

[From the Oregon Daily Mountaineer, Aug. 17, 1864.]
SUGGESTIONS FOR THE COMING DRAFT.

Since the authorities have discovered that men who are drafted and are unfit for soldiers, may yet be made to serve their country as hospital nurses and various other capacities, I have reflected deeply upon the subject and am at length enabled to submit the following suggestions which the Government is at liberty to adopt or reject as it pleases.

It is a well known fact that blind men have the sense of touch more finely developed than those who can see. Draft a few regiments of blind men to feel the position and strength of the enemy. No exemptions granted on the ground that they "can't see it."

Blind men and lame men might be drafted together, the blind to go into battle carrying the lame on their backs. "Call you that backing your friends?"—[Shak.]

Men who have lost one, or even both of their arms, should no longer be exempt. Government is prepared to arm any quantity of men on the shortest notice.

Idiot should not be debarred the privilege of serving their country, in the ranks, when we have so many among our Generals.

Draft all the lunatic asylums—the madder men get the better they fight.

Men who have aged and infirm mothers dependent upon them for support, should no longer be exempt. They can send the old women to the Poor House—the most of them do, anyhow.

Dumb men ought to make the most serviceable soldiers; as they can't cry "quarter," their motto must be "no surrender."

It is absurd to exempt fat men, they are so well calculated to fill up the depleted ranks of the army. If you want to crush the enemy by precipitating upon them large bodies of troops, let fat men be drafted by all means.

Confirmed drunkards have been objected to because they are not so anxious to whip the enemy as they are to have the enemy treat. A regiment of them armed with rifle whiskey and sustained by a battery of delirium tremens would do great execution—to somebody.

I have not heretofore favored the idea of drafting the other sex, but a brigade of old maids would certainly be useful in repulsing the enemy. They are sometimes good in an attack.

By all means draft Congressmen. They might do a little good in the army, and they are of no possible use where they are.

Editors of war newspapers should be drafted in a body. They have penned war articles so long, they should be themselves penned by the "Articles of War."

Conscript all lawyers—their charges would be most disastrous to the enemy.

VALLEY OF MEXICO.

We began our early march next morning, and kept winding round hills covered with thick woods of vines, and carpeted with a variety of wild flowers, until about eleven o'clock, when we reached a mesa on the summit of the mountain, and obtained a view of the far-famed valley of Mexico. Description is tame when one tries to convey the impression which this scene usually makes on all who see it for the first time. It is certainly the most magnificent view in Mexico; perhaps of the peculiar description, the first in the world. At an elevation of about 3000 feet, the spectator sees, as if spread at his feet like a map, the whole of the valley of Mexico, its circumference at the base of the mountains which form the side of the mighty basin, 120 miles, and at the crest of the mountains 200. The whole of the plain, from the height on which the spectator stands, is distinctly defined and delineated, owing to the remarkable transparency and purity of the atmosphere. The towers and spires of the city of Mexico, twenty-five miles distant, are distinctly seen peering out from the foliage and trees; almost the only part of the valley where trees are to be seen, by-the-by, is that round the city. The remainder of the valley presents the uniform appearance of a large green plain, dotted with white churches, spires and haciendas, and containing several large sheets of water, the remains of the lakes which are said to have once nearly covered the whole valley. Several small insulated mountains may also be distinctly discerned, the only large objects that rise on the surface of the vast unbroken green plain. The mountains of Popocatepetel, and Iztaccihuatl, its brother giant, rise about twenty miles to the left of the spot where the spectator is standing, though owing to the bright atmosphere and the sun shining on the snow, they seem only two or three miles distant. The whole of this beautiful valley is hemmed in by a complete circle of stupendously rugged and dark looking mountains, the rough but sublime settings of nature to one of her most inimitable pictures, a most perfect combination of the sublime and beautiful. Yes, seen from that elevation, the valley of Mexico is a most glorious and magnificent sight, "but its distance lends enchantment to the view," and as we descend into it, its beauties vanish. The lakes become marshes, the fields are not cultivated, the villages are mud, and the inhabitants wretched looking peons, in rags and squalid misery.

—An unfortunate chap in Norwich, Ct., who had hung a pair of pants near an open window, and left them there two weeks, experienced a delicate sensation the other day, when he went to put them on and thrust one of his legs into a hornet's nest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OCEAN TELEGRAPH.—An Ocean Telegraph with a capital of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has been started in England, on a new plan. This company proposes "to provide and anchor ships near the ordinary track of vessels, such ships to serve as electric telegraph and signal stations in communication with existing systems in Europe and America, and also as safety-beacons for navigation." The ships are to be fitted up complete as telegraphic stations, and are to be provided with steam power. Steam-tenders capable of acting as tugs, are also to be at hand, with a view to render assistance to disabled and derelict vessels. The first stations selected are off the Sicily Islands and off Cape Race, Newfoundland. The company looks for its revenue to the conveyance of telegrams salvage, the sale of stores, towage, and the embarking and disembarking of mails, parcels and passengers.—[Ex.]

ONE'S OWN PRODUCTIONS.—One always has an affection for his own. The products of his own labor are nearer and dearer to him than any other. They are part of him. He has worked himself into them. His thought and his muscle have been expended in their production. No matter upon what one labors with brain or hand, it becomes his own. It is the result of his effort. Let him scrub up the bushes and stumps upon an old bog; dig in mud and water and drain it; the time comes when he will go a little out of his way to walk over that ground, and compare it with what it was before. He treads the firm ground under his feet with an earnest, proud step that others know nothing of. This is all right. He is getting his reward. His pocket feels it, to, but the lover of improvement does not reap his reward entirely in dollars and cents. He has changed the future of nature from a forbidding, unproductive aspect, to a pleasant and productive one. In the contemplation of the change he has wrought, he gets a portion of his pay for labor expended.—[Ex.]

A JOKER BECOMES A JOKE.—The citizen Sam Platt, the unconscionable joker of the San Francisco bar, came near getting off one joke too many Saturday afternoon. The San Francisco police were drilling in the new armory in the basement of the City Hall, when the gay-spirited Attorney appeared, and with a face solemnly dignified enough to have done honor to the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance," asked permission to put the boys through the manual, which was courteously given by Captain Bratt. Drawing himself up to his full height, (5 feet 8 1/16 inches,) he called with the voice of a fourth Napoleon, "Attention, Graybacks! Pre-pa-ra-e to scr-a-tch! Sc—" Before the last command could be fully given, sixty bayonets, more or less, came down on him in a double line on the "double quick," and with three jumps which could not be beaten by an ordinary kangaroo, he gained the doorway just in time to save his unmentionables from being punctured like a cullender, leaving his hat, handkerchief and gloves to be confiscated by the victors.—[Alta.]

BLACK BERRIES OR BLOOD.—An Atlanta correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes: "A few days ago a number of our soldiers who had grown tired of inactivity in camp, with no fields of rip, delicious blackberries to appease their cravings, took their guns and sallied forth on an exploring expedition into the enemy's country, in search of these delicacies and 'Johnny Reb.' Boldly striking out in skirmish line, with pails and guns, the boys proceeded half a mile ere they found a berry-patch, in which rebel cavalrymen were foraging. A few well aimed shots scattered the rebels to the four winds, leaving the Yanks in possession of the field. When all had been stripped from the bushes, another advance was made, until another field was found, when the same formula was gone through. Thus the enemy were driven a mile and a half, deserting their pails of berries, and our daring berry-hunters returned to camp with their pails filled and a few prisoners as their trophies."

MANAGING A HUSBAND.—"How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith." Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make. Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry room, my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things all the while. Now, Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bring me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of sugar I am using. Well, you see, it drives me frantic; and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out, and I hid his umbrella and India-rubbers. Well, of course he was right up, (just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was streaking down the street at the rate of ten miles an hour. You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of education."

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.

A bank note reporter would not naturally be looked to for words of proverbial wisdom, but Thompson's Reporter is responsible for the following, which will do well to ponder on during a hot day:

Don't have too much commiseration for the accomplished, amiable and charming wife of a defaulter, until you know that she has not, by extravagance and pride, induced him to use money not his own, or to speculate with a view to gratify her wishes.

Don't think you are making a bargain when you cheat a customer, for in the long run all such operations will turn out quadruple losses.

Don't lend money at too great a shave, for the borrower must succeed or he'll never be able to pay.

Don't neglect your regular business, thinking to do better at some outside enterprise; the chances are ten to one you will not succeed.

Don't go to law in a hurry; exhaust the legal remedies.

Don't be too smart; it is the instinct of man to give the extreme smart ones of both genders a wide berth.

Don't be as the dog in the manger, for some bull may give you a toss.

Don't judge until you have heard both sides of the case.

Don't get on stilts in prosperity, nor on your knees in adversity; for what goes up must come down, but what goes down don't always come up.

Don't condemn others for their inherited peculiarities; for could you but see yourself as you see others, your condemnation might come home.

SCENERY OF THE MOON.

Among the many terribly sublime scenes with which the moon's surface must abound none can be grander than that which presents itself to the spectator were he placed inside one of those vast volcanic craters—Tycho, for instance—surrounded on every side by the most terrific evidences of volcanic force its wildest features. In such a position he would have before him, starting up from the vast plain below, a mighty obelisk-shaped mountain of some 9,000 feet in height, casting its intense black shadow over the plateau; and partly up its slope he would see an amphibitheatre of mountains beyond, which, in spite of their being about forty miles distant, would appear almost in his immediate proximity (owing to the absence of that "aerial perspective" which in terrestrial scenery imparts a softened aspect to the distant object)—so near, indeed, as to reveal every cleft and chasm to the naked eye.

This strange commingling of near and distant objects, the inevitable visual consequence of the absence of atmosphere or water, must impart to lunar scenery a terrible aspect; a stern wilderness, which may aptly be termed unearthly. And when we seek to picture to ourselves, in addition to the lineaments and condition of the lunar landscape, the awful effects of an absolutely black firmament, in which every star visible above the horizon would shine with a steady brilliancy (as causes of scintillation or twinkling being absent, and these effects are due to the presence of variously heated strata, or currents in our atmosphere,) or of the vivid and glaring sunshine, with which we have nothing to compare in our subdued solar illumination, made more striking by the contrast of an intensely black sky; if, we say, we would picture to ourselves the wild and unearthly scene that would thus be presented to our gaze, we must search for it in the recollection of some fearful dream.—[Quarterly Journal of Science.]

PROPHETIC DANIEL WEBSTER.—During the latter days of Mr. Webster, he was assailed by the Abolitionists on account of his 7th of March speech. It is interesting now to turn to that speech and mark the prophetic wisdom which penetrates every line of it. The following is a passage from Mr. Webster's remark to a gentleman in Washington, a short time before he left that city for the last time. It sustains all that he ever uttered in his speeches, in the way of warning against the ruinous party of Abolition, and its authenticity has been fully established:—

"If the Fanatics and Abolitionists ever get the power in their hands, they will override the constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in their opinions, or dare question their fallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it with blood."

NO WORK AFTER SUPPER.—An old miser owning a farm, found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved man hearing of the terms accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, he invited his servant to breakfast. After finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint asked if they should place dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the laborer, "I never work after supper."

VARIETIES.

—Josh Billings, being duly sworn, deposes and says: "That there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins."

—It would seem to be enough fer a man to have his ale without having at night his pillow-beer.

—When fashionable women in full dress protest against "silk attire," it is like *Satin* reproving sin.

—There are some young women who lay their heads upon the bosom of one lover to gaze and wink another.

—An Irishman who hung out a striped petticoat for a flag, was asked what it meant.—"Why sure," said he, "it's the imblim of the country I love."

—Moses smote the rock with his rod, and a stream gushed forth. Smite a rocky-hearted urchin, and two streams will gush forth, one from each eye.

—Man, in being mated, lost from his side a bone and got a thorn.

—The government of a ship-of-war and that of a newspaper office should be despotisms.

—If you have a sweetheart that is remarkably charming, consider whether she hasn't something of the snake in her nature.

—Gen. Buttler has adopted a novel method of circulating the President's amnesty proclamation. He sends up kites fluttering hundreds of copies over the rebel camps. The fruits of this unique manoeuvre are large numbers of deserters, who declare that they were induced to come over by "O lot o' han' bills that kim down from o' big kite thet scaoted over whar we war."

—Somebody made the remark that a cradle was a woman's proper ballot-box; somebody else wished to know if the mothers of triplets were not liable to arrest for illegal voting.

—Somebody describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, that "he looks as though he had a hole in his pocket and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

—Tea-drinkers may be interested to learn that reliable information makes it appear that about seventy-eight thousand pounds of exhausted tea-leaves, dried and blended with cheap, genuine tea, are sold annually by inferior shop-keepers to the poorer classes of London.

—An editor who was going a courting said he was "going to press."

—A Romance Chiefly Rhymed.—They meet in the street, and they sigh passing by. Meet again, and it is pain they're both nothing loth man and wife to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?"

"Yes, I do. Pray do. Pray, do you love me too?"

"Fondly."

"La! ask mamma."

Off he goes to propose, and receives mother's leave. Ma says "Yes."

You may guess with what joy he employs various trades, by whose aid 'tis his wish to furnish his spouse a fit house. When that's done they're made one, by a priest; give a feast; set off soon—honeymoon—blisses; kisses, mister, misses—what a tale of true love this is.

—A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that he was one of the few. "You cannot find his equal you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

—An English savant argues that "a day in the moon" equals fourteen of our days. It begins with a slow sunshine, followed by a brilliant sunshine and intense heat (about 212 degrees Fahr.); the sky is intensely black (there being no atmosphere like ours, to which blue sky is due), the stars are visible and the horizon is limited; there is dead silence; the cold in the intensely black shadow is very great, and there is no aerial perspective. Thus the moon is no place for man, or any animals or vegetables that we know of. The "night of the moon" (fourteen of our days) begins with a slow sunset, which is followed by intense cold (about 334 degrees below zero).

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Two officers wounded in the battle of the 20th before Petersburg, were going home last Friday by the Erie route. When the train neared Oswego, a well-dressed lady accompanied by a child and a gentleman, entered the car and took seats in front of them. As the officers talked over the recent engagement at Petersburg, informing each other of various acquaintances who had fallen, one remarked, "There was Capt. Warwick, of the 109th N. Y., as brave a fellow as ever lived; he was shot through the head and instantly killed." The lady immediately sprang from her seat, and throwing up her hands, exclaimed: "Oh, don't say that, he was my husband!" and then burst into an agony of tears. This was the first intelligence she had received of her husband's death. The child with her was his daughter, and the gentleman his brother. There were very few dry eyes in that car during the rest of the journey to Elmira.—[Ex.]