, is also pursuing theology, and seems to be in earnest about it, the San Francisco minstrels' performance to enable him to pursue his studies. He has laid his banjo aside, also the big shoes in which he was the first to dance and sing that highly valuable musical production, "Shoo-Fly," ten years ago.—E. C.

Government for Alaska.

The most practicable mode of governing Alaska is still a matter of discussion, and the propriety of establishing a territorial form of Government there, will be considered by the Senate this winter. A sub-committee of the committee on territories has been named Elliott, who has had his headquarters at the Smithsonian Institute during the winter, and is said to be employed by the Fur Seal Company during this summer. Elliott is opposed to a territorial form of Government in Alaska. The Fur Seal Company is also opposed to such a Government. Senator Butler, who is chairman of the sub-committee investigating the question, says he thinks the people of Alaska should be given some form of Government for the protection of their lives and property. He has been informed that under an established government there would be considerable immigration to Alaska.

Pilot Doig Indicted.

Our exchanges from the north state that Pilot Doig, who has been much censured for the loss of the steamer Great Republic at the mouth of the Columbia, has been indicted in the U. S. Court for wrecking the vessel and for manslaughter in causing the deaths of those who were drowned. The Court of enquiry, it will be remembered, suspended him for one year, and Capt. Carroll for six months, but Carroll took an appeal and was reinstated. Some time since Doig left Portland and is now safe on the coast of Mexico.

THE Russian Empire is short of horses.

Burr and Blennerhassett, and Their Treason.

A plain man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett?

A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled!" Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children.

The evidence would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity,—this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart,—the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating powers of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers!

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infused into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors,—of Cromwell, and Caesar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined, soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted the winds" of summer "to visit too roughly,"—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears

with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness,—thus seduced from the path of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit of ambition and avarice,—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason! Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason!

Scott.

Professor Wilson ranks Scott far above Byron, in point of genius. His remarks, in substance, are as follows: We shall never say that Scott is Shakespeare; but we shall say that he has conceived and created—you know the meaning of these words—a far greater number of characters—of real living, flesh-and-blood human beings—and that more naturally, truly, and consistently, than Shakespeare, who was sometimes transcendently great in pictures of the passions; but out of their range, which surely does not comprehend all rational being, was, nay, do not threaten to murder us—a confused and irregular delineator of human life. The genius of Sir Walter Scott, it will not be denied is pretty national, and so are the subjects of his noblest works, be they poems, or novels and romances by the author of "Waverley." Up to the era of Sir Walter, living people had some vague, general, indistinct notion about dead people moldering away to nothing centuries ago, in regular kirkyard and chance burial-places, "mang mair and mosses many O," somewhere or other in that difficultly distinguished and very debatable district called the Borders. All at once he touched their tombs with a divining rod, and the turf streamed out ghosts. Some in woodman's dresses—some in warrior's mail—green archers leaped forth with yew bows and quivers, and giants stalked, shaking spears. The gray chronicler smiled, and, taking up his pen, wrote in lines of light the annals of the chivalrous and heroic days of auld feudal Scotland. The nation then, for the first time, knew the character of its ancestors; for those were not spectres—not they, indeed—nor phantoms of the brain—but gaunt flesh and blood, or glad and glorious; baseborn cottage-choris of the olden time, because Scottish, became familiar to the love of the nation's heart, and so to its pride did the high-born lineage of palace kings. His themes in prose or numerous verse are still "knights, and lords, and mighty earls," and their lady-loves—chiefly Scottish—of kings that fought for fame or freedom—of fatal Flodden and bright Bannockburn—of the Deliverer. If that be not national to the teeth, Homer was no Ionian, Tyraeus not sprung from Sparta, and Christopher North a Cockney. Let Abbotsford, then, be ennobled by those that choose it, the Ariosto of the North—we shall continue to call him plain, simple, immortal Sir Walter.

They still create a body occasionally at Washington, Pa. The last contribution to science in this way consisted of the remains of a young gentleman who only weighed eighty-five pounds and had had the consumption for two years. He was sent back to his sorrowful relatives in a tin box eighteen inches square. The next step should be, by means of a concrete process, to transform a man into his own grave-stone, stamped with a complimentary epitaph. There is no limit to the achievements of science,

The present Parliament in England, says the New York Sun, was commenced on the 4th of March, 1874, and assembled on that day. If it should only survive until the 14th of April next it will have run into a seventh session, and will have exceeded in duration any previous Parliament summoned since the Union, and will have been the longest-lived Parliament for a century.

A CORRESPONDENT in the Seattle Post calls attention to the quartz ledges on the Skykomish river, of which there are many known to exist all silver bearing as far as yet prospected, and in some instances assaying very rich. Nothing has yet been done to bring them into prominence, with the exception that a town site has been located and named Silver City. The town site probably has something to do with the richness of the mines.

THERE has been organized in the city of London what is termed the Salvation Army. Its members march through the streets to the sound of trumpets, and they call their church a Salvation Factory. Some new-fangled method of saving souls by the use of machinery has probably been invented.