

for the establishment of a postal money-order system. Mr. Colfax introduced a bill to reduce the duty on paper from 35 to 10 per cent, which was referred to the committee on ways and means. Mr. Noel presented a bill which was referred to provide for the abolishment of slavery in Missouri and for compensation to loyal owners. Mr. Fessenden presented a resolution, which was adopted, declaring that the Proclamation of the President of the date September 22, 1862, is warranted by the Constitution; that the policy of emancipation as indicated therein is well adapted to hasten the restoration of peace, is well chosen as a war measure, and is an exercise of power, with proper regard to the rights of citizens, and the perpetuity of a free government.

Mr. Conway offered a series of resolutions declaring that the restoration of the Union as it was would be a greater calamity than the rebellion itself; that any person in the employment of the United States proposing peace on any basis which would restore slavery to its former supremacy would be guilty of a high crime; that no change of policy in the conduct of the war is more than nominal, unless accompanied by a complete change of personnel of the executive department; that unless the Mississippi Valley shall soon be cleared of the rebel forces, and the legions of Lee and Jackson annihilated, the interests of the country and humanity will require a cessation of hostilities.

The resolutions were tabled by a vote of 132 to 1. Mr. Conway alone voting in the negative.

EDUCATION.

MR. EDITOR:

It is with peculiar pleasure that I take up the pen to add a trophy to the modern march of the mind—to add a tribute to the triumph of learning.

The heart of the philanthropist leaps with pleasure to know that the arts and sciences, by application, is about to illuminate the mind of thousands of children scattered in the vales and valleys of the Rocky Mountains.

Most glorious undertaking! The infidel may laugh to scorn, the cynic may smile at the idea; but there is, perhaps, many a gem of genius in these isolated valleys destined, by the aid of a liberal education, to reach the much-desired pinnacle of human glory.

Go search the records of renown: the Savior of mankind chose his disciples from the fishing boats; and many of the most illustrious characters that ever illuminated the world, rose by a simple agency far less bright and brilliant than the one we are contemplating.

D. Herschel, who with the eye of a philosopher searched out and added another world to the solar system, was a fifer boy of the army.

Ferguson, the very son of science, was a poor weaver, and learned to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother.

Search the records of our revolution, and the names of Sherman of Franklin; and many others may be adduced as evidence of the truth of this position.

Upon the culture of the intellect depend the glory of nations and the stability of empires.

When Homer sung and Hesiod wrote, Greece was ascending that pinnacle from whence the flood of her glory gushed and still gleams upon the mind of men.

When Seneca laid down the grand principles of morality, and Cicero shook the forum with the thunder of his eloquence, then Rome, the city of the Caesars, flourished, and Virgil sung her the glory of the globe.

"The destiny as well as the durability of a nation depend upon the culture of the mind." Rome held even in the dark ages and still holds a respectable standing among the nations for her science. But Greece, unhappy Greece, the very last gleam of her glory was extinguished in the blaze of Byzantium, the last star of her learning that had enlightened the world, went down in the long night of barbarism, and the last remnant of her renown was annihilated in the ravage of the unrelenting and merciless Moslem. The tyrant Turk left her nothing by which she might recognize her former greatness and triumphs but the tombs of her saints and sages and the pages of her imperishable fame. But the luminary of liberty may again rise on her shores, and perhaps the light of learning may yet gladden her bosom. She may, perhaps, shine again among the noblest of nations.

That knowledge is power may be read on every page of history and every achievement of man, the rise and ruin of empires, the flourishing and fall of rulers are frequent with the truth of this aphorism.

The press, the mighty engine of intelligence, and the compass, the polar star of commerce and curiosity, are the offspring of human knowledge and invention.

By the aid of steam, we are enabled to resist the elements, and matter even on the land is transported over space with the velocity of the mind. Printing, the great pioneer of knowledge, has disseminated intelligence in a ten-

fold ratio. All the glory of ancient times, all the oracles of Athens, of Ephesus, and the world may not be compared to this kingdom invested with the power of the priesthood in the greatness of its designs and the brilliance of its benefits. Nor less is the power of knowledge in other respects. Why when the cloud of battle shrouds the heavens and darkness the orb of day, does the savage fly from the sons of civilization? And why did the sun-burnt goths of the Ganges yield when the British battle-cry was heard on the banks of the golden river? On the contrary, why was the Russian successful in triumphing over the Turks, and planting his standard on the walls of Adrianople when a thousand sabres started and streamed with the blood of the bravest heroes. It was the superiority of mind over matter, of intelligence over ignorance and barbarity.

Learning is powerful and beneficial, but in the language of the eloquent Phillip, "I would have it pure; I would have it in a word like the bow of the firmament, its summit should be the sky, its boundaries the horizon; but the only color that adorns it should be caught from the tear of earth, as it exhaled and glowed and glittered in the sunbeams of the Heavens." Yes, I would have it bright as the crystal current from the rock, and sincere as the smile of infant innocence when it slumbers on the bosom that bore it. Great but not gloomy, magnificent but not mercenary, and powerful but not ambitious. But who are the men who advocate education? They are men whose ambition is to fix the permanency of our institutions on the firm foundation of liberty. They are men of patriotism, they are philosophers and philanthropists, they are men who look with delight on the temple of our devotion, as it kisses the clouds and dips its head in heaven, but they will never agree that the flag of our freedom shall move upon its walls. The cause of education is the cause of Christianity and our country; the spirit that is being manifest may rise up and give the impulse in these valleys to another Washington in war, or another Wirt in eloquence; to another Jefferson in the Presidential chair, or to be another Jay in the council of our country.

There is talent among the children of these pioneers who subdued these isolated valleys and peopled those sublime solitudes of the mountains, where but a few years ago no human foot had trod and no eye penetrated save those of the unhappy children of the forest. But here let me say to you, beloved reader, there are those among us who are up and doing—there are those whose lives have been almost spent in disseminating the light of truth to the children of men. Most high shall be their reward in heaven. The pride of ancestry as an incentive to emulation may be just; to read over a long list of illustrious predecessors may be laudable; but when man looks back to a long existence devoted to the glory of God, and the benefit of the rising generation, then it is that life becomes truly illustrious, and the grave glorious. Such are some of those who advocate the measures which I have endeavored to delineate. Such are those who would aid to enlighten the intellect and expand the mind of one of the most isolated and romantic sections of our country. When the foam of the last wave of time shall whiten their heads, and the blast of the last trump shall echo in their ears, the recollection of the past shall light up gloom of the grave, and soothe and soften the pangs of dissolution, and when every trace of the unhappy man shall have been buried in oblivion, when other cities shall rise in these valleys, and this kindred shall rival and surpass the ancient glory of Greece and Rome; then shall the memory of their labors still live, and their monuments be inscribed with characters of imperishable fame.

Ages hence, when some youth shall point to a modern Athens, to another Rome in the valleys of the mountains, and ask of what manner of people, the fallen race of the forests were, and concerning those who enlightened the minds that achieved the glorious foundation of greatness, then will some venerable sire, some Plato, Cicero or Seneca, point with pride to the catalogue of renown names, names of those who disseminated the Gospel light of education in these valleys.

The tide of improvement which is now flowing like another Niagara through the land, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity, and it will bear to them on its bosom our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or what ever else we may transmit as an inheritance.

Our united efforts may carry intelligence and virtue to millions of minds, nor does the accumulations of influence cease with our labors, for millions yet unborn may reap the tenfold harvest.

It then in a great measure depends upon the present whether the moth of immorality and the vampire of luxuries shall prove the overthrow, or knowledge and virtue like pillars shall support us against the whirlwinds of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time.

G. W. MOUSLEY.

ANOTHER BIG GUN.—A rifled 600 pounder gun is rapidly approaching completion at Elswick, England. Its weight, when finished, will be 22 1-2 tons, and its length 14 feet 10 inches; the outer diameter is to be 4 feet 4 inches at the breech, and 1 foot 9 1-2 inches. The bore of the gun will be rather more than 13 inches, and the greatest thickness of metal at the breech about 18 inches, at the muzzle 4 1-2 inches.

ESTIMATE OF TIME IN DREAMING.

Our estimate of time in dreaming differs from that when awake. Events which would take whole days, or a longer time, in the performance, are dreamed in a few moments. So wonderful is this compression of a multitude of transactions into the very shortest period, that when we are accidentally awakened by the jarring of a door which is opened into the room where we are sleeping, we sometimes dream of depredations by thieves or destruction by fire in the very instant of awaking.

"A friend of mine," says Dr. Abercrombie, "dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea: and, having awoke with a fright, discovered that he had not been asleep above ten minutes."

Count Lavalette, who, some years since, was condemned to death in France, relates a dream which occurred during his imprisonment, as follows:

"One night while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep, I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honore, at the corner of the Rue de l'Eschelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still; nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden I perceived, at the bottom of the street, and advancing toward me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses, however, all flayed. This horrid group continued passing in a rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks at me. Their march, I thought, continued five hours; and they were followed by an immense number of artillery-wagons full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered—a disgusting smell of blood almost choking me at the same time. At length the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force awoke me again. I made my repeater strike; it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than two or three minutes; that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe and the watchword short. The next day, the turnkey confirmed my calculations."

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.—One day Father Madeleine saw some country people very busy pulling up nettles; he looked at the heap of plants uprooted and already wilted, and said: "This is dead; but it would be well if we knew how to put it to some use. When the nettle is young, the leaves make excellent greens; when it grows old, it has filaments and fibres like hemp and flax. Cloth made from the nettle is worth as much as that made from hemp. Chopped up, the nettle is good for poultry; pounded, it is good for horned cattle. The seed of the nettle mixed with the fodder of animals gives a luster to their skin; the root mixed with salt produces a beautiful yellow dye. It makes, moreover, excellent hay, as it can be cut twice in a season. And what does the nettle need? very little soil, no care, no culture; except that the seeds fall as fast as they ripen, and it is difficult to gather them; that is all. If we would take a little pains, the nettle would be useful; we neglect it, and it becomes harmful. Then we kill it. How much men are like the nettle!" After a short silence he added: "My friends, remember this, that there are no bad herbs, and no bad men; there are only bad cultivators."—[Les Miserables.]

WHISKY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whisky is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells for one shilling, and if of a good brand, is considered well worth the money. It is drunk in a minute or two—it fires the brain, rouses the passions, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system; it is gone, and swollen eyes, parched lips and aching head are its followers. On the same sideboard upon which this delicious beverage is served lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs less than a glass of grog, the juice of a few grains of corn. It is no less strange than true that there is a large portion of the community who think corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear.

A YANKEE DEALER.—"Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry goods store in one of the Eastern cities, and looked much like a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell.

"No, sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."

"Want to buy any eggs?"

"No, sir,—we keep a dry goods store here."

"So! Well, then, maybe you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty nicer, too."

No, sir; I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry goods."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice hind quarter of pork?"

"I tell you, sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here."

Wall, what'll you give for DRIED PEACHES?"

—A descendant of Montezuma, the last sovereign of Mexico, is living in Madrid, in the person of M. Antonio Marsilis, Count de Montezuma, gentleman of the bed-chamber to Queen Isabella.

FATCS AND FICTION.

—The McKinstry trial at St. Louis, it is estimated, cost the Government one hundred thousand dollars.

—More than sixty millions of dollars have been given in private bounties, since the war began.

—A General at the point of death, opening his eyes and seeing a consultation of three physicians who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it is all over with me!" and instantly expired.

—The Boston liquor sellers have raised the price of drink to thirteen cents each, or two for a quarter.

—The very latest Par's "fashions" state that bonnets will be still worn high in the front, but much less exaggerated. The principal ornaments being feathers for dress bonnets, or a simple trimming of ribbon or lace.

—The Secretary of War has ordered the discharge of all Quakers who were drafted in Ohio.

—A country school-master thus describes a money lender: "He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive, and ruins you in the future!"

—A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said: "Alas! I am near thirty." "Do not fret at it, madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

—The rebellion has diminished our exports the past year one hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars compared with 1860.

—The Secretary of the Interior gives the present population of Washington at one hundred thousand. This is an increase of about forty thousand since the spring in which the rebellion broke out.

—The opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let them slide.

—What a good lesson the old matron taught to children when she said: "Children, you may have anything you want but you mustn't want anything you can't have."

—It is a great convenience for a doctor to have two patients in the same street, so that he can kill two birds with one stone.

—Nine thousand Italian priests have just presented a petition to the Pope, in which they entreat of him, in the name of religion, to abandon the temporal power.

—The number of Revolutionary soldiers whose names were upon the pension list June 20th, 1862, was 30—19, or nearly two-fifths, having died during the year.

—A promising young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one much better.

—There is a firm in Elgin, Ill., known as "Gray & Lunt." Half the letters come to them directed "Lay & Gunt."

—It is stated that it costs Government 50 per cent more to fit out troops for the war than it did previous to the 1st of June last.

—In St. Louis they ignore the old terms of Republican and Democrat, and even the accommodating designation of Unionists. Instead of these, they have "Cl ybank" for Republican Unionists, "Charcoal" for Emancipationists, and "Chocolate" for Democrats.

—The New York Tribune, referring to the United States Generals, advises the Government to "discard all augers that won't bore." Prentice says the Tribune is an auger that won't do anything else.

—General McClellan is preparing a history of military affairs while he was in command.

—Full one third of all the horses in the army are affected by a terrible disease, which breaks out above the hoof, and soon cripples them or destroys the hoof; the joints swell, and in some cases the hoof drops off.

—There will be thirteen editors in the next Legislature of Wisconsin—three in the Senate and ten in the House.

—The Boston Journal is selling all its old printed newspapers, clippings, scraps and all for 6 1/2 cents a pound.

—Black Hawk, once being asked how much he weighed, replied, "As I am I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, but when I am mad I weigh a ton."

—Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea-chest the words "Tu doces." It was sometime before they found out the wit of this literal translation—"Thou teachest."

—Matches were anciently said to be made in Heaven. It must have been, however, before Lucifer fell, hence the name of lucifer matches. Judging from the developments in our numerous divorce cases, the business is continued by the same manufacturer down below.—Says the Argus.

—Since the war broke out fifty-six members of the Chicago Typographical Union have entered the army. The most of these now hold commissions; besides three or four majors, there are several captains, and a large number of lieutenants.

—Mr. Eliphalet Foss, of Bridgton, Me., has a goose which has attained the venerable age of sixty-eight years!