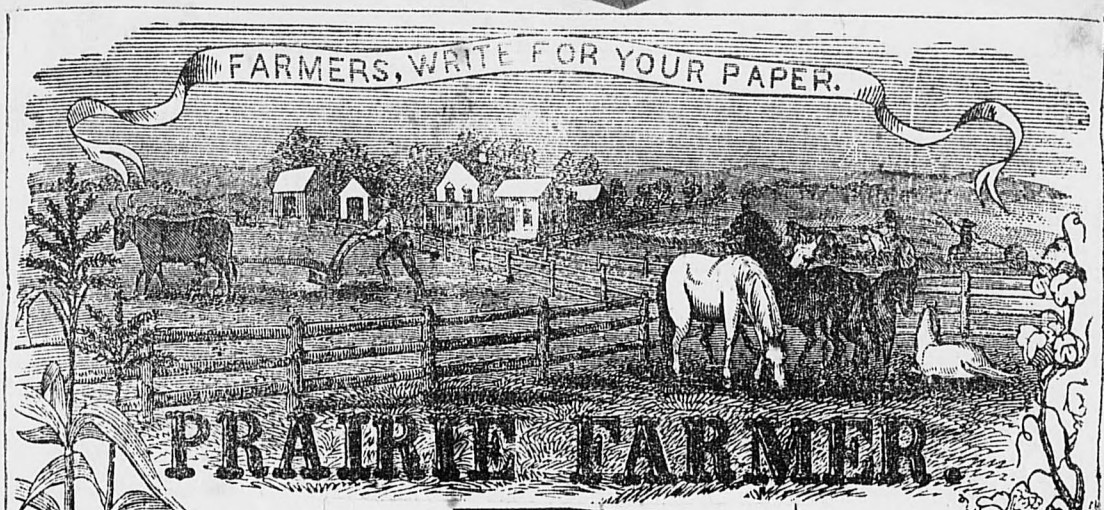


For the Journal of Commerce.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

[BY CAPT. G. W. PATTEN U. S. ARMY.]

Chide mildly the erring!
  Kind language endears;
Grief follows the sinful,—
  Add not to their tears.
Avoid with reproaches
  Fresh pain to bestow,
The heart which is stricken
  Needs never a blow.

Chide mildly the erring!
  Jeer not at their fall!
If strength were but human,
  How weakly were all!
What marvel that footsteps
  Should wander astray,
When tempests so shadow
  Life's wearisome way!

Chide mildly the erring!
  Entreat them with care!
Their natures are mortal,
  —They need not despair.
We all have some frailty,
  We all are unwise,
And the grace which redeems us,
  Must shine from the skies.

BANGOR, Me., April 1848.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

Gentle Words—Loving Smiles.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

only.

Terms—$1 per annum.

Poetry.

All things Perish Save Virtue.

Sweet morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

"Sweet rose"—whose fragrance now I crave,
To glad mine sense and glad mine eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring—so full of shine and showers,
It makes the weary spirit sigh
To think, with all their herbs and flowers,
That then must die.

Sweet music—e'en the lovely song,
Which from my harp in window high
Is floating on the breeze along,
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glistening train
Of stars that stud the deep blue sky,
Must they all perish—none remain
To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
And mountains that invade the sky,
Are they as baseless as our dreams?
And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair,
On Nature's face—love's melody,
That makes sweet music of the air,
All, all must die!

A man, frail form of senseless clay,
Though now his glance is proud and high,
Perchance upon the passing day
He, too, may die!

But the bright soul! THAT, shrined within—
The quenchless light of moral form—
Though dimmed by misery and sin,
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
And suns in their own blaze expire,
And trackless comets cease to stray
With wandering fire—

The soul shall ever live, nor know
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
And share—in endless joy or wo—
Eternity.

Why Love we Life?

Why love we life with anxious thought,
Why hold this earth so dear,
Why breathe we prayers so earnest oft,
For days still longer here?

Oh, is not life an union formed,
'Tween body, soul and earth,
And union's principle is love,
In progress as in birth?

'Tis even right and wise and good
To hold this union dear,
And wrong to wish the temple razed
That holds the soul while here.

And e'en the world was made for man,
And God pronounced it good;
It yields us blessings by his will
And gives us clothes and food.

In beauty, too, 'tis worth our love.
And many are the joys
We may extract if wise we live,
For life's not all alloys.

There's love and good and happiness
Mixed up in man's earth-lot,
And if for these he clings to it—
'Tis nature—blame it not.

And may not earth, renewed and pure,
Yet be the Heaven we seek,
Where man, with perfect nature blessed,
Eternal truth shall speak?

Where Heaven its throne of love shall set,
And saints be gathered round
To sing the praise of him who died,
And kings and priests be crowned.

Then surely earth has much to love—
But more when wrong shall cease,
And all mankind, as brother's joined,
Enjoy eternal peace.

J. V.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the Gospel plan?
The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show,
By dooing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe.

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow andd affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usuage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, Echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!
Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart, then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know:
And now to practice I'll directly go.
Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done,
Must I, in point of merit, them disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough! thy counsels to mine ear,
Are sweeter than, to flowers, the dew-drop tear;
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well:
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.
PRACTISE them. Farewell, farewell.

LETTERS
FROM
John Quincy Adams to his Son,
ON THE
BIBLE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

Communicated to the N. Y. Tribune.

LETTER III.

The second general point of view, in which I propose for you to consider the Bible, to the end that it may "thoroughly furnish you unto all good works," is in the historical character.

To a man of liberal education, the study of history is not only useful and important, but altogether indispensable, and with regard to the history contained in the Bible, the observation which Cicero makes respecting that of his own country is much more emphatically applicable, "that it is not so much praise-worthy to be acquainted with as it is shameful to be ignorant of it." History, so far as it relates to the actions and adventures of men, may be divided in five different classes. First, the History of the world, otherwise called Universal History: Second, that of particular nations: Third, that of particular institutions: Fourth, that of single families: and Fifth, that of individual men. The last two of these classes are generally distinguished by the name of memoirs and biography. All these classes of history are to be found in the Bible, and it may be worth your while to discriminate them one from another.

The Universal History is short, and all contained in the first eleven chapters of Genesis, together with the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, which is little more than a genealogical list of names; but it is of great importance, not only as it includes the history of the creation, of the fall of man, of the antediluvian world and the flood by which the whole human race, (excepting Noah and his family,) were destroyed, but as it gives a very precise account of the time from the Creation until the Birth of Abraham. This is the foundation of Ancient History, and in reading profane historians hereafter, I would advise you always to reflect upon their narratives with reference to it with respect to the chronology. A correct idea of this is so necessary to understand all history, ancient and modern, that I may hereafter write you something farther concerning it: for the present I shall only recommend to your particular attention the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, and request you to cast up and write me the amount of the age of the world when Abraham was born.

The remainder of the book of Genesis, beginning at the 12th chapter is a history of one individual (Abraham) and his family during three generations of his descendents, after which the book of Exodus commences with the history of the same family, multiplied into a nation; this national and family history is continued through the books of the Old Testament until that of Job, which is of a peculiar character, differing in many particulars from every other part of the Scriptures. There is no other history extant which can give so interesting and correct view of the rise and progress of human associations, as this account of Abraham and his descendents, through all the vicissitudes to which individuals, families, and nations are liable. There is no other history where the origin of a whole nation is traced up to a single man, and where a connected train of events and a regular series of persons from generation to generation is preserved. As the history of a family, it is intimately connected with our religious principles and opinions, for it is the family from which (in his human character) Jesus Christ descended. It begins by relating the commands of God to Abraham, to abandon his country, his kindred, and his father's house; and to go to a land which He would show him. This command was accompanied by two promises; from which, and from their fulfillment arose the difference which I have just noticed between the history of the Jews and that of every other nation.

The first of these promises was "That God would make Abraham a great nation, and bless him;" the second, and incomparably the most important was, that "in him all the families of the earth should be blessed." This promise was made about two thousand years before the birth of Chirst, and in Him had its fulfilment. When Abraham in obedience to the command of God, had gone into the land of Canaan, the Lord appeared unto him and made him a third promise, which was that he should give that land to a nation which should descend from him, as a possession: this was fulfilled between five and six hundred years afterward. In reading all the historical books of both the Old and New Testaments, as well as the books of the Prophets, you should always bear in mind the reference which they have to these three promises of God to Abraham. All the history is no more than a narrative of the particular manner, and the detail of events by which those promises were fulfilled.

In the account of the creation, and the fall of man, I have already remarked that the moral doctrine inculcated by the Bible is, that the great consumation of all human virtue consists in obedience to the will of God. When we come hereafter to speak of the Bible in its ethical character, I shall endeavor to show you the intrinsic excellence of this principle; but I shall now only remark how strongly the principle itself is illustrated, first in the account of the Fall, and next by the history of Abraham. In the acconnt of the creation we are informed that God, after having made the world created the first human pair, and "gave them dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." He gave them also "every herb bearing seed, and the fruit of every tree for meat;" and all this we are told "God saw was very good." Thus the immediate possession of everything was given them, and its perpetual enjoyment secured to their descendants, on condition of abstaining from the "fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

It is altogether immaterial to my present remarks whether the narrative is to be understood in a literal or allegorical sense, as not only the *knowledge*, but the possession of created good was granted; the fruit of the tree, could confer upon them no knowledge but that of evil, and the command was nothing more than to abstain from that knowledge—to forbear from rushing upon their own destruction. It is not sufficient to say that this was a command in its own nature light and easy; it was a command to pursue the only law of their nature, to keep the happiness that had been heaped upon them without measure; but observe—it contained the principle of *obedience*—it was assigned to them as a duty—and the heaviest of penalties was denounced upon its transgression. They were not to discuss the wisdom, or justice of this command; they were not to enquire why it had been enforced upon them, nor could they have the slightest possible motive for the inquiry; unqualified felicity and immortality were already theirs; wretchedness and death were alone forbidden them, but placed within their reach as merely trials of their obedience. They violated the law; they forfeited their joy, and immortality; they "brought into the world, death, and all our woe."

Here, then, is an extreme case in which the mere principle of obedience could be tried, and command to abstain from that from which every motive of reason and interest would have deterred had the command never been given—a command given in the easiest of all possible form, requiring not so much as an action of any kind, but merely forbearance; and its transgression was so severely punished, the only inference we can draw from it is that the most aggravated of all crimes, and that which includes in itself all others, is disobedience to the will of God. Let us now consider how the principle of obedience is inculcated in the history of Abraham, by a case in the opposite extreme. God commanded Abraham to abandon forever his country, his kindred and his father's house, to go, he knew not where; promising, as a reward of his obedience, to bless him and his posterity, though he was then child-

less: he was required to renounce everything that could most contribute to the happiness and comfort of his life, and which was in his actual enjoyment; to become a houseless, friendless wanderer upon the earth, on the mere faith of the promise that a land should be shown him which his descendents should possess—that they should be a great nation—and that through them all mankind should receive in future ages a blessing.

The obedience required of Adam, was merely to retain all the blessings he enjoyed; the obedience of Abraham was to sacrifice all that he possessed for the vague and distant prospect of a future compensation to his posterity: the self-control and self-denial required of Adam, was in itself the slightest that imagination can conceive,—but its failure was punished by the forfeiture of all his enjoyments; the self-dominion to be exercised by Abraham was of the most severe and painful kind—but its accomplishment will ultimately be rewarded by the restoration of all that was forfeited by Adam. This restoration, however, was to be obtained by no ordinary proof of obedience; the sacrifice of mere personal blessings, however great, could not lay the foundation for the redemption of mankind from death; the voluntary submission of Jesus Christ to his own death, in the most excruciating and ignominious form, was to consummate the great plan of redemption, but the submission of Abraham to sacrifice his beloved and only son Isaac—the child promised by God himself, and through whom all the greater promises were to be carried into effect, the feelings of nature, the parents bowels, were all required to be sacrificed by Abraham to the blind unquestioning principle of obedience to the will of God. The blood of Isaac was not indeed shed—the butchery of an only son by the hand of his father, was a sacrifice which a merciful God did not require to be completely executed; but as an instance of obedience it was imposed upon Abraham, and nothing less than the voice of an Angel from Heaven could arrest his uplifted arm, and withhold him from sheathing his knife in the heart of his child. It was upon this testimonial of obedience, that God's promise of redemption was expressly renewed to Abraham: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice." Gen. xxii. 18.

From your affectionate Father,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Remarkable Trace of Antiquity.—The perfect skeleton of an Indian woman was found last Wednesday afternoon in the sand bank excavation adjoining Niagara river, immediately back of Major Whitney's new residence. We understand that it rested in a sitting posture with its head facing the north, (true Indian style) about four feet below the surface. Immediately above grew a large hickory, two feet in diameter, at least 200 years old, whose huge roots encircled the skeleton on every side. Owing to the frost in the sand, and the number of roots to be removed, it was obtained with great difficulty. Rumor says that Indian relics were found with it. One of Dr. Coger's students who was present at the time of the exhumation, informs us that he has no doubt but that when the frost shall have left the ground, the jewels accustomed to be worn by "Indian ladies" may then be found. To all appearances 200 years must have passed by on the wings of the wind since vitality left these remains of perhaps a once mighty and powerful chief's daughter.—*Niagara Falls Iris.*

If Industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

Diogenes, being once asked the bite of which beast was worst, answered: "If you mean of wild beasts, 'tis the *slanderer;* if tame, the *flatterer.*"

For the Journal of Commerce.

SALT,—NOT ATTIC.

The quantity of Salt manufactured in and about Syracuse, increases every year. The superintendant's Report shows the production in the year 1848, of 4,737,126 bushels. The statute bushel contains 1 28-100 cubic feet; the last year's yield of salt therefore amounts to 6,063,521 cubic feet. This quantity would suffice to fill up very nearly 2½ miles of the Enlarged Erie Canal, or if piled up would form a conical heap 500 feet in diameter, and 123½ feet high, or a pyramid 250 feet square and 291 feet high; or if spread over the ground in equal thickness, would cover 22½ acres of land to the depth of 6 feet.

This salt is obtained by evaporating the brine taken from springs and borings on the shore of Onondaga Lake. Salt water was originally found there in natural springs, but the quantity has been enormously increased by artificial borings. The origin of salt in this water is obvious. A vast bed of rock salt, under ground, is gradually dissolved by water in contact with it. The rain which rushes down the hills about Syracuse, and soaks through to the region of Salt, comes up again in springs charged with this valuable article in a convenient state for the process of manufacture. The salt water is worth more than the rock salt itself; for rock salt cannot be purified without first dissolving it, which is so much extra work. Thus in a single year, a large mass of rock salt, or salt rock, of at least equal size with the bulk of the manufactured article, is delivered from the earth by the silent but mighty workings of nature.

The locality of the salt rock, or bed of rock salt, is indicated by the place where the springs naturally break out, and by the successful borings in and near Syracuse. That this salt rock does not extend far, is shown by the fruitless borings made in other places. The doubt whether the supply of salt water would continue, has been in a great measure removed by the constancy of the springs under the incressing droughts of the new pumps. There is a question, however, which cannot be easily disposed of, namely: How will the face of the ground be affected by the removal of vast masses of rock from its foundation? It is manifest that a great cavity is forming there. If each year takes out over six millions of cubic feet, a block like the cone or pyramid mentioned before, and this is continued for a series of years, the result must be an immense chasm—which might easily swallow up Syracuse and its suburbs. The growth of this cavern in any number of years is readily computed; but it is not easy to calculate how long the heavy masses of earth, soil, and materials above the chasm, will maintain their position undisturbed by the progressive waste of their foundation. The past freedom from disturbance at that place, proves very little. The native springs were too small to produce any material effect; but the recent and numerous borings, which abstract so great an additional mass of salt from the bowels of the earth, have a serious importance.

An observing traveler will see in the region of the salt springs, a striking example of that formation in which a small plain, girded about by substantial hills, is yet wholly made up of a level deposit of mould. The ground at Syracuse is not unlike that which covers the subterranean lakes, that are sometimes revealed by the sudden sinking of the crust; but it more resembles the ancient plain mentioned in the Book of Genesis, which was also surrounded by hills, and had, like the city of Syracuse, a rich and fertile soil, saline springs, and a salt lake.

The plain of Sodom with its cities, went suddenly down into the chasm beneath; and although a fiery shower attended the shock, yet the breaking through of the crust which converted fruitful fields into a lake, was a natural catastrophe.* ARCHIMEDES.

* We doubt the propriety of this expression. If there is any event ascribed in Scripture to the special interposition of the Almighty, it is the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. It may be that natural causes were made subservient to the result; but even this is a position which requires to be proved.—*Eds.*

Singular Cause of Illness.—Mr. William B. Scarfe, a respectable citizen of Pittsburgh, while dressing a few days since, stuck the point of a common pin into one of his fingers, since which time he has been racked with excruciating pains. The Gazette says that "faint hopes are entertained of his recovery. Every aid that medicine can give has been resorted to, but it is a case that seems to bid defiance to medical skill."

For the Journal of Commerce.

STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

As these Straits are to be a good deal navigated by our vessels to California, the following account of them by Captain Morrell, of New York, in his book of Voyages, published in 1832, by the Harpers, may interest some persons. He had been six times through this passage.

"The Straits are about 375 miles in length. Their course forming an elbow, or two sides of a right angled triangle. The distance across the land is about 190 miles—Cape Froward being the Southernmost Point of the South American Continent—the Island of Cape Horn being over 100 miles further South. The Straits at the Eastern entrance are between six and seven leagues wide, and have from 15 to 30 fathoms water. The tide on the Atlantic rises about 16 feet, and about 8 feet on the Pacific. The passage is safe for vessels of any size, and the navigation pleasant and easy. There are many safe and commodious harbors all the way through. Wood and water can be procured with ease, and an abundance of fish, and antescorbutic vegetables, and birds and deer, at the Eastern entrance. The land is low on both sides, like a rolling prairie. Towards the middle and West it becomes hilly and mountanous,—some part of it resembling the scenery of the Hudson River.

"The country is well peopled. Near the Eastern end of the Strait, Capt. Morrell saw about 200 Indians, all on horseback; and towards the Western end he was visited on shore by more than a thousand, who were very peaceable and friendly.

"About 120 miles from the Eastern entrance is Port Famine, so named by the English Navigator, Cavendish, who, in 1587 rescued the only survivor of a colony of 400 Spaniards, who had been settled here in 1581 to form a nucleus for protection to Spanish commerce. The place was named Philipville, in honor of the reigning monarch of Spain. The unfortunate settlers were left without sufficient provisions, and did not pay sufficient attention to their crops. When the place was visited by Cavendish, he found only one individual alive, whom he carried to England. All the rest had perished by famine but 23, who set out by land for the Rio de Plata, and were never afterwards heard of.

"Had this colony been composed of such men as are daily emigrating from New England to our Western wilderness, so far from suffering famine, they would have converted Patagonia into a fruitful country, and Phillipville would have in time become a large city. It has a fine harbor, abundance of fish, game, and of wild celery, and the finest trees I ever saw; oaks, beech, and cedars, 5 to 7 feet in diameter. Some of them would make the finest masts for line of battle ships.

"The valleys are clothed with a luxuriant verdure. The clover fields of Pennsylvania, if suffered to go a few seasons unmowed, would alone furnish a parallel."

Capt. Morrell visited the ruins of Phillipville, and says the fort erected by the Spaniards is but slightly decayed, and with little labor could be repaired and would command the Strait. The Captain made an excursion into the country—of which he gives an interesting account. In the night they were disturbed by a loud roaring, which he afterwards found was the South American Lion.

Recovered Lake.—A singular accident occurred on the Michigan Central Railway. It became necessary to carry a grading or embankment of fifteen feet high, across a low piece of ground, containing about 100 acres, nearly dry enough for plowland. When they had progressed with the grading for some distance, it became too heavy for the soil to support, the crust of the earth broke in, and the embankment sunk down into *seventy-nine feet of water!* It appears that the piece of ground had been a lake, but had collected a soil of roots, peat, muck, &c., on its surface, apparently from ten to fifteen feet thick, which had become hardened and dry enough for farm purposes. Mr. Brooks, the engineer, thought it would have supported an embankment of five feet thickness, and that if it had not been necessary for them to have one much heavier, it would have supported the road, and the fact might never have been discovered that it rested on the bosom of a lake.

For the Journal of Commerce.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON, ON LEAVING HIS HOME FOR CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. G.

Farewell, my son, the hour has come,
The solemn hour when we must part;
The hour that bears thee from thy home,
With sorrow fills thy Father's heart.

Farewell, my son, thou leav'st behind,
Thy mother, sisters, brothers dear,
And goest the far-off land to find,
Without one friend thy way to cheer.

Alone thou leav'st thy vine clad cot,
Thy childhood's lawn, thy natal bowers,
Sweet scenes, that ne'er can be forgot,
Where life has pass'd its sunniest hours.

When far away in distant lands,
'Mid California's golden streams,
Where brightly shine those yellow sands,
Of't will "*Sweet Home*" come o'er thy dreams.

Thy father's counsels, prayers, and love,
Pursue thee through thy dangerous way,
And at the mercy-seat above,
Implore his son may never stray

From that strait path where virtue guides,
To purest, noblest joys on high,
Where God in holiness resides
And springs perrenial never dry.

Remember his omniscient eye
Beholds each devious step you take,—
That you can ne'er his presence fly,
At home, abroad, asleep, awake.

On California's sea-beat shore,
Where the Pacific rolls his tide,
Where waves on waves eternal roar,
You cannot from his notice hide.

He holds you *there* upon his arm,
Encircled with his boundless might,
Preserves you safe from every harm,
'Mid brightest day and darkest night.

Let this great truth be deep impress'd
Upon the tablets of thy heart,—
Be cherished there within thy breast,
And from thy memory ne'er depart.

If strong temptations round you rise,
Where sin's deceitful smiles betray,
This *thought* will prompt you to despise
The course that leads the downward way.

When fascination spreads her charms,
But to allure, beguile, destroy,
Think, then, a Father's faithful arms,
Are thrown around his wandering boy,

To keep him from the fatal snare;
Spread to entrap his youthful feet,
And lead his heedless footsteps where
Pale ruin holds its gloomy seat.

What pangs must rend thy father's soul,
To find his counsels all are crossed,
Are set at nought, without control,
And his beloved son is lost.

Oh! think what mourning, anguish, grief,
Would bathe thy kindred all in tears,
That one dear youth, in life so brief,
Should cloud in night their future years.

Should those bright hopes that gild thy sky—
And cast their splendors on the West,
Fade on thy sight, grow dim and die,
And heart sink down with gloom oppres'd,—

Should sickness chain thee to thy bed,
In California's distant land,
No brothers there to hold thy head,
Nor sister take thy trembling hand,—

Just then, my son, that guardian power,
Whose eye beholds the sparrow's fall,
He'll watch thee in that lonely hour,
Whose gracious care is o'er us all.

Then, if beneath the evening star,
Beside the great Pacific's wave,
Thou find'st an early tomb afar,
His grace will there thy spirit save.

Or if upon thy safe return,
Thou find'st no more thy father here,
Pay one sad visit to his urn,
Drop on his dust one filial tear.

May God's rich blessings on thy head,
Descend in showers of heavenly grace,
And keep you safe where'er you tread,
As we here end this fond embrace.

So live my son, while here you stand,
On time's bleak, ever changing shore,
That we may reach that better land
Where sons and fathers part no more.

March 1st, 1849.

For the Journal of Commerce.

MINERAL WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

With the exception of Coal, Iron and Lead, very little attention has yet been given to the development of the immense mineral wealth of the United States of North America, as indicated by the partial surveys which have been made by the Legislature, of a portion of the States, and by individuals interested to enhance the value of their lands, or profit by speculations in fancy stocks. That we possess within our borders as valuable mines as any in the world, which at some future day are destined to enrich the country, rendering us independent of other nations, and to amass individual fortunes exceeding in amount the accumulations of trade and commerce, is a settled fact, impressed upon the minds of the majority of intelligent business and sceintific men; but for a want of reliable information, the practical skill of older countries, and well digested, and organized efforts, more money has been squandered, thus far, in futile schemes and partial developments, than all the profits derived from mining, so far as the precious metals are concerned. Such must continue to be the case with reference to all the more costly metals, until the business of mining is taken hold of in earnest, by persons of intelligence, enterprise and wealth, the same class who have given our country the high position we have already attained in commerce and manufactures.

Mining is an expensive business, and for many years to come, if it progresses at all, it must do so by associated capital; no prudent individual would be willing to risk an amount upon a doubtful enterprise, sufficient to compass the successful development of gold, silver, copper, tin, cobalt, and other valuable minerals; which according to the established laws of nature are generally found in small per centages, and buried at great depths, as compared with the baser and cheaper, though quite as useful metals, of iron, lead, or zinc.

Our own State and the neighboring States of Connecticut and New Jersey, are as abundantly supplied with valuable ores, and present as rich mineral fields as any in the Union. The Legislatures in these tates should do all in their power consistent with onstitutional enactments, to promote and encourage their development and successful prosecution. An enlightened and liberal legislation is particularly needed with reference to mining. Thousands of hardy immigrants flocking to our shores could be profitably employed at good wages, and to the enrichment of the Commonwealth, in this undeveloped field; provided the attention of persons of surplus means was invited to the subject by enlightened and liberal legislation.

General acts of incorporation, suited to manufacturing purposes, are not the most suited for mining operations. A *suitable* act of incorporation and surveys, with publications (the materials for which can be easily obtained) relating to the best modes of mining, and treatment of ores, would be all that is necessary to direct a portion of the enterprise that now seeks a new field upon the unexplored shores of the Pacific, to a more healthy, and, we think, more profitable investment nearer home and civilization.

The Empire State is behind her neighbors in this respect; both Connecticut and New Jersey have given more attention to the subject, and are more liberal in their legislation. It is high time old Rip Van Winkle should awake to the importance of encouraging the development of his mineral wealth, and ask himself whether by another twenty years nap, he will not place himself as far behind his Yankee neighbors in mining, as he has already done in manufacturing.

The copper mines at Bristol, Conn't., are probably the most profitable mines now worked in the United States. Professor Silliman expresses the opinion that the veins extend from that point south, to Hamden, a distance of more than thirty miles, ground sufficient to give profitable employment to thirty thousand miners. Let Connecticut look to it.

New Jersey, too, has abundance of iron and copper localities, with other valuable minerals among, which is the only considerable deposit of red oxid, of zinc found in the world. This occurs in Sussex county, and in quantities sufficient to supply the whole country, with a surplus for exportation. It crops to the surface like iron and lead, and can be mined at fifty cts. per ton! yielding an ore averaging nearly fifty per cent zinc and fifty per cent primitive iron. This invaluable ore has, quite recently, been successfully smelted (or distilled) and on analysis by Professor Chilton, is found entirely free from arsenic and sulphur, yielding a brilliant white metal, that does not oxidise on exposure to atmospheric influences, totally different from the imported zinc, and superior to German silver for all the purposes which that expensive compound is applied too. With such mines of wealth at home, to a great extent neglected, because unknown to the public, we are now pouring our enterprising young men into California, carrying with them the wealth of nations, heads to plan and willing hands to execute, it is time to raise a note of warning; and if by this weak effort at appeal we can arouse wiser heads and abler pens to the importance of the subject, then we have accomplished our wish. G.

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

BY E. W. CANNING.

There is a stream, whose narrow tide,
The known and unknown worlds divide—
Where all must go;
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
'Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where, at that dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour had come:
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died
Like going home.

Followed, with languid eye, anon,
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;
And there alone.
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form, in manhood's strength,
Came bustling on, till there, at length,
He saw life's bound.
He shrunk, and raised the bitter prayer—
Too late!—his shriek of wild despair,
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bowed with many a score
Of toilsome years.
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eye, and sank—
Ah, full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
O Death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!—
I mused—when to that stream again
Another child of mortal men
With smiles drew nigh!

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said;
"To me, O Death, thou hath no dread;
Savior, I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—
I see! ye waters, bear me o'er!
There is my home!

Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun,

U. S. Steamer Princeton,
Bay of Naples, January 5th, 1849.

We have visited every port of importance in the Mediterranean, and many where the stars and stripes were scarcely known. The officers, and, in many instances, the crew, have been enabled to visit many of the cities of the interior, and Florence, Rome, Venice, Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the magnificent ruins of the Acropolis, and others, have become familiar subjects.

Last night we returned from an excursion to Gaeta with our minister, (to the Court of Naples,) Mr. Rowan, lady and son, and Mr. Reynolds and lady, of Philadelphia. All the officers that felt inclined or wished an introduction to His Holiness the Pope were invited to join the party, and quite a cortege left the ship, composed of Capt. Engle, Lieuts. Noble, Middleton and Noland, Purser Welch, Surgeon Gould, Chief Engineer Folansbee, Messrs. McDonnell, Alexander and Serra. They were met by an officer at the Mole and escorted to the palace, passing a line of guards on the landing—they were ushered into a room crowded with cardinals, bishops, and priests.

Mr. Middleton acted as interpreter, and after the usual forms they passed to the anti-chamber. Scarcely had they time to admire this costly but simply furnished apartment, ere the doors of the reception room were thrown open, and they were in the presence of Pio IX. He was standing near the centre of the room dressed in a long robe of light drab colored cloth; a cap of the same material completed his apparel. His manner was kind and gracious, and the ladies, who were Catholics, knelt and kissed his hand. Mr. Rowan and son also kissed his hand, the latter kneeling. He expressed his regret at not being able to converse with the company in English, and, after thanking them for their attention, bade them adieu and withdrew.

All parties were astonished at the handsome appearance of the Pope, who, although near sixty years of age, appears still in his prime; of commanding figure, a clear intellectual eye, and countenance beaming with benevolence and kindness, he might with propriety be called one of the handsomest men of his day. And such is the man who endeavored to introduce liberal principles into Italy, an exile from his country, a dethroned prince, dethroned by the very people for whom he risked all, and dependent on a monarch who, of all others, is most opposed to the principles of republicanism, that has kept Italy in commotion for a year past, and the result of which none can foresee.

Our party arrived on board, we weighed anchor, and in eight hours were at anchor in the Bay of Naples.

The largest farm in Vermont is said to be that of Judge Meech, at Shelburne, eight miles south of Burlington. A correspondent of the New Bedford who has just been over it, says this year he will mow 500 acres and cut 1000 tons of hay. He keeps 300 sheep and has now 400 head of neat cattle. A few days ago he sold fat oxen enough to amount to the sum of $2460. He has also sold this season 1000 bushel of rye. And the judge himself is almost as big as his farm. He was the bearer of the Electoral vote of Vermont to Washington in 1840, and was remarked at the inauguration of Gen. Harrison, as the bulkiest man in the city, always excepting Senator Lewis, who weighs more than any two-year old on Judge Meech's farm. If the assertion of Dr. Johnson's parody, that

"He who sells fat oxen,
Should himself be fat."

is correct, the Judge has conformed to the requiremet.

Thunder and Lightning.—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his hearers observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people: but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less, and lighten more in future."

The Mississippi.

BY B. T. CUSHING.

A song for the Mississippi, now—
A song for the brave old stream;
As he dashes away with a crown of spray
In the morning's early beam;
He hath issued forth from the chilly north,
'Mid the forest deep and hoar,
And in pomp he flows, like a king that goes
To conquer a distant shore!

As he rushes along, the waters come
To mix with its glittering train,
They have heard the boom of his mighty drum,
And hurry from hill and plain;
Missouri speeds from the far, far west,
And Ohio's billows play,
As with heaving breast and a glittering crest,
She joins in the march away!

A song for the brave old river raise!
What changes hath he seen,
Since first he flowed, in solitude,
Through valllies fresh and green;
Since rainbow-spanned, from God's own hand
He dashed along the plain.
To bear his part, with a lofty heart,
To his grey-haired sire—the main!

Long by his brink so beautiful
No living creature stood,
Save the herded deer, that lingered near,
And the dusk wolf's howling brood:
Then there came a race from a distant place,
To build on a fruitful shore,
But their mounds alone tell of nations gone,
And their story lives no more,

Then the sound of war 'mid the deep woods broke
And echoed o'er the flood,
And the river's face bore the crimson trace
And blushed with the hues of blood;
For a band were here with a bow and spear,
And the scalp turf on their brow;
There graves are by—but the free winds sigh,
"Where are their children now?"

Gone! gone, thou river old and grand!
Gone are the bold and true—
No more in pride speeds o'er thy tide
The warrior's light canoe—
Their tribes have fled the stranger's tread
As the red leaves sadly fall,
They throng thy shore in strength no more—
Gone are they one and all!

The white man last stood on thy strand,
He bowed thy stern dim woods,
And let in light amid the night
Of their ancient solitudes;
The wild wolf then forsook his den,
And the white swan left thy spray,
And the eagle wheeled through the azure
And screamed as he flew away.

And now upon thy meadows green
Are fields of waving corn,
And cities fair rise through the air
To hail the glistening morn;
And o'er thy breast with wreathing crest
The lordly steamer glides,
And commerce pours her golden stores
Along thy trembling tides.

Flow on, thou river broad and deep!
In pride and glory flow!
What thou shalt be, no eye may see
That gaze on thee now;
A hundred years, and on our biers
We all must crumbling lie,
Yet still thy gleam, oh mighty stream,
Will flash against the sky!

And on thy banks new cities yet
In airy pomp shall grow,
And a thousand boats, for one that floats
Now in thy stream, shall go;
And thou shalt glide, with sunny tide,
To grace this beauteous west,
The fairest vein that seeks the main
Meandering o'er her breast.

Then a song for thee, thou river grand!
Thou sure of a watery host—
We bid thee go in thy glorious flow
Like a king through his empire coast!
Like a king thou art, and in future time
Like a crowned king shalt be—
Go on, then, go, in thy march sublime—
Go on the sounding sea!

Study a Child's Capacities.

If some are naturally dull, and yet strive to do well, notice the effort, and do not censure the dullness. A teacher might as well scold a child for being near-sighted, as for being naturally dull. Some children have a great verbal memory, others are quite the reverse. Some minds develope early, others late. Some have great powers of acquiring, others of originating. Some may appear stupid, because their true spring of character has never been touched. The dunce of the school, may turn out in the end, the living, progressive, wonder-working genius of the age.

In order to erect the best spiritual influence we must understand the spirit upon which we wish to exert that influence. For with the human mind we must work with nature, and not against it.—Like the leaf of the nettle, if touched one way, it stings like a wasp; if the other, it is softer than satin. If we would do justice to the human mind, we must find out its peculiar characteristics, and adapt ourselves to its individual wants. In conversation on this point with a friend who is now the principal in one of our best grammar schools, and to whose instruction I look back with delight—"your remarks," said he, are quite true; let me tell you a little incident which bears upon the point:

Last summer, I had a girl who was exceedingly behind in all her studies. She was at the foot of the division, and seemed to care but little for her books. It so happened, that as a relaxation, I let them at times during school hours unite in singing, I noticed that this girl had a remarkable clear, sweet voice; and I said to her, "Jave, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing." She brightened up; and from that time her mind appeared to be more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she soon gained a high rank.

One day as I was going home, I overtook her with a school companion. "Well, Jane," said I, "you are getting along very well, how happens it you do so much better than at the beginning of the quarter?" "I do not know why it is," she replied. "I know what she told me the other day," said her companion.

"And what was that?" I asked.

"Why, she said *she was encouraged.*"

Yes, here we have it—she was *encouraged.* She felt she was not dull in everything. She had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, there was in Franklin school an exceedingly dull boy. One day the teacher wishing to look out a word took up the lad's dictionary, and on opening it, found the blank leaves covered with drawings. He called the boy to him.

"Did you draw these?" said the teacher.

"Yes sir, said the boy with a downcast look.

"I do not think it is well for boys to drawn in their books," and I would rub these out if I were you; but they are well done, did you ever take lessons?"

"No sir," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.

"Well, I think you have a talent for this thing. I should like you to draw me something when you are at leisure, at home, and bring it to me. In the mean time see how well you can recite your lessons."

The next morning the boy brought a picture, and when he had committed his lesson, the teacher permitted him to draw a map. The true spirit was touched. The boy felt he was understood. He began to love his teacher. He became animated and fond of his books. He took delight in gratifying his teacher by his faithfulness to his studies, while the teacher took every opportunity to encourage him in his natural desires. The boy became one of the first scholars, and gained the medal before he left the school. After this he became an engraver, laid up money enough to go to Europe, studied the works of old masters, sent home productions from his own pencil, which found a place in some of the best collections of paintings, and is now one of the most promising artists of his years in the country. After the boy gained the medal, he sent the teacher a beautiful picture as a token of respect; and while he was an engraver, the teacher received frequent tokens of continued regard; and I doubt not this day, he feels that that teacher, by the judicious encouragement he gave to the natural turn of his mind, has had a great moral and spiritual effect on his character.

For the Journal of Commerce.

The following Lines were given to the young men of Sag Harbor, L. I., when embarking in the ship Sabina, Capt. H. Green, master, for California, February 6th, 1848.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

With anchors weighed, and sails unfurl'd,
You leave us for a distant world;
You leave, for lands of golden ore,
Your own blue sky, your Island shore,
Your pleasant groves, your garden bowers,
Your quiet lawns, your blooming flowers;
Your Father's care, your mother's voice,
Your sister's smiles, your bosom's choice;
You leave the beauteous courts of God,
Which in your happiest days you trod;
You leave a youthful choir to weep,
When peals the Organ long and deep;
As memories rise, and hours gone by
Rush o'er the soul, and dim the eye.
By the lone spot, the vacant chair,
The heart's wild wail rings on the air;
Clasped hands are raised, and tearful eyes;
Mothers,' and wives' and sisters' cries
Go up to heaven—as close they meet,
And press around the mercy seat;
Where seraph's hand a censer bears,
For chrystal tears and mothers' prayers.
Not gold that in the distance gleams,
Not dust that sparkles on the streams,
Not gems that in the mountains lie,
Attracting the adventurer's eye;
Not these alone be yours to gain,
For they their votaries oft have slain.
Be your's *the pearl of price divine,*
The pearl that will all pearls outshine,
Whose hues a ray of hope impart
Gold fails to yield the fainting heart.
A pearl that on the desert heath,
Can scatter e'en the shades of death.
This precious pearl oh seek and find
Joy to the heart, peace to the mind.

* * * * * *

A moment's space, yet one word more,
As now you leave this sea girt shore.
While farther from your own "sweet home,"
Your bark sweeps thro' the "dark sea foam,"
May each returning sun, in pride,
Illume the waves o'er which you glide;
Pour on your path his brightest beam,
Save, when the moon with milder gleam,
Shines, while he dips his brow, and laves
His burning crest in Ocean's waves;
And the vast canopy of stars,
That dewy eve, or midnight wears,
Watch o'er you as you gently sleep,
"Rocked in the cradle of the deep;"
'Till California's sunny skies,
Burst brightly on your longing eyes.
There—may your morn and evening dreams
Of mountain gems and golden streams
Be realized—and you once more
Return to old Long Island's shore.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., Feb. 6, 1849.

Two darkies in the West went out to hunt possums etc., and by accident found a large cave, with quiet a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bear whelps in the interior. "Look hear, Sam," says one, "while I go in dar, and gets de young bars, you jest watch heah for de ole bar." Sam got asleep in the sun, when opening his eyes, he saw the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as wink he caught her by the tail, and held on like blazes. Hello, dar," said Jumbo in the cave, "Hello, dar, Sam, what dark de hole dar?" "Bress you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey; if dis tail come out, you'll find out what dark de hole!"

Mr. Nobbs, in a private communication to the editor of the *Friend*, gives the following interesting information:

"More than twenty years ago, I left England for the express purpose of visiting Pitcairn's Island, and to remain there if I could render my talents available to the inhabitants. The proprietor of a small vessel of but eighteen tons burthen, hearing me express my anxiety to obtain a passage to Pitcairn's Island, remarked, it was a spot he had long desired to visit and if I would assist him in fitting out his vessel he would go with me. I accepted his proposal, advanced him what money I could command, and embarked from Callao de Lima, with no other person than the owner of the little cutter, and in six weeks arrived here in safety.

"Five months after my arrival, John Adams departed this life. After his decease, the superintendence of the spiritual affairs of the island, and the education of the children devolved on me chiefly; and from that time to the present, (with the exception of ten months, during which period I was banished from the Island by brute force, and recalled by letters of penitential apology,) I have been with them, and have lived to see the labor of my hands prosper; for there is not a person on the Island between the ages of six years and twenty-five, who has not received, or is not receiving, a tolerable education.

"There is one untoward but prominent object on the horizon of paternal affection, and which though imperceptibly, yet rapidly approaches our increasing colony, and that is the imperious necessity of a separation, for so very limited are the available portions of the island, that some families who number ten or twelve persons, have not five acres of arable land to divide among them.

"Animal food is a luxury obtained with difficulty once or twice in the week, and though we have by dint of very hard labor been enabled to obtain cloth and other indispensable necessaries from whale ships in exchange for potatoes, yet this resource is beginning to fail us; not from scarcity of visitors, but from inability on our part to supply them.

"This is the exact state of affairs at present; how much it will be aggravated ten years from this may be imagined, but cannot be fully realized even by ourselves. Whether the British Government will again interest itself in our behalf is doubtful; if it does not, despite the most assiduous industry, a scanty allowance of potatoes and salt—the Tibuta and Maro will be the unchanging food and raiment of the rising generation."

The Connecticut Charter.—The history of the old Charter of Connecticut is familiar to every schoolboy in the land. This venerable document has for a long time past been hanging in a frame in the Chamber of the Secretary of State at Hartford. It has recently been placed in a new and elegant frame made of the wood of the Charter Oak in which it lay concealed, so that in a certain sense the Charter has returned to its former guardianship. It will repay every person visiting Hartford, to go to the State Department where this old parchment hangs, marked with the stains of the old oak tree hollow in which it lay, and examine it; for it is one of the most interesting relics which our country possesses. Some doubt has been recently expressed as to the originality of the Charter, and it is intimated that this is only a copy, and that the original was never brought to this country. It is probable, however, that any document having the royal seal attached, as this had, is original, although it may have been given in duplicate, and probably was so.

The Forgery of Coin.—It is the easiest thing in the world to detect such a fraud, if it really exists, for we have only to take the specific gravity of the coin by weighing it in air, and in water, and dividing the weight in air by its loss of weight in water, when the presence of base metal will be detected. Pure hammered gold has a specific gravity of 19 65-100, and hammered silver has a specific gravity of 10 51-100. Hammered copper has a specific gravity of 8 89-100. This manner of detecting adulteration of gold is not original with us.—Archimedes having discovered it *some time ago.—Boston Atlas.*

"Do not covet thy neighbor's Cattle."—Dr. C——, who, by the way, is "some" at a story, told us the following:

Mr. T—— and Mr. W——, were farmers, living not very remote from our peninsular city. One (Mr. T.) had a very fine white-faced heifer, of a choice breed, in which he counted a first rate cow, and which no small sum would tempt him to sell.

One day she broke into the premises of his neighbor, who goes and paints her face. In his search for her, T. comes down and enquires of W. if he has seen his heifer, and he replies that there is a fine fat one in his pasture, and he had no doubt that it was his, and he would assist him in turning her out. When they found her, T. declared that she could not be his, for his had a white face, but there wasn't hardly any other difference, although, unwilling to acknowledge that any body else could have another as "likely" as his, he said he didn't think she was quite so large or so well built; but, ah, ins't she fat?

As T.'s "conscientiousness" had never been marked above *seven* by any phrenologist, and W. having suspicion that he loved beef, he thought he would try him. Accordingly he proposed to him in a whisper, which betokened that he meant what he said, that he should butcher her, send him half the beef, and that he might have the hide for slaughtering. To this T. readily assented. He drove her home, slaughtered her, and sent the half beef according to agreement.

The next morning, rising early after a smart rain, which had taken the paint off, he went to take the hide from the fence where he had left it, to put it out of sight, and made the astounding discovery that *somebody* had "been the death" of his *own highly valued heifer, and given half of it away to have the secret kept."—Portland Trans.*

Almost a fight; or a tale of a Horse.—A better joke came off the other afternoon on one of our Brooklyn ferry-boats, than often occurs in this fun benighted country.

A gentleman who evidently *had dined*, drove on the boat, and forgetting the *festina tente* rule of ferries, nearly drove over a very angry looking individual, who if one might judge from the acerbity of his countenance, *had not;* the latter seeing the vision of a horse's head appear over his shoulder, wheeled suddenly and caught the beast by the bridle, looking horse whips at the incumbent of the carriage.

"What the d—l do you mean by catching hold of my horse?" said the driver.

"And what the d—l do *you* mean by almost driving over *me?*" replied the holder, in the true Yankee spirit of answering one question by asking another.

"Let go the horse!"

"I will *not!*"

The driver dismounted, advanced toward the other, whip in hand, and shortening his hold upon the handle, sung out in a voice of thunder, "I tell you, sir, let go that horse."

"I'll be d—d if I do!"

"You won't?" "No."

"Well, then," replied the driver, throwing his whip into the vehicle, and planting his hands comfortably in his pockets, "Well, then,

just hold him will you?" So saying, with a polite bow and quizzical grin, vanished into the cabin.

The crowd of passengers who had been standing "spectators of the fight," roared aloud, and the contending party, dropping the reins as if they were uncomfortably warm, marched off for the other end of the boat, his whole appearance bearing a striking resemblance to that of a man detected in the act of purloining his neighbor's mutton.

THE SUBTERRANEAN FIRE NEAR SHEFFIELD.—Some account of this fire appeared in our paper lately. A correspondent of the Sheffield Independent gives some further particulars. He says,—"Old people whom I have known well remembered a fire which was burning under the Red Hill and adjacent fields near a century since. Some of them who were living since the modern outbreak, fully believed this fire to be nothing but a continuation of the former one. Be this as it may, it is certain that for about 30 years past the fire has been undermining the ground on which many of the habitations stand. Sometimes, for the space of a year or more, various individual houses have been so dreadfully filled with black or choke damp, that it has been impossible to breathe unless the door was kept wide open. Many of the cellars have been closed for years. About 20 years since a portion of the street sank immediately after a loaded wagon had passed over the spot, exposing the hollow on which the people walked and dwelt. During one considerable period, the water drawn from the principal well of the village came up, not warm merely, but positively hot. From fifteen to twenty-five years ago, both in winter and summer, as soon as the evening closed in, flame was seen to issue from various fissures in particular fields and gardens. A few years since an old farmhouse and out-buildings had suffered so much by being undermined, that it was deemed advisable to take them quite down, and the materials were made use of in the building of two neat cottages. These were erected on ground where it was thought the fire had long done its worst, and where the new buildings would stand safely. Though not more than six or eight years since, the cottages are tumbling down, one of them having been already prudently abandoned by its inhabitants. Some of your readers may recollect that during the recent prevalence of the typhus fever, Nether Haugh was more than once named in your paper in connexion with that dreadful scourge. There was not, perhaps, one village in the whole country which, for the number of its inhabitants, suffered more. I do not recollect to have seen the opinion expressed in print, but I never doubted that the chief cause of the prevalence of fever in Nether Haugh was the bad air engendered in the houses by the subterranean fire."—*London Times, July 20.*

FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—The London builder gives an account of a Fire Annihilator, which is described as a small machine of the size of a common pail, containing several iron encasements, and in the middle seven pounds of nitre, carbon and gypsum, in the proportions of six, two, and two, and also one quart of water; at a touch of the finger on a small piston, charged with a small quantity of cholerate of potass and sugar, the compound is in a moment converted into steam to an amount so enormous, that it equals the quantity produced by a five-horse steam-boiler, and is equivalent to a brigade fire-engine. The whole machine can be made for FIVE DOLLARS, of which the combustible spent is worth only about three dollars and a-half.

Messrs. Editors.—I see the name of John Smith, Jr., published as one who signed the call for a Taylor meeting. No, gentlemen, I have a brother by that name, and also an uncle. Still, if you mean me, I wish to say I am opposed to the General as President, and wish you to withdraw my name, as it might injure me in the party to which I belong.

Your ob't serv't,

JOHN SMITH, Jun.

N. B.—My father was very partial to the name of John, and named all his boys John, and 2 or 3 of his gals.

THE DAILY KNICKERBOCKER.

PRICE CURRENT OF THE REVOLUTION.—In a letter from the lady of the elder President Adams to her husband, dated 15th October, 1780, we find the following commercial information, from which we may gather that our fathers spent their precious money as well as their precious blood to establish the freedom and nationality we enjoy and boast of. From this we gather that other revolutions beside the present French one have been very destructive of that property which depends on public confidence:

"You tell me to send you prices current. I will aim at it. Corn is now thirty pounds. rye twenty-seven per bushel. Flour from a hundred and forty to a hundred and thirty per hundred. Beef is eight dollars per pound; mutton, nine; lamb, six, seven and eight. Butter, twelve dollars per pound; cheese ten. Sheep's wool, thirty dollars per pound; flax, twenty.—West India articles; sugar, from a hundred and seventy to two hundred pounds per hundred; molasses, forty-eight dollars per gallon; tea, ninety; coffee, twelve; cotton wool, thirty per pound. Exchange from seventy to seventy-five for hard money. Bills at fifty. Money scarce; plenty of goods; enormous taxes."

TRUTH IS STRANGE, &C. *Extraordinary Circumstances.*—The Hannibal Journal (Mo.) has a fearful story, to the effect that Mr. Weatherford, sheriff of Schuyler county, in this State, and ex-officio collector of the county revenue, conceiving a design to cheat the commonwealth out of some $2,200, which he had collected—left the money in the care of his wife, part in silver and part in paper, with the declaration that he would be gone several days, and enjoined upon her that she should permit no one to stay all night at the house during his absence.

"At night a traveller, rather an aged man, applied for entertainment. The woman, at first refusing under instructions of her husband, was finally persuaded to permit him to remain

About eleven or twelve o'clock the same night some persons demanded entrance into the house, and being permitted to come in, they were found to be disguised as negroes, and immediately demanded of the woman money, which they said they knew was in the house. The woman handed them the paper money. They told her there was also silver money, which she must surrender. She replied that she would go up stairs (where the traveller was lodging) and get it. She informed the old gentleman of the state of things below

He told her to take one of two pistols which he had —to put the money into her apron, with the pistol concealed behind it, and when either of the robbers came forward to take it, to fire and he would save another of them with the remaining pistol. She did as instructed, and one of the men fell dead at her feet The old man fired and killed another, and the third made his escape. Upon examination, it was found that *the guilty husband had fallen by the hand of his own wife.*

SHEEP KILLED.—We learn that the flock of sheep killed by lightning, to which we alluded last week as belonging to Mr. George Vandewater of Pleasant Valley, belonged to Mrs. Lavinia Vandewater of Hyde Park. The accident occurred on the first of July, and twenty-three were killed out of a flock of sixty under a tree at the time. Three of those struck afterward recovered. The lightning which struck them fell from a cloud that appeared to be separate from and in advance of the shower, the accident occurring before the rain commenced, and was seen by several who were near.

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE OLD MAN.

In a dwelling lone and dreary,
By an unfrequented road,
Marked I oft an old man weary,
Dwelling in this drear abode;
Old man weary,
Dwelling dreary,
Form bowed down by flight of years;
Aged stranger,
Lonely wanderer,
Sorrowing through this vale of tears.

Oft I marked him, aged stranger,
At his solitary meal,
And I feared lest harm, or danger,
Unawares should on him steal:
Sad and lonely,
Cheerless, gloomy,
Full of trouble, full of care,
Hopeful never,
Sorrowing ever,
Loads of grief he seemed to bear.

Entered I one morn his dwelling,
Wishing much his grief to heal;
Noble thoughts my mind impelling,
And my heart was full of zeal,
Love and kindness,—
Never mindless,
Of the sufferer, though he be
Old and weary,
Lone and dreary,
Tossed upon life's troubled sea.

Why so gloomy? Why so sorrowing?
Why so given up to grief?
Aged pilgrim, trouble borrowing,
Say, can'st thou find no relief?
Ever grieving,
None relieving
Thy poor sad and aching heart.
Can naught lighten?
Nothing brighten?
Nothing joy or hope impart?

"Many sad years have I wandered,
"Full of sorrow, full of grief,
"Anxious thoughts my mind has pondered,
"And I could find no relief:
"Yet I linger,
"A lone traveler,
"Sorrowing through this dreary life;
"No one caring,
"No one sharing
"With me the world's bitter strife."

But can hope, no bliss imparting
To thy sad and heavy heart,
Causing (grief and care departing,)
Tears of joy unbidden start?
Doth hope cheer thee,
When thus weary,
Sad, and given up to grief?
Doth it lighten?
Doth it brighten?
Doth it give thy soul relief?

"Aye," responding, thus he answered,
"Hope, the beacon of the soul,
"Lights me to a happy goal.
"Heaven's blessing,
"Hope impressing,
"Gives me strength, and gives me power,
"God doth aid me,
"God will save me,
"God will cheer my dying hour.

"Thus I linger, thus I linger,
"Sorrowing, sorrowing, sorrowing on,
"But hope cheers me as I wander,
"Hope bids all my fears begone."
Thus replied he,
"Sad and gloomy,
"Hoping yet, and sorrowing on,
"Thus I wander,
"Thus I linger,
"Till this weary life be done."

L.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.—By a letter received from our brother, P. W. Cook, who was one that left Council Bluff last spring for the Salt Lake, dated August 2d, written while encamped on the Sweet Water river, at the South Pass, (in sight of Fremont's Peak,) we gather some information which may not be uninteresting to our readers. The new Mormon Temple at the Salt Lake is to be a splendid building. They enclosed a lot 17 miles long and 12 miles wide, with a mud wall 8 feet high and 4 feet thick. There are to be four cities inside. They have discovered mountain rock that resembles Cornelian stone, which the writer says is beautiful for temples and pillars.

The size of the Temple is not stated, but its highest point is to be 600 feet, and can be seen eighty miles either way. The party that went out last season lost many of their oxen, having died of what they called the "swell head." Many of the streams which they crossed were so strongly impregnated with alkali that they dare not let their cattle drink. On the shores of many of the lakes a crust is formed an inch and a half thick. They break up this crust, scrape off the dirt on the bottom and top, and find it pure saleratus. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and the writer collected in a short time 75 pounds.

A mountain of pure rock salt has been discovered near the Mormon settlement. The Mormons have discovered a rich gold mine 150 miles south-west from the Salt Lake.—*Niles Republican.*

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF CORK.—In raking down, a few years ago, in France, some portion of the ancient chateau of the Roque d'Ondres, it was found that the extremities of the oak girders, lodged in the walls, were perfectly preserved, although these timbers were supposed to have been in their places for upwards of 600 years. The whole of these extremities buried in the walls were completely wrapped round with plates of cork. When demolishing an ancient Benedictine church at Bayonne, it was found that the whole of the fir girders were entirely worm-eaten and rotten, with the exception, however, of the bearings, which, as in the case above mentioned, were also completely wrapped round with plates of cork. The fixings were completed by a lawer of greasy-feeling clay, interposed between the cork and the masonry, and the parts of the walls opposite the ends of the timbers were of brick. It would be very difficult to believe that these extraordinary instances of the preservation of timber were not to be entirely attributed to the cork plates, the impermeability of which is well known, since the substance is not only used to contain different kinds of liquids, but also to close bottles containing spirituous liquors. With experience saying so much in favor of a process so simple and inexpensive, it must be acknowledged that it deserves to be tried, more particularly for buildings of which we are more than usually anxious to preserve the timbers.—*Artisan.*

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—In the great Pyramid of Egypt is a small opening at the top, the depth of which has never been sounded. Another aperture of the same size exists at the foot of the Pyramid. It was long conjectured that these two openings communicated with each other, but no means could be devised to establish the fact, till the problem was solved recently by the ingenuity of an Arab. He took a cat and her kittens, placed the old cat in one aperture and the kittens in the other, and stopped up both with stones. The next day he opened them, and found cat and kittens all together at the foot of the long passage.

EXPIRING IN SONG.—A singular incident, showing the effect of music upon a Canary bird, occurred in Roxbury within the last few days. A lady of rare musical attainments was playing on the piano, when all at once her bird, who seemed to have been listening very intently, burst forth into a strain of song so loud, shrill and powerful, as at once to arrest her attention. Nothing like it had been heard before. The little creature's breast seemed actually swelling and heaving with his efforts to give vent to the conceptions with which his tiny heart was beating. All at once, at the very full tide of his melody, he was silent. His mistress took him from the cage, and he turned over in her hand and died! On dissection, it was found that he had completely split his windpipe from top to bottom!—*Boston Ev. Trans.*

[Rather tough.]

THE DEAD SEA EXPEDITION.—We are pleased to learn from private letters, that the Dead Sea Exploring party have successfully and satisfactorily completed their task, and returned to Jerusalem, where they were the 19th of May. They have sounded the sea in all its parts, to the depth of 600 feet, and found the bottom crusted with crystallized salt. The pestilential effects attributed to the waters turn out to be fabulous. Ducks were seen skimming over the surface, and partridges abounded along the shore. The party were upon the sea in their boats, or encamped on its borders, for some two months, and their researches and estimates have been of the most thorough and interesting character. All were in excellent health and spirits, no sickness or accident having occurred. By the Arabs they had been received and uniformly treated with the utmost kindness and attention. The Syrians consider "the men of the Jordan," as they call them, the greatest heroes of the day. Lieutenants Lynch and Dale will visit, under the most favorable circumstances, all the places made memorable in Scripture history; and we may expect from them a highly interesting account of their explorations of the Dead Sea, and their adventures in the Holy Land.—*Boston Trans.*

BIBLE CHRISTIANS IN THE LAND OF MOAB.—The following very interesting statement from one of the officers of the U. S. expedition to the Dead Sea, is copied from the Washington Union:

When the small party, just returned from the Dead Sea, first entered upon its waters, its members came, one and all, to the conclusion, that having undertaken what others failed to accomplish, the honor of the American name was at stake, and that it were better to die like them than to return unsuccessful.

On the evening of the 9th day, however, on the southern sea, we were prostrated by the hot blasts of a simoon sweeping from the desert of Arabia, which was followed by five days of intense and stifling heat. On the afternoon of the 14th day, on the coast of Moab, to our surprise we were greeted by a deputation of *Christians* from Kerak, the Keijath Moab of the Bible.

The joy of this people at meeting us was unbounded. They caressed us, brought us water and leban, (sour milk,) all they had, and some of them spent nearly the whole night hunting a wild boar, wherewith to regale us. When told that our forms of worship in America were different from theirs, they replied: "What matters it? Christ died for all! Do you not believe in Him?" When told that we did, they said: "Then what are forms before God? He looks to the heart! We are brothers!" And brothers they continued to call us to the last.

We could not trace their origin, but concluded that they are either the descendants of one of the last tribes converted to Christianity, who, in the fastnesses of the mountains, had escaped the Mohammedan alternative of "the Koran of the sword," or of the crusaders under the Christian Lord of Kerak. They number about 150 families, and live in the town—the only one now left in the once populous country of Moab. Within the walls are also the huts of 100 Muslim families, and outside are the black tents of the fierce tribe Kera-Keyeh, numbering 750 fighting men.

The Christians gave us an invitation to visit their town, about seventeen miles distant in the mountains; but, while hospitably urging us to go, they did not conceal the perils of the visit; for they confessed that they were outnumbered and overawed, and in an emergency would not dare openly to assist us.

I determined, however, to accept their invitation at all hazards; for it was evident that, unless recruited by a more bracing atmosphere, we must inevitably perish. In this opinion the lamented Mr. Dale concurred with me.

I will not tire you with an account of the visit—of the treachery with which we were threatened, and our return, in battle-array, with the hostile Skeikh as prisoner—but simply express my conviction that but for the timely information given by the Christians, we should never have seen our boats again.

These poor Christians are much tyrannized over by their Muslim neighbors. Their only place of retreat when threatened with violence, is their little cell of a church, which can scarcely hold twenty families. Their account, which in its narration bore the impress of truth, seems confirmed by the circumstance that in the centre of their little church there is a well, which supplies them with water until their provisions are exhausted, or the restless nature of their persecutors takes them elsewhere. The object of all their hopes is to build a church sufficiently large to hold all their wives and children; for with all their intolerance, the Muslims respect the house of Him whom they call "Issa, the Prophet of the Christians."

The foundation and a part of the walls of a church have been built, but the work is discontinued from the want of means—the sirocco and the locust having swept their harvest for several years. They gave me an appeal to their Christian brethren in America, which I promised to deliver. With many apologies for its phraseology, they begged me to write it out more fully for them; but I prefer sending it forth in its own simple and touching brevity. I will only add, that little should be given, and that discreetly, at different times, so as not to excite the cupidity of the Muslims. The Board of Foreign Missions at New York will doubtless receive what may be given, and forward it either to their brethren in Beirut or to the Angelican bishop at Jerusalem, for distribution. One cent from each humane person in this land of charity will be more than sufficient.

APPEAL.

By God's favor: May it, God willing, reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers, whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve: Amen.

8612 BEDUAH.

We are in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

We beg your Excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

The land has been unproductive and visited by the locusts for the last seven years.

The church is delayed in not being accomplished, for want of funds; for we are a few Christians, surrounded by Muslims.

This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers in America, we need say no more.

The trusters in your bounty,

ABD'ALLAH EN NAHAS, (Sheikh.)
YAKOB EN NAHAS.

KERAK, 28 Jamad Awak, 1264.

CURIOSITIES FROM THE HOLY LAND.—The Norfolk Beacon mentions as among the curiosities brought to this country by Lieut. Lynch, commander of the "Dead Sea Expedition," (who arrived from the Mediteranean last week in the U. S. ship Supply,) the following:

A number of specimens of the water of the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, and the Pool of Siloah; and fragments of the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed (!) as a punishment for her disobedience to the command of the Almighty.

In regard to this last, we are informed that the pillar from which it was taken rises nearly 40 feet high, stands exactly in the spot designated by the Bible, and that Lieut. Lynch, the commander of the Dead Sea Expedition, expresses the confident opinion that it is the representative of what was Lot's wife. We believe it has not been seen before for many centuries. Josephus records its existence.

There are many other curiosities on board the Supply—as an Egyptian mummy, a pair of the cattle of Arabia, rosaries made of wood from the Holy Mount, shells from the shores of the Dead Sea, gazelles, &c.

COAL IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Blackstone Coal Company are prosecuting their mining enterprise at Valley Falls, R. I. They raise about sixty tons per day. A large steam engine was at work, drawing the coal out of the mine at the rate of fifty or sixty tons per day, by means of an inclined railway penetrating into the mine. The shaft has been sunk to the depth of about two hundred feet perpendicularly, and laterally in different directions to a much greater distance. The principal vein now worked is sixteen feet in diameter, at an average dip of about forty-five degrees. The quality of the coal is improving very fast, and is, for all practical purposes, very good. It is somewhat softer than the Pennsylvania, of equal specific gravity, and an equal proportion of carbon.

LONELINESS.

A POETIC MEDITATION.

Translated from Lamartine.

Beneath the oak tree's shade, the mountain's crown,
At eve's mild hour, I sit, in sadness, down,
And gaze upon the fields, a picture sweet,
Unrolled in varied beauty at my feet.
There flows the river, with its foaming wave,
There creeps, there hides within a rocky cave;
A brighter stream, with waves of milk-white hue
Rolls by the golden stars, which light the heavens of blue.
Upon the mountain's top and wooded sides,
Twilight's last ray, in tranquil beauty glides;
Night's gleaming chariot rises o'er the night,
And gilds the horizon's edge with mellow light;
While from the Gothic spire, like spirits springing,
The soft tones of the evening chimes are ringing;
The traveler listens—as the village bell
With day's last murmurs blends, and sounds the parting knell.
Beauty is spread around; yet my dimmed eye
Sees nought to charm the soul in earth or sky—
For earth is but a shadow on the wave,
And suns warm not the coldness of the grave.
In vain, the spirit casts wild glances forth,
Sweeping from east to west, from south to north;
Upon her darkness breaks no beam of light,
Nor flashes in the sky, angelic pinions bright.
Cottage and palace—mountain, vale and sea!
The charm is gone that made you dear to me;
The breathing spirit of the rock, the wood,
The stream, has flown—all is solitude!
With eye unkindled, gazing on the sun
I see his burning steeds their courses run;
The clear blue sky—the blackening cloud I see,
Wrapt in a gloomy shroud; they're both alike to me!

O! could I mount to where the sun-fires glow,
Earth's plains of green and deserts far below—
Though caring nought for all the day-beams gild,
The boundless riches with which earth is filled—
Yet, far beyond the boundaries of his sphere,
Celestial tones might strike the spirit's ear,
Another sun shine bright upon her eye,
[illegible]—love that which cannot die!

Then would my longing spirit rise above,
With hope reviving, and rekindled love,
Ravished with joy and burning with a flame,
Which all have felt, yet none could ever name!
Why can I not on morning's chariot rise,
Pierce the blue vault, and seek my native skies?
Why must my chained pulses here remain,
Throbbing discordant in this world of pain?

When autumn's leaf falls withered from the trees,
It gently floats upon the passing breeze;
Borne on the whispering zephyrs, slowly sails,
And rests at last within the beauteous vales;
And I am like the leaf—a withered form,
Bear me, ye tempests, on your wings of storm,
To valleys of delight, to hills above,
Plains of eternal green, and rivulets of love!

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—The Bien Public estimates as follows the loss to Turkey in consequence of the invasion by the Russian army of the Danubian provinces, from which it receives tribute:—"The Principality of Servia comprises 600 square miles, and contains 1,000,000 inhabitants. Belgrade is the capital; it is one of the finest countries in the world. It pays the Ottoman Porte an annual tribute of 760,000 francs (30,000*l*.) The revenue of the Principality amounts to 4,000,000f. (160,000*l*.) per annum. Wallachia is 1,300 square miles in extent. It contains 1,100,000 inhabitants, and its revenue is 12,000,000f. (480,000*l*.). Bucharest is the capital; it pays an annual tribute of 660,000f. (26,000*l*.) to the Ottoman Porte. Moldavia embraces 600 square miles, and contains 500,000 inhabitants. Jasey is its capital; and its revenue amounts to 6,000,000f. (240,000*l*.)—When Russia shall have taken possession of those three rich provinces, she will have only a step to take in order to obtain possession of the Bosphorus, which she covets as much as she does Constantinople."

HORSE STORY.

From the Boston Post.

A jocose Boston auctioneer was called upon one day by a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to that section, with countenance strongly indicative of simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer that auctions off horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer; "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a horse I want to sell, *provided* I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a *leetle* thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you ax?"

"One dollar first insertion, fifty cents for every time after."

"That's tew dollars for three times; I reckon that you may put him in the newspaper *once*, stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good; what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound? Oh, sound as a dollar; *shouldn't* like to warrant him, though."

"All right. I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'crittur' at the mart by twelve o'clock."

"I jest wan to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, *but* you *may* let him go for five."

"Exactly, and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, no, I'm not dispositioned to be hard, any how, I calculate not."

Saturday came, and one dollar and a half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half—going, going."

"*Sell him, sir, he's dying!*" whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the hammer.

"Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk to settle.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk; "there's your account of sale; you have just to pay us fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"*Po*-litical *de*-struction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then, with a satisfied manner, he continued, "*It's cheap enough!* There's a fifty cent piece. *Cheap enough!* I could'nt gin him away at no price, and it would have cost tew dollars and a half to bury him. Jest half a dollar saved. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. *Cheap enough!*"

FOSSIL REMAINS IN NEW JERSEY.—Among the recent donations to the Museum of Burlington College, are some Fossil Bones and Teeth of a Magalosaurus (or Great Lizard) and Mastodon, dug out of a marl pit near Middletown in Monmouth county, about two months since, by Joseph W. Smith, Esq. They were found in an interesting position. It is thus described by Mr. Smith:

The head, elevated about 30 degrees, was lying between a ferruginous soil, mixed with marine shells, and a green sand, or marl; the remaining part of the body gradually descending into the green sand, and in its horizontal portion, lying in a semicircle; its whole length measuring seventy-five feet. It is believed to be the only specimen yet found in this country. All the bones, except the few presented, and some of the teeth, were taken away by persons to whom they were exhibited, or else crumbled to pieces on being exposed to the air. The head itself was unfortunately broken by the workmen, before discovering its importance. On the side of it were found a few vetebræ and teeth of a Mastodon. The attitude in which the body of the Megalosaurus was discovered, being a semicircle, and particularly the elevated position of its head, warrants the conclusion that the meeting of the two was by no means friendly.

For the Journal of Commerce.

PEON SLAVERY IN MEXICO.

During the last Spring, when I was in San Antonio, I had frequent conversations in relation to "Peon servitude," or "Mexican slavery;" and if my impressions are correct, both the recent conversations in the U. S. Senate, and the remarks of D. D. Field, Esq. at the late "Free Soil" meeting in the Park, are wrong. I obtained my information from Mr. James, a surveyor of much reputation, who has spent many years in Mexico, and is well acquainted with the municipal institutions of that country.

It appears that a law exists for seizing the person of a debtor by the creditor, allowing the latter to hold the former in his own possession, and compelling him to work until he has discharged the debt, or which is more frequently the case, *the debt of nature!* If this latter is first paid, then the master or creditor holds the children, who have been pledged by the father, and the children's children, for the augmented debt, with not a hope, perhaps not a wish, by either party, that it should be liquidated. So grasping and skilful is the master, and so demented are the now accumulated debtors. It is not unfrequent that by this process, owners of haciendas come to possess from one hundred to more than one thousand of these abject beings, with as complete control over them as has the Southern master over his slave,—except in time of war, when the *owner* is compelled to give way to the demands of the State. These are the poor things that have made up a large part of the Mexican army. A similar or a worse kind of "slavery" has existed since the invasion and settlement of the country by the old Castillians. The old Missons, now crumbling to dust, erected perhaps two centuries ago, in what was then, and in a great measure is now, a wild country, near two hundred miles from the coast, were built, or the servile labor performed, by enslaved Indians. It is the descendants of these captured Indians, in whose veins courses just enough of the Castillian blood to debase them, that form the largest part of the eight millions of souls in Mexico. In their straight black hair, in every feature, every movement, you see the red man, but he is robbed of his native savage grace, dignity and courage. There are a few of the higher order in the country, with fair white complexion. These are the decendants of the pure Spanish, unadulterated blood, who estimate themselves far above any other class.

Although it would seem that a worse kind of servitude than that to which I have alluded, could hardly exist, still, it is no more than an effectual—often perpetual "imprisonment for debt" with the creditor as jailor. It therefore seems to me that the conclusions are preposterous, which would make it appear, that any of our laws touching *slavery* as it is understood in the U. States, would operate in New Mexico or California. There can be no such word as "Slavery" in the legal code of Mexico.

Yours, H.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS IN VIRGINIA.

The most remarkable of all the buildings in the Northern Neck, is that of Stratford, County of Westmoreland, on the South bank of the Potomac, for a long time the property of the Lees. It was built for Mr. Thomas Lee, father of Richard Henry Lee. He is known by the name of President Lee, or Governor Lee, having been President of the King's Council, and Governor of Virginia, while a Colony. While Governor, his house was burnt down, and either the British Government, or the merchants of London, built this house for him at great expense. There is, we presume, no structure like it in our country. Probably some ancient seat was the pattern. The bricks were brought from England, and are of the best quality. The walls of the first story are two feet and a half thick; of the second story, two feet. The present number of rooms in the main building is *ninety*. Originally there were more. The late General Henry Lee, of the Revolution, took down some of the partitions. The present hall is large enough or four rooms. Besides the main building, there are four offices, one at each corner, containing fifteen rooms. There is also a stable, which, with the space allowed in our city stables, would hold 100 horses.

When it is considered that all these buildings are of bricks brought from England, and the whole work of the best kind, it is not to be wondered at that tradition makes them to have cost £16,000 sterling.

SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Statesman of Dec. 22.

The Minesota Expedition.

We do not know when we have been more gratified or surprised than on last evening. Just as the night was making dark our office, in stepped our old friend Professor Randall, of Cincinnati, but late of Minesota and the Indian country, with a beard flowing as wild as a Mexican. Mr. Randall was attached to Mr. Owen's corps of Engineers, sent out by the U. S. Government to explore that interesting and valuable region.

Mr. R presented to us two bags of rice from the Lakes at the head of the St. Croix, one as prepared for food by the Indians, and the other in the rough state for sowing. As we gather from Prof. Randall, this Wild Rice, for such it is, (*Zizania aquatica,*) is infinitely superior in taste and far more nutritious than the rice of the Southern States, grows abundantly as an indigious production, and can be cultivated to almost any extent in the rivers and lakes that abound in that territory. After the tops of the rice plants have been tied up in small sheaves as it stands growing in the water, an Indian squaw with her canoe will gather from five to ten bushels per day.

It will grow in water from six inches to five feet deep—where it finds a muddy soil. The stalk of it, and the branches or ears, that have the seed, resemble oats, both in appearance and manner of growing: the stalks are full of joints, and rise from 1½ to 4 feet above the water.

Mr. R. was taken prisoner by the Sioux Indians, who robbed him of all his apparatus, and then sent him off on a four hundred mile tour without gun or provisions. He retained—and that only by wresting it from an Indian by main force—a flag presented by the citizens of Desmoines.

Before letting him go, they cocked their guns at him, and drew their long knives under his throat, to show him their love of "law and order."

In the spring Mr. R. expects to take a trip to California, by way of the Mormon settlements on the Salt Lakes.

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn!
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have FAITH and struggle on!

DISCOVERY OF MUMMIES AT DURANGO, MEXICO.—The Texas Star states that a million mummies have been discovered on the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands, and ornaments as the Egyptians. Among them was found a sculptured head with a poignard of flint, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternated colored beads, fragments of bone polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, (probably our modern india rubber cloth) moccasins worked like those of our Indians to-day, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue these interesting researches, and America will become another Egypt to antiquaries, and her ruins will go back to the oldest period of the world, showing doubtless that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile.

COPPER REGION.—SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A correspondent of the Buffalo Express, writing under date of June 14th, from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, says:—

Mr. Knapp, of the Vulcan Mining Company, has lately made very singular discoveries here in working one of the veins, which he lately found. He worked into an old cave which had been excavated centuries ago. This led them to look for other works of the same sort, and they have found a number of sinks in the earth which they have traced a long distance. By digging into those sinks, they find them to have been made by the hand of man. It appears that the ancient miners went on a different principle from what they do at the present time. The greatest depth yet found in these holes is thirty feet. After getting down to a certain depth, they drifted along the vein nearly to an open cut. These cuts have been filled nearly to a level by the accumulation of soil, and we find trees of the largest growth standing in this gutter; and also find that trees of a very large growth have grown up and died, and decayed many years since; in the same places there are now standing trees of over three hundred years' growth.

Last week they dug down into a new place, and about twelve feet below the surface found a mass of copper that will weigh from eight to ten tons. This mass was buried in ashes. It appears they could not handle it, and had no means of cutting it, and probably built fire to melt or separate the rock from it, which might be done by heating, and then dashing on cold water. This piece of copper is as pure and clean as a new cent; the upper surface has been pounded clear and smooth. It appears that this mass of copper was taken from the bottom of a shaft, at the depth of about thirty feet. In sinking this shaft from where the mass now lies, they followed the course of the vein which pitches considerably; this enabled them to raise it as far as the hole came up with a slant. At the bottom of the shaft they found skids of black oak, from eight to twelve inches in diameter—these sticks were charred through as if burnt. They found large wooden wedges in the same situation. In this shaft they found a miner's gad and a narrow chisel made of copper.

I do not know whether these copper tools are tempered or not, but their make displayed good workmanship. They have taken out more than a ton of cobble-stones, which had been used as mallets. These stones were nearly round, with a score cut around the centre, and looked as if this score was cut for the purpose of putting a withe round for a handle. The Chippewa Indians all say that this work was never done by Indians. This discovery will lead to a new method of finding veins in this country, and may be of great benefit to some. I suppose they will keep finding new wonders for some time yet, as it is but a short time since they first found the old mine. There is copper here in abundance, and I think people will begin to dig it in a few years. Mr. Knapp has found considerable silver during the past winter.

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE WINTRY WIND.

Howl on ye winds—Yea, howl and roar
With fury on—Let each blast pour
Its din unhallow'd on my ear,—
What harm to me?—There's nought to fear.

The mighty God, whose fiat brought
A universe to light. Who wrought
All glorious things in heaven and earth,
And to the mind of man gave birth:—

At whose command the haughty wave
Retires, no more the shore to lave;
And angry tempests quickly cease
When but the word is utter'd,—"Peace!"

'Tis He who holdeth "in his fists,"
These boisterous winds:—where e'er he lists
They spend their might, and at His will
Hush their wild ravings, and are still.

He is my Father—His blest care
And boundless love 'tis mine to share;
How sweet to rest upon His arm,
With the assurance nought can harm!

MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—It is contemplated to have the foot bridge at the Falls ready for crossing on the fourth of July. This will be a great curiosity, and many will avail themselves of the adventure. The following is to be the composition of the railroad bridge:—

Number of cables for bridge	16
Number of strands in each cable	600
Ultimate tension	6,500 tons.
Capacity of the bridge	500 "
Number of strands in the ferry cable,	37
Diameter of the cable	7/8 in.
Height of stone tower,	68 ft. 1 in
Height of wood tower for ferry	50 ft.
Base of the tower	20 sq. ft.
Size at the top	11 "
Span of the bridge	800 ft.
Whole weight of the bridge	650 tons.
Height from the water	230 ft.
Depth of water under the bridge	250 ft.

This Suspension Bridge is the most sublime work of art on the Continent. It makes the head dizzy to look at it, and yet it is traversed with as much security as any other bridge of the same width. We were present while the workmen were engaged in hanging the planks over the fearful chasm. It looked like a work of peril; but it was prosecuted with entire safety. Not an accident has happened since the first cord was carried across the river at the tail of a kite!

It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the grandeur of the work. Imagine a foot bridge 800 feet in length, hung in the air, at the height of 230 feet, over a vast body of water rushing through a narrow gorge, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If you are below it, it looks like a strip of paper, suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong, the frail, gossamer looking structure, sways to and fro, as if ready to start from its fastenings; and it shakes from extremity to centre under the firm tread of the pedestrian. But there is no danger. Men pass over it with perfect safety, while the head of the timid looker on swims with apprehension.

We saw the first person pass over it—Mr. Ellet, the builder. His courageous wife soon followed him, and for two days, hundreds, attracted by the novelty of the thing, took the fearful journey.

It is worth a trip to the Falls to see this great work, although it is not probable that one in twenty will have the nerve to cross upon it. For, strange as it may seem, there were those who had no hesitation to slide over the awful chasm, in a basket, upon a single wire cable, who could not be induced to walk over the bridge. And this aerial excursion is thrillingly exciting. A seat on a locomotive, traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is nothing to it. When you find yourself suspended in the air, with the roaring, rushing, boiling Niagara two hundred and fifty feet below you, if your heart don't flutter you will have nerve enough to swing over Vesuvius!

And yet the sensation is not altogether unpleasant. The ride itself, as the old lady said about skinning eels, "is nothing when you get used to it."

Another new attraction at the Falls is the excursion from the site of the suspension bridge, to within a few rods of Horse-shoe Falls, in the little steamer "Maid of the Mist." In no other mode can the visitor obtain so grand a view of the great Cataract. Every one makes the trip, and all express the same sentiment, that the Falls are not seen, in all their sublimity and grandeur, except from the deck of the "Maid of the Mist." The run is made with perfect safety.—*Albany Journal.*

ORIGIN OF GEE AND WHO.—Dr. Pegge, a curious antiquary, attempts to explain the origin of these words, so much in use with cartmen and drivrs of oxen. He derives "gee," from the German word *geh*, which is the second person singular of the imperative of "gehen," to go.

"Wo," or "Who-o," he derives from the Danish word *ho*, which means stop. The French say "*ho-la*," "stop there." And in Shakspeare's "As you like it," we find the following: "Cry *ho-la* to thy tongue, I prythee, it curvets unseasonably." Among nautical persons, also, when a vessel is spoken at sea, it is usual to cry "Ship ahoy!" that is, "ship, stop." So in like manner, a little trading vessel, which the English term a "hoy," probably derives its name from stopping at different places to take in goods and passengers, when hailed from the shore.

From the Newark Advertiser.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Hark! 'tis the glad, inviting call—
Come to the feast of THANKS again,
That wide is spread, and free to all
As sunshine and the rain!

Come rich and poor, come high and low—
Here meet as one, all names, all ranks;
Come every one that fain would know
The luxury of thanks.

No rumors now of bloody wars
Intrude upon our festive scene;
But dove-eyed PEACE, in place of MARS,
Here waves her olive green.

And smiling VESTA stands beside—
She, who domestic peace inspires—
Who o'er the household doth preside,
And at the hearthstone fires:

While CERES, with her yellow locks,
And bounteous smiles in waiting stands,
With poppies wreathed, and golden shocks
Of corn within her hands.

To deck the feast, sweet FLORA strings
Her Autumn flowers in garlands fair;
And ruddy-cheeked POMONA brings
Of fruits a dessert rare.

Come to the feast of THANKS! and here
The incense of the heart yield up
To HEAVEN, whose love hath crowned our year,
And overflowed our cup. E. C. K.

NEWARK, November 22, 1848.

For the Journal of Commerce.

GOLD ON THE RIVER GILA.

In Lieut. Emory's Journal of the Expedition of Gen. Kearney from Santa Fe to the Pacific Ocean, down the River Gila, in the autumn of 1846, the following mention is made of gold found in the Prieto River, which falls into the Gila from the North, about longitude 109: "As the story goes, the Prieto flows down from the mountains, freighted with gold. Its sands are said to be full of this precious metal. A few adventurers, who ascended the river, hunting beaver, washed the sands, where they halted, and were richly rewarded for their trouble.—Tempted by their success, they made a second trip, and were attacked and most of them killed by the Indians"—

General Kearney, after leaving the Rio del Norte, crossed the ridge of the Mimbres Mountains, 6000 feet high, and in three or four days came to the head waters of the Gila, 4347 feet above the sea. He followed the river down to its mouth on the Colorado,—its course being nearly West.

The mountain scenery along the Gila is wild and magnificent, and future travelers will make this country better known.

North of the Gila the country is in possession of the Apache Indians. On the 3d November, a party of them came into camp to sell mules. A boy of 12 years old was among them, of uncommon beauty, happy, cheerful and contended. He was consulted in every trade, and seemed an idol with the Apaches. It required little penetration to trace his origin to Sonora. We tried to purchase him, but he said it was *long, long* since he was captured, and that he had no desire to leave his master, who he was certain would not sell him for any money. All attempts were vain, and the lad seemed gratified both at the offer to purchase, and the refusal to sell.

"The dry creek by which we crossed to the San Pedro River, was the great highway of the Apache Indians from their mountain fastnesses into the plain, and frontier towns of Sonora. The bed of the creek was deep, and frequently turned at sharp angles, like the zigzag course of sappers, in approaching a fortress. The Apache in possession of them is secure from pursuit by the Mexican, and nature thus enables these Indians to hold as tributary powers, three fertile and once flourishing States, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Durango, peopled by a Christian race, countrymen of the immortal Cortez. Such has been the devastation and alarm spread by these children of the mountains, that the Mexican States are losing their population, commerce and manufactures, at a rate which, if not soon arrested, must leave them uninhabited."

THE COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS OF CALIFORNIA.—Among the documents accompanying the President's Message, is a Topographical Sketch of the Gold and Quicksilver District of California, in which the features of the country are represented with great minuteness, and, as the drawing was made from personal observation by an officer of the Army, doubtless with reliable accuracy. It comprises that portion of the country lying between the parallels 37° and 40° of latitude, and between the summit of the Sierra Nevada and the meridian of longitude 123° W. from Greenwich. This includes the Western slope of the Snowy Mountains, the whole valley of the Sacramento River, and that portion of the Pacific Coast lying between 37° and 38½° of latitude. The position of Yerba Buena, or San Francisco, is a little North of the central point in this section of Coast. The approach to it from sea is through a mountain pass in the coast range, about five miles long, and in the narrowest part only one mile broad. This entrance to the Bay of San Francisco is the only water communication from the coast to the interior of the country. Happily its physical conformation is peculiarly adapted to defensive fortification. On the South side the low mountain range that skirts the coast terminates in a precipitous point, against which the sea breaks heavily. Opposite, projects towards this point a bold promontory, which rises in a few miles to the height of two or three thousand feet. The Bay of San Francisco is more than seventy miles long, and three-fourths of its extent lies nearly parallel with the Pacific Coast, the entrance to it above described being about halfway between its Northern and Southern extremities. It has apparently about two-thirds the length and half the area of Long Island Sound. It is divided into three distinct bays, that of San Francisco proper comprising at least three quarters of the whole. This large section, at its Northern extremity, is compressed by opposite mountanous projections into a channel little more than two miles in width, but immediately after expands into a Bay having a circular form, fifteen miles in diameter, and known as Pablo Bay. To the East of Pablo Bay lies Suisun Bay, the latter, about fifteen miles in length from East to West, but less than ten in width. These two are connected by Carquinos Straits, which are five miles long, average a mile in width, and have a depth of water of from eight to ten fathoms. Into the Eastern extremity of Suisun Bay flow the rivers Sacramento and San Joaquin, united in one deep stream. These two rivers run towards each other in nearly opposite directions—the course of the Sacramento being Southerly, that of the San Joaquin Northwesterly. Before mingling their waters in a single stream, they traverse a delta twenty-five miles long, in various channels, whence issuing they discharge themselves through a passage about two miles in length and one in width into Suisun Bay.

While the Bay of San Francisco was yet unexplored, and before more recent discoveries had developed the capability of this and the adjoining Bays, and of their great tributary Rivers, for the purposes of navigation and commerce, the port of Yerba Buena was justly regarded as the largest and best on the Western Coast of America, and indeed as one of the finest harbors in the known world. Its adaptation for an entrepot and a port of supply promised to render it one day the great mart for the commerce of the Pacific; and its importance as a national acquisition was so highly estimated, that it was thought to have been cheaply purchased at the sacrifice of life and treasure

involved in a tedious and sanguinary war. This estimate of its value had no reference to the interna resources of the country at large, beyond its ability to furnish supplies of wood, water and provisions. In fact those resources were then entirely unknown. Its navigable streams, which the tide-water swells hundreds of miles inland, had never reflected the white sail of commerce, nor foamed under the lashing of the paddle-wheel. The fertile vallies through which they flow, uncultivated by the hand of man, produced wild oats and vegetables in spontaneous crops. The murmurs of the leafy forests that skirt the streams adown its mountain slopes were unmingled with the ringing sound of the axe, and their trees of giant growth, burdened with centuries of age, yielded at last only to the natural process of decay. Its mineral treasures, which now promise to exceed in value all its other productions combined, were wholly undeveloped. It was

"A solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where Nature sowed, herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm."

The new discoveries press upon the United States government the speedy adoption of such measures as shall avail to render them most conducive to the public wealth and prosperity. The necessity of conforming the legislation of the Federal government, so far as practicable, to the wishes of the settlers in the new territory, is too obvious to be questioned. Its great distance from the centre of national power,—the rapid peopling of this remote district with a heterogeneous population, composed in great part, doubtless, of our own countrymen trained to independence of thought and action, but with whom also are intermingled the most adventurous and ungovernable spirits of various other nations—such considerations prompt to conciliation, and preclude the thought of coercion. Not a gold-digger in California but is a trespasser, and every ounce of gold he gathers, belongs to the U. S. government; but what portion of this wealth will find its way into the public treasury? Who would not deem it preposterous to expect even that government officers should account for a grain of the treasure which they are said to have accumulated? Why, with all the aid that could be afforded by the co-operation of an organized government, whether State or Territorial, the United States never succeeded in recovering one dollar for its timber lands devastated in the Western States, notwithstanding the enactment of stringent laws and the energetic prosecution of their violators. It is not then by measures of coercion that the wealth of our newly acquired possessions is to be made available to the public benefit. The alternative course is that of concession; and the more prompt and gracious the concession to reasonable demands, the more secure and the more speedily fastened will be the tie that binds to our confederacy this important acquisition.

It is a matter of congratulation, therefore, that the difficulties in the way of substituting an organized civil government for the anomalous military rule that now obtains in California, are gradually disappearing, and that there is a prospect of the speedy admission of that country into the Union in the capacity of a sovereign State. Another measure, of no less importance to the public interests than to the convenience of settlers in California, is the speedy establishment of a Mint at some convenient point in that Territory. This is a measure of urgent necessity; and there seems no occasion further to delay its execution, than is requisite to determine the most eligible point for its site. In order to throw some light on this question, we have set forth a somewhat minute description of the physical geography of that portion of the country for whose especial convenience the establishment of the Mint is demanded. An examination of the map, in connection with this description, will, we think, satisfy the observer, that the proper point for this institution is not at Yerba Buena, but at a position farther in the interior. That point where the sea navigation terminates and the river navigation commences, would seem to be the most convenient position for a commercial metropolis, supposing a concurrence of certain other requisites, the most important of which relate to the composition and character of the soil and the salubrity of the climate. Guided by these considerations, the most eligible point for the establishment of a mint and of a commercial mart in California, would seem to be either where the Sacramento and San Joaquin discharge themselves into Suisun Bay, or on the Carquinos Straits at the outlet of Suisun Bay. At both these points settlements are marked on the map—at the ormer Montezuma, and at the latter Benicia. But apart from the convenience of the interior position for the reception of the various products of the great vallies of the rivers and their tributaries, and of the mines on the mountain slopes, it admits also of a double line of defence,—by fortifications at the gate which commands the entrance from the Pacific, and again at the Carquinos Straits. Neither of these passes exceed a mile in width at the narrowest place. Both are abundantly susceptible of defence; while, on the other hand, both have deep channels, and an easy and unobstructed navigation. A position so safe would seem peculiarly adapted as a site for the depository of the national treasure; nor is this consideration of less weight, regarding it simply as the great entrepot of the boundless commerce of the Pacific, and the commercial metropolis of Western America.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—A few days since, some men who were working upon our streets, broke a stone in two, in which was a beautiful purple flower, with some green leaves as fresh in appearance and as soft to the touch as though it had been grown in a green house. How it came there is a mystery to us. The stone had been in our street for twelve years. But the flower was evidently in the stone when quarried. Perhaps it had been from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not the contrary;" ay, for aught we know, it is an antedeluvian flower. Mr. S. S. Young says, "the flower resembles the Hibiscus species, but the leaf is more nearly the rose, but is not exactly like any flower now a native of this country, nor indeed like any exotic cultivated here." He adds, "it most probably grew in the hole rock where it now is, but the rock must have been earth when it grew."—*Eaton (Ohio) Register.*

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

PANAMA, Jan. 7, 1849.

At last across the famous Isthmus. Now we look out upon the Pacific. Now we can give those who wish to come after us, some account of the vicissitudes of the journey. And let it be remembered, at the outset, that as long as the Isthmus must be crossed by the present mode of conveyance, it is a formidable journey. We were four days from Chagres to Panama. Two things contributed to delay us somewhat. The river Chagres was much swollen by rains constantly falling, (a thing very unusual at this season,) and the men and mules were so hard worked, that we could not proceed with the greatest dispatch.

The first part of the way, from Chagres to Cruces,

(or Gorgona, 6 miles below, where some passengers choose to take mules,) is passed in boats. These boats vary in size, as do the trees that were dug out and shaped to make them. The medium size may be set down at about 20 feet long, and 4 or 5 feet wide in the widest part. A little awning covers the boat from the stern forward, about half-way, but it is not high enough to allow a person to sit upright under it; and if any trunks are taken along, the passengers are obliged to crawl beneath this palm-leaf covering, and lie at full length upon them. When one is tired of this, a seat may be formed of articles of luggage, where he may sit under an umbrella and protect himself from the sun or rain. The oarsmen row very faithfully and dilligently. There are a few collections of huts along the banks, where they stop to boil their rice, (which seems to be almost their only article of food,) or sleep at night. Passengers who are well provided with blankets or mats, and musquito bars, can sleep in the boats, but we preferred to take hammocks in the huts, when we could find them. By starting early in the morning, the river may generally be passed without being out more than one night. We found this part of the journey less unpleasant and fatiguing than we anticipated when we first started.

The second part of the journey is accomplished with mules. This must at any time be very fatiguing, but is especially so now, in consequence of the recent rains. The road is rugged beyond all description. It is so narrow, that for a large part of the way it is extremely difficult for mules to pass each other. Where it was once paved, the pavement is now broken up completely, and the mules step continually in the mud, in holes between the loosened stones. Where it was never paved, much of the way, the mule sinks so deep in the mire that the feet of the rider must be drawn along in it too. In some places it is precipitous, and foot-holes are worn in solid rock a foot deep, where the mules always place their feet. The distance traveled in this way is said to be 18 miles, but the animals must walk nearly every rod, and nobody gets over the road without great fatigue.

Persons coming this way, would do well, in the first place, to leave behind, all luggage that can possibly be dispensed with.

2d. To take sufficient provision from Chagres to last till they arrive at Panama.

3d. To be very careful not to run any risk in eating freely of fruit, or indulging in any species of intemperance, or subjecting themselves to any avoidable exposure, as sickness is easily induced in this climate.

We have lost three men who were passengers on board the Falcon. They died at Cruces, the point where we leave the boats and take mules, viz., Capt. Elliott, of the army, Mr. Luckett, of New Orleans, Mr. G. W. Taylor, of Providence, and a Mr. Birch, of Washington. Others have been sick, but we hope none are now in danger.

Your's, in haste, L. S. Y.

GREATEST ASCERTAINED DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—On the 2d of June, when in latitude 15° 3' south, and longitude 26° 4' west, being nearly calm and the water quite smooth, (says Sir James C. Ross,) we tried for, but did not obtain, soundings with 4,600 fathoms of line, or 27,000 feet, [very nearly five miles and a quarter.] This is the greatest depth of the ocean that has yet been satisfactorily ascertained; but we have reason to believe that there are many parts of it where it is still deeper. Its determination is a desideratum in terrestrial physics of great interest and importance.—*Voyage to the Southern Seas.*

THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

On Wednesday last we mentioned the circumstances of the colony of Liberia having just been recognized as an independent republic by Great Britain and France, and of a treaty of trade and commerce having upon our part been concluded with that State. So little, however, is known of its situation, prospects, and resources, that it will be desirable to furnish some general information on these points.

The colony of Liberia lies midway between Sierra Leone and Cape Palmas, and was established by the American Colonization Society in 1820 by an immigration of free or liberated people of color from the United States. Since that period its population, including the aborigines who have incorporated themselves with the immigrants, has increased to upwards of 80,000, while the land they occupy extends along 320 miles of coast, and reaches on an average about 80 miles into the interior. The proportion of the population born in America, or of American descent, is estimated at about 10,000, and such has been the effect of their example and influence, that out of the remaining 70,000, consisting of aborigines, or of captives released from slavers, at least 50,000 can speak the English language, so that any one would perfectly understand them, while their habits are rapidly becoming those of civilized and steady agriculturists. The desire for education is also manifested by the surrounding tribes, and instances are not uncommon of natives sending their children four or five hundred miles from the interior to be instructed in the primary schools established in the Republic. Of these there are 36 in operation, with an average attendance in each of about 40 aboriginal pupils.

The whole of the territory of Liberia has been purchased from time to time from the aboriginal owners, and in this way at least 20 petty sovereignties have been extinguished. In its former condition the coast was the constant resort of slavers, but the traffic is now effectually suppressed as far as the jurisdiction of the Republic extends, and its entire abandonment is an invariable stipulation in every treaty of trade and protection into which the Republic may consent to enter with neighboring States. The disposition to avail themselves of treaties of this description is plainly on the increase on the part of the surrounding natives, and it is estimated that not less than 2,000,000 of persons in the interior now obtain their supply of European goods from the Republic and from the kindred colony of Cape Palmas. Last year 82 foreign vessels visited Liberia, and exchanged merchandize for articles of African production to the amount of $600,000.

The natural resources of Liberia are immense, and are steadily in process of development. The principal articles of export are ivory, palm oil (of which $150,000 worth was shipped in 1847), camwood, gold dust, &c. Coffee is indigenous, and of excellent quality, and is now being cultivated extensively. It yields more than in the West Indies, and the belief is entertained that it may be produced so as to compete with slave-labor. Sugar also thrives well, but enough only is grown for home consumption, and there is no present hope of competing with Cuba or Brazil. Cocoa has just been introduced, and promises well. Cotton, it is expected, will soon become an article of export. Indigo, ginger, arrowroot, and various other articles of commerce, likewise grow luxuriantly. Rich metalic mines exist in the country, and only require capital to open them up.

The population is upon the whole well-disposed to work, and the rate of wages per day is about 1s. sterling. It is an extraordinary feature of this part of the coast, that horses and other draught animals will not live, and hence every kind of transport except that upon the rivers, is performed by manual labor. Much of the camwood which is exported from Liberia is brought a distance of 200 miles on men's backs. It is seen, however, that this difficulty, which appears a great one at first, may have the effect not only of inuring the people to labor, but of stimulating them to every kind of mechanical contrivance by which it may be overcome. The climate of Liberia, although more healthy than Sierra Leone, is still deadly to the European; but the improvement it has undergone during the last ten years from the effect of clearing, drainage, &c., is stated to have been most remarkable. The colored immigrants from America, who used invariably to suffer from fever on their arrival, are now able to go to work at once. The duration of life amongst the colonists is coasidered to be about the same as in England.

At Monrovia, the port and capital, the population amounts to about 9,000. A large portion of the territory has been accurately surveyed, and is sold in sections by the Government, at from 50c. to $1 per acre. The government of the country is precisely on the American model, consisting of a President, a vice-president, a senate, and house of representatives, the number of members in the former being six, and the latter 28. The possession of real estate to the value of $30 is the electoral qualification. The revenue, which was last year about $20,000, is derived entirely from an *ad valorem* duty of 6 per cent on imports, and the produce of land sales. Ardent spirits, the use of which it is sought to discourage, form an exception, and are taxed 25 cents per gallon. The principal trade is carried on by barter, but there is a small paper circulation of about $6,000, redeemable on demand.

The organization of the Republic as an independent state took place in July last year, when Mr. Roberts, who had formerly acted as governor under the Colonization Society, was elected President. Speaking of his qualifications, Commodore Perry, of the United States navy, says in a report to the American Government, dated in 1844—

"Governor Roberts, of Liberia, aad Russworm. of Cape Palmas, are intelligent and estimable men, executing their responsible functions with wisdom and dignity; and we have in the example of these two gentlemen irrefragable proof of the capability of colored people to govern themselves."

While with regard to the advantages of the colony he adds—

"So far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave trade. Their endeavors have been eminently successful, and it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verd to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented."

Verses on the departure of friends for a distant clime.

"FRIENDS OF MY HEART, FAREWELL."

BY S. CAMERON.

Harp of my heart, awake once more,
And of thine earlier songs restore
The fervor and the zeal;
That I may thus more deeply tell,
The feelings of our long farewell,
And all my heart reveal.

Harp of my soul! I touch thy string,
For those with whom of friendship's spring
I've tasted deeply oft;
For those with whom at evening time,
I've held delightful themes sublime,
And winged my thoughts aloft.

O! that the world should ever break
Dreams such as ours for earthly sake,
And break them but to mourn;
To waking weep—and weeping part,
And feel within the pilgrim heart,
As fate had no return.

Ye go, lone wanderers afar,
To roam beneath a distant star,
To breast the billowy way.
And oh! how oft for friends and home,
Beside the dark Atlantic foam,
The memory-tears will stray.

And when the glory-crowned sun,
Mutely proclaims the day is done,
And the mild moon appears,
And beauty walks the starry skies,
What thoughts shall fill my brimming eyes,
With memory's holiest tears?

Less faithful is the woodland stream
To the departing day-god's beam,
Than I, my friends, to you;
For ye were morning's light to me,
A bliss to know—a joy to see—
A transport shared by few.

And when in Summer's evenings fall,
The old church-steeple, grey and tall,
Shall wake its mellow bell,
Remember me in temple prayer,
For with you I will then be there;
Friends of my heart—farewell!

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

A cry is heard from a distant strand—
From California's shore.
The cry is this—that all the land
Is full of precious ore;
Millions, they say, would fail to count,
Or tell to us the vast amount.

This cry has thrilled through many a heart,
And grasping minds have sold
Their earthly store, that they may start
For the place of shining gold;
Where sunny streams rush through the land,
Washing the banks of golden sand.

But I have heard of a brighter spot,
Where *riches* are that perish not;
And who will for this land prepare,
And gather fadeless treasures there?

No doubts obscure that azure sky,
Nor tears bedim the sparkling eye;
No want of bread, nor fear of pain,
Ere reached this healthful, happy plain.

No toilsome day, nor anxious care,
Within those holy mansions are;
No blighting sin, with with'ring breath,
E'er carried there the sting of death.

This city doth with gates abound,
And each a solid *pearl* is found;
Its walls are *jasper*, clear and bright,
Reflecting rays of holy light.

The streets are fairer than the sun,
In all his splendor of high noon;
They're paved with *pure, transparent gold*,
And yet not dazzling to behold.

Jewels and *gems* of brighter dye
Than e'er were seen by mortal eye,
Each shining *diadem* bestud,
And all are "kings and priests to God."

I'd rather know I have a claim
To those bright realms above,
Where saints in harmony shall reign,
And feast on Jesus' love,
Than stand possessed of *all earth's store*,
And roll in wealth till time is o'er.

[*New York Recorder.*

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun doth bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And Heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

EGYPT.

Our dates from Alexandria are to the 8th instant.

His Highness Abbas Pacha, the new Viceroy of Egypt, returned to Suez from Mecca on the 25th of November, and reached Cairo on the following day, when he quietly assumed the authority without opposition or any infringement of the generally prevailing tranquillity.

On the 2d inst. a Turkish steamer of war, the Sultan's own yacht, arrived at Alexandria from Constantinople, having on board Mazloum Bey, minister of justice at the Sublime Porte, who had been sent to Egypt with the firman nominating Abbas Pasha Viceroy of Egypt, and to invite his highness to proceed to Constantinople, to be there formally invested with the Viceroyalty of this country. Mazloum Bey went up to meet Abbas Pasha at Cairo, and both were shortly expected at Alexandria to embark for Constantinople in the Turkish steamer.

The first visit that Abbas Pacha paid on his arrival at Cairo was to his grandfather Mehemet Ali, who was much gratified with this mark of attention, which contrasted greatly with Ibrahim Pacha, who from the time that the old man fell into his present childish state never went near him.

At Suez about 2,000 Bedouins of the desert had assembled of their own accord to make their obeisance to Abbas Pacha on his return as ruler of Egypt. Abbas, as governor of the city of Cairo, has always been in connexion with the Bedouin tribes, whom he had to keep under control.

Abbas was in great favor with the higher classes of the natives, as he had made several promotions among them, and he was not so pressing as Ibrahim was for the payment of arrears of taxes. He was expected to form a council, with himself as President, for the administration of affairs, and the prosperity of the country will depend on the selection his highness may make of the members of the Council.

According to the firman granted by the Sultan to Mehemet Ali in June 1811, the hereditary possession of Egypt was granted to him within its ancient boundaries, also the government of the provinces of Nubia, Darfour, Sennaar, and Cordofan, but these latter without the hereditary possession. It now remains to be seen whether the Sultan will appoint another Pasha, independently of the Pasha of Egypt, to govern those provinces.

It was anticipated that Abbas, aware of the inefficiency of the several cotton manufactories now at work in Egypt, and the great expenditure they give rise to with but little profit, will abolish them all, which will be acknowledged a very judicious step by all who understand the prosperity of Egypt.

Accounts from Upper Egypt and Cairo state that an extensive mine of good coal had been positively found in the vicinity of the town of Esneh, on the Nile.

Trade had somewhat revived, and several extensive sales of grain and pulse had been made, though at reduced rates. This year's crop of cotton will be much above the average in quantity, and prices will consequently, rule low for this staple.

Population of Cities and Towns in the State of New York.

	1840.	1845.	Increase.	Per cent.
CITIES.				
Brooklyn	36,233	59,588	23,356	64.45
Buffalo	18,213	28,346	10,133	55.63
Albany	33,721	41,152	7,431	22 03
Rochester	20,191	25,207	4,016	19 89
New York....	312,710	366,785	54,075	18.29
Troy	19,334	21 681	2,348	12,14
Utica.....	12,782	12,190		
Schenectady..	6,784	6,554		
Hudson.....	5,672	5,657		
	465,640	567,230		
TOWNS.				
Williamsburg.	5,094	11,550	6,456	126.73
Oswego	4,665	6.818	2,153	46 15
Salina.....	11,013	15,804	4,791	43 50
Sara'ga Springs	3,384	4,276	892	26,35
Poughkeepsie .	10,006	11,791	1,785	17 83
Watervliet	10,141	11,209	1,068	10 53
Kingston.....	5,824	6,410	586	10.06
Auburn.....	5,626	6,145	519	9 22
Ithaca	5,650	6,040	390	6.90
Rome.....	5,680	5,953	273	4 80
Newburgh	8,933	8,961	28	0.31

CHINESE PRAYER.

A Perspicuous Form of Prayer, Returning Thanks to Heaven in Fulfilment of Vows. Translated for the Chinese Repository.

We, the inhabitants of the village *Kansin*, in the district of *Tsungming*, belonging to the department of *Taitsang* in the province of *Kiangsu* of the Great Pure dynasty, do hereby worship the holy ones and return thanks to gods, fulfilling our vows and praying that all happiness and felicity may be vouchsafed unto us. We, faithful scholars, *Tang Weilin*, &c., &c., with our whole family, now in the days of our prosperity, do hereby with sincerity look up and beg that the holy ones (the gods) will listen to our prayers.

We have heard that the ruling heavens, moved to condescension, will hear the prayers of those who are in an unsettled (or distressed) condition; and in answer will confer blessings, as a sure reward to man for his secret virtues. Having now obtained from the gods life and support, we dare not forget the source of all these—which come as waters from the fountain and the tree from the root.

Meditating on the condition of our family, we find that they are all healthy and happy,. and at peace with one another; that during the four seasons they have been free from all attacks from the noxious influences of the climate, and round the whole year enjoyed the blessings of tranquility; that those who are scholars never advanced as easily as if they were ascending a ladder; and that all those who are merchants have both in the markets and in traveling been prosperous and uninjured by calamities.

Having for a long time enjoyed these glorious favors, bestowed on us by the gods of heaven, it behooves us to look up, like little ants, and with sincerity return our boundless thanks.

Now, therefore, as the year is drawing to a close, it behooves us to pour out our libations and spread our offering before heaven. Accordingly, having selected a good day, and prepared incense, paper money and other things suited to the occasion, we do now respectfully offer them up to the gods of heaven and earth, the sovereign rulers of all domains, humbly begging that they will condescend to hear our prayers and accept our offerings.

The following poem, which possesses merit of a high order, was presented anonymously to the Williamsburgh Lyceum, and is now first published.

For the Journal of Commerce.

JANUARY 1, 1849.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE YEAR.

"I saw the train of the departing year."—*S. T. Coleridge.*

It was late in the night.
With a flickering light,
My taper burned dimly and low;
By the fast failing ember,
The last hour of December
Borrowed light to make ready to go.

Then over my soul,
A vision there stole,
As if—wide awake—I should see
Shapes superhuman,
Like man, child, and woman,
Yet visible only to me.

As if I should stand
Yet on the firm land,
But see such shadowy ones tread,
Although with earth's creatures,
Yet having such features,
As only belong to the dead.

[Oh, wonderful Man!
Who thus ever can
Diversely his birthright fulfil,
While thus, inconsistent,
The ghostly and distant,
He feareth, or scorneth, at will.]

A deep hum I heard,
As of the Sea stirred
By mighty winds, when one afar,
May, with attentive ear,
The sounds mysterious hear,
And wonder whence the solemn voices are.

With a feeling of awe,
Out-looking, I saw

A mighty host stretched far and near
They filled the narrow street,
And marched with hasty feet,
Muffled trampling filling my ear.

It was no earthly sound—
It seemed no earthly ground,
Where the shadowy multitude trod
It was as if a man should,
In a deep solitude,
See visitors mystic, from God.

They gave no heed to me;
But afar I could see
Circling eddies of phantoms that went;
The same way all seem'd tending,
Each the other resembling,—
To their journey all solemnly bent.

They moved a jot more
Slow, passing my door—
That phantom-host, hasting so dim;
For the Hour, almost ended,
They a moment attended,
And a place in their ranks made for him.

I heard a deep bell
The last moment tell;
The Hour added—I saw the great host
With their robes gathered round them,
The mists did surround them,
And they soon from my vision were lost.

Long stood I, and gazed,
As one all amazed,—
The trampling in distance did melt;
When round about turning,
Upon my cheek burning,
Somewhat like a breathing I felt.

I was not alone:—
No sooner had gone
The parted Hour on his swift way,
Than One, with soft face,
Came to take there his place—
First-born of the brave New Year's day.

With a pensive smile,—
"— But a little while
"With thee may I linger, then
"I must hasten, (said he,)
"Nor more unto thee,
"Saving once, shall come ever again.

"When I take my post
"With the countless host,
"Bound toward the dread Judgment Day,—
"I shall leave thee then,
"But shall meet thee again,
"When Earth and Heaven are passing away."

On my ear the voice fell—
I heard the sounds well,—
But speaking, he faded from sight:
The brands began burning,
And Nature returning,
The Clock ticked the time's measured flight.

But the gentle Hour spake,
And his warning did make:—
Accept—thou Immortal! from me
These thanks,—and I will
Remember thee, till
Again I shall recognize thee.

WILLIAMSBURGH. L.

THE FATHERLESS.

BY MRS. HENRY LYNCH.

Speak softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear-drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
In this rude world to bear;
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping floweret spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of His hand.
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun
Go down in sorrow's shroud,
But sadder still when morning's dawn
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from sadden'd memory
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with those little ones,
Be pitiful, and He,
The friend and father of us all,
Shall gently deal with thee!

A RAT STORY.—The Chicago Democrat tells the following, prefacing it with the remark that the rats of Chicago are "noted for their firmness and daring."

A few days since a cat belonging to a friend became the parent of an interesting litter of kittens, which she was carefully rearing as all well-behaved "tabbies" will. A few nights since, however, while exercising the maternal office, "Puss" was attacked by a regularly organized band of rats, which, sad to relate, contrived to kill the parent and make a prey of the offspring. In the morning the cat was found bitten to death, by the side of nine of her assailants, whom she slew before overpowered by superior numbers. This encounter is, we believe, without precedent.

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1848.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—We heard an anecdote

Of the localities referred to in that communication, we have examined one, and are satisfied that no one of greater interest exists in this or any other country. It is on the South bank of the Ohio river, about five miles below Point Pleasant in Virginia, and nearly opposite to the village of Gallipolis in Ohio. On the plantation of Gen. Steenbergen, and not many rods from his residence, is a high hill, overlooking his splendid acres of bottom land, and a bend of the Ohio. On the top of this hill are two large rocks, one basin-formed, and the other broad and flat. The former would hold several gallons of water in its concave surface. As near as our recollection now serves, the other rock is ten or twelve feet long by six broad, or thereabouts. In the surface of this latter rock are a large number of indentations, of various shapes, length and breadth, worn more or less deep, shewing clearly that here was a manufactory of axes, hatchets, arrow-heads, knives, and every stone weapon which the Indian used. The other rock held water, which doubtless the squaws brought from the low ground and poured into the basin, where it was within reach of the one who was rubbing down a hatchet or an axe on the flat rock. A drawing of the surface of the rock would be an extremely interesting picture. Near this hill on both sides of the Ohio are many large mounds, whose silence, in the forests or in the open plain, is expressively solemn. They seem to be conscious that they are keepers of an impenetrable mystery. These mounds form the most interesting relics of our predecessors on these shores. Every year makes their mystery greater, and the probability of its solution less. Yet here, when the European asks for American antiquities, we may point with veneration as in the presence of the great dead, and bid him look on the memorials of a race that was buried and whose sepulchre was built long before the foot of the Norman was on Saxon land.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

FABYAN'S HOTEL,
WHITE MOUNTAINS, August, 1848.

The Notch in these mountains has been so often described by travelers, that I need not enter into a particular description. The river Saco still winds its way through the narrow gorge, and the almost perpendicular mountains on either side still remain. No sound disturbs the silence of the place, save the warbling of some mountain bird, or the gentle plashings of the river, as in mimic falls it leaps from rock to rock. The track of the fatal slide is still to be seen, that in its course buried the poor Willy family. The house which was unharmed is yet standing; but, (it seems almost desecration,) it is used as a tavern.

Leaving the Notch, we arrived at this place after a pleasant ride of about five miles. The Hotel is situated on a plain, almost entirely surrounded by mountains, and is admirably kept by Mr. Horace Fabyan.

The day being fixed upon for the ascent of Mount Washington, the ambition of all travelers, we all, immediately after breakfast, began to select our steeds from as motley a group of horses as was ever seen. All sizes, colors and kinds, were ranged together, and the accoutrements, I think, could not have been exactly *a la militaire*. However we all started that could get horses, despite these discrepancies. Our party consisted of ten ladies, and about twenty-five gentlemen, some of whom had never been on horseback before, and some rode as though they never would be again. At first the road is through the woods, to the foot of Mount Pleasant, fording the river in two places. The ascent of Mount P. is very gradual, until you approach the summit, when it becomes more abrupt. Indeed, in some places, you fear the rider before you will fall backwards from his horse, so steep is the path. The horses are well trained, and pick their way carefully among the rocks up the side of the mountain, as if aware of the precious burdens they carry.

The view from the summit of Mount Pleasant far exceeded our anticipations. Nothing is left for the imagination. Every part of the landscape is perfect. Far, far below is the green valley, studded with lakes, or divided by a winding river, seemingly a mere thread. In the distance mountains bound the scene; and above, the lofty summit of Mount Washington is lost amid the clouds. Following a zig-zag path, we descended into the valley between this and Mount Monroe. It was a beautiful sight for those of us in advance, to look back and see the straggling party coming down by this path. Some were walking, others riding, and a few yet remained to take a last fond look from the summit.

Crossing the spurs of two other mountains, we reached Mount Washington. And here the scene changed. The morning had been delightful; for the floating clouds had shielded us from the burning sun. But now we were enveloped in a dense fog. It rained hard, and the wind blew terribly. Some were unprepared for any thing like this. The ladies were many of them without thick shawls, and the gentlemen without overcoats. But we were determined on going to the top, and so defended ourselves, as best we could, from the weather. One young lady was attired in the guide's coat, cut after the fashion of a dress coat. It was of course very becoming, and then it fitted so nicely. To see the tears or rain running down the cheeks of all, you would have thought it an affecting sight. At last the top was gained; and what a view! It needs the poetic pen of Byron to describe it. By dint of straining our eyes, we could see almost ten feet before us! However, we were satisfied, it was the height of our ambition, for we were 6228 feet above the level of the sea. We feasted our eyes on this delightful prospect until we were thoroughly soaked, and then descended to feast our bodies on cold roast chicken, with potations of brandy and water. This last we regarded as necessary to keep warm. I forgot to mention that the place where we lunched was at a spring, about half a mile from the top.

It had now settled into a steady rain, and we had need of haste to get home before dark. Our spirits were somewhat cooled by what we had passed through, and right glad were we all to see the Hotel before us, and happy faces at the windows to welcome us home again.

F.

IT WAS THE POPE—*that true and faithful champion of Irish freedom!* Facts are stubborn things, and Truth will not be robbed of her due. History points to the startling circumstances we now detail, and let our Irish readers carefully note them. Yes, it *was* the POPE that compelled Ireland to submit to English rule, to humble herself to the bloody Saxon. "Oh, but then," some will exclaim, "he must surely have brought the English into Ireland for some purpose favorable to her independence." Let us see.—In the year 1155, Pope Adrian sent the following letter, with a ring of investiture, to Henry Plantaganet, King of England:—"Adrian, bishop, servant of servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, health and apostolical benediction:—Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the desire of propagating your glorious renown on earth, and completing your reward of eternal happiness in heaven; while, as a Catholic Prince, you are intent on enlarging the borders of the Church, instructing the rude and ignorant in the truth of the Christian faith, extermiting vice from the vineyard of the Lord, and for the more convenient execution of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of the Apostolic See. * * There is, indeed, no doubt, as your Highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland, and all the islands on which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, hath shone, do belong to the patrimony of St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church. Therefore are we the more solicitous to propagate in that land the godly scion of faith, as we have the secret monition of conscience that such is more especially our duty. You, then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter into that land of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto the laws, and extirpate the seeds of vice. You have also declared that you are willing to pay from each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter, and that you will preserve the rights of the said Churches of said land whole and inviolate. We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and praiseworthy design, and favorably assenting to your petition, do hold it right and good that for the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue and increase of religion, you enter the said island, and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honor of God and the welfare of the land; and that the people of said land receive you honorably, and *receive you as their* LORD—*saving always* the rights of the Churches, and reserving unto St. Peter the annual pension of one penny upon each house."

O'FLAHERTY AND THE BEES.—There happened to grow up between Patrick and a bragging down-easter, a very fierce contest as to the comparative size of different animals and insects, in this and the "ould country," when Mr. O'Flaherty declared that in Ireland the "baas were as big as a shape."

"Very well," interrupted Ichabod, "how big are the hives?"

"As big as yourn, be jabbers!"

"Then how do the bees get into their hives?"

Paddy scratched his head, and, after a few moments reflection, replied, "Oh that's their look-out!"

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand,
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand,
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand,
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel,
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion's roar,
And the hyena's scream,
And the river horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream,
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dreams.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty,
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

THE RETURNING PESTILENCE.

BY JOHN C. LORD, D. D.

By river and fountain,
By desert and plain,
Over valley and mountain
I am coming again,
To execute judgment—an angel of wrath,
With terror and anguish and death in my path.

In the East I began,
O'er the dark jungles sweeping;
In the old Hindoostan
Was wailing and weeping.
From the plague-smitten city, the Parians flee,
And Gunga, corpse-burthened, rolls on to the sea.

On the flower-scented gale
Is the taint of my breath,
And Persian wives wail,
For the Angel of Death,
In the land of the rose his shadow hath cast,
And riven the hopes of their hearts as he passed.

Then Siberian snows
In my passage I crossed,
And the death-wail arose
In the regions of frost;
For the ice monarch's mantle was there no defence
'Gainst the life-quelling touch of the pestilence.

By the sign of salvation
I paused for a time;
From each Christian nation
Rose voices of crime,
Though the symbol was there, the substance was gone,
To the harvest of death, passed speedily on.

Then Russia—the cold—
In my pathway I swept,
And in Moskwa the old
The grey-headed have wept.
Who saw without tears, their palaces fired,
For Him whose commission at Moscow expired.

And onward advancing,
Like a strong man from wine,
Where the sunbeams are dancing
In the land of the vine.
With the step of a giant death's wine-press I tread,
Before me the living—behind me the dead.

Weep Maids of Vienna!
Howl, Paris and Rome!
The gates of Gehenna
Are opening for doom.
The plague-cart shall wait by your mansions of pride,
The rich with the poor to the dark house shall ride.

At the last I shall sail,
For the star-bannered West,
And my barque shall not fail
O'er the ocean's broad breast.
To land me—long dreaded—though ship-mates may sleep,
Where, o'er the sea buried, the Mermaidens weep.

MONTEZUMA MARSHES, Oct. 13.

Gentlemen: This is a beautiful morning, and I am seated on the deck of a canal scow boat bound from Buffalo to Albany, on which I am a passenger for a few miles, moving through the water at the rate of two miles per hour. The motion is so gentle that I find no difficulty in writing on a barrel head, and at the same time the opportunity is excellent for seeing the surface of this section of our State. The swamps are full of music; the blackbirds are full of song, and are in vast numbers, feeding on the wild oats which grow here in great profusion. The flag, such as is used for making seats to chairs, is very abundant on the marshes, and the swamps which border them are filled with a heavy growth of timber, which during cold weather can be cut and sledded to the banks of the canal, and in summer removed to market. The rich, black, alluvial earth that is abundant here, and the vast bodies of marl, are in sufficient abundance to manure and fertilize every acre of poor land in this extensive commonwealth. I am making a geographical exploration of this section of the State, in an examination of the strata below the surface in the deep borings of the salt wells, at Clyde, Lock*pit*, Montezuma, Syracuse, Salina and Liverpool. The well at Clyde is 400 feet deep; at Lockpit 5 miles East on the same level, 401 feet; at Montezuma, 6 miles East of Lock*pit*, 604 feet, on the some level as measured by the lockages in the canal. At Syracuse 328 ft., Salina 204, Liverpool 100 ft. The strata passed in boring, I have had the opportunity of examining, and of knowing the exact condition of every foot of earth passed in these excavations of this extensive surface, and added to this, I have the details of the borings at Little Sodus Bay, on the Southern shore of Lake Ontario. These details it is inconvenient to generalize while moving over the surface, but when I have leisure I will give a statement of facts which will, I trust, be found useful. These marshes will, at no distant day, be cultivated fields, yielding their rich and abundant crops to an industrious people, adding wealth to the State, and the means of sustenance to unborn millions. In this view, my exploration of the under strata will be found instructive, and suggest the best means of making these wet grounds healthy, by cheap draining. I have been instructed this morning by counting the empty boats as they were returning through the canal after having discharged their cargo of grain, in the facilities thus afforded the Salteries of Onondago of distributing their salt over a great extent of surface at a cheap rate of transportation.

I am informed by those in whose statements I put confidence, that politics injure the canal. They say experience is a necessary qualification in canal engagements, but the frequent changes in parties remove experienced men from office, while inexperienced ones take their places, and the public pay dear for the whistle. The citizens of the great city of New York, which has been enriched fifty millions of dollars by the Croton, should take heed that the Croton is not made the sport and playthings of politicians. Yours, &c., E. M.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The proceedings of the Scientific Convention, now in session at Philadelphia, have been the means of developing some interesting facts respecting this great "father of waters." Observations continued through a course of eighteen years, show that the quantity of rain falling in the Valley of the Mississippi is 11⅓ times the quantity discharged by the river, and as there are only two ways for its escape, one by course of the river and the other by evaporation, the important fact to the planters of Mississippi and Louisiana is arrived at, that the more exhalations are promoted, which can be done by clearing the forest lands, and thus exposing the earth to the action of the sun, the less liable will the lower bottom lands of these States be to periodical inundations. That such has been the effect of the advance of population and civilization for years past, is apparent from the fact, that there is not now, by twenty or twenty-five per cent., as much water passing down the river as there was twenty-five years ago. At that time there were annual inundations which do not occur now.

In regard to the sediments of the Mississippi river, a series of experiments have led to the conclusion that the proportion of sediment to the volume of water is as 1 to 528, and as it has been already ascertained that the quantity of water annually discharged is 14,883,360,646,880 cubic feet, therefore there must be deposited 28,188,053,892 1-6 cubic feet of solid matter.

Frederic Jerome and the Ocean Monarch.

To the Editors of the Boston Atlas.

I observed in your paper of Sept. 18th a hope expressed that the city council would take some notice of this noble and generous hearted sailor. Frederic Jerome, for the last seven years belonging to New York, (though claimed as an Englishman by the English papers,) who exhibited such heroic daring in his successful attempt to rescue from certain and speedy death, the 15 emigrants, helpless women and children, left on the burning wreck of the ship Ocean Monarch, on the 24th of August, near Liverpool. I am in possession of some information respecting this worthy young man, which may be interesting to those of your readers who have perused the published accounts in most of the papers, and seen the spirited wood cut in the Illustrated London News, of this mournful catastrophe, in which, it is supposed 173 lives were lost. He has worked along shore and sailed out of New York for the last seven years. He is not much over 26 years of age, of most indomitable courage, without being fool hardy in its use, and of considerable personal strength. I yesterday conversed with five seamen who had sailed with him, and they say he is as worthy a young man as ever was on board a ship. He has boarded in Water street for some years, with a kind hearted and worthy landlord, Mr. Richards, and within a year or two married a young woman, in the domestic employment of Mrs. R. He has now one child, and his wife is spoken of as possessing a very good domestic character and contributes to her own support all she is able, by washing or sewing while her husband is at sea. He is poor and has nothing to depend upon but his hard earned wages as foremast hand when on the deep—and his wife now lives in a little room of a house in Rosevelt street. I shall be most happy to apply to her and her child's use any testimony of the approbation of his late act, which our citizens may wish to convey to them. He was one of the crew of the ship Henry Clay, when two years ago she was stranded on Barnegat, and with the 2d mate of that ship (who lately sailed from Boston as the mate of the Ocean Monarch, and was on board at the time of her burning,) was in a boat with 4 other seamen when an attempt was made to carry a line to the shore over the surf.

This boat in which they made this hazardous experiment was swamped in the rollers, and four of the persons in her perished. I am told Frederic Jerome and the present mate of the Ocean Monarch saved their lives by swimming back to the ship. As no other of the persons in the ship could be induced to make a second attempt, Frederic Jerome and this person undertook it, and on the second dangerous effort succeeded, and by means of this line, the whole of the lives of the passengers and crew on board of the Henry Clay were saved. It was their only connection with the beach, which was at a considerable distance. The mate of the ship Ocean Monarch, at the time of the said burning, six miles from Liverpool, knowing that this lion hearted man was on board of the ship New World, then lying to, near, coming out on her homeward voyage, and seeing no other human aid was to be had, and knowing of no other man of like daring to whom he could apply, thought only of him, (remembering his former adventure with him,) to save the 15 persons yet remaining on the bowsprit of the burning wreck. He therefore put off to the New World in a leaky boat, to beg him to go with him to their rescue. Jerome no sooner heard the request than he instantly stripped himself, and whether for life or for death—let himself down from the chains and went to their rescue.

Fifteen souls are now rejoicing in life, who without his aid, would be at the present hour in eternity. He got to the ship, partially by swimming, climbed up some ropes to the bowsprit, to which the helpless, terrified women and children were clinging like burning martyrs at the stake, with the devouring element touching their very clothes, and with his own hands tied a rope round their body, one by one, and let them down into the boat, which his friend, the mate, kept underneath to receive them. He was the last man that left the burning wreck. The congratulations and munificence of the Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale, the officers of the Brazilian frigate which rescued them, who witnessed his heroic daring, and that of the Queen of Great Britain, each being £50, and the gold medal of the Humane Society, and the honorable notice of his conduct by the Mayor and Common Council of Liverpool, it is to be hoped will not prevent some honorable notice being taken of his conduct by the citizens and the public authorities of the city, whose proud boast it is, to have had within its precincts seven years, as a resident when on shore, a man who has proved himself an honor to humanity, and an example worthy of the imitation of his whole race.

Very respectfully yours,

B. C. C. PARKER,

Minister of the Floating Church of our Savior, East River.

New York, Sept. 18th, 1848. 114 East Broadway.

INDIAN JUSTICE.—The Bathurst (Canada) Courier relates a story of Indian Justice as having occurred at Mandeville, Canada, on Saturday week. One Indian, in a quarrel, stabbed and killed another with a knife. The son of the murdered man informed two of the tribe, who took the murderer into custody. The next day he was brought before ten members of the tribe, who judged and condemned him to be shot by the son of the murdered man. The condemned was then measured, *and set to digging his own grave.* After this was finished, a rifle was put into the hands of the son. The first shot took effect but did not kill; the second also wounded him, and he fell into the new-made grave, and was covered with earth before life had departed. The actors in this dreadful scene then started with the son to the authorities, and delivered him up, to have him declared by them free from blame. It is stated that the condemned Indian never made the least attempt to escape, and seemed resigned to his fate.

The MYSTERIOUS OLD COIN found with the skeleton of an alligator in a Monmouth County (N. J.) stream has been deciphered at the U. S. Mint in Phila. According to the Ledger it proves to be a counterfeit Low Dutch Dollar. Around the supposed figure of a lion is the legend CONFIDENS. DNO (Domino) NON MOVETVR; very good Latin, and too good theology for the Cæsars; with the date 16*48; a star or space being interposed (as they used sometimes to do,) between the tens and hundreds. The notation was Arabic, but the figures were European. On the other side, we have (by supplying some letters from more perfect specimens,) MO. ARG. PRO. CON. BELG. that is, *Moneta Argentea Provinciæ Confederationis Belgicæ;* "Silver Money of the confederation of Belgic Provinces."

I have examined with some care the memoir of a tour through Northern Mexico, in connexion with Col. Doniphan's expedition, by Dr. Wislizenus, a German, printed by order of the Senate, and believe all who feel an interest in that region, and who wish to know its geological, mineralogical and botanical character, will deem the document most valuable. I venture to extract two or three passages, which may gratify those fond of the curious and marvelous. About 100 miles South-South-East of Santa Fe are some extensive salt lakes or *salinas*, from which all the salt used in New Mexico is procured. Not far from these salinas are the ruins of an old city, which, as is reported, was once large and wealthy, with rich mines, the produce of which was sent annually to Spain.

"At one season, when they were making extraordinary preparations for transporting the precious metals, the Indians attacked them; whereupon the miners buried their treasures, *worth 50 millions, and left the city together;* but they were all killed except two, who went to Mexico, giving the particulars of the affair and soliciting aid to return. But the distance being so great and the Indians so numerous, no body would advance, and the thing was dropped. One of the two went to New Orleans, then under the dominion of Spain, raised 5 0 men, and started by way of the Sabine, but was0 never heard of afterwards. So far the report. Within the last few years, several Americans and Frenchmen have visited the place, and although they have not found the treasure, they certify at least to the existence of an aqueduct about 10 miles in length, to the still standing walls of several churches, the sculptures of the Spanish Coat of Arms, and to many spacious pits supposed to be silver mines. It was, no doubt, a Spanish mining town, and it is not unlikely, that it was destroyed, in a successful insurrection of the Indians, in 1680."

At no great distance from *El Paso del Norte*, a very remarkable phenomenon in the mountains is thus described—

"About noon, while we were encamped, a thunder storm came on, as usual in the rainy season. It rained awhile, and towards the end of the shower, the thunder ceasing in the distance, I perceived a most remarkable phenomenon in the mountains to our right, about 10 miles distant. Three pointed flames, apparently from one to two feet high, and of whitish lustre, were seen at once on a high barren place, in the mountains; they lasted for about 10 minutes, and disappeared then as suddenly. The Mexicans told me that this phenomenon is not uncommon in these mountains, and that such a place had once been examined, and a crevice found, around which, the grass was burnt. The popular opinion amongst the Mexicans seems to be, that such flames indicate silver mines."

The following account is given of a cave in a limestone chain of hills not far from San Sebastian.

"In the year 1838, a Mexican, Don Juan Flores, perceived there the hidden entrance to a cave. He entered; but seeing inside a council of Indian warriors sitting together in the deepest silence, he retreated and told it to his companions, who well prepared, entered the cave together, and discovered about 1000 well preserved Indian corpses squatted together on the ground, with their hands folded below their knees. They were dressed in fine blankets, made of the fibres of lechuilla with sandals made of a species of liana, on their feet, and ornamented with colored scarfs, with beads of seeds of fruit, polished bones, &c. This is the very insufficient account of the mysterious burying place. The Mexicans suppose that it belonged to the Lipans, an old Indian tribe which from time immemorial has roved and is roving over the Bolson de Mapinie."

It is surely no great evidence of civilization, not to mention humanity, among the Mexicans, that the Palace of *Santa Fe* is *festooned by several strings of dried Indian ears*, and that in *Chihuahua* they make a great exhibition of the whole scalp of Indians which they happen to kill by proxy; yet *Dr. Wislizenus* found the Mexican women, what *Ledyard* testifies he found the sex every where, gentle and winning in their manners, amiable, sympathising and generous in their disposition. These are his words:

"While the men have often been censured for their indolence, mendacity, treachery and cruelty, the women are active, affectionate, open hearted, and even faithful when their affections are reciprocated. Though generally not initiated in the art of reading and writing, the females possess, nevertheless, a strong common sense, and a natural sympathy for every suffering being, be it friend or foe; which compensates them in some degree for the wants of a refined education. The treatment of the Texan prisoners is but one of the many instances where the cruelties of the Mexican men were mitigated by the disinterested kindness of their women."

I am much gratified to learn that *Dr. Junius Smith*, of your city, is devoting his energies to the introduction of the tea plant into the U. States; as I have no doubt in most of our Southern States, particularly in Florida, Texas, New Mexico and California, it may be advantageously cultivated. I see not why the government should not extend some aid to Dr Smith's experiment—at least make him a grant of land, as they did to Dr. Perrine, for the purpose of enabling him to introduce some of the most valuable tropical plants. Much does Dr. Smith deserve of his country for his arduous labors in the cause of Ocean Steam Navigation; should he be successful in his new undertaking, we shall have still further reason to enrol him among our public benefactors.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

MONODY....For The Tribune.

On the Death of a Brother.

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

Time, Time, with noiseless tread is here
Unwearied in his onward flight,
And bringeth to the far, the near,
Full many a change by day and night,
And every home and every heart
Now bears some record of his trace,
And thoughts to life and being start,
And change is seen in every place.

And lips have ceased to breathe, which bore
A sunny smile in days gone by;
We clasp the hand of him no more
Whose spirit dwells beyond the sky:
Who sank serenely down to rest,
And calm as sinks the sun at even,
The virtues of whose manly breast
Have borne his spirit home to Heaven.

Whose well-remembered look and tone
Which cheered us in a foreign land,
Come back with thoughts of pleasures flown,
And of our broken household band.
Years had passed by and the fresh glow
Of Manhood wreath'd his sunny brow—
Alas! in Death's cold pomp below
That Brother sleeps forever now.

Above him rests earth's cheerless clay—
Beneath, his faded features lie,
His bloom of cheek has passed away,
And lustre from his sunken eye.
Alas! that Virtue could not keep
Her votary long on earth below;
Alas! that kindred friends must weep
O'er severed ties, earth's bitterest woe.

Hopes have gone out we cherished here
And clouded is Life's changing sky,
The memory of the Pall, the Bier,
But greets the mind's clear-seeing eye.
Hopes have gone out—that star has set—
Which brightly beamed amid us here,
But *Faith* still views its glories yet
Beam brighter in another sphere.

Death touch'd his brow when earthly ties
Were strong upon his manly breast,
Whose spirit in the upper skies
Has welcomed there its place of rest.
And never more—oh never more,
For him shall Spring unfold her bloom,
His life's brief day on earth is o'er
With all its changing light and gloom!

Towanda, Penn.

From the London Baptist Magazine.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

Saviour, thy rising day hath lovely smile,—
  Bright are its beams above me and around;
They kiss the dancing wave and slumbering isle;
  They gild the leafy forest's depth profound;
Hoar mountain, peaceful valley golden plain,
Are robed in sabbath hues, and wake sabbatic strain.

O Sun of righteousness! wilt thou not rise
  Thyself in loftier glory on our souls?
Thou that hast gone triumphant through those skies
  Where nature's stately orb diurnal rolls;—
Shall he send down his radiance, but thine own
Be for the blest on high, and their bright world alone?

Wilt thou not make a sabbath's holy noon
  Sweetly effulgent in our hearts to-day,
Thought, feeling, speech, to sanctify and tune,
  Thy sacred service joyously to pay?
Shine forth, O Sun of righteousness! shine forth,—
Lest sin's dark cloud prevailing, hide thy risen worth.

"My child! though in the highest heaven is set,
  Thy Saviour's glory, whose bright splendors break
On seraph hosts and saints made perfect, yet
  Shall not of mine the loving Spirit take,
And on his noiseless wing to thee convey
Gifts from the realms of light, beams from the sabbath day?

"Peace, more unruffled than on loveliest eve
  Of fancy's summer, gladdens heart or eye;
Joy, of whose sweetness thou couldst ne'er conceive,
  Fresh from the fountain spring that cannot die;
And hope, etherial, animate, serene,
The soul's best anchor through life's changing, passing scene.

"But thou must watch with me,—up, slumberer, up!
  The closet's consecrated threshold tread;
Thence to the shrine domestic,—bless the cup
  And meal of social gladness;—early led
By converse sacred, enter, as it were,
The tomb a morn like this saw rent, and reft, and bare.

"Go where my people meet; the chosen place
  No more Gerizim's summit—Zion's brow;
Through me the Father manifests his face,
  Where'er in spirit he is worshipped now;
Go, join their high hosannas;—praise befits
The soul that hopes to rise where its Redeemer sits.

"Or, if my hand hath touched thee, and hath laid
  On pain's uneasy couch thy stricken limbs,
My presence there shall solace thee and aid,
  Shall silence nature's sighs, with glory's hymns;
And thy lone chamber in its gloom shall be
None other than God's house, and heaven's own gate to thee."

Christian, thy sabbath smiles how sweet they are!
  Brightly upon thy waiting soul they rest;
Prize thou their light,—that when eve's shadowed car
  Bears them reluctant down the darkening west,
Thy feet may stand yet nearer to the shore
Where hours and joys sabbatic fade away no more.
—*Battersea.*

From the Nat. Intelligencer.

BY MAJOR G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

LINES AT MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

Beside thy dewy grave I pass,
  (A fresh and flowry mound,)
Sunlight is glancing on the grass,
  And the red breast chirps around;
While from afar the city's hum
  Steals gently on the ear:
And yet for me is Nature dumb!
  THY voice I cannot hear.

Thou told'st me, from a distant land,
  I ne'er should be forgot;
I come—e'en at thy side I stand—
  And yet thou heed'st me not.
Where are those accents which were heard
  So oft on music's breath?
Sister!—I hear no answering word.
  Is this?—Yea! THIS is death!

Beside my Father's aged form
  They've laid thee, breast to breast:
Too bitter was the world's bleak storm,
  But *both* are now at rest.
In life united—Oh! with such
  Affection undefil'd!
In death 'tis well their coffins touch—
  The Father and the Child.

Thou, Sister, had'st but little strength
  To tread life's thorny track:
So calmly dost thou sleep at length,
  'Twere sin to wish thee back;
The music of thy gentle tone
  Tho' to my bosom dear,
And tho' my heart is sad and lone,
  I would not have thee here.

For me is still life's stirring tide--
  The battle and the storm--
The wave where warring navies ride--
  The field where squadrons form!
But *thou*, with no long watch to keep--
  No dream at morn to tell—
Freed one!—Thine is an envied sleep!
  Sweet Sister! Fare thee well!

WASHINGTON, September 17, 1848.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

THE WILD CAT.

In these days of diffused knowledge, every body knows, or ought to know, that the wild cat resembles poor pussy about as much as the hog resembles the rhinoceros. It is in fact the lynx of North America—a strong, ferocious, hard-lived animal, just as tameable as the tiger, and not a whit more amiable. It inhabits deep forests, prefers thick wooded swamps, and prowls chiefly by night. When wounded by the hunter and not disabled, it flies at him with trenchant claws, and growling like a fury fights to the last.—And yet it has good qualities. By-the-by, what animal has not? It loves its offspring, never deserts them, and will defend them to the death. If you are full of "a game spirit," and think you could "whip your weight in wild cats," begin by capturing or assailing a kitten, and, rely upon it, with the first squeak, if she be anywhere within a mile, you'll you have the old one down upon you like a flash of lightning, and with such squalls, and such a burst of fury, and of so terrible an aspect, that the chances are a thousand to a fraction of a unit you'll run for your life.

I was plodding once in a wagon, from Toledo to Maumee, over an execrably level road, in the hot noon sun of a mid-June day. The driver was a hardy fellow, who looked as though he could outhug a bear, and loosen the tightest Maumee ague with a single shake, and yet he owned he had been frightened by a wild cat, so that he ran for it, and then he told the story, which I give you partly in his words.

"I was driving along this road in a buggy, with as fast a horse as ever scorned the whip, when some ten rods ahead of us, just by that big oak, a wild cat, leading three kittens, came out of the wood, and crossed the road, and went in those bushes on our left, and I thought what nice pets they'd make, and wished I had one. When I came up I noticed one of the young ones in the edge of the bushes, but a few feet off, and I heard or thought I heard the old one stealing along deep in the woods.

"I sprang out, snatched up the kitten, threw it in the buggy, jumped on, and started. When I laid hands on it, it mewed, and, confound it, it kept a mewing, and as I grasped the reins, I heard a sharp growl and a thrashing through the brush, and I knew the old one was a coming; and the next instant she streamed over a log and lit in the road, all on an end, with her eyes flaming, her hair bristling and her teeth grinning, and she turned as on a pivot, and gave an unearthly squall, as she saw me racing away, and bounded after, with such yells and fury, and gained on me so fast, that for fear I threw the kitten out, and lashed the flying horse;—but she scarcely paused for that, but bounded on a while as though recovery of her young would not suffice without revenge,—and when I saw her at my very back, stranger, I did tremble,—and I scarcely breathed until her crying imp recalled her. Here, at the top of this pitch, I looked back and saw her standing, with her young one in her mouth, looking after me, as though she d half a mind to drop the kitten and give chase again. I gave the horse a cut, and did not feel quite safe until I got some miles away. I made up my mind from that time forward to let young ones alone."

FOOT OF THE WHITEFACE PEAK OF THE ADIRONDACKS, Oct. 28th, 1848.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce :

Gentlemen :—I returned here last evening from a lofty tour on the Whiteface peak of the Adirondacks. Before sunrise yesterday morning, I put my feet in motion, and reached the foot of the mountain at 8 o'clock. There I procured a guide, and continued my walk to within a mile of the High Falls of the AU SABLE, where we commenced the ascent. The High Falls are about 1400 feet above the level of the sea. The trees at the foot of the mountain are mostly yellow birch, with a sprinkling of Balm of Gilead. These trees are now leafless; but nature, always provident, has deposited the fallen leaves around the roots of the trees which bore them, to protect it from the frosts of winter. These leaves make a soft path to walk on, but the labor is greater in passing over them than walking on hard ground. I notice an entire absence of birds nests among these trees; not one was visible. In ascending we crossed a mountain stream, of twenty feet in width. It has a rock bed, and we passed over on the projecting rocks. At 10 o'clock we reached the snow line. I uncased my thermometer after walking a quarter of a mile in the snow, and buried it a few minutes in the snow to reduce it to 32°. Subsequently it only rose 1 degree, to 33°. The labor of walking through the snow was great, for the path was both rugged and cragged, and fallen timber frequently obstructed the way. The evergreen trees were loaded with snow, and the rocks were many of them decorated with icicles hanging from the clefts, and resembled brilliant stalactites. The air was clear and the sun was shining in all its beauty. The deep green of the trees contrasted prettily with the snow that rested on the limbs and leaves, and the bright sunshine with the shining and glittering icicles gave to the whole a beautiful appearance. The air increased in its lightness and buoyancy as we increased the length of our path upwards, and thoughts grew big and flowed most freely in this high atmosphere. It is in such altitudes, upon granite peaks, that the fountains of the mind reach their flood of tide; for here thoughts are born that never would mature in an atmosphere on the common surface. The labor of ascent increasing with the depth of snow and the steepness of the path, we found it necessary to halt frequently for *reste*. At these stopping points the mountain birds came around us, and were so tame as to almost alight upon our shoulders. It was delightful to sit upon the snow capped rocks, on a cushion made of the fragrant boughs of the mountain spruce, and listen to the sweet notes of these pretty mountain birds. About half an hour after we commeneed the ascent, a majestic cliff was visible to the right of our path, above us. It has a perpendicular face of 7 or 800 feet, and upon its edge is a boulder of over one hundred tons weight, which looks like a mute memento of some great event. How it came to be placed on the edge of this vast precipice, it is impossible to determine. When we had passed above this lofty pile, and looked back upon it, the view was instructive. At half past 12, M. we saw a cloud alight upon the peak, then about 400 feet above our head. It soon became very thick, and discharged snow in great abundance. We turned from it down the mountain, and when we reached the foot, at 3, P. M., it had descended below the top of the Rock precipice half way down; and rain commenced falling on the river bank, which continued till after 7 P. M. I walked four miles from the point of ascent last evening in the rain, obtained excellent accommodations at a private house where a night's rest on a soft bed refreshed me. I arose early this morning to look up at the white faced peak, freed from clouds; and as the sun arose, it shone brightly upon the snow capped mountain. It was a pleasing picture to view the union of the sunshine in its brightness with the snow in its whiteness—a harmonious union. I obtained from the highest point I reached, several very little trees of the mountain spruce and mountain balsam, also several evergreen plants from under the snow, which I intend to transplant to the sacred shades of Greenwood. At the foot of the mountain, I obtained an evergreen which I call the Deer's Antler Velvet Evergreen, from its resemblance to Deer's Antlers, and its velvet glossy surface; but unfortunately lost it from the bundle before I reached a stopping place. This evergreen has a larger stem than any I have ever seen, and would be a pretty garden ornament. There are two kinds of birds in the upper groves of these mountains,—one about as large as the Pine Linnet, with a fawn colored breast —a pretty songster and a very pretty bird; another species, with black spot under the neck, and a black spot on each side of the head. This bird is nearly round, very merry, social and full of glee, as well as very tame. I saw near the mountain a lone Raven battling with a Hawk. Wherever I have met the Raven I have seen but a solitary bird. Thus, this bird, *the first explorer* sent from the Ark after the Deluge, continued to go to and fro over the earth, in his lonely wanderings. A great fire, three years since, overran the east side of this mountain, and since then the burnt ground has been covered with a profuse growth of blueberry bushes, which in their season are loaded with choice fruit. None of these berries were known to grow on this section of the mountain before the fire. I find that rain storms here reach about half way down the mountain. Thus the clouds when discharging a heavy rain, are here but about 1500 feet above the banks of the river, or 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The storm I had the opportunity of examining here was of two-fold strata—the upper, snow; the lower, rain. When thunder storms pass this district, the cloud separates or splits on the mountain, and passes through each gap below the top. It is sometimes the case that a cloud tumbles down the mountain with great force. The pinnacle of the mountain seems to attract clouds that move in the higher atmosphere, and the storm settles down on the peak. The temperature of the air was at no time above 33°, while I was above the snow line. This mountain peak is in lat. about 44° 30, and the waters which flow from it go north towards the Arctic. The mountain stream has had occasionally a wider bed than it now occupies; and the path it has made, a record of which formed by the descending water still remains, shows that it has exceeded 100 feet in width and 20 feet in depth. Then it must have presented a terrific and magnificent cataract, of near 2,000 feet in height. The soil which covers this mountain does not average one foot in thickness. The laber of ascending this peak at this season of the year is very great, but the change of air and its charming buoyancy, is worth the toil. Here the eye is feasted with extensive views. Picturesque scenery adorns the great field of vision; the air is gently stimulating; and the mind in all its freeness here feasts in lovely, beautious, harmonious contemplation. There is an impressive stillness in the atmosphere of a high mountain top—a stillness that I have in vain endeavored to measure. It is vast beyond human estimate, and both impressive and instructive, witnessing to the investigating mind the harmonies of nature, and leading the mind gently onward from nature to contemplate the power and the goodness of Him who made the world.

Yours, &c., E. M.

PETRIFIED CORN COB.—We have had laid on our table by William Powers, Esq., a petrified corn cob, found near his spring. The roots of the trees in the vicinity of the spring, he informs us, are also in a state of petrification, owing to the chemical action of the mineral obtained in the water, upon the vegetable substances. We are not informed as to the ingredients of the water, not having had the pleasure of a specimen for analyzation.—*Laurensville (S. C.) Herald.*

"Say, Cæsar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ grinder?" "Don't know, Mr. Sugarloaf, why is they?" "Cos they carries a monkey about the streets." A brick grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf just as his ears disappeared round the corner of Dock Square.

The Lost Girl Found.

From the Sherbrooke (Canada) Gazette.

Miss Sarah Campbell, of Windsor, who was lost in the woods on the 11th of August last, returned to her home on the 31st, having been absent 21 days. A friend in Brompton has sent us a circumstantial account of her wanderings, of the efforts made in her behalf, and her return home, from which we condense the following statements:—

It appears that on the 11th of August, in company with two friends, she went fishing on the North branch of Windsor brook; and that on attempting to return she became separated from her companions, who returned to her mother's, the widow Campbell, expecting to find her at home. Several of her neighbors searched for her during Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, by some 50 or 60 individuals, and although her tracks and those of a dog which accompanied her were discovered, no tidings of the girl were obtained.

A general sympathy for the afflicted widow and her lost daughter was excited, and notwithstanding the busy season of the year, great numbers from Windsor and the neighboring townships of Brompton, Shipton, Melbourne, Durham, Oxford, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Stoke and Dudswell, turned out with provisions and implements for camping in the woods, in search of the female, which was kept up without intermission for about 14 days, when it was generally given up, under the impression that she must have died, either from starvation or the inclemency of the weather, it having rained almost incessantly for nearly a week of the time.

On the 31st her brother returned home from Massachusetts, and, with two or three others, renewed the search, but returned the second day, and found to their great joy that the lost one had found her way home the evening previous.

On hearing of her return, our correspondent made a visit to widow Campbell, to hear from her daughter the story of her wanderings. She was found, as might be supposed, in a very weak and exhausted condition, but quite rational, as it seems she had been during the whole period of her absence. From her story the following particulars were gathered:—

When first lost she went directly from home down "Open Brooke," to a meadow, about a mile distant from where she left her companions, which she mistook for what is called the "Ozias opening," a mile distant in the opposite direction. On Sabbath morning, knowing that she was lost, and having heard that lost persons might be guided by the sun, she undertook to follow the sun during the day. In the morning she directed her steps toward the East, crossed the North branch, mistaking it for "Open Brooke," and travelled, frequently running, in a South-East direction (her way home was due North) seven or eight miles, till she came to the great hay-meadow, in Windsor. There she spent Sabbath night, and on Monday morning directed her course to, and thence down the South branch in the great meadow.

After this she appears to have spent her time, except while she was searching for food for herself and dog, in walking and running over the meadow and up and down the South branch in search of her home, occasionally wandering upon the highlands, and far down toward the junction of the two main streams, never being more than seven or eight miles from home.

For several days, by attempting to follow the sun, she travelled in a circle, finding herself at night near the place which she left in the morning. Although she often came across the tracks of large parties of men, and their recently erected camps, and knew that multitudes of people were in search of her, she saw no living person, and heard no sound of trumpet or other noise except the report of a gun, as she lay by a brook, early on Thursday morning, the sixth day of her being lost. Thinking the gun to have been fired not more than half a mile distant, she said she 'screamed and run' to the place whence she supposed the noise came, but found nothing. Early in the day, however, she came to the camp where this gun was fired, but not until its occupants had left to renew their search for her. This camp was about four miles from the great meadow where she spent the Sabbath previous. There she found a fire, dried her clothes, and found a partridge's gizzard, which she cooked and ate and then lay down and slept, remaining about 24 hours.

In her travels she came across several other camps, some of which she visited several times, particularly one where she found names cut upon trees, and another in which was a piece of white paper. Except three or four nights spent in these camps, she slept upon the ground, sometimes making a bed of moss, and endeavoring to shelter herself from the drenching rains with spruce boughs. For the first two weeks she suffered much from the cold, shivering all night, and sleeping but little. The last week she said she had got "toughened," and did not shiver. When first lost she had a large trout, which was the only food she ate, except choke-cherries, the first week, and a part of this she gave to her dog, which remained with her for a week, day and night. The cherries, which she ate greedily, swallowing the stones, she found injured her health, and for the last two weeks she lived upon cranberries, checkerberries, and wood-sorrel. While the dog remained with her she constantly shared her food with him, but said she was glad when he left her, as it was so much trouble to find him food.

On Thursday of last week she followed the South, toward the junction with the North branch, where it appeared she had been before but could not ford the stream; and in the afternoon of Friday crossed the North, a little above its junction with the South branch, and following down the stream she found herself in the clearing near Moor's mill. Thence directing her steps toward home, she reached Mr. M'Dale's, about a mile from her mother's, at 6 o'clock, having walked five miles in two hours, and probably ten miles during the day. Here she remained till the next day, when she was carried home and received by her friends almost as one raised from the dead. Her feet and ancles were very much swollen and lacerated, but strange to say, her calico gown was kept whole, with the exception of two small rents.

Respecting her feelings during her fast in the wilderness, she says she was never frightened, though some times when the sun disappeared she felt disheartened, expecting to perish; and when she found, by not discovering any new tracks, that the people had given over searching for her, she was greatly discouraged.

On the morning of Friday, she was strongly inclined to give up, and lie down and die, but the hope of seeing her mother stimulated her to make one effort to reach home, which proved successful. When visited she was suffering from feverish excitement, and general derangement of the system, and greatly emaciated, with a feeble voice, but perfectly sane and collected.

It is somewhat remarkable that a young girl (aged 17,) thinly clad, survived for twenty-one days, exposed as she was to such severe storms, with no food but wild berries. It is also very strange that she was so frequently on the tracks of those in search of her, sleeping in their camps, and endeavoring to follow their tracks home, yet did not hear any of their numerous trumpets and was not seen by any of the hundreds of persons who were in search for her.

Canine Fidelity.

From the Hamilton [Canada West] Spectator.

On Saturday night a man residing in East Market street found in that part of the city called Moore's Survey a child of six or eight years of age, sitting on the road side crying bitterly. The child was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which attempted to pacify its companion by lying beside

him and licking his face. The man took the child in his arms and brought him to the engine house, thinking that the parents would be more likely to hear of their child there than any other place.—The dog followed quietly, and upon Mr. Rykman, whose humanity and care are well known, making a bed for the child, the dog testified its delight by jumping about the room and licking the host and child alternately. The boy being comfortably bedded for the night, the dog took his post beside him and could not be coaxed from the spot.

During the night, Mr. Rykman had occasion to go into the room, but the moment he crossed the threshold, the dog, which was so docile when he left, became furiously enraged, and actually drove him out of the room. Neither coaxing nor scolding had the slightest effect upon the faithful animal; he had taken the child under his protection, and appeared determined to perform his duty.—Early in the morning another of the family, who was not aware that they had visitors, went into the room, but had hardly placed a foot inside when he was furiously attacked by the dog, and compelled to decamp. Before doing so, however, he seized a chair to defend himself, and broke it to pieces over the dog, without producing any other effect than rendering it more savage and determined than before.

Finding it impossible either to get into his room or coax the dog out of it, or awaken the child, Mr. Rykman procured assistance, and an entry was effected simultaneously by the door and window. Still the dog remained resolute; he would permit no one to approach the child, and it was actually necessary to beat him severely with clubs ere he could be driven out of the house. This being at last effected the dog started off as rapidly as it could, and in the course of a couple of hours returned, accompanied by the child's mother, jumped into the room and began licking and fondling its little companion! Even then it was with difficulty that the woman could prevent the dog from flying at those who had been compelled, in self-defence, to beat and drive him from the house. The woman said she had been in search of the child all night without success, and that in crossing the common near Dundurn, she saw the dog following her at the top of its speed.

Upon reaching its mistress the faithful animal immediately caught her by her dress and began pulling her in the direction of the town. The woman, aware of the intelligence of the animal, and knowing that it had accompanied the boy when he strayed from home, followed, in the certainty that she would be taken to her child, whether dead or alive. Nor was she disappointed. The woman lives on a point beyond the marsh, at least two miles from the town, and she thinks that the dog, on leaving the engine house, went straight home, and finding its mistress absent, got upon her track and followed it until he found her.—Not the least interesting fact that we have to narrate, in this rambling sketch is, that the moment the woman and child left the house, the dog became perfectly quiet, and even made advances toward a reconciliation with those he had so savagely assailed a few hours before.

For the Journal of Commerce.

RISE AND FALL OF THE LAKES.—Mr. Owston, keeper of the light on Gull Island, northern shore of Lake Ontario, in his statement to me under date of Gull Island, Sept. 11, 1848, says that Lake Ontario, on the 15th of May, 1847, was higher than he has known it for seven years, being two feet two inches elevation. On the 5th of December, 1847, the end of the season for lighting, being the end of navigation, five inches elevation.

May 1st, 1848, one foot elevation. Sept. 11, 1848, but three inches, being the lowest he has ever known thus early in the season.

The depression of the waters of the lakes has an important bearing upon canal navigation, and it is not improbable that the time may come when it will be necessary occasionally to supply the Erie Canal by means of an engine like that used at the Harlem Lake in Holland, which raises *fourteen thousand gallons* of water at a stroke.

I have never fixed upon a lake-meter for Lake Erie, being unable to find any natural or artificial object which I could use for that purpose.

Gull Island, which I selected for a lake-meter for Lake Ontario in 1844, is now a reef. It was formerly an island of one acre in extent, formed of bituminous fossiliferous lime stone, stratified both vertically and horizontally. It was supposed that the island had sunk down; but my examination of the northern shore of the lake in 1844, discovered to me the cause of the depression. In cold weather, at high water, the surface became covered with water, which froze and adhered to the rock, the ice and the rock forming one mass. When thus concreted together, the breaking up of the ice of the near shore of the Lake by heavy storms, raised the ice, and with it the rock Strata in pieces about one foot thick and three or four wide and long. These were floated away with the ice, which as it melted dropped the rock in deep water. In 1837 (I think it was,) the British Government built a Light House on this decapitated Island, now a reef two miles from the shore. It is a hollow column. The water rises and falls in the inside of it, as it does in a well; and it is from this that I obtain my record of the rise and fall of the Lake. This same system of ice and storm excavation is going on in cold weather every year on this portion of the Lake shore. During a line storm, the Lake fell *one foot* in 24 hours, and did not rise again during that season. This quantity could not have been discharged by the St. Lawrence in that time, and its disappearance is a mystery. It is this rock Strata, (which is bituminous,) that is the seat of the convulsions which we frequently see accounts of from Lake Ontario. It faces Cobourg, Grafton, Port Hope and Colborne, and is near Rice Lake. E.

THE SONG OF LIGHTNING.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were LIGHTNING, I would speak.
[BYRON.

Away, away through the sightless air—
Stretch forth your iron thread;
For I would not dim my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread;
Aye, rear it up on its million piers—
Let it reach the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound!

Tho' I cannot toil like the groaning slave
Ye have fettered with iron skill,
To ferry you over the boundless wave,
Or grind in the noisy mill;
Let him sing his giant strength and speed:
Why, a single shaft of mine
Would give that monster a flight, indeed,
To the depths of the ocean brine.

No, no! I'm the spirit of light and love,
To my unseen hand 'tis given
To pencil the ambient clouds above,
And polish the stars of heaven.
I scatter the golden rays of fire
On the horizon far below—
And deck the skies where storms expire,
With my red and dazzling glow.

The deepest recesses of earth are mine—
I traverse its silent core;
Around me the starry diamonds shine,
And the sparkling fields of ore;
And oft I leap from my throne on high
To the depths of the ocean's caves,
Where the fadeless forests of coral lie,
Far under the world of waves.

My being is like a lovely thought
That dwells in a sinless breast:
A tone of music that ne'er was caught—
A word that was ne'er expressed.
I burn in the bright and burnished halls,
Where the fountains of sunlight play—
Where the curtain of gold and opal falls,
O'er the scenes of the dying day.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain,
I light it with a glare,
When fall the boding drops of rain,
Through the darkly curtained air;
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,
The piles of a thousand years,
Have not the strength of potters' clay,
Before my glittering spears.

From the Alps' or the highest Andes' crag,
From the peaks of eternal snow,
The dazzling folds of my fiery flag
Gleam o'er the world below.
The earthquake heralds my coming power,
The avalanche bounds away,
And howling storms, at midnight hour,
Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come—
When my quivering sword leaps out
O'er the hills that echo my thunder-drum,
And rend with my joyous shout;
Ye quail on the land or upon the seas,
Ye stand in your fear aghast,
To see me burn the stalwart trees,
Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall,
The letters of high command,
Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,
Were traced with my burning hand;
And oft in fire have I wrote since then,
What angry Heaven decreed—
But the sealed eyes of sinful men
Were all too blind to read.

At last the hour of light is here,
And kings no more shall blind,
Nor the bigots crush with craven fear,
The forward march of mind:
The words of truth and freedom's rays
Are from my pinions hurled,
And soon the sun of better days
Shall rise upon the world.

But away, away, through the sightless air—
Stretch forth your iron thread;
For I would not soil my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread;
Aye, rear it upon its million piers—
Let it circle the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound!

WHAT IS WANTING.—Even granting that you enjoy the world, and that it has performed all its promises, and left you nothing to wish, but that things should remain as they are, how do you know that they *will* remain as they are? "What is wanting here?" said the courtier to his sovereign, with whom he was riding amidst the acclamations and splendor of a triumphal procession. "CONTINUANCE," replied the monarch. So say I. Tell me, if you will, of your youth, your health, the buoyancy of your spirits, your happy connections, your gay parties, your elegant pleasures, your fair prospects; and then ask me what is wanting. I reply, "CONTINUANCE." A single day may spoil every thing; before to-morrow's sun shall rise you may be attacked by disease and death. You know not what an hour may bring forth. Turn then for happiness from the world to religion; this is both satisfying and certain. Nothing can rob you of its privileges; they are vast as the capacity of your soul, and lasting as your eternal existence. Hear the beautiful language of Christ: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John iv: 14.—*J. A. James.*

BANKS OF AU SABLE RIVER, Oct. 26, 1848.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce:

Gentlemen:—The banks of this River are rich in Iron Ore deposit, which are in strata above the water, and so far as my examinations have extended, a clay stratum lies between the ore deposits and the river. The ore here makes the *very* best Iron. The Peru Iron and the Au Sable nails are made from it, and compare well with the *very* best Iron found in our markets. Iron ore here is most abundant. The mines are mostly worked by vertical shafts, instead of horizontal. The Arnold ore bed, the richest in the State (when the quality and quantity are taken into account,) is worked by vertical shafts. The water and the ore are both raised near 300 feet. A horizontal shaft in the first cost would be more expensive, but in working would afford many facilities, and be more economical; for it might incline gradually upwards, so as to allow a gradual descent for the water, and afford a path for a railway to carry out the ore.

There are three descriptions of ore here, viz. the Black, Blue, and Grey, lying in parallel veins. A ton of iron only is obtained on an average from two and a half tons of ore. This is but a part of the iron; *posterity will get nearly as much more*, now left behind. The Palmer ore bed, which yields a grey ore of excellent quality, is being tunneled. Both the Arnold and the Palmer ore beds are on the top of high hills. I obtained specimens of these ores. The Jackson, the Cook and the Mapes ore beds are on the same side of the Au Sable, and some of these are extensively worked. The Au Sable River is a stream of great water power. The East branch of this river rises *in the same meadow on the high mountain, as the Hudson*, which meadow has an altitude above the level of the sea of 4,700 feet. A lofty fountain this, the parentage of twin rivers; ore running toward the equator, the other toward the pole. The Hudson meets the Atlantic South of Lat. 41°; the Au Sable mingles with the sea North of Lat. 50°. Thus this part of our Continent is tied together by a water string, and when the cold of winter becomes intense, this water becomes a chrystal band, a pretty adorning of the terestrial surface. I sought here to pass between the electric currents of this part of our earth at an elevation above the active storm paths, but there is no such place here.

The East Branch of the Au Sable falls more than 4500 in 80 miles. Its water power is therefore vast, and is here placed where it is needed; for there is probably no coal in these mountains to generate steam power. The West Branch of the Au Sable mingles with the East at a thriving village called the Au Sable Forks. Here I examined the temperature of the water at noon, and found it tested 41½ of Fahrenheit. On the West branch the High Falls are situated. This cataract is in the wilderness, in a mountain gorge, which is a wind and water gap.—Above it the mountain rises more than 3000 feet.—This cataract is about 1400 feet above the level of the sea.

It is a splendid water-fall of 100 feet perpendicular. Five miles from this Fall is Lake Placid—a quiet, pretty Lake, at the foot of a great mountain. It discharges its water into the Au Sable. The Au Sable Forks is the end of the road toward the High Falls. I say end of the road. The best public house is there, and the public conveyances stop and terminate there. East of the High Falls for several miles the farmers inform me that they are unable to grow winter wheat, the wind coming through the gap is so much compressed, that it removes the snow from the surface, and thus exposes the young plants to frost, which destroys them.

The young corn also suffers from this wind, and so do the fruit trees. On the East side of White Face Mountains an extensive fire burnt the trees in 1843. Since then, the blue berry bushes have sprung up in great abundance, yielding an immense crop of large, fine flavored berries. It is said here that two thousand bushels were picked in that district the last season. People come from Montreal to pick berries here. It is a wonderful illustration of nature's powers,—this growth of the blue berry bush from germs planted by the fire. The soil on this mountain does not average one foot in thickness. When a plank road shall be completed from the Wilderness to Lake Champlain, the Whitehall Railroad to Troy, and Hudson River Railroad to New York, the fine berries from these bushes can be packed in water tight casks, the interstices filled with cold

mountain water, and then transported with perfect ease to New York market. So with the strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries of this region. These are fine, and can be taken in small baskets to New York market, after the Southern crops are done there. In riding in an open stage wagon from Keesville to Clintonville, I counted 30 loaded wagons in 5 miles. The roads here are sandy, and cut down deep, and are very bad. A plank road 30 miles long on the bank of the Au Sable, reaching to the Wilderness, would cost not to exceed $40,000, and would add a quarter of a million of dollars to the value of the property in the district. It would benefit the city of New York, increase its trade, benefit the State of New York, increase its taxable property, and give greater energy and strength to its population. In my journey West of the mountains in this State, I have had an opportunity to inspect the plank roads, and to observe their effects on the business and farming interests of the districts they are made over, and find that they are far more advantageous to the local district than Railroads. The farmer can use the plank road with his own team, and at seasons of the year when he has most leisure. It saves the wear and tear of wagons, and the horses last longer on these roads. The wagons engaged in transporting iron, coal and ore on the Au Sable Roads, are worn out in two or three years. The price paid a wagoner for himself, horses, harness, and wagon—(he finding himself and horses)—is but two dollars per day, and for this he works very hard,

For the Journal of Commerce.

ONONDAGO SALINES, Oct. 14th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—On my way North I remained a day at these Salines. The manufacture of salt does not seem to be affected by the new tariff. The State Superintendent, Robert Gere, Esq., has kindly furnished me with a statement from his books of the quantity of salt inspected here the present year up to and including Oct. 11. Three million four hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred twenty-two 32-56 bushels. This exceeds the quantity made last year, during the same time, three hundred and eighty thousand eight hundred and forty-six 46-56 bushels.

About forty gallons of brine make a bushel of salt of 56 lbs. The brine is pumped at the expense of the State, free of cost to the manufacturer, but the manufacturer pays an internal duty or tax of one cent per bushel. Eight hundred cords of wood is consumed here daily for fuel in boiling salt, and burnt on the ground without grates. A rain storm was in operation when I visited several of the salt houses, and I inquired of the firemen if they used wet wood? They said, Yes. There is not a shelter for keeping wood dry in all this vast collection of Salteries. One quarter of the quantity of fuel, split fine, and kept dry and burnt on grates of suitable construction, would do the work now done here, and thus the three quarters would be saved. Cold brine is run into the chrystalizing pans, and thus the kettles are thrown off in the boil, and retarded in evaporation. Iron boilers, with wooden curbs, and covered with wooden lids, of the capacity of 4000 gallons, could be heated a whole week with less than two cords of wood and would be fit to be run off every eight hours, which for six days would heat the brine for eighteen hundred bushels of salt. The brine could be led into these boilers in pipes from the reservoirs, and led from the boilers to the chrystalizing kettles in a heated state through pipes, without manual labor. If the salines were private property, instead of public, better salt would be made, and more economy used in manufacturing. The old system of inspection is kept up here—far better would it be for each manufacturer to endorse his name on the salt barrel, and let that be the certificate of good quality, like it is for flour. What would our importers say to having their State Inspector?—Three new salt wells have been sunk here, one at Syracuse, 328 feet deep, one at Liverpool 100 feet deep, in both of which water of 78° by the Salomater, the other at Liverpool 104 feet deep sends up a column of mineral water, and it flows over the tube. The two wells at Liverpool are in Lake Onondaga, about fifteen rods from the shore. I visited these wells in a boat, and examined the water of the mineral spring. It was represented to me as possessing qualities that produced a nauseating, but I drank of it freely and did not experience the least sensation of nausea. I held a piece of bright silver in the water, which, on being withdrawn, it was blackened, shewing thus the presence of sulphurated hydrogen. The well at Syracuse, passes through clay, quick sand, coarse gravel, common sand, and a crust of 24 inches of cemented gravel, in alternating stratas. The quick sand stratas measure 43 feet, one of 25 the other of 18, the clay stratas, four in all, measure sixteen feet. The wooden tubes sunk down are screwed together and are fourteen inches thick and eight inch bore. The salt water rises to the top of the tubes. In the boiling of the salt water so much extra heat is applied that the salt next the hot metals becomes *vitrified*—this is thrown away and I desire to make particular mention of this fact, because farmers can make it useful as a manure as well as valuable for cattle. There are large fields of solar salt vats here. These vats have two inconveniences, which are a drawback, viz. most of them are placed on low ground, and all of them too near the ground for rapid evaporation. Elevated ground and elevation of the vats from the ground would increase the evaporation.

I obtained at the beach of the east shore of Onondaga Lake several white pebbles, that are calcareous—they float on the water and are hollow. They have been broken in angular pieces from the stratas below and afterwards rounded on the beach by the nature of the water of the lake and on being brought n contact with dry atmosphere shrink in size from the centre outwards, thus forming a little geode. The Onondaga Indians who formerly owned these salines reside ten miles from this Lake. They number 310; last year 296—thus there is an increase of 16 during the last year. They are nearly equally divided, being about one half Christians, the other half Pagans. Tho-de-du-hoo, (or Great Thunder) is the highest civil officer of the *six* nations. He is now but seven years old, and is of the nation of Onondaga. His title is hereditary. The Chief of this tribe died a few days since, and was buried on Sabbath last. He was a pagan, and the funeral ceremonies were according to the customs of the pagans. The corpse was encased in the war dress of the Chief and painted. The Indians live on a reservation of 7000 acres of land, have an annuity from the State of fifteen hundred dollars, which is distributed *per capita*, and also an annuity of one hundred and fifty bushels of salt. The land is capable of making them all comfortable. I am indebted to Edward Cooper, Esq., former Indian Agent here, for the facts I state here in reference to these Indians.

Salt is now selling here at one dollar and eighteen cents per barrel—five bushels or 280 lbs. nett. Solar salt is sold at about fifty per cent. higher. Wood has risen in price here, and is now selling at three dollars and twenty-five cents per cord for hard wood.

In my route, I came down the outlet of the small lakes, commencing with Canandaigua, Crooked Lake, Seneca, Cayuga, Owasco, Skeneatalas, Onondaga, and Oneida, and entered Lake Ontario through Oswego river, the united outlet of all these bodies of water. I shall pass South over the long level of the Canal to the waters of the Mohawk, stopping at Lake Sodam, and at the Salt Well at Canastota on my route. Yours, &c., E. M.

DISCOVERY IN MISSISSIPPI.—In the Southwestern part of Franklin county, Miss., there is a platform or floor of hewn stone, neatly polished, some three feet under ground. It is about one hundred and eighty feet long, and eighty feet wide. It extends due north and south, and its surface is perfectly level. The masonry is said to be equal, if not superior, to any work of modern times. The land above it is cultivated, but thirty years ago it was covered with oak and pine trees measuring from 2 to three feet in diameter. It is evidently of very remote antiquity, as the Indians who reside in the neighborhood had no knowledge of its existence previous to its recent discovery. Nor is there any tradition among them from any idea of the object of the work, or the people who were its builders. There is also a canal and well connected with it, but they never have been explored. A subterranean passage may be underneath. Farther explorations may throw some light upon its origin.

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1848.

GUTTA PERCHA.—The manufacture of this article has attained a variety and extent, which, considering the recency of its introduction here, is truly wonderful. The American Gutta Percha Company, represented by Samuel T. Armstrong, Esq., have obtained patents which secure to them the right of making from this substance, machine belts and bands, gas and water pipes, water proof roofing, tables and chairs, hats, caps, boots and shoes, clothing, saddles and harness, bottles, picture and looking-glass frames, and many other articles, some of which are used in shipping, others for medical implements; and indeed its capabilities of application seem to be of boundless extent.

We have before us a brief account of the discovery, properties, &c., of the Gutta Percha, issued by the above named Company, from which we derive some interesting facts. The name is Malayan, *gutta* signifying the gum of a plant, and *percha* being descriptive of the particular tree from which it is procured. It is averred, however, by the Senior Surgeon of the Settlement of Prince of Wales' Island, Singapore and Malacca, Thomas Oxley, Esq., that it is the tuban tree from which the gutta percha is derived, the percha producing a spurious article. This tree grows luxuriantly in the forests of Singapore, the extremity of the Malayan Peninsula, Sarawak, and probably other parts of the Island of Borneo, forming a principal portion of the jungle in the alluvial tracts along the foot of the hills. It is between sixty and seventy feet high, and from two to three feet in diameter. Owing to the improvident method adopted by the natives to obtain the gutta, by cutting down the trees of full growth and wringing the bark, the Island of Singapore has been nearly stripped of its largest timber. During little more than two years from 1st Jan., 1845, before the practice was adopted of obtaining the sap by tapping the tree, it is estimated that sixty-nine thousand one hundred and eighty trees were sacrificed to supply the gum exported from Singapore to Europe. The average production of a single tree is about thirteen pounds.

Gutta Percha is flexible like leather, hard and tough, semi-transparent, and having the appearance of horn. It is highly inflammable, a strip of it burning like sealing wax. When plunged into boiling water it becomes soft and plastic and excessively ductile, so that it may be rolled out into the thinnest sheets, and moulded to any required shape or form, which it retains without contraction after cooling. It is not elastic, nor do the oils and grease with which it comes in contact on machinery affect it; hence it is superior for driving bands to any known substance.

The accidental discovery of Gutta Percha is attributed to Dr. W. Montgomerie, surgeon to the Residency at Singapore, to whom was awarded, in 1845, the gold medal of the Society of Arts in London, for his valuable services in introducing it to the British public. It was not till 1842, twenty years after this gentleman first heard of the substance, that he succeeded in obtaining any available knowledge of its production and properties. The first specimen he saw was the handle of a *parang* in possession of a Malayan woodsman. Having subjected it to experiment and discovered many of its valuable qualities, he forwarded other specimens to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and to the Society of Arts in London. The article was first introduced into England for manufacturing purposes by R. A. Brooman, who obtained patents for some of its applications in 1844-5. Its application to book-binding was patented to Nickles in 1845; to boots, shoes, hats and all articles of wearing apparel, to C. Keene, of London, in the same year; to flexible syringes, tubes, bottles, hose &c., to Bewley, a Dublin quaker in 1846; to machine bands, cords, &c., to C. Hancock, of London, in 1846-7. Bewley and others soon after purchased all the English patents, and organized a gigantic company. This association, possessed of unlimited means, not content with a monopoly of the British market, immediately applied for letters patent in France, Germany, and the United States. They also established their agencies, aided by the co-operation of the British East India Company, at the various depots of the raw material in Singapore and on the Malayan Coast. All this was accomplished before the article was known in this country; though in 1846, a few bundles of gutta whips were sent to W. S. Wetmore, Esq., by his agent at Singapore, on receipt of which, that gentleman, convinced of the availability of the material for various purposes of manufacture, ordered an extensive shipment of it to the United States.

U. S. NAVY AGENCY,
Monterey, California, July 1, 1848.

SIR: Since my last letter to you, written in San Francisco, I have visited the "Placer," or gold region of California, and found it all it had been represented to me. My anticipations were fully realized. The part I visited was the south fork of the river American, which joins the Sacramento at Suter's fort, or two miles from it. This river has its north and south forks, branching more than twenty miles from Fort Suter. On these two forks there are over 1000 people digging and washing for gold. On Bear creek and Hulo creek, branches of Feather river, many are now beginning to work. It is supposed that the banks and bottoms of all these small streams contain vast quantities of gold, and that the valleys between them are rich with the same metal. The people are now working at many places, some are eighty miles from others. The place I visited was about a league in extent: on this were about fifty tents; many have not even this covering. At one tent, belonging to eight single men, I remained two or three days. These men had two machines made in a day, from 80 to 100 feet, inch boards, and very roughly put together. Their form was something like a child's cradle, without the ends: at one end there was a moveable seive or rack to wash down the dirt, and shake off the stones. Holes were made in the bottom of the machine to catch the gold this wash stopped, and this was scraped out hourly. These two machines gathered each day I was present three-fourths to one pound each, being three to four ounces of gold per man. These men had worked one week with tin pans; the last week with the machine. I saw the result of the first day's work of two brothers, (Americans,) one had seven dollars, the other eighty-two: they worked on the same five yards of land; one, however, worked less than the whole day. Their plan, like hundreds of others, was first with a pick and shovel, clear off two feet of the top earth, then put in a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel of dirt, go into running water, with the hand stir up the dirt and heave out the stones, until they have remaining a spoonful of emery or black sand, containing one to five dollars. This can be done once or twice a day.

Each day is causing some saving of labor by the improvements in the rough machines now in use. The day I left, some small companies of five to eight men had machines from which they anticipate five or six hundred dollars a day. There certainly must this day be at work on the different Placers several hundreds of Americans and others, who are cleaning

one ounce of gold a day. I have this week seen in Monterey a Californian, who shows four hundred dollars of gold from the labor of one week; much of it was the size of wheat. I myself weighed one piece from his bag, and found the weight an even ounce. He, like many others, only went up to the gold regions to see the place, borrowed tools, worked a few days, and came home to show his labor, and take up brothers and cousins and provisions. Flour at the "Placer" is scarce at $16 per 100 lbs. At almost this price it must continue, as people are forsaking their fields. I do not think I am exaggerating in estimating the amount of gold obtained on the rivers I have mentioned at ten thousand dollars a day for the last few days. There is every reason to believe the amount will not this season (unless the washers are driven from their work by sickness) be any less. In this case the addition of workmen now joining the first ones, and the emigrants from the Atlantic States we shall have in October and December, will soon swell the value of California gold that will be washed out to an unheard-of value.

Many who have seen the "Placer" think it will last thirty or forty years. I should think that it would afford work two or three years to many thousands of people, and may for very many years, as I cannot calculate the extent of country having gold. The working of quicksilver mines, like every thing else, is stopped; three-fourths of the houses in the town of San Francisco are shut up. Houses in Monterey are being closed this week; the volunteer companies of Sonoma and San Francisco have lost several men by desertion. Under the present excitement, a ship-of-war or any other vessel lying at anchor in San Francisco would lose many men. In that town there is hardly a mechanic remaining. I expect the same in Monterey in two weeks. Both newspapers have stopped. All or nearly all the hotels are shut up. One of my clerks who received $500 and board, now receives in his store near New Helvetia (Suter's Fort) $100 per month; my others are fast closing their books to leave me. In fact, I find myself, or shall this month, without a clerk, carpenter, or servant, and all my houses, formerly rented, given up to me. In two weeks Monterey will be nearly without inhabitants.

I am, with much respect,

THOS. O. LARKIN.

Com. THOS. AP C. JONES.

We have seen specimens of the California gold. As far as we have seen it, it does not appear in large lumps, such as we found the other day in a gold mine in Virginia, worth $550. Indeed, the largest piece said to have been found does not exceed an ounce. The specimen we have seen is in minute pieces, very much resembling the scales of a small fish.

For the Journal of Commerce.

CAMILLUS COAL.—The announcement of the discovery of anthracite coal at Camillus, in Onondaga county, N. Y., induced me, while visiting the State Salines, also to visit Camillus and make a personal examination. I examined the mineral thrown out of the shaft there. It is of great specific gravity, and contains small seams of anthracite, which, on being burnt in an anthracite furnace, yielded a white ashes. The quantity of coal in the mineral already mined is exceedingly small, and, I think, of no importance. When I examined the shaft (13 feet deep) it had seven feet of water in it. Several tons of the mineral have been raised, and now lies upon the ground. Many of the pieces are of a cylindrical shape. These had been thrown up by gunpowder blasts, and were broken into pieces not exceeding eighteen inches long, so that their full shape could not be determined. All of these cylindrical pieces have a hard glaze of black jet upon both the outer and inner surface, and on being heated to a red heat for several hours, lose the black color, and assume a bright peach blossom hue, retaining their lustre, shape and hardness. The shaft is sunk in a trough or basin, near the top of a hill, two miles south of the Erie canal, and about 450 to 500 feet above its level. The strata which compose these high grounds are wonderfully varied. Halt way up the hill, sulphur, in a sublimated state, is occasionally found in the crevices of the rocks. This mineral, in which the coal seams are, differs essentially from the black shorl which is found in the Northern part of the State, and which has often been mistaken for coal. The black shorl contains the mineral called irradium. In the flat lands, North of East from the Camillus hills, are large calcareous tubes. These are formed in water into which trees have fallen. The trees and limbs becoming encrusted with a thick coating, the wood subsequently decays, leaving the stone casing in a solid state. E. M.

THE "NEW STATES."—The following table will show the time when the "New States," or those not included in the "Old Thirteen," were admitted into the Union:

Vermont originally was a part of New York, and was admitted into the Union June 1, 1791.

Kentucky, formerly a part of Virginia, admitted into the Union June, 1792.

Tennessee, formed of territory ceded to the United States by the State of North Carolina; admitted into the Union June 1, 1796.

Ohio, formed out of part of the territory northwest of the river Ohio; admitted into the Union November 29, 1802.

Lousiana, formed out of part of the territory ceded to the United States by France; received into the Union April 8, 1812.

Indiana formed out of part of the Northwest Territory ceded to the United States by Virginia; admitted into the Union December 11, 1816.

Mississippi, formed out of a part of the territory ceded to the United States by the State of South Carolina; admitted into the Union December 10, 1817.

Illinois, formed out of a part of the Northwestern Territory; admitted into the Union December 3, 1818.

Alabama, formed out of a part of the territory ceded to the United States by South Carolina and Georgia; admitted into the Union December 15, 1818.

Maine, formed out of a part of Massuchusetts; admitted into the Union March 15, 1820.

Missouri, formed out of a part of the territory ceded by France by treaty of April 30, 1803; admitted into the Union August 10, 1821; after the adoption of the noted compromise line excluding slavery from all territory north of thirty-six degrees 30 minutes, west of the Mississippi, saving States or Territories already formed.

Arkansas formed part of the same territory; admitted June 15, 1838.

Michigan formed part of the territory ceded to the United States by Virginia; admitted into the Union January 26, 1837.

Florida, formed out of the territory ceded by Spain to the United States by treaty of February 22, 1819; admitted into the Union March 3, 1845.

Texas, an independent republic; admitted into the United States by a joint resolution of Congress, approved March 28, 1847.

Iowa, admitted into the Union, December 26, 1846.

Wisconsin; an act was passed on the 3d of March, 1847, to admit this Territory into the Union upon the condition that the people adopt the constitution passed December 16, 1846. This constitution was rejected; but the people having subsequently agreed upon a constitution, the State was admitted into the Union by act of Congress of 29th May, 1848.

TERRITORIES.—*Nebraska.*—Bill reported to fix boundaries January 7, 1845; but no action on the subject.

Oregon.—Bill to establish a Territorial Government passed House of Representatives January 16, 1847; no final action on the subject in the Senate during that session. In 1848 a bill passed both Houses of Congress, and was approved by the President on the 14th August, establishing a Territorial Government.

Minesota.—Bill to establish a Territorial Government passed the House February 17, 1847; referred to Judiciary Committee in Senate. No further action on the subject.

PERILOUS EXPEDITION IN MINESOTA.—Mr. A. Randall, of the U. S. Geological Corps, accompanied by his assistant, Major M. Dagger, of Iowa, reached this place on Wednesday, July 19, from the sources of the Des Moines river, which he has explored from its mouth. He has also made a critical examination of the *Coteau des Prairie* west of the river, and the western portion of the *Undine Region*, of Nicollet, on the east. When near the Chanjashkah river, a tributary of the St. Peter's, and in the midst of a buf-

falo country, he encountered a large party of the Sissiton Sioux Indians, who robbed him of his horses, clothing, provisions and everything except his papers and collections, breaking his instruments, &c. He was then permitted to depart. His sufferings would have been insupportable, had he not met, on the evening of the second day, with a camp of Fox Indians,—which belong to the Osage river west of Missouri,—from whom he obtained a miserable pony, capable of packing the little left by the Indians. Mr. R., after being robbed, changed his course to nearly south, abandoning his zoological and botanical, but continuing his geological and topographical collections and observations, and arrived at this village after nine days' march, much crippled, and nearly exhausted from the hardships he had undergone. After reaching the head waters of Iowa river, he shaped his course directly for this place, passing over the beautiful tract of country denominated on Nicollet's map as the Mini Akipan Kaduza.

Although he was much nearer Fort Snelling than Fort Crawford, and within 40 or 50 miles of the St. Peter's river, he considered it the safest route to turn south, as he would be less apt to meet with hostile Indians, and in case of attack, he had no weapons of defence. The Indians ordered him to go south, and signified, by springing their bows, and drawing their knives across their throats, what would be the result of disobedience.

Mr. Randall speaks in the highest terms of the country which he traversed, for beauty, agricultural capacity and mineral resources. Coal was found for 200 miles on the Des Moines, and from indications, heavy deposites of iron ore are believed to exist. Gypsum, in abundance, forming cliffs for miles, was encountered; an article that is very important in the arts, and is extensively used in the east for agricultural purposes. This must prove of immense value to the west, as this is the great Valley of the Mississippi. Limestone, that makes a superior hydraulic lime, exists in abundance. Limestone suitable for lime, clay suitable for bricks, rocks suitable for polishing, for grindstones, whetstones, and for building purposes, some of superior quality, are found in abundance along the Des Moines river. There is a great abundance of water power in the whole region over which he passed, and timber plenty throughout most of the country.—*Prairie du Chien Pat., July 26.*

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

We heard the other day a story related by an old sailor, Captain Jacobs——, which made a great impression upon us, and which we wish we could repeat with the unction of the nautical phraseology of the worthy narrator.

It occurred during the last war. The captain, who is a native of Plymouth, was running on the coast in a schooner laden with flour. He had nearly reached his destination, when he was overhauled by the enemy's frigate, who ordered him peremptorily to heave a line aboard. There was no resisting the command, for the schooner was without arms, and the tender full of marines and sailors armed to the teeth with pistols, cutlasses, and muskets. The captain had a light but fair breeze aloft, his sails drew, and he was driving near a reef, the entrance to which he was perfectly familiar with, and once inside which, he was sure of making port, undisturbed by the tender.

In this view he ordered one of his men forward with a line, and in a clear, stentorian voice, perfectly audible on board the tender, sang out—

"Heave your line aboard!" then added in a whisper, so as to be heard only by his men, "*Heave it short!*"

The Yankee sailor caught the hint, and 'hove' according to directions. The end of the line fell splashing in the water.

High above the execrations of the English officer commanding the tender, rose the roar of the indignant Yankee skipper.

Is that the way to heave a line you lubberly son of a land crab? Heave the line ship shape you lubber or I'll cut your liver out. *Heave it short!*"

Again the line fell short, and the Yankee captain and the English captain vied with each other in showering imprecations and invectives on the head of the blundering 'land lubber.' Meanwhile the breeze was freshening, and the schooner drawing nearer to the reef.

Again and again the order to heave was given, with the same undertone addition, and the same result. The Englishman began to smell a rat, and just as the Yankee skipper threw himself flat on the deck, and made his men follow his example, the report of a dozen muskets was heard, and a shower of bullets came whistling through the rigging.

"Let them fire and be darned," said the Yankee—"I'll show them a clean pair of heels."

And taking the tiller between his heels, as he lay upon the deck, he ran the schooner cleverly inside the reef.

They were soon out of gun shot from the baffled tender. Up went the stripes and stars with a hearty cheer from the marines, and an old one-eyed sea-dog pulled out a fife and gave them Yankee Doodle in strains as melodious as the triumphant notes of a porker that had escaped the butcher's knife. Capt. Jacob saved his bacon and his flour, too.—*Marine Democrat.*

For the Journal of Commerce.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF EUROPE:

Character of its Rulers.

Messrs Editors:—In compliance with your request, now that I am about to bring to a close the survey of the political state and prospects of Europe, which I undertook to make, I proceed to give you a very brief notice of the character of the monarchs of Europe. This is a subject of no little importance at the present time.

1. ENGLAND.—Of the Queen of England it is not necessary that I should say much, inasmuch as she is better known by report in this country than any other Sovereign in Europe. Respecting her personal appearance I have nothing to say. There are few among us who have not seen some engraving or painting of this little personage, who, whatever may be the splendor of her crown, can make no pretension to personal beauty. She will soon be thirty years of age, having been born on the 24th May, 1819. As she came to the throne when she was only 18 years of age, she could not be expected to be very well qualified for the post. She is what may be called a *smart*, intelligent woman, rather than a person of a strong mind. She can, of course, lay no claims to erudition; she is, however, well acquainted with the German and French languages, both of which she speaks fluently. She has nothing of the masculine character of understanding and manner which old "Queen Bess" had; nor can she be compared, in these particulars, to the late Princess Charlotte. The one is a *pigmy*, the other was an *Amazon*, as it relates to size. "Little Vic," as the Cockneys delight to *soubriquet* her, married the man of her choice—Prince Albert, her cousin, a remarkably fine looking gentleman, of accomplished manners and cultivated tastes, who has had the good sense so to deport himself as to give entire satisfaction to both the great political parties of the Kingdom. I will only add, that the Queen is popular, and deservedly so, for she is an example, in her domestic and private life, to her subjects, whether high or low, of conjugal fidelity and of maternal kindness and care; whilst she leaves the government of the country in the hands of the distinguished men whom the nation from time to time indicates to her as capable of executing the wishes of the one or the other of the great parties which alternately gain the ascendancy. The *expenses* of Her Majesty's establishment are enormous; but this is a question for John Bull to consider, inasmuch as he has to pay them.

2. SWEDEN AND NORWAY.—King Oscar, who is now in his 49th year (he was born on the 4th of July 1799) is one of the best instructed monarchs in Europe. He was born in Paris, and was nine years old when his father, the late Bernadotte, was chosen Crown Prince of Sweden. He was educated at the University of Upsala, where he spent four years, associating with a thousand young men, and more, his

equals in age, of the country over which he was one day to bear rule. He is of course a good Swedish cholar, whilst he speaks French like a Frenchman. He probably knows German well. He does not speak English with much facility. He is one of the *handsomest* men in Europe—though not sufficiently *tall* to be very imposing in his appearance. His acquirements are extensive and highly creditable to him. He takes a great interest in philanthropic questions, and wrote, when he was a prince, an excellent work on *Prison Discipline*. He has done much for this great interest, as well as for te perance, since he has been a king. At the great temperance convention at Stockholm, in June, 1846, both he and the queen attended every day for hours, as spectators, and were deeply interested. He employs several temperance-agents, and pays them out of his own purse. He is universally respected by his people, and justly, for he is an excellent man. His wife is the oldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, and grand-daughter of Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon. They have four sons and one daughter—to the education of whom they have paid very great attention. Both have an excellent reputation for simplicity and kindness of manner, as well as for domestic happiness and enjoyment. The speech which King Oscar made to the Diet, a few weeks ago, at the close of their session, is a beautiful specimen of what such a document should be—plain, simple, direct, full of good sense, and pervaded by a becoming sense of dependence upon God, and devout gratitude for the happy tranquility which the United Kingdom enjoys, at a time when so many nations of Europe are so greatly convulsed. It is manifest from his speech, that the good work of renovating the political institutions of Sweden is advancing, and with his approbation and even impulsion.

3. Russia.—As to the Emperor Nicholas, he has long had, and deservedly, the reputation of being the finest-looking prince in Europe. Tall—exceeding six feet two inches,—finely-formed, having a blond complexion, large blue eyes, and wearing a *moustache*, he is certainly an imposing looking man, whether you see him on horse-back, reviewing a *corps d'armee*, or on foot, exercising a regiment of the Imperial Guards, or in a half-military dress in the midst of his court,—one of the most splendid in the world. As a *ruler*, I think that he is one of the ablest that Russia has ever had. I doubt whether either Peter the Great, or Catherine the Second, did more for that country than Nicholas has done, and is doing,—not in the way of conquest, but in advancing its civilization. His Government is a strong one—too military still—but it is carried on with vast energy, and in general, is wisely directed. If all the subordinate officers and agents had the same heartfelt interest in the empire that he has, there would not be so much occasion to complain of flagrant injustice as there is. Alas, this is far from being the case. A despotism, or absolute monarchy, is probably the best form of government for Russia, in her present state. And that of Nicholas would do well, if all the public functionaries of the empire were faithful and patriotic men. But this they are not, and therefore do many things go wrong, and shameful abuses of power are constantly occurring. The Empress is a sister of the King of Prussia, and is now in bad health. The Emperor has had four sons and three daughters. The youngest of the daughters, the Grand Duchess Alexandra, is dead. She was a very interesting woman, and universally beloved. The oldest son, whose name is Alexander, is about 29 or 30 years of age, and will, it is thought, make a better ruler—more enlightened, having more correct views of what the best interests of the empire demand—than his father.

4. Denmark.—The new king of this country, Frederick VII., does better than the world was led to expect from his *rowdyish* character wher a prince. He was born on the 6th of October 1808, and is consequently a little more than 40 years old. Perhaps,—like Charles XII. of Sweden, who was exceedingly dissipated in his youth,—he is going to turn to be a pretty good king after all. He has been twice married, and divorced from both wives.—He is said to have no affection for the *sex*—which is certainly extraordinary enough.

5. Holland.—The King of Holland has the reputation of being a man of talents. He will be 56 years old in two or three days—on the 6th inst. He is rather haughty and stern in his bearing, and was not popular when he was Prince of Orange. As a King, he is respected. He commanded the Dutch troops in the battle of Waterloo, where he was badly wounded. He has certainly administered the affairs of the kingdom better than his father did, who was more fit to be a *banker* than a monarch, for he was very able in the business of making money; and, in fact, left at his death a private estate worth 62 millions of dollars! The present King of Holland bears the name of William II. His queen is a sister of the Emperor Nicholas.

6. Belgium.—Few monarchs in Europe have gotten along better than Leopold, the king of Belgium. He is a plain, unpretending man, who has had the honor of being a son-in-law first to George IV., and then to Louis Philippe. He is of the Ducal house of Saxe-Coburg, and on the 16th inst., he will be 58 years of age. He is an amiable, well-informed man, who takes great interest in the affairs of his little kingdom. He has had the good sense to be ever ready for every amelioration in the condition of his people that the times seem to demand. His kingdom is tranquil, and in a good degree, prosperous.

7. Prussia.—No monarch in Europe is in a more trying position at this moment than Frederick William IV., King of Prussia. He is a well-disposed man, but rash, and wanting in true wisdom. Never had a prince a fairer chance than he to immortalize himself, when he came to the throne in 1840. But he has lost it forever! He should have given to his people a liberal and well-adjusted Constitution. But he did no such thing. He procrastinated, wavered, and at last gave the people something which in no proper sense deserved the name of a Charter. In fact, he did not know what to do, and he had no men around him who were fit for the exigency. His ministers and his brothers were all opposed to his giving his people a Constitution. The state of things in his kingdom is deplorable. Some well informed persons of Berlin, of my acquaintance, begin to have great fears for the issue. The King was 53 years old on the 15th of October last. He has the appearance of fine health. His religious friends about him think him a pious man; whilst his political enemies represent him as a *drunkard!* It is likely that both are wrong. He is well-disposed as to religion,—evangelical religion—of that I have not a doubt. But that he is a truly religious man is not so certain. On the other hand, such a story as M. Galliardet gave in the *Courier des Etats-Unis* the other day, of the King's playing the part of another *Silenus*—is a little too bad. The witty

Frenchman knows how to make up spicy articles for his readers. The Queen is a Bavarian Princess, and it esteemed by all who know her. She was a Roman Catholic at the time of her marriage, but made a profession of the Protestant Faith a year or two afterwards. As the King has no children, his brother William is heir of the throne. He is no friend, it is believed, to Constitutional Government, and is detested by the liberal party. Neither he nor his oldest son (who is also heir to the Crown) is reckoned to be talented.

8. HANOVER.—Ernest Augustus, (formerly Duke of Cumberland, and a brother of George IVth and William IVth of England,) is the Nestor of the Monarchs of Europe, being now in his 78th year. He is a man of ability, but is far from being loved by the people. He rendered himself very unpopular shortly after his accession to the throne, on account of his setting aside the Constitution which his brother, the Duke of Cambridge, had given to Hanover, whilst he was Viceroy of the Kingdom. I am inclined to think the King was not so wrong in that business as many at the time supposed. He is a profane old man. He was a wicked *Prince*; he is a wicked *King*. His son is said to be a good man, but perfectly *blind*.

9. SAXONY.—Frederick, King of Saxony, now in his 51st year, is one of the best esteemed sovereigns of Europe. He rules well his small, fertile, and populous Kingdom. He is a Roman Catholic, though nine-tenths of his people are Protestants. He has no children, and his brother, the Duke John, the heir-apparent, is far from being popular. He is, however, one of the most learned Princes of the age.

10. AUSTRIA.—The Emperor Ferdinand, of Austria, is in his 56th year. He is, as I have intimated, if not expressed, a very weak-minded man. He has been subject to epilepsy from his youth. Against his private character, or that of the empress, I have never heard a word. The government of Austria is in the hands of the great *lieutenants* at this moment—Windischgratz, Radetsky, and Jellachich. The Palatine of Hungary, the Archduke Stephen, may be added to the list, and is a better man than any of them.

11. BAVARIA.—Old King Louis has abdicated, and his son Maximilian Joseph, has taken his sceptre and throne. The new King is reputed to be a man of talents, though probably too much under the influence of the papal hierarchy. It is to be hoped that his reign may be a better one than that of his father, whose silly conduct in regard to Lola Montes, has rendered him perfectly contemptible. It was quite time that he should abdicate. The ex-King is in his 63d year, whilst the reigning prince is in his 38th year.

12. WURTEMBERG.—King William of Wurtemburg is one of the ablest monarchs in Europe, and is now in his 68th year. He is a Protestant, and thought to be a truly good man. His family is one of the most Protestant of all the Royal families in existence. His oldest son is married to the Grand-Duchess Olga, the second daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

13. SPAIN.—The Queen of Spain, Isabella II., is in her 19th year. She is an interesting woman, married to a very insignificant husband, and greatly under the influence of a most worthless mother, the infamous Christina. Poor Spain!

14 PORTUGAL.—This kingdom is also under the reign of a woman—Queen Maria II.,—who is in her 30th year. Nothing particular can be said of her, except that she is a very large woman, and the mother of many children, for a person of her age. The kingdom is badly governed.

15. SARDINIA.—Charles Albert is in his 51st year, having been born on the 2d of October, 1798. In his recent contest with Austria he showed himself more of a man than he was previously thought to be. I fear that his ambition much surpasses his mental capacity. He had no just reasons for making that war, in which he and his Piedmontese troops, although they fought bravely, were not a match for Radetsky and his Croats.

16. STATES OF THE POPE. I believe, but am not sure, that Pio Nono, as the Italians call him, or Pius IX., as we style him), is in his 56th year. Of his Holiness, I have spoken already with sufficient fulness and precision. He has been much lauded—in my opinion, greatly overrated in this country. He has gone further than he intended. To retreat, he will find to be no very easy thing.

17. NAPLES. Ferdinand II. is King of Naples, or (to speak more correctly) of the "Two Sicilies." He will soon (on the 15th January) be 34 years of age. If there be a worse king in Europe, I do not know who it is.

18. GREECE. King Otho is a second son of the ex-king of Bavaria—certainly not a very good stock, so far as his father is concerned, but his mother is an excellent woman. He is in his 34th year. It was a sad thing for the poor Greeks that Leopold (now King of Belgium) refused the crown of their country, and that it was afterwards bestowed upon Otho. The Queen is from Oldenburg,—is a Protestant, and a very beautiful but vain woman.

19. TURKEY. The Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is in his 26th year. He is represented to be a worthy man, who loves his people. He is surrounded by able ministers, of whom the *Vizier*, Redschid Pasha, is certainly no common man. Turkey was never under the influence of more enlightened councils than at present. It is well. The hour demands much wisdom, prudence and energy.

You thus have, Messrs. Editors, in few words, my opinions respecting the actual sovereigns of Europe. Several of them are men of more than ordinary talents. Some are incapable enough, and some are bad men. Take them as a whole, they are a better set of rulers than Europe has had for a long time. It is remarkable that the queens (there are *seventeen* of them, three reigning by their own right, and fourteen are the wives of kings) are, so far as I know and believe, women of good character, and some of them are religious, and set an example in their lives which their subjects will do well to imitate.

Finally: Of the nineteen sovereigns in Europe, nine are members of the Roman Catholic Church, eight are Protestant, one professes the Greek Faith, and one is a Mohammedan.

LIVE FEATHERS.—An editor tells a good story of his peregrinations "down South." He was a young lawyer, in attendance upon Court, and the village where the court was held was thronged to overflowing. Having, with some difficulty, however, procured a bed, he jumped into it—but he was out again in almost 'no time.'

"What kind of bed do you call this?" said he to the negro who officiated as master of the ceremonies.

"Feather bed, massa."

Feathers———"I should think it contained *entire chickens*."

"Can't be dat are fifty doll'r nigger, Sam, trow de *chick'n* in!" murmured the waiter, dubiously, as he proceeded to insinuate his hand into the coarse bagging tick. "Squash if he habn't tho'!" said he, as he pulled forth a partly picked rooster. "I tole de stupid jack-behind dis morn, when he was featherin' chik'ns for dinner to empty de feathers in de fuss class beds to' prove de kerwaility; and de blind bat oberlook de chick'n! In de hurry ob business, massa," he continued, in apologetic tone, "dese here little accidum's can't alwis be avided. We hab a dozen niggers trimmin' chick'ns all de time, and 'casionally a foot or head am oberlooked in de fedders when we put 'um 'way in de beds, but dis 'ere are de fust time I eber found a hull chick'n!"

A quart or two of salt about the root of a plum tree, is said to prevent the ravages of insects, and insures a good crop the next season. The salt should be applied in the winter.—*Agriculturist.*

LETTER FROM ITALY.

Naples—Ruins of Pompeii—Mount Vesuvius—Sicily.

The editors of the Journal of Commerce have been favored with the following extract of a letter, written by an officer on board the U. S. frigate United States, while lying in the port of Palermo, Sicily, in April last, to his son.

"We came to anchor in the Bay of Naples on the 11th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M. The beauty of this bay has been so well and so often described, that I will merely say, that this noble bay and its surrounding scenery have more than realized my most sanguine expectations. As you enter the bay from the northward, forts, towns and villages follow each other in such quick succession, that the beholder can no more than gaze with enraptured admiration on the fairy scene. Naples, with its thousand gorgeous palaces, and as many cupolas, dazzles and amazes the beholder. The architecture is in perfect keeping with this charming landscape; from the most venerable Gothic, Doric, and Ionic, to the most modern hermaphrodite style, of no name and of no nation. The smoke from Mount Vesuvius, crowns the whole. And then, the war ships of different nations, American, English, French and Spanish, riding in the bay, and our good old ship saluting the Neapolitan flag, which is being answered from a battery on shore; and again the innumerable merchantmen of every nation in the inner harbor, a clear blue sky, with an Italian spring, all combine to form a scene of natural and artificial grandeur surpassingly beautiful.

"I went on shore on the 14th, and visited the two lower halls of the Museum, where are kept the works of art of all kinds, brought hither from the ruins of Pompeii, and the productions of the most eminent artists in statuary sculpture. In the first apartment of this class, there are seventy-three whole and forty-eight bust statues of emperors, kings, consuls, generals, and gladiators; two of the latter and one of Augustus Cæsar, I think, are decided the best, although all are superior to anything I ever before beheld. In the second, a private apartment and studio, are female statues, thirteen in number, of proportions and symmetry the most faultless.

"I afterwards visited the King's Church, a splendid edifice; the paintings are from the best of masters that Italy has produced. The sides, ceiling and architraves are literally covered with the *chef d'œuvres* of the illustrious dead. To give a correct criticism of either statuary or paintings, is a qualification I do not pretend to; but the feeling of reverence and admiration with which I beheld these wonderful productions, I would not exchange for that which the most skilled and caustic critic experiences, when he beholds and condemns such a glorious creation of immortal genius.

"Having taken leave of the church, I rode to the ruins of Pompeii, a distance of ten miles from Naples. I was well re-paid in this journey. Objects of interesting curiosity present themselves the whole way along the beach road of a bay unsurpassed in the world for magnificent sublimity and classical grandeur. Villas, bridges, palaces, and monuments of every age, and of every class of architecture, meet the eye in continuous rotation. Mount Vesuvius, too, spitting fire and ejecting smoke, seems ever near you. As you cross the broadest base of Mount Vesuvius, you pass through a town built over the ruins of what was once the famous city Herculaneum. It lies about half way to Pompeii. Another hour's ride brings you to the ruins, and introduces you into a city that has been hid from the eyes of the world for 1774 years, it having been destroyed and completely covered with burning lava by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79, and not again discovered till 1783, and that by the merest accident. A farmer, while digging on his farm, found a Roman sword and spear of great antiquity. This led the Neapolitan Government to make examinations, the result of which convinced the most credulous that a city lay underneath where agriculture was now flourishing. The exhausted state of the national treasury for a time prevented any great progress in the work; but as this difficulty vanished the work went on rapidly, and within the last twenty years, a city has been reproduced, that has been the universal theme of wonder and admiration of the civilized world. I refer you to Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii. I have no doubt in my own mind, but that, in that work of fiction, there is much of what really occurred at the melancholy catastrophe I am now writing about. I, at least, thought so, while wandering through the squares, streets, palaces, theatres, and splendid dwellings, such as have not been thought of by our modern Babylons. Rich Mosaic floorings, bass-relief paintings and guildings, all are of the highest order, and in a state of preservation truly astonishing. To give a detailed account of this resuscitated city after only two or three hours inspection, would be presumption. I will therefore merely mention what most forcibly struck my mind at the time. First, in order, the Pantheon alone, (after all that has been removed from it to the museum and other places,) clearly demonstrates that ornamental architecture was better understood in the living days of this wonderful city, than any remains of a later date would indicate. The circus, theatre, and amphitheatre are objects of great interest. In the theatre, immediately under the Prosceneum, in Roman characters, are the names, in Mosaic, of the two first performers that acted on this ancient stage, clear and distinct, as if laid but yesterday The Hall of Justice and Temple of Isis and Esculapius, are also objects of very great interest; so are the altar and block of sacrifice, the oracle, Temple, and Temple of Janus, the rich Jew and Diomede's palaces. The remains of chariot wheels, iron spades, shovels, hoes, wine jars, etc., etc., are all well worthy of attentive observation. The streets generally are narrow; I measured several which were from 8 to 10 feet wide, with three stepping stones at the end of each street, for foot-passengers to cross over in wet weather. The streets are well paved, with side-walks of sufficient breadth for three or four persons to walk abreast. The former are deeply cut by chariot wheels; the latter are much worn by traveling. Columns and cornices of the most exquisite workmanship are lying in all directions,—some in piles, and more just as they fell while excavating. The bed rooms and baths, both public and private, are in excellent preservation; but from the designs painted and carved, one would be led to believe that the people of those days were both immoral and licentious. The walls in several houses are stained with impressions where the persons lay or stood, as they were being buried beneath the fiery destruction of burning lava, vomited forth by Vesuvius on their devoted heads, while engaged in celebrating one of their greatest festivals.

"The day following, I had the curiosity to go up to the top of Mount Vesuvius, and of looking into the very throat of this burning cauldron. I assure you I did not feel over secure, while in this dangerous position. I was very much fatigued by the exertion

of getting up to that dangerous place, and when there was almost afraid to step,—but a moment, and I crawled down again, over heaps of lava, that soon tore my old boots to pieces. On the whole, I am glad I went up; for on the top I experienced an indescribable feeling of awe and reverence for the Great Creator, such as we seldom feel under any other circumstances.

"We arrived at Palermo on the 24th. This is the capital of this delightful island. When I say delightful, I have reference to the climate; for here, as it often is in many other places, while there is serenity in the heavens, there is turbulence among the people. The people here are in a state of revolt against the Neapolitan Government. Every thing on shore indicates strife and insubordination. The Sicilians have been successful, so far, both here and at Messina, another city of this island, against the forces sent by the King of Naples, to bring them to their allegiance. Both cities have been bombarded for several weeks with considerable loss of life and destruction of property. A strong body of the King's forces were landed on the island; but in a short time, were disgracefully obliged to re- rk with very great loss. The Neapolitan force is now at Naples. Whether they will remain there and allow the Sicilians peaceably to have their own way, remains to be seen. Ferdinand will not be likely to give up the revenue and his title to the two Sicilies without an effort. The Sicilians do not expect it, and accordingly, they are making preparations for further resistance. A son of Dr. Mott, of N. York, has taken a very prominent part in the revolution: he has been adopted a citizen, and appointed a Major General in the army; also Surgeon-in-Chief. He came on board of us shortly after our arrival in port, in the uniform of a Major-General. M. H."

THE REWARD

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backwards from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his mispent time;
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?
Who would not cast
Half of his future from him, but to win
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed past?

Alas! the evil which we fain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backwards o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some enobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in the hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or hue, hath bent:

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

DEATH NOT A PAINFUL PROCESS.—We think that most persons have been led to regard dying as a much more painful change than it generally is; first, because they have found, by what they experienced in themselves and observed in others, that sentient beings often struggle when in distress; hence struggling to them is a sign, an invariable sign, of distress. Muscular action and consciousness are two distinct things, often existing separately; and we have abundant reason to believe that in a great proportion of cases those struggles of a dying man which are so distressing to behold, are as entirely independent of consciousness as the struggles of a recently decapitated fowl. A second reason why men are led to regard dying as a very painful change is because men often endure great pain without dying, and forgetting that like causes produce like effects only under similar circumstances, they infer that life cannot be destroyed without still greater pain. But the pains of death are much less than most persons have been led to believe, and we doubt not that many persons who live to the age of puberty undergo tenfold more misery than they would did they understand correct views concerning the change. In all cases of dying the individual suffers no pain after the sensibility of his nervous system is destroyed, which is often without much and sometimes without any previous pain. Those who are struck dead by a stroke of lightning, those who are decapitated with one blow of the axe, and those who are instantly destroyed by a crush of the brain, experience no pain at all in passing from a state of life to a dead state. One moment's expectation of being thus destroyed far exceeds in misery the pain during the act. Those who faint in having a little blood taken from the arm, or, on any other occasion, have already endured all the misery they ever would did they not again revive. Those who die of fevers and most other diseases suffer their greatest pain, as a general thing, hours, or even days, before they expire.

The sensibility of the nervous system becomes gradually diminished; their pain becomes less and less acute under the same existing cause, and, at the moment when their friends think them in the greatest distress, they are more at ease than they have been for many days previous; their disease, as far as respects their feelings, begins to act upon them like an opiate. Indeed many are already dead as it respects themselves, when ignorant bystanders are much the most to be pitied, not for the loss of their friends, but for their sympathizing anguish. Those diseases which destroy life without immediately affecting the nervous system give rise to more pain than those that do affect the system so as to impair its sensibility. The most painful deaths which human beings inflict upon each other are produced by rack and fagot. The halter is not so cruel as either of these, but more savage than the axe. Horror and pain considered, it seems to us that we should choose a narcotic to either.—*Charles Knowlton, M. D.*

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF AN UNDERGROUND COUNTERFEITERS' DEN.—A strange discovery was accidentally made on Wednesday last, at an ancient house in the town of Brighton, in the vicinity of the Worcester rail road, at the "Cambridge Crossing," so called. As a Mr. Howard, the present occupant of the house, was at work in his cellar, the earth partially gave way, and brought to light a room of some twelve feet in depth, with plank sides and top. The roof of this underground den was about four feet below the surface, and was entered by a trap door and a pair of steps. This much of the general appearance of things was ascertained, and a removal of the earth, which has caved in, will, without doubt, bring to light more particulars of this affair. Mr. Howard was enabled, by a partial breaking way of the planking, to hook out several kegs from the room, one of which was about half full of counterfeit American half dollars, all of the date of 1833. Attached to the keg was what is supposed to have been a machine for polishing the coin. A sack, in which to deposite tools, was also got out.

The house has been visited by hundreds, since the accidental developements. The room is, we learn, to be thoroughly examined. Of course, there are a thousand rumors rife in the neighborhood as to this wonderful discovery. The house, nearly a century old, has long had the reputation (no doubt purposely produced by the counterfeiters) of being haunted. It was formerly inhabited by a mariner named Brown, whose ship foundered at sea, and all on board perished. It is also stated that a black man, a servant in the house, disappeared many years ago, and is supposed to have been murdered.

THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1848.

EASTERN PIRACY.—The pirates of the East Indian Archipalago are estimated to exceed one hundred thousand in number. Their haunts and habitations are scattered over a surface extending East from Sumatra through fifty degrees of longitude, and Southward thirty degrees from the parallel of 18 N. latitude, comprising twelve thousand Islands within its limits. The most formidable and adventurous of the piratical communities are the Sulus, who inhabit four large groups of Islands, which send out annually from three to four hundred vessels on this perilous business, with the sanction of their sovereign, or sultan, who participates in the spoils.—Next to these are the fierce Illanuns, who live on the bay of that name, which washes the southern shore of the Island of Magindanao. The Balanini, a tribe of Bajows or Sea Gypsies of unknown origin, who inhabit a group of islets within the dominions of the Sulus, formerly surpassed the Illanuns in the strength of their fleets and the range of their expeditions, in some instances extending a cruise to two years and traversing ten thousand miles of sea.—But their power has been recently broken, their fleets destroyed, and their principal stronghold dismantled, by a force of Spanish war steamers, dispatched from Manila to avenge their frequent depredations on the Philippines.

The exploits of these pirates are not confined to the capture of slaves on the coast and the plunder of native trading boats. They attack large cities and even sovereignties, and sometimes colonize the territories acquired by conquest, erecting thereon independent principalities. They assail the largest merchantmen when becalmed near shore, and the flags of England, Spain and the Netherlands have been forced to strike to their prowess. On one occasion the pirates of Koti unwarily attacked an English man-of-war, which lay at anchor disguised as a trader in order to tempt their rapacity, and it was not till, secure of their prey, the pirates were on the point of boarding, that the port holes were thrown open, and the doom to which they had destined others was visited on themselves. The vengeance was so terrible and complete, that out of one hundred and forty-six composing the pirate crew, five only survived the destruction of their vessel.

But occasional chastisements, however severe, will avail little to deter the Islanders from the pursuit of opulence and power through rapine and violence, while in their theory of ethics, "to acquire by force is more honorable than to gain by industry." Even the destruction of their fleets and the devastation of their territories are regarded as incident to the fluctuating fortune of war, and serve only to stimulate them to a more vigorous activity in the same unhallowed practices, for the retrieval of their losses. The change wrought by British influence on the Island of Borneo, proves that the establishing of good government on the ruins of piratical power, is the most effective, if not the only practicable method of extirpating piracy from the Archipelago. The bays and inlets on the Northwestern coast of that Island, which, till it passed under British protection, afforded not only a secure refuge to the freebooter, but a ready market for the disposal of his spoils and captives, are now closed to him forever.

Encouraged by the protection thus afforded to the native and foreign trade of that region, a writer in the last number of the Edinburgh Review recommends the establishment of permanent naval stations in the Archipelago, scattered at suitable intervals along the great tracks of commerce, each to be provided with a sufficient force to dictate to the natives the terms of their existence as independent communities. The utmost vigor of action should be adopted, and to give force to subsequent negotiation the preliminary annihilation of the native war prahus is a measure of unquestionable expediency. The cause of humanity and civilization justifies a resort to such extraordinary means for the prompt suppression of rapine and murder. The propinquity of the British East Indian possessions to the scenes of these atrocities, and the importance to British commerce of a safe route through those seas for steam communition with Australia, offer strong inducements to the assumption by Great Britain of the police of the Archipelago; and the advantages that would accrue therefrom to the commerce of the world, must secure a ready acquiescence on the part of other powers. The Spaniards and the Dutch, by superior force and discipline, have achieved many a successful contest with the islanders, and extorted from them advantageous treaties; but the rule of Mr. Brooke as Rajah of Sarawak, and the more recent conversion of Labuan into a British province, have alone availed to limit the range of Indian piracy. The Reviewer above mentioned, while properly claiming for Great Bri ain the merit of this achievment, with characteristic liberality acknowledges the assistance afforded by Yankee co-operation, and pays what he conceives a merited tribute to the humanity of "the Americans," by citing the testimony of "a writer of great experience," who avers that, though we supply the pirates with munitions of war, the powder we sell will not go off, and those who fire our muskets are in greater danger than the party at whom they are aimed.

The extraordinary commercial resources of these islands, with inexhaustible materials of equal richness and variety, and the amplest opportunities from the multiplicity of bays and harbors, and rivers accessible to steam navigation, offer inducements to colonization that nothing but the utter insecurity of life and property there could have countervailed. "It may serve to convey some idea of the numbers, enterprise and daring of these men," says the Reviewer, "to observe, that throughout an immense area of some thousand leagues square, no native vessel navigates the sea in safety; no native inhabitant of the land, whether prince or peasant, sleeps at night securely in his bed. The power of the sea-kings of the East makes its appearance everywhere, when least expected,—from the northern extremity of Sumatra to the most south-westerly province of New Guinea, and from the Philippines to Sandal Wood Island." The former expeditions of the pirates of Sulu, now happily limited by the establishment of British power on the Island of Borneo, are thus graphically described:

"About the month of April the fleet, consisting of two or three hundred prahus, well manned and armed, sets sail from the capital; and separating into two divisions, sweeps round the whole island of Borneo, landing at intervals, firing villages, collecting captives, and plundering and devastating for several miles inland. The mischief perpetrated is often done for its own sake. They pull down cottages,

destroy gardens, and fell the young betel and cocoanut trees, to try, perhaps, the temper of their sabres. Having wasted and destroyed the whole face of the country, they move on like locust swarms, swelling the number of their captives, and gorged with the spoils of the wretched inhabitants. In this way they proceed as far as the straits of Sunda, and then, facing about to the East, attack the coast of Java, capturing occasionally Dutchmen and their wives, and selling them wherever they can find such articles in request. As long as they find their voyages answer, they push on towards the rising sun. But, in due time, they encounter the Papuans from New Guinea, who, being out on the same errand, are generally too well armed and far too watchful to be made prizes of. Having pursued their career, therefore, as far as it is attended with profit, the Sulus retrace their steps—crowding northwards through the Moluccas, lay the subjects of Holland under contribution—and return with diamonds, gold, spices, and slaves, to enjoy themselves during the rest of the year in their beautiful and healthful islands."

Happily this description applies to a state of things which cannot long exist, and has already begun to disappear. The restless energy of the islanders will find ample scope in the enlarged opportunities for commerce that will result from the suppression of violence; and wealth, prosperity and civilization may be expected to follow in the train of peace.

COPPER MINES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Correspondence of the Detroit Advertiser.

SAUT STE. MARIE, August, 1848.

The rage of copper speculation is now over,—the crowd of adventurers who came to seek their fortunes in a single day, and who were loaded down with the scrip of a thousand fancy companies, have disappeared from the scene, and the business of digging copper has settled down to its legitimate channel. Do not, however, believe that the value of the minerals of Lake Superior has depreciated, or that the quantity has disappeared, because the mere speculator—the man without capital or system—has failed in his Utopian schemes for sudden wealth. If you could spend an hour on the dock of McKnight & Co., you would see that the business had just begun in earnest. Three hundred tons of native copper, in solid blocks, averaging 2500 pounds each, attest the mineral wealth of the north, and, with the shipment already gone forward, will make the product of this summer 661 tons of copper, almost entirely pure. The propeller Independence, on each trip, brings 100 tons, and the shipments of this season will amount at least to 1000 tons, which pays the company $256,000—pretty good work for one mine for one year, under all the disadvantages arising from the work at so remote a point. The traveler of whom I spoke, examined these masses of native copper in utter amazement, and, after having seen nearly all the mines of the world, he declared that he had seen nothing equal to this. He expressed the confident opinion that the mines of England must close within five years, before these wondrous veins on Lake Superior. The Pittsburg company have bought their land, and just finished a large smelting establishment at Pittsburgh; and, as the masses are so pure, and the remaining portion crushed and mashed down to nearly clear copper, it will prove to be the most economical place for smelting. With another year, this company will turn out at least 2000 tons of pig copper, and their yearly dividends cannot fall short of $20 per share.

SINGULAR CASE AT WALTHAM.—There has been and is now, considerable excitement in Waltham, occasioned by the following facts;—A young lady in that town was taken sick recently, and during her illness dreamed, three nights in succession, that she should go into a trance and, that her friends, thinking her dead, would undertake to bury her body; but that, as it was being placed in the tomb, symptoms of returning life would induce them to desist, and that she would finally be restored. Last Monday morning at 4 o'clock, she ceased to breathe, since which time none of the appearances usually seen upon the dead have occurred. The limbs are not rigid, but as pliable as in life. No sign of mortification has appeared, and the flesh has not that cold and hard feeling that follows death. The attending physician has pronounced her dead, but the family resolve upon not burying till decay commences. A consultation of physicians was to be held this day, and attempts made to restore life.—*Chelsea Pioneer, 25th.*

CHANGES IN THE RELATIVE LEVEL OF SEA AND LAND.—The observations of science have demonstrated the fact, that the Island of Great Britain has been submerged in the ocean, to the height of at least 1700 feet above the present sea level. Mr. Robert Chambers has recently produced an interesting work on this subject, in which he advances and very ably maintains the theory, of the recession of the sea, in opposition to that of the upheaval of the land. The following extract presents a condensed summary of the author's reasoning on the numerous data furnished by observation, and of the inference deduced therefrom:

"It has been my task to examine the heretofore known examples of ancient sea margins, with a view to ascertain if they bore any relations to each other; to follow out a chain of research amongst similar, though less obvious markings at higher levels; and to ascertain if these also stood in any natural relationship; the final object being to determine as far as possible the questions above cited regarding the mode and circumstances of the shift of relative level.

"The general result is, that *the superficial formation bears the marks of former levels of the sea at various intervals up to at least twelve hundred feet*, thus involving the Glenroy terraces; and that the markings in the several districts examined, as well as in the neighboring coasts of France and Ireland, do all of them fall into such a conformity as to prove that *the shift of level has been effected, from at least that height, with perfect equability throughout.* This conformity in the levels over so large an area is, of course, favorable to the idea of a recession of the sea, as opposed to that of an elevation of the land; since it is precisely what would result from the former operation, while there is an obvious difficulty in supposing that so large a portion of the crust of the earth could be subjected to repeated upheavals, and yet so preserve, from first to last, the original relation of the levels of its various parts to the center of the earth, that between Paris and Inverness not a vertical foot of derangement could be detected."

THE POOR MAN.

Suggested by a scene in the streets of Liverpool.

BY DAVID PARISH BARHYDT.

"O poverty!" benevolence oft cries,
"Why ever present to my weeping eyes?"
Another scene at which the soul grows sick,
While in the veins the check'd blood curdles thick.
A man is dragging heavily a cart,
While hunger dries the current at his heart:
And ev'ry strain that moves the monstrous load
Is urged by poverty's keen pricking goad.
The air is heavy with midsummer heat,
Yet falling low toward his naked feet,
And buttoned close below the sharpened chin,
A winter garment's worn in tatters thin.;
'Twas once an alms, the owner's cautious reason
Declaring worthless, out of useful season,
His lame, reluctant, thrifty charity
Then claimed to cover naked poverty.
That rent, harsh poverty's hyena grin,
Betrays the shrunken, sweat-besmeared skin.
He has no more to hide the nakedness
He dreads exposing mid the thronging press:
And morbid fancy sees along the streets
A prying insult in each look he meets.
Each struggling strain brings o'er the sunken cheek
A flush, to show that starving men are weak.
With all his muscles under heavy strain
He's mutely murmuring the sad refrain—
Work, work, yet starve at last; work, work, or perish—
Wife, children, all I fain would live to cherish!

Heaven bless the poor! and give them wealth hereafter
No music of light hearts, no joyous laughter,
No ease nor quiet's known, where griping Want
Stalks mercilessly onward, fierce and gaunt.
God gives the brutes untaxed supplies of food,
But man withholds it from his own high blood;
And grudges not its use to any other,
Save only he whom God has made his brother.

Hope whispers, Justice will the bondage break—
Of freedom man no partial use shall make—
The debt he owes humanity be paid;
When, all rights free, mankind enjoy free-trade;
Most potent commerce bringing in its train
Enlightenment and every social gain.

COPPER MINES.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce—

I am not about to propose or advocate a Mining speculation, but the notice of the "Burra Burra" Mines in your paper of the 11th instant, induces me to address you on the subject, with which I am familiar, and in which I take a lively interest.

The statements in relation to the Burra Burra are authentic, but it is far from being "without a parallel in the history of mining successes." The Devonshire Consolidated Mines in Devonshire, England, on the Eastern border of Cornwall, far exceed the Burra Burra. About three years since, a Cornishman visited London, and proposed to four friends that they should give him the means to lease, in the usual way, and work, an old mine, of the value of which he had a high opinion, although it had been previously worked and abandoned; he proposed a capital of £10,000 each, £40,000, to be advanced as required, and agreed to take the direction of the working, and receive as his compensation (6d) sixpence upon each £1 sterling worth of ore sold from the mine. The parties were disposed to engage in the enterprise, but deemed his reserve of benefit too small, and insisted he should have a shilling on the pound instead of sixpence. The Company was organized after the Cornish fashion, and divided into 1240 shares, on each of which £1 was paid to begin with (£1240). The Miner returned to Devonshire, and commenced operations; and such has been the success of the enterprise, that he has realized a handsome fortune from his one shilling per £1, and the Stock of the Company, on which only the first £1 has been paid, has for many months been sold in the Share Market at £700 per share. I am not able to state the amount of copper ore the mine has yielded, but Burra Burra is a mere flea bite in comparison. The stock, by the last advices, very large outlays having been made in machinery and new openings, was selling at £200 for £1 paid.

Copper mining in the United States, for many reasons, has been in bad odor, and "copper stock" the very embodiment of a shave. But in England it is quite another affair. London capital is engaged in mining not only in England, but in Norway, Spain, Cuba, Australia, and the United States; the latter quite a recent affair. Your readers will probably be surprised to learn that there are at this present time copper mines in Connecticut, N. Jersey, Pennsylvania, and N. Carolina, in *successful* operation. The parties are avoiding observation, lest they should be laughed at by their friends. In one concern there are to-day one hundred men at work; there are also smelting works for the reduction of copper ore in Boston, Baltimore, and New York, all of which are better known and appreciated in Chili, Cuba, Australia and England than in New York, and these operations have induced the British Parliament, after some some years of effort, to abolish the duty on copper ore into England,—a circumstance which has agitated the whole county of Cornwall to prevent it.

The United States are rich in copper. It extends from New Hampshire to the Delta of the Mississippi; and the period is near when "Burra Burra" will be developed in Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. When White and Hazard first proposed the coal of Pennsylvania to the public, they were laughed at as a couple of visionary fools; but they persevered against great difficulties. We are enjoying the result.

AMATEUR MINER.

THE LATE GEO. STEPHENSON—AUTHOR OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

From the London Atheneum.

On the 12th of August died Mr. George Stephenson, the author of the railway system, the first great practical improver of the locomotive steam engine, the inventor (cotemporaneously with Davy) of the safety-lamp, and a man who displayed a vigorous and original genius in everything which he undertook. He was born on the 9th of June, 1781, [was consequently, at the time of his death, in his 68th year,] at a little village near Newcastle-on-Tyne, of parents in the humblest rank of life. His first occupation as a boy was attending to the steam engines used at the mouth of coal-pits. Eventually, he became a coal-viewer, or surveyor and overseer; and distinguished himself in the coal district by an improved mode of carrying on some great works at Darlington. In 1812, a committee which had investigated the priority of the claims of the discoverers of the safety-lamp, gave him a public dinner at Newcastle, at which he was presented with a silver tankard and a purse of a thousand guineas. In returning thanks he announced his intention of devoting that sum to the education of his only son, Robert, at the University of Edinburg. The history of his employment to construct the Stockton and Darlington, the first public railroad, and the Liverpool and Manchester, the first on which locomotive engines were introduced for the conveyance of passengers—is well known. From the first journey of the locomotive built by the Stephensons over the railroad constructed by them, dates the actual commencement of the greatest mechanical revolution effected since the invention of the steam engine by Watt. Though self-educated—scarcely educated at all beyond reading and writing until he had attained manhood, Mr. Stephenson took every opportunity of impressing upon the young the advantages of science and literature. He related that at a public dinner at the opening of the Birkenhead docks how, in his early career, after the labors of the day, he used to work in the evening at mending watches and clocks in order to earn enough to send his child to school. He was the founder and first President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers; and was never better pleased than when assisting by his advice and encouragement the ideas of ingenious artizens. In agriculture and horticulture he made many curious and successful experiments—and the study of geology was a passion with him. It is feared that the intermittent fever, of which he died, was occasioned by the damp miasma arising from the fertilizers which he employed with great success in his hot houses. In a brief and hurried notice it is impossible to do justice to so remarkable a man. In the words of a contemporary writer: "His mechanical genius was of that order that it may without exaggeration be asserted that if Watt had not previously invented the steam-engine he was capable of achieving it. Others before him had prepared the way; others since have contributed valuable improvements in detail; but to George Stephenson unquestionably belongs the proud title of the Author of the Railway System. He gathered the many threads of ingenuity and enterprise, and weaved them into the wide-spreading net-work which promises, in its manifold extension, to envelope the whole world in bonds of commerce, civilization and peace.

The following original ode was sung at parting:

Parting Ode.

Peacefully, tenderly,
Here, as we part,
The farewell that lingers,
Be breathed from the heart.
No place more befitting,
O house of the Lord,
Here be it spoken—
That last prayerful word.

Thoughtfully, carefully,
Solemn and slow!—
Tears are bedewing
The path that we go;
Perils before us
We know not to-day;—
Kindly and safely,
O Lord, lead our way!

Upwardly, steadfastly,
Gaze on that brow!
Jesus, our leader,
Reigns conqueror now!
His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare;
Go up to his glory,
His blessedness share.

Patiently, cheerfully,
Up! and depart
To labor and duty,
With undismayed heart!
The ransomed, with gladness,
To Zion we'll bring;
Shouting, salvation
To Jesus our King!

ON THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

By the late Lieut. Molyneux, of H. M. S. Spartan.

On the 20th of August last, Lieut. Molyneux landed at Acre, taking with him three volunteer seamen and an interpreter; and having hired camels, horses, and attendants, he started early the following morning with the ship's dingey *en route* to Tiberias. For the first two hours the road was excellent. On nearing the village of Abilin its character altered; the country became hilly, and some awkward passes were encountered. The village of Taran was reached the same night, after ten consecutive hours of travelling. On the following day the party arrived at Tiberias, where they encamped outside the walls of the town and near the edge of the lake. Immense herds of camels were seen feeding in different directions. From the hills overlooking Tiberias the prospect was magnificent;—Djebel Sheikh, smothered in clouds, was distinctly seen to the left, bearing N.N.E.; in front were the blue waters of Tiberias, surrounded by fine ranges of hills; and to the left Djebel Sheikh the white ruins of Safed. On the 23d, they embarked on the lake, which is described as being of greater size than is generally laid down;—from Tiberias to the eastern shore not less than eight or nine miles, and from the entrance of the Jordan on the north to its exit on the south end, eighteen miles: the latitude of the northern extremity of the lake is 32 deg. 49 min. 9 sec., about 3½ miles to the south of the point usually marked. The Jordan is described as shallow, and crossed by numerous weirs, which greatly obstructed the passage of the boat. In many places it might have been crossed by stepping from stone to stone without wetting the shoes; its waters are muddy and full of fish; its course tortuous in the extreme, and some waterfalls were found. Great reluctance was manifested by the natives towards the purposed descent of the river, and every possible obstacle thrown in the way. The Sheikhs demanded in some cases exorbitant sums for permission to pass through their provinces; and altercations, annoying and incessant, were generally terminated by a display of fire-arms, and the threat to shoot them unless they allowed the party to proceed. On the 3d of September, Lieut. Molyneux embarked on the Dead Sea. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite enough sea for the dingey: steering about south by west, large patches of white frothy foam were several times passed; and as the sea got up there was heard a most unusual noise, something like breakers a-head. At 2 A. M. on the 4th, considering they must be approaching the south end of the sea, they hauled to the wind and stood over towards the western mountains; and at daylight were about five miles from the peninsula. From Ras el Feshkah to the north, nearly down to the peninsula to the south, the mountains on the western side rise, almost like a perpendicular wall, to a height of 1,200 or 1,500 feet. The peninsula is connected with the main land by a low neck, so that at a distance it would be considered an island. Having arrived at what was thought to be the deepest water, soundings were obtained at 225 fathoms; the arming of the lead was clear, with some pieces of rock-salt attached to it. Two other casts of the lead were taken at different times; one gave 178, the second 183 fathoms, with bluish mud or clay. The water throughout the Dead Sea is of a dirty, sandy color, resembling that of the Jordan; it is extremely destructive to everything that comes in contact with it, particularly metals, and produces a very unpleasant, greasy feel when allowed to remain on the skin; it has also a very obnoxious smell. At noon on the 5th they returned to the tent whence they embarked, thoroughly done up and thankful for having escaped. Every thing and body in the boat was covered with a nasty shiny substance from the water; iron was corroded and looked as if covered with coal tar. No fish or any living thing was found in the water of the Dead Sea. A broad strip of white foam running nearly north and south throughout the whole length of the sea was observed, not commencing where the Jordan empties itself, but some miles to the westward; it appeared to be constantly bubbling and in motion, and over this, on both nights, was a white line of cloud far above the surface. Having disembarked, the dingey was secured upon the backs of two camels, and the party proceeded to Jerusalem,—within the walls of which town entered the boat of a British ship-of-war. Lieut. Molyneaux returned by way of Jaffa; and died shortly after his return to his ship.—*London Athenæum.*

MANUFACTURE OF INDIA RUBBER SHOES IN BRAZIL.—A number of blacks, bearing long poles on their shoulders, thickly strung with India rubber shoes, also attracted our attention. These are for the most part manufactured in the interior, and brought down the river for sale by the natives. It has been estimated that at least 250,000 pairs of shoes are annually exported from the province of Para, and the number is constantly on the increase. A few words here respecting the tree itself, and the manufacture of the shoes, may not be out of place. The tree is quite peculiar in its appearance, and sometimes reaches the height of eighty, and even a hundred feet. The trunk is perfectly round, rather smooth, and protected by a bark, of a light color. The leaves grow in clusters of three together, are thin, of an ovate form, and are from ten to fourteen inches in length. The centre leaf of the cluster is always the longest. This remarkable tree bears a curious fruit of the size of a peach, which, although not very palatable, is eagerly sought after by different animals; it is separated into three lobes, which contain each a small black nut. The trees are tapped in the same manner that New Englanders tap maple trees. The trunk having been perforated, a yellowish liquid, resembling cream, flows out, which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree.—When these become full, their contents are emptied into large earthen jars, in which the liquid is kept until desired for use.

The operation of making the shoes is as simple as it is interesting. Imagine yourself, dear reader, in one of the seringo groves of Brazil. Around you are a number of good looking natives, of low stature and olive complexions. All are variously engaged. One is stirring with a long wooden stick the contents of a cauldron, placed over a pile of blazing embers. This is the liquid as it was taken from the rubber tree. Into this a wooden last, covered with clay, and having a handle, is plunged. A coating of the liquid remains. You will perceive that another native then takes the last, and holds it in the smoke arising from the ignition of a species of palm fruit, for the purpose of causing the coating to assume a dark color. The last is then again plunged into the cauldron, and this process is repeated, as in dipping candles, until the coating is of the required thickness. You will, moreover, notice a number of Indian girls, (some very pretty) engaged in making various impressions, such as flowers, &c., upon the soft surface of the rubber, by means of their thumb nails, which are especially pared and cultivated for this purpose. After this final operation the shoes are placed in the sun to harden, and large numbers of them may be seen laid out in mats in exposed situations. The aboriginal name of the rubber is cahucha, from which the formidable word of caoutchouc is derived. In Para it is styled borracha, or seringa.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

Loss of the Whale Ship "Cassander," of Providence, by fire at Sea, and the suffering of Crew in the Boats.

The ship "Cassander," Henry Winslow, master, sailed from Providence on the 19th November, 1847, on a whaling cruise. Nothing occurred worthy of remark until the 1st of May, 1848, between 4 and 5 A. M., it blowing a moderate gale of wind from northwest at the time, the alarming cry of "fire," was heard. All hands were instantly on deck, and it was soon discovered the fire was in the lower hold, apparently near the foremast, where four barrels of tar had been stowed; it was also discovered that two of the crew—negroes from the coast of Africa, had jumped overboard; I hove a rope's end to one of them, but he refused to take it, and sunk out of sight. Orders were instantly given, and every exertion made to extinguish the fire and save the ship, but the fire being in the lower hold, and the smoke so dense and the flames so rapid that no one could enter the 'tween decks, our efforts proved unavailing.

Attempts were then made to procure bread and water, but the smoke in the steerage was so dense as to prevent us; this led us to believe the ship had been fired aft as well as forward. Three boats were lowered with the customary boat kegs of water, a small quantity of bread, some raw meat, taken from the harness cask, my nautical instruments, and a few articles of clothing.

As every exertion had been made to arrest the progress of the fire without avail, it was thought most prudent to leave the ship to her fate and make the best of our way towards land.

Shortly after leaving the ship the second mate's boat picked up one of the Africans who had jumped overboard when the alarm of fire was first given. He afterwards confessed that his companion had fired the ship, and then plunging a knife in his side jumped overboard, and that he was his accomplice. He gave as their reason for acting as they did, their fears that they would be sold as slaves at the first port we entered. I hope it is not necessary for me to say their fears were without the shadow of a foundation.

Being now daylight, it was found that all the ship's company, except the African, were in the three boats, in all 23 souls. We found our supplies to be two boat kegs and one tea kettle, in all about ten gallons of water, about fifteen pounds of bread and some raw meat. According to the previous day's reckoning we were in lat 34 deg 30 m n South, lon 45.00 West —400 miles from the nearest land. No one who has never been in a similar situation can appreciate the sufferings that succeeded. Confined to one gill of water and a small portion of bread a day, in bad weather, and obliged to pull against the wind, we soon became exhausted and had to trust to our sails, heading as nearly towards the land as we could.

Nothing of importance occurred until the morning of the 5th, (lat 32, lon 47,) when about 10 A. M., we discovered a sail; all hands took to the oars, and after pulling and making signals of distress for five hours, we came up with her, and found her to be a Spanish brig, 100 days from Barcelona, bound to Montevideo. He made every effort to get away from us; the mate's boat came up with her first, the Captain would not let him come alongside, but gave him a rope and towed him some distance astern. I then came alongside, and though an interpreter stated my distressed circumstances, and asked permission for me and my crew to come on board—he refused most positively. I then begged him to take us to Montevideo or St. Catharine's or one or two days sail towards land. He refused.

I asked him to let us come on board for one night then, that we might get some sleep and rest to enable us to bear the fatigue and hardship consequent on a renewal of our voyage. This also he refused. He gave us some bread, wine and water, and then passed a pencil and piece of paper down to me to write the name of my ship that he might report me. I refused to write it unless permitted to come on board, and, against his express wishes, jumping in the main chains, I went on board. This of course he refused and I left him. Thank God such instances of "man's inhumanity to man" are rare, very rare amongst sea-faring men, and Capt. Dominic, of the brig "Alercidita," will have the satisfaction of knowing he stands "alone in his glory."

We again made sail and proceeded, without accident, until the night of the 6th, when it commenced blowing very heavy in squalls; hove the boats to until daylight, by making a line fast to the oars and paying them out ahead. At daylight again made sail, until 11 o'clock, when it began to blow a heavy gale from N. to N. E., and we were compelled to heave to. About 4 P. M. my boat was swamped, and we were left to the mercy of the sea. We supported ourselves by the capsized boat until the two remaining boats came to our relief, when all, 8 in number, were saved. By this accident I lost my nautical instruments and all my water. The two remaining boats now contained 23 persons, and their gunwales were not more than six or eight inches out of water. In this situation we passed the night; nothing was heard save the awful roaring of the tempest and occasionally the voices of some of the officers and crew offering up a prayer to the Almighty Ruler of wind and wave for their safety. He heard our prayers.—In the mroning the wind moderated, and the sea was beaten down by a heavy shower of rain. From this time we had fine weather and proceeded towards the land, where we arrived at 5 P. M., 10th of May, on the beach near Conventas, in the province of St. Catharine,s, Brazil, nearly exhausted, having no water and very little food left.

The mate's boat was capsized in the surf on landing, and Barney Reed, a boat steerer, was drowned, he being so weak as to be unable to extricate himself from the surf. Near where we landed we discovered a house, at which we were furnished with water provisions.

Two days after, I left for St. Catharine's, to give notice to, and ask assistance from the U. S. Consul there. Shortly after I left, the negro either deserted or was stolen; most probably he met the fate his fear of which were the cause of so much suffering.

I arrived at St. Catharine's on the 19th—the Consul procured a vessel, with which I went back and met the crew at a place called "Laguna," forty-five miles from where I landed, and sixty from St. Catharine's. I shall never be able to think enough of the Amerirans in St. Catharine's, particularly Captain J. R. Malcolm, R. S. Cathcart, E. N. Jefferson, E. P. Mosher, and Mr. Wm. Hammel, for their kindness and the assistance they afforded me, both in St. Catharine's and to enable me to get down to Rio. I am also under great obligations to Messrs. Maxwell, Wright & Co., of Rio, and Capt. John J. Jackson, of the barque W. H. D. C. Wright, for the services they rendered, and the attention they paid me.

P. S. In Rio I was told by Lieut. Commanding Tilton, of the U. S. brig Perry, that the Alercidita had arrived at Montevideo, and that Capt. Domonick reported to him of having fallen in with us; he said he offered to take us on board and carry us with him to Montevideo, but that we refused, preferring to remain In the boats. This I pronounce to be utterly false.

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly, over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.
I would fly, I would fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealously, spite, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind.
I would fly, I would fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I'd seek the kings of Earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I would fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the courtiers at their feet.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "*Liberty*,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I would fly, I would fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong, on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If *I* were a voice—an immortal voice.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.—To one of the numerous volumes for which the late Mexican war has furnished the materials, we are indebted for the following amusing account of the exact discharge of duty by a faithful Private in a Volunteer Regiment:

A party of Officers having been off to a Mexican fandango, are thus received by a volunteer sentinel:

"On the picket guard, at the pass that night, was, among others, one of company G, whose name was Betts. Now, Betts was a small man, with an intelligent countenance, keen eye, and pleasant appearance; fond of a joke, and prided himself, at all times, in

performing strictly the duties of a soldier in every particular. He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard mentioned before; and, as this party was approaching, he was walking the narrow pass to and fro with his loaded carbine at a support. His comrades were at a little distance, soundly asleep around the guard fire, for the night was cold. The officer of the guard had, against the line of his duty, left the picket and gone into the tents of the camp guard, as said before, about half a mile. The white rows of tents shone in the moonlight beyond; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep. Betts heard the sound of the horses' hoofs of the coming party before he saw them. He stood erect. They came nearer, two lieutenants in front. 'Who comes there?' he challenged, in a quick, loud and distinct voice, that brought them to a halt in an instant. 'Friends,' was the reply.—'Halt! Advance, friends, and give the countersign!' 'We have not got it. You know us: I am Lieut. Smith, acting adjutant, and ——' 'Halt, and remain where you are,' quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion towards the lock of his carbine. The two were astonished, while the colonel, behind, hearing this, was much amused, and drew his horse up to see it out. The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and what that was they knew not. Colonel Thomas knew Betts by his voice, and, besides, could in the moon-light see him plainly; and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders. After a pause of some moments, in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign, he advanced up to their side. 'Mr. Betts,' said he, 'I am pleased to see you so prompt and decided in your discharge of duty; and, I trust, the lesson will not be lost on these officers; for officers should set an example of military discipline to the soldiers. Let these gentlemen in, and depend upon it, we think much more of you for your firmness.' 'Have you the countersign?' said the sentinel to him, in reply to this. 'The countersign—no—it is not necessary for me to have it. You know me; I'm your colonel.' 'You can't go in,' said the sentinel, as he drew himself up erect before them. 'Look at me,' said the colonel, as he advanced out of the shade of some musquit bushes, on the side of the road, into the the bright moonlight that played and glistened on his large epauletts, his gold lace, and the gilt head and scabbard of his sword. 'Don't you know me now, Mr. Betts?' The sentinel coolly surveyed him and his horse. 'I might know you in the day time, but now I do not know you; you cannot go in; remain where you are.' 'But we must go in,' said all, as they advanced their horses up, 'there will be no harm ——.' Quickly the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his thumb upon the lock and his finger upon the trigger, and called out, 'Stop! you are near enough!'—and stop they did; there was danger in proceeding. 'Here is a pretty end to a frolic,' said the adjutant, while the Colonel looked stern with vexation. They turned their horses' heads together and held a consultation. 'Where is the officer of the guard?' said the colonel to the sentinel, who now had turned to walking back and forth across the pass before them, and who showed no disposition for conversation. 'Gone into camp,' was the reply. 'Well, send for him, then.' 'Should like to accommodate you, gentlemen, but can't leave my post.'

Here, then, was a predicament. They dismounted and sat on the ground holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard. The night was cool; the wind was and had been the whole day from the north. They tried to laugh, but they were too cold. They pleaded earnestly with the sentinel, but it was of no avail; for he, pacing his interval, would talk no more. In about two hours (which seemed ten to them) the officer of the guard, who had been down at the camp guard fire, enjoying himself finely, thinking that it was time to relieve Betts, came up, and was astonished to find the colonel, adjutant, and a lieutenant sitting on the ground, in the cold, without even a blanket, shivering as though they had the ague. He let them in at once; and they were glad to get to their tents and cover themselves with blankets. In the morning, when meeting Betts in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to to the colonel's recollection his previous order that 'no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign.'—*Furbur's Twelve Months' Volunteer.*

EARTHQUAKES.—The shaking which this por of the earth's surface recently received in this vicinity, has caused a large amount of conjecture to be set afloat as to the cause of the phenomenon. We believe that the most generally accredited theory of earthquakes among scientific men, is that which rests on the supposition that the centre of the earth is a liquid mass, completely filling the globe, whose crust varies in thickness at the Poles and at the Equator, being much thinner at the latter. It is obvious that any exciting cause, the sudden manufacture of an immense quantity of gas, the fall of unmelted masses into the fiery liquid, or any similar circumstance, may raise a wave in this internal lava-ocean, or possibly two or three waves, which proceed as waves in our upper seas. A wave *moves*, but the water composing the wave only *rises and falls*. It is a very common error to suppose that the water itself flows along. The progress of a wave consists in the rise and fall of successive bodies of water, one mass falling and displacing and forcing up the next, and so on across a sea. Supposing this same process to take place in the lava which already fills, almost to bursting, the globe, it can readily be imagined that the crust will be lifted and strained as the wave passes along. Hence the frequent fissures in the earth's surface, which gape and close again. The fact that the crust of the earth is thinner at the Equator (a fact easily explained when we reflect on the revolution of the earth and the natural result at different distances from the poles) explains the more disastrous effects of such waves in torrid regions. The same wave which there stretches the thin crust of the earth, and lifts it in hills, and overturns cities and empties seas, finds here a granite shell which hardly yields to the heaviest waves.

Hence it will be seen why, when a slight shock is felt here, we have reason to apprehend disastrous news from southern countries. The wave or the successive waves which passed under us last week, may have caused terrible rockings of the earth's surface eleswhere. We have seen no evidence as yet of the direction of the waves. The identity of time seems to indicate that it passed from south-east to north-west, so far as we can gather from the accounts in various papers. We mean by this, the fact that on lines from north-east to south-west the time of the shock seems to have been the same. Thus New York, New Haven, and Providence, are nearly on such a line, and at these places the hour of the passage of the waves appears to have been identical; while Albany and places corresponding with it are a little later. This is mere guess-work however, as the news-papers do not furnish sufficiently accurate accounts to judge from. The measurers of earthquakes in our observatories are the only reliable sources of information. The ear is deceived by the sound. Men talk of the direction of it, but all such guesses are without reason.

We do not know whether there has been any improvement made in the instrument for measuring the power and determining the course of such waves, within four years. As long ago as that it was a very simple affair, which is best illustrated by placing a basin of water on a floating plank. A wave in the pond will of course lift one side of the plank first, and the water in the basin will flow up the side in the direction of the course of the wave, and the water, if colored, will leave its mark on the side of the basin. The idea is adapted to examining earthquakes. The wave of lava lifts the surface in such a way as to throw the liquid in a basin up the side.

If the wave comes from the South-East, the liquid will wash (however slightly) up the North-West side of the basin. A dozen such basins in a dozen different places, hundreds of miles apart, indicating the same direction, go far to establish the theory.

We are now writing of earthquakes as understood and discussed some years ago.

In the progress of Science, and especially of Geology, the infant giant of sciences, a few years make a vast change, and we may be behind the age. If so, we hope our remarks may at least lead some one to give the world the latest accredited theories.—[*Communicated.*]

Taylor.—J. B. Bruff, Esq., of Washington City has got up a very neat engraving, the basis of which is the word T-A-Y-L-O-R. These letters are about three inches high, with faces sufficiently broad to bear an inscription and design. On the letter T. is a representation of the battle of Fort Harrison, 5th Sept. 1812, in which Capt. Taylor, with only 16 or 20 effective men, repulsed with great loss a band of 450 savages under Tecumseh's brother. A. presents a representation of the battle of Okee-cho-bee on the 25th Dec. 1837, in which Col. Taylor with 600 men defeated 700 Seminoles entrenched in an almost inaccessible swamp. Y. shows the battle of Palo Alto —L. that of Resaca de la Palma—O. that of Monterey, and R., the crowning victory of Buena Vista. Over the whole, hovers a noble eagle, with an olive branch in one hand, and weapons of destruction in the other. Altogether, the engraving is ingeniously designed, and skilfully executed.

Fight between a Rat and a Frog.—The Dover Gazette gives the following account of a most singular and desperate encounter between a frog and a rat, at a brook near a slaughter house, in that town, a few days since:

It appears that a rat came down to the brook to drink, and discovering a frog, 'with force and arms' made an attack upon him, by making a firm grasp with his teeth; no sooner did the rat make his hold, than the frog dove into the water, dragging his antagonist with him, where he remained until the rat was compelled to let go, and make for dry land, closely pursued by the frog. As soon as the frog appeared above water he was again attacked by the rat, and a second time became the subject for cold water bathing. This feat was several times performed, until the rat from exhaustion and drowning fell a prey to his antagonist. After the frog became fully assured that his combatant was dead, he seated himself upon his dead carcass with all the complaisance imaginable, where he remained for near half an hour, exulting, as it were, over his hard won victory. Several persons were present and witnessed the fight.

For the Journal of Commerce.

Onondaga Salines.—The State Superintendant of Salines, Robert Gore, Esq., writes to me from Syracuse under date of Sept. 11, as follows: "We are manufacturing more salt than in any previous year. There is now being made not less than two hundred thousand bushels per week, which consumes at least eight hundred cords of wood per day."

"The present price of wood is two dollars and fifty cents per cord, and salt one dollar per bushel, which is two hundred and eighty pounds; and after deducting the value of the barrel, twenty seven cents and five cents for duty (*internal tax*) leaves for the salt thirteen cents per bushel."

"The brine used this season is about the same as last year."

Solar salt of greater specific gravity and superior quality is also made at Syracuse in salt fields by sun heat, which is sold at a higher price than the salt made by heat of terrestrial fires.

The Salines occupy a level country, from which the waters run to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, North, and to the Atlantic Ocean, South. E. M.

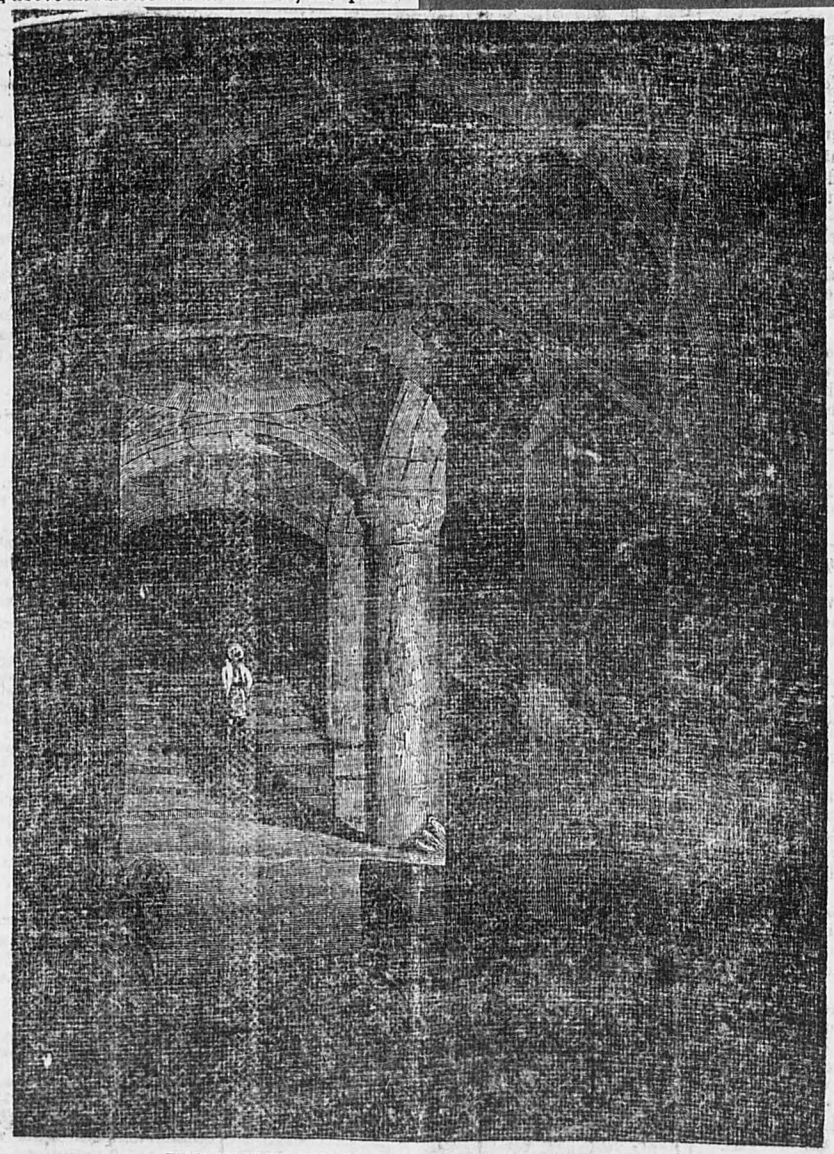
The Franklin Expedition.—The expedition of Sir John Franklin for the discovery of a Northwest passage to the Pacific, has now been absent nearly four years. It left England in May of 1845, with directions to proceed at once to Lancaster Sound, and to penetrate, with as little delay as possible, through that and its continuation, Barrow's Strait, until it should reach the longitude of Cape Walker, about 98° West, from which point every effort was to be made to penetrate in a course as direct as possible towards Behrings Straits. Capt. Franklin was left to exercise his own judgment as to the propriety of persevering in the object of his search, or of returning to England, in case he should meet with obstacles. The expedition under his command consisted of two ships, the Erebus and Terror, which had recently returned from the Antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, and were admirably adapted for service in the polar seas. They were manned by 138 men. The last accounts received from them bore the date of July 26th, following their departure, when they were fallen in with in Mellville Bay. Since that time, no authentic tidings have been received from them, nor a trace of the expedition found, which is regarded as somewhat remarkable, inasmuch as Capt. F. was instructed, after passing lat. 65, to throw overboard, once every day, a closely sealed bottle or copper cylinder, containing a paper stating date, position, &c. The rumors recently circulated, to the effect that two boats filled with white men had been seen by a party of Esquimaux Indians, to the East of Mackenzie's River, are generally discredited, being considered as originating only in the queries of the Hudson's Bay traders, and the desire of the Indians to excite curiosity, with the hope of gaining some pecuniary advantage.

Although the project of sending an expedition for the relief of Sir John Franklin and the party under his command, was agitated as early as September of 1846, it was not till the close of 1847, that, as the result of several conferences held with some of the most experienced Arctic voyagers, the British Government resolved that three separate expeditions should be equipped, to penetrate the frozen ocean in as many different directions, and make a thorough search for the missing adventurers. The first, consisting of two ships, under the command of Sir James Ross, was to follow the track of the Erebus and Terror, by the way of Lancaster Sound. These vessels were built expressly for the purpose, and provided with screw propellers, launches, and provisions for three years. The second, also consisting of two ships, under Commander Moore, was to enter the Northern ocean by the way of Behring's Strait; and explore the shores as far to the Eastward as the mouth of Mackenzie's River. (One of these vessels, the Herald, arrived at Panama a few weeks since, from the North, without having made any discoveries. English papers state that she will now be sent from Mazatlan, in the Pacific, to Behring's Straits, to communicate with her consort, the Plover.) The third, consisting of a boat-party, under the command of Sir John Richardson, was to descend Mackenzie's River in boats, and prosecute the search as far and as thoroughly as possible, to the Eastward of its mouth. These boats, with their crews, left England in the summer of 1847, with the expectation of reaching the mouth of the Mackenzie about the first of August. Sir John is directed to explore the latter river, also the Coppermine, and examine the shores of Wollaston Land. If unsuccessful, his search is to cease after the winter of 1849, when he will take steps to return to England at the earliest practicable moment.

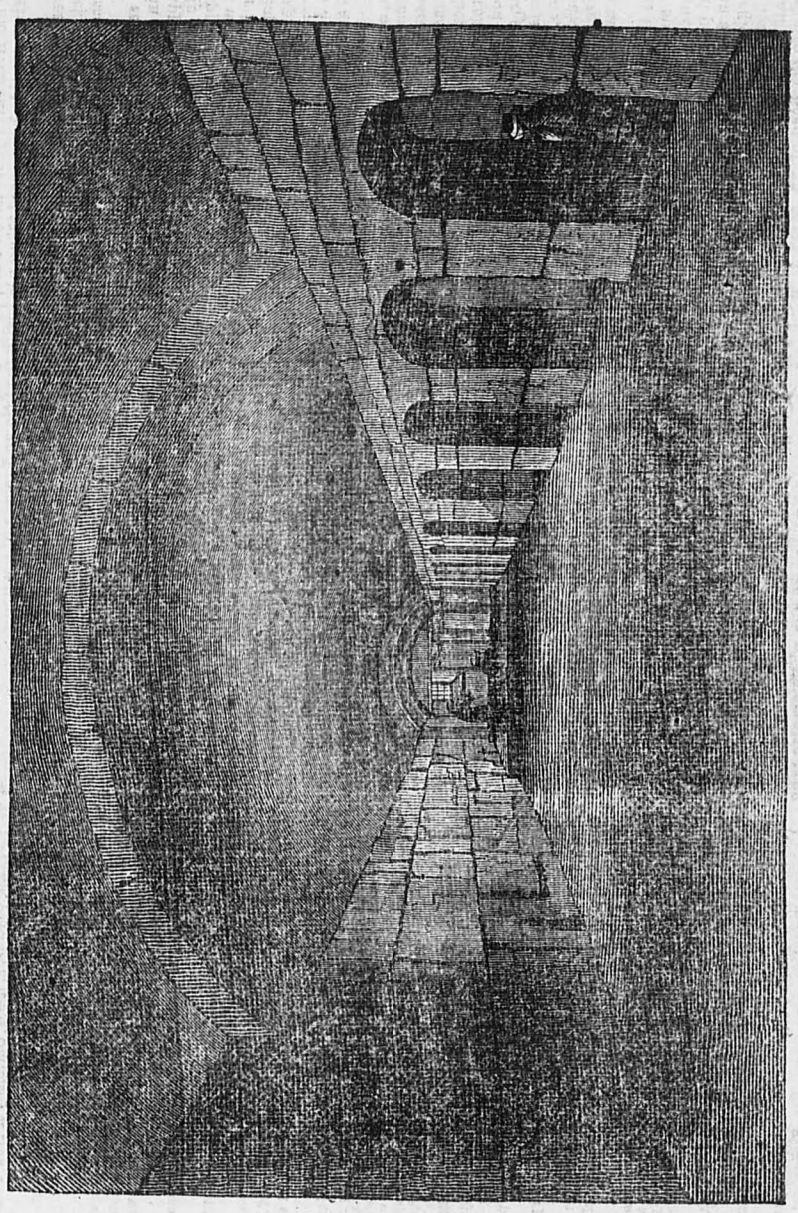
In Frazer's Magazine, from which the foregoing particulars have been gathered, it is stated that, in the opinion of eminent Arctic voyagers, Franklin's expedition had provisions enough to last them till the autumn of 1849. There is a possibility, therefore, that the party still survive.

JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—We have the pleasure of laying before our readers this morning, Major Noah's promised article, (elicited by the inquiries of a correspondent,) wherein he states the grounds of his assertion that our Saviour's prediction in regard to the Temple, that there should not be left one stone upon another which should not be thrown down, has not been literally fulfilled. But even admitting that the wonderful underground structures which exist at Jerusalem, as shown by Major Noah on the authority of several respectable travelers, and illustrated by engravings, [see first page], are those of the ancient Temple, still it does not follow that the above prediction has not been exactly fulfilled according to its true intent and meaning, though not perhaps in the literal import of the words. It is to be noted that the structure in question is many feet beneath the present surface of the ground, and probably may have been beneath the surface, or chiefly so, at the date of the Saviour's prediction. He did not say that there should not remain one stone upon another that should not be thrown *up*, but *down;* so that if every thing above the surface was demolished, the prediction does not want much of having been literally fulfilled. It appears at any rate, according to Major Noah's own showing, that so effectually was the Temple destroyed, that for 500 years it was lost to the public eye, being covered with earth and rubbish, which at the close of that period had accumulated over its ruins to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet. Moreover, as Major Noah intimates, there is danger of interpreting such expressions too literally, not regarding sufficiently the Hebrew idiom, and so creating difficulties where none in fact exist. Whether therefore the destruction was so complete that the ground was ploughed over, as related by some historians, or only so complete that the ruins lay desolate till they were buried 12 or 15 feet below the earth's surface, and when re-discovered were used as the foundation for a Mahometan mosque, the prediction was essentially fulfilled, and making allowance for the Hebrew forms of expression, exactly so, according to its true intent and meaning. At least there is no evidence to the contrary. Nor do we understand Major Noah to maintain that there is. All that he asserts is, that the prediction was not fulfilled *literally*. And the same is true of most other predictions of the Bible.



ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT BENEATH THE MOSQUE EL AKSA.



VAULTED PASSAGE BENEATH EL AKSA.

For the Journal of Commerce.

The Temple of Jerusalem.

Messrs. Editors.—In the course of my remarks in the address delivered on Thanksgiving day, relative to the contemplated erection of a magnificent place of worship by the Jews at Jerusalem, I stated, that a considerable portion of the ruins of the Temple, chambers, splendid columns, &c., were still in existence, showing the error of that prediction which declared, that not one stone of that building should stand upon another. The statement naturally produced a spirit of inquiry, on a prediction of so much importance, and I am called upon by one of your correspondents, and many others also, to furnish my authority for this declaration, which unsettles a very remarkable passage of sacred history. This is just and proper, because both religion and history should have truth as their bases, if enlightened men are required to believe in them. Before I proceed, however, with facts, allow me to correct one error, which I perceive exists in the minds of many persons. There is no intention among the Jews at the present time, to re-build the Temple of Jesusalem, with all its magnificence and former services and sacrifices;—that great event, can only be accomplished after the restoration, in a state of profound peace, and then under such modifications of forms and ceremonies, as shall be required by the progress of the age. The place of worship to be erected may be called a Temple, but it is simply a Synagogue on a large scale, for the accommodation of the increasing number of Jewish emigrants and residents; nor are the Jews at the present day, taking any measures of a political nature, for the restoration of the nation to its ancient heritage, beyond indispensable preparations of education, science, enlarged and liberal principles.

The Jewish people who turn their attention to this interesting subject, rely upon the justice of Christians, who, having dispossessed them, will, under divine Providence, essentially aid in restoring them to the land which God gave to them as a perpetual inheritance. The incipient steps are now taking in the Christian world for the consummation of that great and interesting event, and the Jews are patiently regarding these movements, and calmly awaiting the assured fulfilment of their destiny. Your correspondent is curious to know how any of the remains of the Temple can possibly exist, when historians declare that so complete was its destruction that the Roman plough passed over it. You have no doubt heard of what is called the "pious frauds" practised in the early days of the Church, and well know that one of the most important references to the founder of the Christian faith in Josephus is admitted to have been an interpolation, by the most enlightened Historians and Prelates of that faith, and I proceed to give you the facts that history is less reliable in relation to the utter destruction of the Temple. The firing of that magnificent edifice during the siege of Jerusalem, it is known was the result of accident. Titus Vespasianus, though anxious to reduce the city, was too great a patron of the arts to destroy a structure so splendid. On the contrary, he made every effort to save the building when he found it on fire. The Jewish historians are naturally severe and bitter in their resentments against Titus, to whom they attributed all their misfortunes. I have considered the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey, and subsequently by Titus, as events connected with the career of a warlike nation aiming at universal conquest, and indifferent where the blow was struck, so that it added to the triumph of the Roman arms.

After Jerusalem had been reduced, Titus returned to Rome with his spoils, and some 15,000 Jewish captives, and there ended the spirit of conquest and revenge; consequently ploughing up the ground for vindictive objects could not have been reasonable. It is known that when David and Samuel had projected the plan of the Temple, and all the details of building, worship, and general organization had been decided upon, David purchased Mount Moriah from *Aurunah*, a Jebusite agriculturist of some importance, being a fine piece of table land, used as a threshing-floor, and consecrated by the tradition that this was the spot where Abraham offered up his son. Having purchased the piece of table-land, and finally the whole mountain, he furnished Solomon with a plan of the building, which, at immense cost, required eight years to complete. All writers unite in opinion that for durability and strength no building could compare with it.

Mr. James Nathan, of this city, made a journey to Egypt and the Holy Land, and visited the remains of the Temple. The following is his own statement of what he saw on that occasion:

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"Two months had now passed over us at Jerusalem, and every attempt to get by fair means a glance at the interior of either of the two mosques that occupy the site of the temple of Solomon had proved fruitless. The opening that accident had made in one of the outer walls, and of which some fortunate travelers before us had availed themselves, was recently walled up and closed by the fanatic and jealous Musselmen, and convinced that nothing but some stratagem could gain us admission, we—Dr. Titus Tobler of Switzerland, and the writer—resorted to the following.

A Jewish lad in my employ as servant, had brought us on a former occasion, a poor Arab mason to lead us to the forbidden localities of the "*Birket le Brach*" a business he had then faithfully performed, and hearing that this man had worked on the walling up of the above mentioned opening, and on various other parts of the mosques, we hit upon him either to reopen the same, or in some way procure us an entry, and after long and tedious preliminaries, amongst which was a promise of 200 piasters, "*Backshees*," was not the least effective, succeeded in persuading him to open during night, some small place or aperture, whereby we might enter the subterranean passages and archways, that we know support the mosques.

After some few days the Arab said he had accomplished his task, but could not accompany us until after several more days, when the present rites and prayers of the Musselmen had passed, and the mosques became less subject to night visits from the dervishes and devotees.

Though fully conscious of the unlawfulness and hazard of our purpose, so anxious were we to realise this most cherished of all our objects at Jerusalem, as to feel much impatient and mortified at the delay, and thus hailed with delight, the 28th of January, 1846, as the day fixed upon for our expedition.

On the evening of that day, and after dark had fairly set in, the Doctor, myself and servant, preceded by the Arab, and provided with lantern, compass and measures, set out for the mosque, and passing concealed, between heaps of rubbish, and huge Cactus trees, down that part of the *Tyropeon valley*, which separates Zion from Moriah, towards the "*Bâbel Magariah*," climbed a little to the north east of it over an old and dilapidated stone fence, and crossed by a sort of foot path an open field, already strictly prohibited to the "infidel dog," in a north west direction, towards the south wall of the mosque "*el Aksa*;" and very near the centre of this wall, and where the city wall joins it, entered a door way and stumbled over lots of dirt and mason work, through two arched and quadrangular rooms of modern structure, and over what seemed to me an inclining surface, to the hole or opening made by the Arab, and being in the south foundation wall of the "Aksa" of about 12 inches in height, and 16 in width.

We could not implicitly trust in a man like our Arab, who would secretly, and for money, violate what openly he professed and worshipped, and therefore, I put my hand and head through the aperture, to ascertain something of the earth we might be launched upon, in passing through it, but finding a powerful current of air rushing towards me and extinguishing the candle that was 3 or 4 times re-lit, we made the Arab pass first, and then squeezed ourselves feet foremost, pulled by the Arab on the other side, and shoved by the other two of our party on this side, through the opening into, we knew not where, and landed successively, and with our dresses nearly stripped off us, some considerable distance, beneath the level of the side we came from.

Proceeding a few steps direct North, my eyes were struck with the tall and graceful proportions of two white marble pillars about 9 or 10 feet apart, supporting a handsome arch, and constituting, originally, a high and most noble gate way.

The pillar on the West side of the entry, was partly walled in, by mean Arab mason work; the one on the East, however, was clear, and measures 6½ feet in circumference about 5 feet from its base, where it has a gentle swell that tapers gradually towards the top.

The capital of projecting leaves, tastefully carved, is by far the most beautiful I had ever before seen, and resembles nearest the Corinthian, which seems merely the extension and embellishment of the same style, but in comparison overdone and deprived of the chaste and exquisite simplicity of the former. On scraping a little of the dirt from the surface of the Easterly pillar, it presented a soft alabaster and glistening whiteness, that shone in candle light, like diamonds in pearl dust.

Close to this pillar and to the East of it, the 16 to 18 feet high wall, is composed of 4 large stones, the undermost of which is 15 feet long, 4 feet high, and 5 feet in thickness, and precisely like the often described stones in the wall of the "weeping place," which are admitted by all to be of the court wall of the ancient temple.

The arched room or chamber in which we now were, is 45 feet wide, from East to West, 37½ feet long from South to North, commencing from the gateway as the most Southerly line, and as near as can be told without measurement, about 25 feet in height, and supported in the centre by two large pillars, one of which measures 14½ feet in circumference, and the other seems of the same size, and was therefore not measured. The arched roof or ceiling is divided into small compartments, the three most Southerly and nearest the gateway, have round grounded centres, with cornices and a sort of rosette, which, however, I had much difficulty to discern by candle light, and will therefore not be too positive in their character.—Dr. T. being short-sighted, regretted much not to be able to see and examine them.

In the East and West walls were several niches, with straw matting on the floor, in front of them.—The Arab said they were graves, but it is more likely they are praying places for the dervishes. Two of these niches were rather large recesses, and bore strong evidence of antiquity.

We also came to a large oblong and door-like opening in the centre of the East wall, which the Arab said was the mouth of a very large "*Birket*," (cistern). Having no ladder with us, and finding no other way of descending, we dropped some stones down, and judging from the sound and time it took to reach the bottom, there was no water, but considerable depth. From memory I think we concluded about 80 feet.

Between some rude mason work that forms part of the south wall, on the west side of the entry, the upper portions of a pillar, precisely like those of the two white marble ones in the gateway, rear their proud features, in captive but unconquered beauty.

A stair way of 9 steps hewn out of solid rock, commences 37½ feet north of the gateway, and is as wide as the chamber just described, and as the continuation of it, to which it leads. This continuation measures 150 additional feet, from south to north, and is as much lower in ceiling as the 9 steps are high, say from 6 to 7 feet.

Six collossal pillars at regular intervals, and in a straight line with the two centre ones above mentioned, support the rocky roof, some of them, if not all, are of one piece, and cut out of one gigantic rock, that must have lain imbedded here for geological ages, and out of which, I cannot but believe, this entire continuation must have been excavated. The second pillar north of the stairway, is 11½ feet in circumference, the first one was not measured, but is much larger. A piece of one of the pillars, I knocked off with some difficulty, to carry with me, and now hold, for some future geological examination.

We looked carefully at various parts of the east and west walls, and could find no place where they seemed joined, but they felt somewhat smoothed, either by friction or some coat of paint or polish, that once might have been on it.

The roof has no embellishments besides the curved lines that bend down into the pillars, and give it the appearance of one grand and massive, yet lofty and self-supporting structure, so peculiar to the most ancient orders.

We had now passed under the entire "Mosque el Aksa" to its northern extremity—187½ feet north of the first described magnificent gateway—and noticed to the north east a small inverted arch, the meaning of which we did not fathom, and in the north-west corner a door, through an opening of which we looked and saw a stairs leading up to the centre grounds of the "Haarem Sherief" and had the "Kubbet el Sukra" (copula of the stone) right in front of us.

On our return we reexamined every object leisurely for correction, and leaving the place by the way we had entered, ordered the Arab to replace the stone and close the hole he had made, which a day or two thereafter he said he had done, and when cautioning him not to speak of what had passed, he said, if he did it would be his last speech.

From the locality, character, and expression of the entire structure, and the various objects therein, here described, no less than from that thorough conviction that is forced upon the mind, whenever it meets with truth and genuineness; I cannot but sincerely believe in the antiquity of these relics, but reserve to myself the privilege of an opinion more in detail, for some future time, and after some more study and reflection, as to whether the whole or what part thereof, belongs to the temples built by the Jews under Solomon, Cyrus, or Herod.

JAMES NATHAN.

P. S.—The floor was measured by steps calculated here at 2½ feet each, the other measurement is of French feet.

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I could have no doubt from this statement of Mr. Nathan, that these were the remains, not ruins, of the Temple, and I proceeded to make farther investigations, with the most entire success. Mr. Catherwood, well known as an enterprising traveler, was, in 1833, in the service of Ibraham Pacha at Jerusalem as a Civil Engineer, and wearing the dress and speaking the language of the Mussulmen, he strayed one day into the boundaries of the Great Mosque of Omar, and took a drawing of the interior. He proceeded to the Mosque El Aksa, and descended into the subterranean vaults; and, without having the idea impressed upon his mind that these were the remains of the Temple, he says,—"At the South-East corner of this rock (a limestone rock under the dome of the Mosque) there is an excavated chamber, to which there is a descent by a flight of stone steps. This chamber is irregular in form, and its superficial area is about six hundred feet, the average height seven feet." In another part of his description he says, in reference to these ruins, "Here are fifteen rows of square pillars, from which spring arches, supporting the platform. The whole substruction appears to me of Roman origin, and in connection with the Golden Gate, and the one beneath the El Aksa, together with the ancient Bridge, to have formed a connected plan of foundations, to the great Temple of Herod." After describing the length of the last wall, 1520 feet, of the South 940, of the West wall 1617 feet, and of the North 1020, the remains of which, still existing, Mr. Catherwood says, in conclusion, "The Mosque of Omar occupies the position of the Holy of Holies of Solomon's Temple."

Here are two authorities unknown to each other, who have seen the remains of the Temple under El Aksa, but I have others fully as conclusive. Shubert, the German Traveler, who visited Jerusalem in 1837, says in his travels, "we heard of those vaults under the Temple hill, which are supported on thousands of columns, and also of the reservoirs for water, which are in connection with them." Mr. Tipping in 1842 was more fortunate. In making his researches under the brow of the hill, he came to a small grated window, which is at the end of the subterranean aisle, and on attempting to raise his friend Mr. Walcott up, to gain an inside view from the grated window, he was assailed by a number of Mahometans, who drove them off, but in wandering about the spot, a deaf and dumb boy, suspecting what their object was, made signs to go with him, and he led them to a small break in the wall. Both gentlemen squeezed through the narrow entrance; let us hear Mr. Tipping's account, which does not materially vary from Mr. Nathan's, with this difference, that Mr. Nathan paid it a single and a short visit; Mr. Tipping went often to make drawings. After having entered the Crypts, Mr. T. says, that the double gateway "consists of a square, or rather quadrangular entrance hall, the four flattishly-vaulted groined roofs of which are supported by a central monolith of white stone, with a capital bearing traces of a perpendicular palm-leaf ornament, certainly not Corinthian, or any other of the five classical orders. From this hall sprung originally two sets of steps leading up to the long passage, divided by a row of square columns of 3 or 4 stones each, corresponding with the divisions of the gateway and the monolith. The groined roof of the hall is Roman in style, of excellent workmanship, and bearing altogether a finer stamp than the entablature. *Might we not safely attribute it to Herod?* The broad division between the arches, consists of beveled stones of Cyclopodian dimensions; the sides of the long passage are also built of huge beveled stones; but the walls of the hall are apparently plain and Roman, though of great size. This seeming anomaly perplexed me for a long time; but at length, and while examining these side walls closely, I ascertained, by visible traces, that it had been beveled, but that in order to construct side pilasters, corresponding with the central pillar, and bearing the two arches springing from it, the beveling *had been chisseled away*, thus affording a slight relief to the pilaster. This was the crowning discovery, inasmuch as it furnishes incontestable evidence of a *third* epoch in the structure, and of a far ulterior antiquity. Is there room possibly for more than one conclusion as to the original, or more ancient masonry, considering under what circumstances of national decay the second temple was built? Do not those vaults and passages, as to their ulterior structure, belong to the age of Solomon?"

You thus perceive, Messrs. Editors, that Mr. Catherwood and Mr. Tipping, both eminent travelers, speak of these extraordinary remains of a splendid edifice, as the remains of the temple, and Mr. Nathan, one of our own citizens, and of the Hebrew faith, in passing through them, could arrive at no other conclusion. Saracenic they are not; Roman though in style, they were not built by the Romans, for they destroyed what they could in Jerusalem, and built nothing. The convictions to which I have arrived from these facts are, that these chambers, pillars, archways, groined roofs and

entablatures, are the remains of the first floor or basement of Solomon's Temple, upon which Herod erected the third temple, destroyed at the siege of Jerusalem under Titus.

The first temple of Solomon was erected 1012 years B. C., and was finally destroyed by the Assyrians 588 B. C., having stood 424 years. After the return from Babylon, it was plainly rebuilt, and stood until Herod rebuilt it with great splendor, and it was finally destroyed 70 years after the death of the founder of the Christian religion.

After the burning of the temple by Titus, and the Romans finally abandoning Jerusalem, the ruins remained *five hundred years* without disturbance, during which long period the earth accumulated over those ruins, covering up and concealing them some twelve or fifteen feet below the surface. And when a site was required for the great Mosque of Omar, the commanding position of Mount Moriah, was naturally considered the most eligible for the new structure, and the ground was leveled over the remains of the Temple as now discovered, and the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa erected over them. I entertain no doubt that if those Mosques were removed, and the earth laid bare on Mount Moriah, the entire ground floor, or the first story of the Temple, would be laid open. If therefore such a prediction was ever made, it certainly appears, by these discoveries, that it was not verified. I have always doubted, whether it ever was made in the accepted sense we receive it, and with every respect for the opinion of others, I proceed to give my reasons. The New Testament was written at intervals by the apostles, more to preserve a record of events, occurring in their time, than to constitute a religious companion for the Bible. Several of the books were lost, and amended when found, and brought into its present form nearly 200 years after the Christian Era. It must necessarily have undergone many changes by the early fathers of the church. But the most important fact, equally applicable to the Old Testament as well as the New is, that we adopt passages literally which are meant only as figuratively;—a style and mode of speaking, laconic and abbreviated, even at this day prevailing in the oriental countries, consequently we discover throughout the Scriptures printed in the English language, incongruities, corruptions, and erroneous translations, *ad infinitum*. Here, however, are the stately remains of the Temple, and here we have another illustration of the historic truth of the Bible. Your correspondent, I hope, will be satisfied that I have not ventured upon an important statement, without being in possession of all the facts.

M. M. NOAH.

P. S.—The accompanying engravings of the remains of the Temple, are drawings by Mr. Tipping, and are found in No. 2 of Harper's edition of Josephus.

For the Journal of Commerce.

NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

Messrs. Editors:—On reading your remarks some days since, on the failure of the Senate Territorial or Compromise bill (as it was called,) I noticed a strong desire for some compromise of the question, threatening as you seem to think so much evil: and you remark upon the value of the territory causing the difficulty. The latter induces me to hand you for publication, if you may think proper, the following extracts from the able and scientific report of Lieut. Emory, during Gen. Kearny's expediiton to California.

The great work to which I have exclusively devoted myself for several years past, has led me to examine every subject connected with it, and no part has required and received so much of my consideration as that of *route* and the availability of the lands on the route, to furnish the *only* means for the work; and as I could have but one object, that of selecting *the route* either North or South, that would be sure to furnish means, I have therefore sought to examine every account, and every person, who could give me any knowledge of the topography of any, and every part of our continent.

The South generally have been particularly anxious for a more southern route than the one I had fixed upon, and having myself but one object, I could not be unwilling to accomodate their choice if possible.

Although having ascertained to my full satisfaction that there could be no other route than the one selected, where the lands could be made to furnish the necessary means,—and that there is no pass through the Rocky Mountains between the "South Pass", lat. 42½ deg. and Passo del Norte, lat. about 32deg.,—and that from any point on the Mississippi, even as low down as Memphis, the route via. the "South Pass", lat. 42½deg., to the Pacific at Puget Sound or San Francisco, would be more feasible and as short as any more southern route from Memphis to the Pacific,—still I have examined with great care and interest, the route of Gen. Kearny via Santa Fe, the Passo del Norte, and the Gila river to San Diego, with the description of the country as laid down in the report of Lieut. Emory, whose reputation is well known. His description of the country agrees fully with other accounts. Col. Doniphan's Expedition, by John T. Hughes, Esq., (same route as far as the Passo del Norte,) is more particular in description of the country, soil, &c., but less favorable.

The report of Lieut. Emory does him great credit. It is both scientific and business-like. It speaks for itself, and should be read by every one.

The following extracts require no comments; they show what the country is. I fully agree with Lt. Emory, that Negro slavery cannot be sustained there in any part,—and I think it equally clear that a railroad could not be sustained, even if the capital other than the lands could be found to build it.

Page 12.—"We were now on ground (see map of July 10th) long. 98° 55.22., which is traversed by the Nomadic tribes of Pawnees, Sioux, Osages, and occasionally the Comanches. Their range is seldom farther East than Council Grove, (about long. 96° 10.) The country thence to the Western borders of Missouri is in the hands of Indians owing allegiance to, and receiving stipends from, the United States. (Note. Removed tribes to whom the faith of the nation is pledged that they shall not be disturbed.) They live in log-houses, cultivate the soil, rear cattle, and pursue some of the arts of peace. They form the connecting link between the savage of the plains and the white man of the States.

Page 11.—"As you draw near the meridian of the Pawnee Fork, 99° West of Greenwich, the country changes, almost imperceptibly, until it merges into the arid, barren wastes, described under that section. The transition is marked by the occurrence of cacti and other spinose plants, the first of which we saw in long. 98°."

Speaking of the river the Pawnee Fork at Bent's Fort, he says,—

Page 12.—"The bottom land, a few feet above the level of the water, varies in width from half a mile to two miles; and is generally covered with good, nutritious grass. Beyond this the ground rises by gentle slopes into a wilderness of sand hills on the South, and prairie on the North.

"The soil of the plains is a granite sand, intermixed with the exuviæ of animal and vegetable matter, supporting a scanty vegetation. The eye wanders in vain over these immense wastes in search of trees; not one is to be seen. The principal growth is the Buffalo grass and cacti, in endless variety, though diminutive.

"The Buffalos are sometimes driven by the severity of the winter, (which is here, as at 'the Big Timber,' intense for the latitude,) to feed upon the cotton-wood of this place."—p. 13.

In his Notes, Major Emory says,—

Page 15. "Aug. 2. Here we turned to the left, and pursued our course over arid elevated plains for 20 miles without water. When we reached the Timpas, we found the water in puddles, and grass bad. Our ascent was considerable to-day, elevation 4523 feet.

"On these hills we found cedar growing,, very stunted—a very stunted growth of plums, moss, and cacti in great variety, but diminutive.

"Aug. 4. The road wound through the valley of the Timpas. Dwarfed cedar skirted the road on each side; strata of hills same as yesterday.—p. 16.

"The pasture was so bad, that Col. Kearny determined to march to the "hole in the Prairie." The total distance to day was 36 miles. The horses are now falling away in an alarming manner.

"The vegetation was the same as that of yesterday, as far as we could judge from its burned and parched condition; elevation 5,560.—p. 17.

"Aug. 5.—To day we descended 11½ miles, and reached the valley of Purgatory, a swift running stream a few yards in width, but no grass of any amount at the crossing.—p. 17.

"August 6. Col. Kearny left, &c.—and scattered Sumner's dragoons three or four miles up the creek to pass the day in renovating the animals by nips at the little bunches of grass spread at intervals in the valley. Elevation 7,169 feet.—p. 18.

"August 7th.—Crossed the Raton, 7,500 feet.—(*Note* higher than the South Pass, which is 7,490 feet. See Fremont Rep., page 128.

"The descent is much more rapid than the ascent. For the first few miles, through a valley of good burnt grass, and many beautiful flowers. But frequently you come to a place where the stream, (a branch of the Canadian,) has worked itself through the mountains, and the road has to ascend and then descend a sharp spur. Here the difficulties commence.—p. 19.

"The growth on to-day's march, was pinon in small quantities, scrub oak, a few lamita bushes, and on the Canadian a few cotton wood trees; except at the Camp there was little or no grass. The evening threatened rain, but the clouds passed away. We have had no rain since we left Cow Creeks, thirty days ago. We are now in what may be called the Paradise of that part of the country between Bent's fort and San Miguel; and yet he who leaves the edge of the Canadian or its tributaries, must make a good day's march to find wood, water, or grass. Elevation, 6,112 feet.—p. 20.

Page 23. "Aug. 11, elevation 6,946.

"August 12. The plains are almost destitute of vegetation. The hills bear a stunted growth of pinon and red cedar; elevation, 6,670.—p. 24.

"August 13. (Encampment at the Canon.) Grass was miserable, and the camp ground inundated by the shower to-day—which is quite a rarity. Elevation, 6,395.—p. 25.

"August 16. Passed another Canon. The road passed over to-day was good, but the face of the country exceedingly rugged, broken, and covered with pinon and cedar. To the left, one or two miles distant, towers a wall nearly perpendicular, 2000 feet high, apparently level on the top, and showing, as near as I could judge from the road, an immense stratum of red sand stone.—p. 29.

"August 18. Four or five miles from the old Picas, the road leads into a Canon, with hills on each side from 1000 to 2000 feet above the road, in all cases within cannon shot, and many within point blank musket shot.—p. 31.

"The geological formation much the same as before described, until you begin to descend towards the Del Norte, where granitic rocks and sand are seen in great abundance as far as Sante Fe. Cedar pinon, and a large growth of long leafed pine, are densely crowded wherever the rock offered a crevice,—until within 6 or 8 miles of the town.

"(Santa Fe.)—On leaving the narrow valley of the Santa Fe, which rises from 1000 feet to a mile or two in width, the country presents nothing but barren hills, utterly incapable, both from soil and climate, of producing any thing useful. The valley is entirely cultivated by irrigation, and is now covered with corn. Five miles below the town, the stream disappears in granitic sands.—p. 34.

"September 2.—We descended the valley of the Santa Fe river nearly West for 5 miles, when we left the river and struck across a dry arid plain, intersected by dry beds of streams. Twenty-three miles brought us to the Galisteo Creek, which at that time was barely running. From this place to its mouth there is scarcely the sign of vegetation. At the dry mouth of the Galisteo and directly on the Del Norte, is the town of Santo Domingo.—p. 36.

"The valley of the Del Norte is here quite narrow, and the soil sandy.—p. 38.

"Sept. 3.—Between San Filippe and the Angosturas, six miles below, the valley of the river is very narrow, affording no interval for agriculture. On the West side the banks are steep walls, crowned by seams of basalt, forming the table land. The East is composed of rolling sand hills, rising gradually to the base of the mountains, and covered with large round pebbles. Elevation 5000 feet.—p. 39.

"Sept. 4th.—Below the Angosturas the valley of the river opens into a plain varying from 2 to 6 miles wide: soil sandy and cultivated by irrigation.—p. 40.

"Sept. 6th.—The valley suddenly contracts below Padilla, between Isoletta and Piralta. On the East side of the river there is deep sand, and the country is perfectly barren.—p. 41.

"Sept. 7.—About 11 o'clock the whole character of the night was changed by an East wind that came rustling down from the mountains, driving the sand before it. Nearly the whole distance traveled in the last three days has been over drifting sand, with only occasional patches of firm soil.

"Sept. 30th.—We encamped a little more than half way between Albuquerque and Pardillas on a sandy plain, destitute of wood, and with little grass.—p. 46.

"Sept. 30.—Feeling no desire to go over the same ground twice, I struck off on the table lands to the West, and found these a succession of rolling sand hills.—p. 47.

"Oct. 4.—The wagons mounted the sand hills with great difficulty. The river impignes so close on the hills as to make it necessary, on the western side, to mount the table land. These plains, reaching to the base of the mountains, are of the same character as heretofore mentioned, of rolling sand hills.—p. 49.

"Oct. 5.—Camp near Secora—Leave the river and strike for the Gila. We accordingly moved only 6 miles to-day, and encamped a little North of Secora, preparatory to taking the hills tomorrow. The prospect is forbidding; from the Sierra Lescadron, opposite the amphitheatre, as far South as the eye can reach on the Western side of the river, is a chain of precipitous basaltic mountains, traversed by dykes of trap; through these we are to pass.—p. 51.

"Oct. 6.—Determined to not leave the river.—p. 52.

"Oct. 8.—The valley of the Del Norte, as we advance, loses what little capacity for agriculture it possessed. The river commences to gather its feeble force into the smallest compass to work its way around the Western base of Fra Cristobal mountain. The Chihuahua road runs on the Eastern side, and that part of it is the dreaded "jornada" of the traders, when they must go most seasons of the year 90 miles without water. Our road over hill and dale led us through a great variety of vegetation, all totally different from that of the United States. To-day's observations of the plants may be taken as a fair specimen of the Southern part of New Mexico. First, there were cacti in endless variety, and of gigantic size; our new and disagreeable friend, Carrea Mexicana, Fremontia, &c.

The table lands, reaching to the base of the mountains to the West, are of sand and large round pebbles, terminating in steep hills from a quarter to a half a mile from the river, capped with seams of basalt.—p. 54.

"Oct. 9.—The country becomes broken, and the valley narrows into a canon which sweeps at the base of Fra Cristobal mountain, making it necessary to rise to the table land on the West side, which we found traversed by deep arroyos, crowned on their summits by basalt.—p. 54.

"The road was unbroken, obstructed by bushes, and so bad that the wagons made only 11¼ miles, and the teams came into camp, *blown* and staggering, after their day's work.—Expecting nothing better ahead, it was determined to leave the wagons and send back for pack-saddles.

"For the last night or two, it has been unusually cold, the thermometer ranging from 25 to 32°; but during the day it mounts up to 75 and 80: Lat. 33. 20 20.—p. 55.

"Oct. 15.—After traveling 3 miles and a half, we turned from the Del Norte and took final leave of it—altitude 4,810 feet. Capt. Cook left this route and went further South as far as lat. 31½° then Northwest.

"Oct. 16.—We commanded the approach to the Membres Mountains, over a beautiful rolling country. The soil in the valley, and to the hill tops, of the best quality—nothing but rain is required to make this part of the country inhabitable. (Cacti prevailed).—p. 57.

"Oct. 18.—Succession of hills and vallies, covered with cedar live oak, and some long leaf pines. Elevation 6,167.—p. 58.

"Oct. 19.—The country passed over in the first part of the day was beautiful in the extreme. A succession of high rolling hills, with mountains in the distance. The soil rich and waving with grama. The latter part was more barren, and covered with artemisias.—p. 59.

"We wended our way through the narrow valley of Night Creek. On each side were huge stone buttes, shooting up into the skies. At one place we were compelled to mount one of these spurs almost

perpendicularly. This gave us an opportunity of seeing what a mule could do.—p. 61.

"Oct. 21.—After going a few miles, crossing and recrossing the river a dozen times, it was necessary to leave its bed and avoid a canon. This led us over a very broken country, traversed by huge dykes of trap and walls of basalt.

"The earth in the river bed, where it was not paved with the fragments of rocks, was loose, resembling volcanic dust, making it unsafe to ride out of the beaten track. A mule would sometimes sink to his knee. This was a hard day on the animals; the steep ascents and descents shifting the packs and cutting them dreadfully. The howitzers did not reach the camp.—p. 62.

"Oct. 23. Last night the heavens became overcast, the air damp, and we expected for the first time since leaving Santa Fe (a month to-morrow) to have a sprinkle of rain; but at 9 this morning the clouds had all been cleared away.

"The changes of temperature are very great, owing to the distance from the influence of large masses of water, and if they were accompanied with corresponding changes in humidity, they would be insupportable. Last night we went to bed with the thermometer at 70°, and awakened in the morning, shivering; the thermometer marking 25°.

"The table land, 150 feet above the river, was covered so thick with large paving pebbles, as to make it difficult to get a smooth place to lie upon. The growth of to-day and yesterday, on the hills and in the valley of the Gila, very much resembles that on the del Norte, the only exceptions being a few new and beautiful varieties of the cactus.

"After leaving our last night's camp for a mile, the general appearance, width of the country and soil, much resembles the most fertile parts of that river. This, so far, has decidedly the best soil, and the fall of the river being greater, makes it more easy to irrigate.—p. 63.

"Oct. 25. The general character of the country is much the same as before represented: but before camp, it broke into irregular and fantastic looking mountains.—p. 64.

"Oct. 26. The whole way was a succession of steep ascents and descents, paved with sharp angular fragments of basalt and trap. The metallic clink of spurs, and the rattling of the mule's shoes, the high black peaks, the dark ravines, and the unearthly looking cactus, which stuck out from the rocks—all favored the idea that we were now treading on the verge of the regions below. This day's journey cost us some ten or fifteen mules. Long and anxious was my study of these mountains, to ascertain their general form and direction. Wherever the eye wandered huge mountains were seen, of black, volcanic appearance.—p. 66.

"Oct. 27. Vegetation generally was very scarce. This is the first camp since leaving the del Norte, in which we have not found good grass.—p. 67.

"Oct. 29. The dust was knee deep in the rear of the trail; the soil appeared good, but for whole acres not the sign of vegetation was to be seen.—p. 68.

"The whole plain from three to six miles wide, is within the level of the Gila, and might easily be irigated, so it no doubt was by the former tenants of these ruined houses.

"Nov. 1. No alternative seemed to offer but to pursue Carson's old trail 60 miles over a rough country without water, and two if not three days journey. We followed the Gila river 6 or 7 miles, when it became necessary to leave it, how long was uncertain. The ascent was very rapid, the hills steep, &c.—p. 71.

"Nov. 2. The thermometer at daylight 25.—p. 72.

"Nov. 4. Geological formation on this slope of the Pinon Lano Mountains: 1st. conglomerate of sand stone and pebbles: then red sandstone in layers a foot thick: then granite, very coarse. The depth of the two first was many hundred feet, and in many cases its stratification much deranged. Many large masses of sandstone, with their seams of vitrified qnartz.

Although we had no rain except at Mount Graham, where we had a shower which barely sufficed to allay the dust, yet the whole face of the country bears marks of rains and running water.—p. 74.

"Nov. 5. The howitzers did not reach camp last night, yet the grass was so bad, and our beds on the round pebbles, every where covering the surface of the ground, so uncomfortable, it was determined to move camp.—p. 75.

"Nov. 5. The range of monntains traversed today is the same as we have been in for some days.—p. 75.

"Since the 1st Nov. we have been traversing with incredible labor, and great expenditure of mule power, the strong hold of these mountain robbers, having no other object in view than making our distance Westward; yet here we are at this camp only five seconds of time West of camp 89.—p. 76.

"Our camp was on a flat sandy plain of small extent, at the mouth of a dry creek.—p. 78.

"Nov. 8. The whole day's journey was through a canon, and the river was crossed 12 or 15 times. The sand was deep, and occasionally the trail much obstructed by pebbles of paving stone.

"The latitude of this camp, which is within a mile of the spot where we take leave of the mountains, is 33° 05.44, long. 111° 13.10; height of the river above the sea, 1751 feet. Capt. Cook comes on to the same route near this point.—p. 79.

"The Gila at this point, released from its mountain barrier, flows off quietly at the rate of three miles an hour into a wide plain, which extends South almost as far as the eye can reach. More than four-fifths of the plain was destitute of vegetation; the soil a light brown, loose, sandy earth. I supposed it contained something deleterious to vegetation.—p. 80.

"The soil was moist, and whenever the foot pressed the ground, the salts of the earth effloresced, and gave it the appearance of being covered with frost. In this way the numberless tracks of horses and other animals, which had at times traversed the plains, were indelible, and could be traced for great distances by the eye, in long white seams.

"In overcoming one set of difficulties, we were now to encounter another. In leaving the mountains, we were informed that we bade adieu to grass, and our mules must henceforward subsist on willow, cotton wood, and the long green ephedra.—p. 81,

"Nov. 12. Looking from our camp North, 30' West, you see a great plain, with mountains rising in the distance on each side. This prospect has induced some travelers to venture from here in a direct line to Monterey, in California, but there is neither grass nor water on that passage, and thirst and distress overcame, undoubtedly, those who attempted it.—p. 85.

"Nov. 13. At 12 o'clock, after giving our horses a last watering, we started off in a South Western direction. We traveled till long after dark, and dropped down in a dust hole near two large green barked acacias. There was not a sprig of grass, or a drop of water, and during the whole night the mules kept up a piteous cry for both.—p. 88.

"We marched on briskly to the Gila, 40 miles from our camp of yesterday.

"Nov. 15. In the morning the General found the mules so much worsted by the 45 miles journey, without water or food, that he determined to remain for the day.

"From information collected from the Indians and others, it appears that we shall meet with no more grass from this to the settlements, estimated 300 miles distant.—p. 88.

"Nov. 16. We descended into the wood valley of the Gila, skirted on the South side of the table land, black with basalt pebbles. The hills on the North side were of red and grey rocks, probably granite.—p. 91.

"Nov. 17. The route to-day over a country much the same as that described. Whenever we mounted to the table lands to cut off a bend in the river, we found them dreary beyond description, covered with blocks of basalt, with a few intervals of dwarf growth of lanea. We encamped down in one of the deserted beds of the Gila, where the ground was cracked and drawn into blisters. The night was cold. Thermometer at 6 A. M., 20°, lat 32-55.52, lon. 113-25.25.

"Nov. 18. High wind all day from the North West, showing that there was still a barrier of snow clad mountains between us and Monterey, which we must turn or scale.

"Mounted the table land, and at 12½ o'clock stopped to graze our horses at a little patch of dried spear grass. Leaving this, the ground, as far as the eye could reach, was strewed with the black, shining well rounded pebbles.

"At this point, which is about six miles below our camp of this date, the Gila and Colorado must be near together. The hills and mountains appeared to be entirely destitute of vegetation, and on the plains could be seen only at long intervals, a few stunted tufts of lama Mexicana and wild wormwood.—p. 92.

"Nov. 20. The table lands were of sand, and the bottom of the river constantly received deposits from them.—p. 93.

"Nov. 21. The plains are now almost entirely of sand, and composed of sandy and calcareous loom, with iron pyrites and common salt.

"Nov. 22. The day was warm, the dust oppressive, and the march, 22 miles, very long for our jaded and ill fed brutes. The General's horse gave out.

"Nov. 23. We did not move camp to-day, in order to make a refit from last night's capture, and gave our mules an opportunity to take what little grass they could before taking the desert of 90 miles, which lies on the other side of the Colorado, and between us and water.—p. 95.

"Visit the junction of the Gila and Colorado, due North from the camp 1½ miles distant. The day was stormy, wind blowing fiercely from the North.—We mounted a butte of feldspatic granite, and looking 25° East of North, the course of the Colorado was tracked by clouds of flying sand.

"Francisco informs me that the Colorado, seven days travel up from the butte continues pretty much as we saw it.—p. 96.

"Nov 24. The country from the Arkansas to this point, more than 1200 miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must for ever stamp itself upon the population which inhabit it.—All of North Mexico, embracing new Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Californias, as far North as the Sacramento, are, as far as the best information goes, the same in the physical character of its surface, and differ but little in climate and products.

"In no part of this vast tract can the rains from Heaven be relied upon to any extent for the cultivation of soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever. A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated sometimes by plains, and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation; and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part, in the sustenance of animal life.

"The cultivation of the earth is therefore confined to those narrow strips of land which are within the level of the waters of the streams, and where practised in a community with any success or to any extent, involves a degree of subordination and absolute obedience to a chief, repugnant to the habits of our people.

The chief who directs the time and the quantity of the precious irrigating water, must be implicitly obeyed by the whole community. A departure from his orders, by the waste of water or unjust distribution of it, or neglect to make the proper embankments, may endanger the means of subsistence of many people. He must therefore be armed with power to punish promptly and immediately.

"The profits of labor are too inadequate for the existence of negro slavery. Slavery as practised by the Mexicans under the form of peonage, which enables their masters to get the services of the adult while in the prime of life, without the obligation of rearing him in infancy, supporting him in old age or maintaining his family, affords no data for estimating the profits of slave labor as it exists in the United States.

"I made many inquiries as to the character of the vast region of country embraced in the triangle formed by the Colorado of the West, the Del Norte, and the Gila. From all that I could learn, the country does not differ materially in physical character from New Mexico, except perhaps being less denuded of soil and vegetation. The sources of the Salinas, the San Francisco, Azul, San Caelas, and Prierte, tributaries of the Gila, take their rise in it. About their head waters and occasionally along these courses are presented sections of land capable of irrigation.

"The whole extent except on the margin of streams, is said to be destitute of forest trees.

"Departing from the ford of the Colorado in the direction of Sonora, there is a fearful desert to encounter. All accounts concur in representing the journey as one of extreme hardships, and even peril—distance represented at from 4 to 7 days journey.—p. 98.

"Nov. 25.—After crossing the Colorado we ascended the river ¾ of a mile, when we encountered an immense sand drift. The great high way between Sonora and California lies along the foot of this drift which is continually but slowly encroaching down the valley.

"Nov. 26.—The dawn of day found every man on horseback, with a bunch of grass from the Colorado tied to his saddle. After getting underway, the keen air 26° Farenheit, made it comfortable to walk—we were now fairly on the desert.—p. 100.

"The desert over which we had passed, ninety miles from water to water, is an immense triangular plain, bounded on one side by the Colorado, on the West by the Cordilleras of California, the coast-chain of mountains which now encircles us, extending from the Sacramento river to the Southern extremity of California, and on the Northeast by a chain of mountains running Southeast and Northwest. It is chiefly covered with floating sand, the surface of which in various places is white, with diminutive spinelas.—p. 102.

"I have noticed the only two patches of grass found during the "jornada."

"The Southern termination of this desert is bounded by the Tecate chain of mountains and, the Colorado; but its Northern and Eastern boundaries are undefined, and I should suppose from the accounts of trappers and others who have attempted the passage from California to the Gila by a more Northern route, that it extends many days travel beyond the chain of barren mountains which bound the horizon in that direction.

The portal to the mountain through which we passed, was formed by immense buttes of yellow clay and sand, and large flakes of mica and seams of gypsum. Nothing could be more forlorn and desolate.—p. 103.

"Nov. 29, The day was intensly hot, and the sand deep. The animals inflated with water and rushes gave way by scores.

"Nov. 30. We ascended the valley now destitute of both grass and water, to its termination, and then descended to the deserted Indian village of San Philippe. The mountains on either side are lofty, supposed 3000 to 5000 feet high.

About 9 miles from the camp, we passed the summit which is said to divide the waters flowing into the Colorado from those flowing into the Pacific, but I think it is a mistake.—p. 104.

"We are still to look for the glowing pictures drawn of California. As yet, barrenness and desolation hold their reign.

"Dec. 2 and 3. We commenced to ascend another "divide"—leaving the valley, we ascended the hills to the North—our progress was slow and painful. Descended and visited Indian huts; inmates in great poverty. Thermometer 30°; had no fires, and no covering but sheep skins.—p. 105.

"Dec. 4. The appearance of desolation which the rancheria presents, is little calculated to impress us with favorable notions of the agricultural resources of this part of California. The land in the narrow valley is good, but surrounded every where by high barren mountains, and where the land is good, the seasons are two dry for men to attempt cultivation without facilities for irrigation.—p. 107.

"Dec. 5. Received dispatch from San Diego. It was long after night when we halted, and though there may have been plenty of grass, we could not find it. What we did see of the country during the day, did not impress us favorably as to its fertility.

"Dec. 11. Our road leading through a rolling country, of light black soil, destitute of trees, and without water.—p. 112.

"Dec. 12. At San Diego. The Bay is a narrow arm of the sea, indenting the land some four or five miles, easily defended, and having 20 feet water at low tide. The rise is said to be five feet, making the greatest water 25 feet.

"The Rio San Diego runs under ground. Its original debouch was into False Bay, where, meeting the waters rolling in from seaward, a bar was formed by the deposit of sand, making the entrance of False Bay impracticable.

Well grounded fears are entertained that the immense quantity of sand discharged by this river will materially injure, if it does not destroy the harbor of San Diego; but this evil could be arrested at slight cost, compared with the object to be obtained. However, the commercial metropolis must be at St. Francisco, owing to the greater extent and superiority of the country adjacent.—p. 113.

"Vessels may ride at anchor in the harbor perfectly land-locked, but in very heavy southerly gales some inconvenience may be felt by those not provi-

entablatures, are the remains of the first floor or basement of Solomon's Temple, upon which Herod erected the third temple, destroyed at the siege of Jerusalem under Titus.

The first temple of Solomon was erected 1012 years B. C., and was finally destroyed by the Assyrians 588 B. C., having stood 424 years. After the return from Babylon, it was plainly rebuilt, and stood until Herod rebuilt it with great splendor, and it was finally destroyed 70 years after the death of the founder of the Christian religion.

After the burning of the temple by Titus, and the Romans finally abandoning Jerusalem, the ruins remained *five hundred years* without disturbance, during which long period the earth accumulated over those ruins, covering up and concealing them some twelve or fifteen feet below the surface. And when a site was required for the great Mosque of Omar, the commanding position of Mount Moriah, was naturally considered the most eligible for the new structure, and the ground was leveled over the remains of the Temple as now discovered, and the Mosques of Omar and El Aksa erected over them. I entertain no doubt that if those Mosques were removed, and the earth laid bare on Mount Moriah, the entire ground floor, or the first story of the Temple, would be laid open. If therefore such a prediction was ever made, it certainly appears, by these discoveries, that it was not verified. I have always doubted, whether it ever was made in the accepted sense we receive it, and with every respect for the opinion of others, I proceed to give my reasons. The New Testament was written at intervals by the apostles, more to preserve a record of events, occurring in their time, than to constitute a religious companion for the Bible. Several of the books were lost, and amended when found, and brought into its present form nearly 200 years after the Christian Era. It must necessarily have undergone many changes by the early fathers of the church. But the most important fact, equally applicable to the Old Testament as well as the New is, that we adopt passages literally which are meant only as figuratively;—a style and mode of speaking, laconic and abbreviated, even at this day prevailing in the oriental countries, consequently we discover throughout the Scriptures printed in the English language, incongruities, corruptions, and erroneous translations, *ad infinitum*. Here, however, are the stately remains of the Temple, and here we have another illustration of the historic truth of the Bible. Your correspondent, I hope, will be satisfied that I have not ventured upon an important statement, without being in possession of all the facts.

M. M. NOAH.

P. S.—The accompanying engravings of the remains of the Temple, are drawings by Mr. Tipping, and are found in No. 2 of Harper's edition of Josephus.

For the Journal of Commerce.

NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

Messrs. Editors:—On reading your remarks some days since, on the failure of the Senate Territorial or Compromise bill (as it was called,) I noticed a strong desire for some compromise of the question, threatening as you seem to think so much evil: and you remark upon the value of the territory causing the difficulty. The latter induces me to hand you for publication, if you may think proper, the following extracts from the able and scientific report of Lieut. Emory, during Gen. Kearny's expediiton to California.

The great work to which I have exclusively devoted myself for several years past, has led me to examine every subject connected with it, and no part has required and received so much of my consideration as that of *route* and the availability of the lands on the route, to furnish the *only* means for the work; and as I could have but one object, that of selecting *the route* either North or South, that would be sure to furnish means, I have therefore sought to examine every account, and every person, who could give me any knowledge of the topography of any, and every part of our continent.

The South generally have been particularly anxious for a more southern route than the one I had fixed upon, and having myself but one object, I could not be unwilling to accomodate their choice if possible.

Although having ascertained to my full satisfaction that there could be no other route than the one selected, where the lands could be made to furnish the necessary means,—and that there is no pass through the Rocky Mountains between the "South Pass", lat. 42½ deg. and Passo del Norte, lat. about 32deg.,—and that from any point on the Mississippi, even as low down as Memphis, the route via. the "South Pass", lat. 42½deg., to the Pacific at Puget Sound or San Francisco, would be more feasible and as short as any more southern route from Memphis to the Pacific,—still I have examined with great care and interest, the route of Gen. Kearny via Santa Fe, the Passo del Norte, and the Gila river to San Diego, with the description of the country as laid down in the report of Lieut. Emory, whose reputation is well known. His description of the country agrees fully with other accounts. Col. Doniphan's Expedition, by John T. Hughes, Esq., (same route as far as the Passo del Norte,) is more particular in description of the country, soil, &c., but less favorable.

The report of Lieut. Emory does him great credit. It is both scientific and business-like. It speaks for itself, and should be read by every one.

The following extracts require no comments; they show what the country is. I fully agree with Lt. Emory, that Negro slavery cannot be sustained there in any part,—and I think it equally clear that a railroad could not be sustained, even if the capital other than the lands could be found to build it.

Page 12.—"We were now on ground (see map of July 10th) long. 98° 55.22., which is traversed by the Nomadic tribes of Pawnees, Sioux, Osages, and occasionally the Comanches. Their range is seldom farther East than Council Grove, (about long. 96° 10.) The country thence to the Western borders of Missouri is in the hands of Indians owing allegiance to, and receiving stipends from, the United States. (Note. Removed tribes to whom the faith of the nation is pledged that they shall not be disturbed.) They live in log-houses, cultivate the soil, rear cattle, and pursue some of the arts of peace. They form the connecting link between the savage of the plains and the white man of the States.

Page 11.—"As you draw near the meridian of the Pawnee Fork, 99° West of Greenwich, the country changes, almost imperceptibly, until it merges into the arid, barren wastes, described under that section. The transition is marked by the occurrence of cacti and other spinose plants, the first of which we saw in long. 98°."

Speaking of the river the Pawnee Fork at Bent's Fort, he says,—

Page 12.—"The bottom land, a few feet above the level of the water, varies in width from half a mile to two miles; and is generally covered with good, nutritious grass. Beyond this the ground rises by gentle slopes into a wilderness of sand hills on the South, and prairie on the North.

"The soil of the plains is a granite sand, intermixed with the exuviæ of animal and vegetable matter, supporting a scanty vegetation. The eye wanders in vain over these immense wastes in search of trees; not one is to be seen. The principal growth is the Buffalo grass and cacti, in endless variety, though diminutive.

"The Buffalos are sometimes driven by the severity of the winter, (which is here, as at 'the Big Timber,' intense for the latitude,) to feed upon the cotton-wood of this place."—p. 13.

In his Notes, Major Emory says,—

Page 15. "Aug. 2. Here we turned to the left, and pursued our course over arid elevated plains for 20 miles without water. When we reached the Timpas, we found the water in puddles, and grass bad. Our ascent was considerable to-day, elevation 4523 feet.

"On these hills we found cedar growing,, very stunted—a very stunted growth of plums, moss, and cacti in great variety, but diminutive.

"Aug. 4. The road wound through the valley of the Timpas. Dwarfed cedar skirted the road on each side; strata of hills same as yesterday.—p. 16.

"The pasture was so bad, that Col. Kearny determined to march to the "hole in the Prairie." The total distance to day was 36 miles. The horses are now falling away in an alarming manner.

"The vegetation was the same as that of yesterday, as far as we could judge from its burned and parched condition; elevation 5,560.—p. 17.

"Aug. 5.—To day we descended 11½ miles, and reached the valley of Purgatory, a swift running stream a few yards in width, but no grass of any amount at the crossing.—p. 17.

"August 6. Col. Kearny left, &c.—and scattered Sumner's dragoons three or four miles up the creek to pass the day in renovating the animals by nips at the little bunches of grass spread at intervals in the valley. Elevation 7,169 feet.—p. 18.

"August 7th.—Crossed the Raton, 7,500 feet.—(*Note* higher than the South Pass, which is 7,490 feet. See Fremont Rep., page 128.

"The descent is much more rapid than the ascent. For the first few miles, through a valley of good burnt grass, and many beautiful flowers. But frequently you come to a place where the stream, (a branch of the Canadian,) has worked itself through the mountains, and the road has to ascend and then descend a sharp spur. Here the difficulties commence.—p. 19.

"The growth on to-day's march, was pinon in small quantities, scrub oak, a few lamita bushes, and on the Canadian a few cotton wood trees; except at the Camp there was little or no grass. The evening threatened rain, but the clouds passed away. We have had no rain since we left Cow Creeks, thirty days ago. We are now in what may be called the Paradise of that part of the country between Bent's fort and San Miguel; and yet he who leaves the edge of the Canadian or its tributaries, must make a good day's march to find wood, water, or grass. Elevation, 6,112 feet.—p. 20.

Page 23. "Aug. 11, elevation 6,946.

"August 12. The plains are almost destitute of vegetation. The hills bear a stunted growth of pinon and red cedar; elevation, 6,670.—p. 24.

"August 13. (Encampment at the Canon.) Grass was miserable, and the camp ground inundated by the shower to-day—which is quite a rarity. Elevation, 6,395.—p. 25.

"August 16. Passed another Canon. The road passed over to-day was good, but the face of the country exceedingly rugged, broken, and covered with pinon and cedar. To the left, one or two miles distant, towers a wall nearly perpendicular, 2000 feet high, apparently level on the top, and showing, as near as I could judge from the road, an immense stratum of red sand stone.—p. 29.

"August 18. Four or five miles from the old Picas, the road leads into a Canon, with hills on each side from 1000 to 2000 feet above the road, in all cases within cannon shot, and many within point blank musket shot.—p. 31.

"The geological formation much the same as before described, until you begin to descend towards the Del Norte, where granitic rocks and sand are seen in great abundance as far as Sante Fe. Cedar pinon, and a large growth of long leafed pine, are densely crowded wherever the rock offered a crevice,—until within 6 or 8 miles of the town.

"(Santa Fe.)—On leaving the narrow valley of the Santa Fe, which rises from 1000 feet to a mile or two in width, the country presents nothing but barren hills, utterly incapable, both from soil and climate, of producing any thing useful. The valley is entirely cultivated by irrigation, and is now covered with corn. Five miles below the town, the stream disappears in granitic sands.—p. 34.

"September 2.—We descended the valley of the Santa Fe river nearly West for 5 miles, when we left the river and struck across a dry arid plain, intersected by dry beds of streams. Twenty-three miles brought us to the Galisteo Creek, which at that time was barely running. From this place to its mouth there is scarcely the sign of vegetation. At the dry mouth of the Galisteo and directly on the Del Norte, is the town of Santo Domingo.—p. 36.

"The valley of the Del Norte is here quite narrow, and the soil sandy.—p. 38.

"Sept. 3.—Between San Filippe and the Angosturas, six miles below, the valley of the river is very narrow, affording no interval for agriculture. On the West side the banks are steep walls, crowned by seams of basalt, forming the table land. The East is composed of rolling sand hills, rising gradually to the base of the mountains, and covered with large round pebbles. Elevation 5000 feet.—p. 39.

"Sept. 4th.—Below the Angosturas the valley of the river opens into a plain varying from 2 to 6 miles wide: soil sandy and cultivated by irrigation.—p. 40.

"Sept. 6th.—The valley suddenly contracts below Padilla, between Isoletta and Piralta. On the East side of the river there is deep sand, and the country is perfectly barren.—p. 41.

"Sept. 7.—About 11 o'clock the whole character of the night was changed by an East wind that came rustling down from the mountains, driving the sand before it. Nearly the whole distance traveled in the last three days has been over drifting sand, with only occasional patches of firm soil.

"Sept. 30th.—We encamped a little more than half way between Albuquerque and Pardillas on a sandy plain, destitute of wood, and with little grass.—p. 46.

"Sept. 30.—Feeling no desire to go over the same ground twice, I struck off on the table lands to the West, and found these a succession of rolling sand hills.—p. 47.

"Oct. 4.—The wagons mounted the sand hills with great difficulty. The river impignes so close on the hills as to make it necessary, on the western side, to mount the table land. These plains, reaching to the base of the mountains, are of the same character as heretofore mentioned, of rolling sand hills.—p. 49.

"Oct. 5.—Camp near Secora—Leave the river and strike for the Gila. We accordingly moved only 6 miles to-day, and encamped a little North of Secora, preparatory to taking the hills tomorrow. The prospect is forbidding; from the Sierra Lescadron, opposite the amphitheatre, as far South as the eye can reach on the Western side of the river, is a chain of precipitous basaltic mountains, traversed by dykes of trap; through these we are to pass.—p. 51.

"Oct. 6.—Determined to not leave the river.—p. 52.

"Oct. 8.—The valley of the Del Norte, as we advance, loses what little capacity for agriculture it possessed. The river commences to gather its feeble force into the smallest compass to work its way around the Western base of Fra Cristobal mountain. The Chihuahua road runs on the Eastern side, and that part of it is the dreaded "jornada" of the traders, when they must go most seasons of the year 90 miles without water. Our road over hill and dale led us through a great variety of vegetation, all totally different from that of the United States. To-day's observations of the plants may be taken as a fair specimen of the Southern part of New Mexico. First, there were cacti in endless variety, and of gigantic size; our new and disagreeable friend, Carrea Mexicana, Fremontia, &c.

The table lands, reaching to the base of the mountains to the West, are of sand and large round pebbles, terminating in steep hills from a quarter to a half a mile from the river, capped with seams of basalt.—p. 54.

"Oct. 9.—The country becomes broken, and the valley narrows into a canon which sweeps at the base of Fra Cristobal mountain, making it necessary to rise to the table land on the West side, which we found traversed by deep arroyos, crowned on their summits by basalt.—p. 54.

"The road was unbroken, obstructed by bushes, and so bad that the wagons made only 11½ miles, and the teams came into camp, *blown* and staggering, after their day's work.—Expecting nothing better ahead, it was determined to leave the wagons and send back for pack-saddles.

"For the last night or two, it has been unusually cold, the thermometer ranging from 25 to 32°; but during the day it mounts up to 75 and 80: Lat. 33. 20 20.—p. 55.

"Oct. 15.—After traveling 3 miles and a half, we turned from the Del Norte and took final leave of it—altitude 4,810 feet. Capt. Cook left this route and went further South as far as lat. 31½° then Northwest.

"Oct. 16.—We commanded the approach to the Membres Mountains, over a beautiful rolling country. The soil in the valley, and to the hill tops, of the best quality—nothing but rain is required to make this part of the country inhabitable. (Cacti prevailed).—p. 57.

"Oct. 18.—Succession of hills and vallies, covered with cedar live oak, and some long leaf pines. Elevation 6,167.—p. 58.

"Oct. 19.—The country passed over in the first part of the day was beautiful in the extreme. A succession of high rolling hills, with mountains in the distance. The soil rich and waving with grama. The latter part was more barren, and covered with artemisias.—p. 59.

"We wended our way through the narrow valley of Night Creek. On each side were huge stone buttes, shooting up into the skies. At one place we were compelled to mount one of these spurs almost

perpendicularly. This gave us an opportunity of seeing what a mule could do.—p. 61.

"Oct. 21.—After going a few miles, crossing and recrossing the river a dozen times, it was necessary to leave its bed and avoid a canon. This led us over a very broken country, traversed by huge dykes of trap and walls of basalt.

"The earth in the river bed, where it was not paved with the fragments of rocks, was loose, resembling volcanic dust, making it unsafe to ride out of the beaten track. A mule would sometimes sink to his knee. This was a hard day on the animals; the steep ascents and descents shifting the packs and cutting them dreadfully. The howitzers did not reach the camp.—p. 62.

"Oct. 23. Last night the heavens became overcast, the air damp, and we expected for the first time since leaving Santa Fe (a month to-morrow) to have a sprinkle of rain; but at 9 this morning the clouds had all been cleared away.

"The changes of temperature are very great, owing to the distance from the influence of large masses of water, and if they were accompanied with corresponding changes in humidity, they would be insupportable. Last night we went to bed with the thermometer at 70°, and awakened in the morning, shivering; the thermometer marking 25°.

"The table land, 150 feet above the river, was covered so thick with large paving pebbles, as to make it difficult to get a smooth place to lie upon. The growth of to-day and yesterday, on the hills and in the valley of the Gila, very much resembles that on the del Norte, the only exceptions being a few new and beautiful varieties of the cactus.

"After leaving our last night's camp for a mile, the general appearance, width of the country and soil, much resembles the most fertile parts of that river. This, so far, has decidedly the best soil, and the fall of the river being greater, makes it more easy to irrigate.—p. 63.

"Oct. 25. The general character of the country is much the same as before represented: but before camp, it broke into irregular and fantastic looking mountains.—p. 64.

"Oct. 26. The whole way was a succession of steep ascents and descents, paved with sharp angular fragments of basalt and trap. The metallic clink of spurs, and the rattling of the mule's shoes, the high black peaks, the dark ravines, and the unearthly looking cactus, which stuck out from the rocks—all favored the idea that we were now treading on the verge of the regions below. This day's journey cost us some ten or fifteen mules. Long and anxious was my study of these mountains, to ascertain their general form and direction. Wherever the eye wandered huge mountains were seen, of black, volcanic appearance.—p. 66.

"Oct. 27. Vegetation generally was very scarce. This is the first camp since leaving the del Norte, in which we have not found good grass.—p. 67.

"Oct. 29. The dust was knee deep in the rear of the trail; the soil appeared good, but for whole acres not the sign of vegetation was to be seen.—p. 68.

"The whole plain from three to six miles wide, is within the level of the Gila, and might easily be irigated, so it no doubt was by the former tenants of these ruined houses.

"Nov. 1. No alternative seemed to offer but to pursue Carson's old trail 60 miles over a rough country without water, and two if not three days journey. We followed the Gila river 6 or 7 miles, when it became necessary to leave it, how long was uncertain. The ascent was very rapid, the hills steep, &c.—p. 71.

"Nov. 2. The thermometer at daylight 25.—p. 72.

"Nov. 4. Geological formation on this slope of the Pinon Lano Mountains: 1st. conglomerate of sand stone and pebbles: then red sandstone in layers a foot thick: then granite, very coarse. The depth of the two first was many hundred feet, and in many cases its stratification much deranged. Many large masses of sandstone, with their seams of vitrified qnartz.

Although we had no rain except at Mount Graham, where we had a shower which barely sufficed to allay the dust, yet the whole face of the country bears marks of rains and running water.—p. 74.

"Nov. 5. The howitzers did not reach camp last night, yet the grass was so bad, and our beds on the round pebbles, every where covering the surface of the ground, so uncomfortable, it was determined to move camp.—p. 75.

"Nov. 5. The range of monntains traversed today is the same as we have been in for some days.—p. 75.

"Since the 1st Nov. we have been traversing with incredible labor, and great expenditure of mule power, the strong hold of these mountain robbers, having no other object in view than making our distance Westward; yet here we are at this camp only five seconds of time West of camp 89.—p. 76.

"Our camp was on a flat sandy plain of small extent, at the mouth of a dry creek.—p. 78.

"Nov. 8. The whole day's journey was through a canon, and the river was crossed 12 or 15 times. The sand was deep, and occasionally the trail much obstructed by pebbles of paving stone.

"The latitude of this camp, which is within a mile of the spot where we take leave of the mountains, is 33° 05.44, long. 111° 13.10; height of the river above the sea, 1751 feet. Capt. Cook comes on to the same route near this point.—p. 79.

"The Gila at this point, released from its mountain barrier, flows off quietly at the rate of three miles an hour into a wide plain, which extends South almost as far as the eye can reach. More than four-fifths of the plain was destitute of vegetation; the soil a light brown, loose, sandy earth. I supposed it contained something deleterious to vegetation.—p. 80.

"The soil was moist, and whenever the foot pressed the ground, the salts of the earth effloresced, and gave it the appearance of being covered with frost. In this way the numberless tracks of horses and other animals, which had at times traversed the plains, were indelible, and could be traced for great distances by the eye, in long white seams.

"In overcoming one set of difficulties, we were now to encounter another. In leaving the mountains, we were informed that we bade adieu to grass, and our mules must henceforward subsist on willow, cotton wood, and the long green ephedra.—p. 81,

"Nov. 12. Looking from our camp North, 30' West, you see a great plain, with mountains rising in the distance on each side. This prospect has induced some travelers to venture from here in a direct line to Monterey, in California, but there is neither grass nor water on that passage, and thirst and distress overcame, undoubtedly, those who attempted it.—p. 85.

"Nov. 13. At 12 o'clock, after giving our horses a last watering, we started off in a South Western direction. We traveled till long after dark, and dropped down in a dust hole near two large green barked acacias. There was not a sprig of grass, or a drop of water, and during the whole night the mules kept up a piteous cry for both.—p. 88.

"We marched on briskly to the Gila, 40 miles from our camp of yesterday.

"Nov. 15. In the morning the General found the mules so much worsted by the 45 miles journey, without water or food, that he determined to remain for the day.

"From information collected from the Indians and others, it appears that we shall meet with no more grass from this to the settlements, estimated 300 miles distant.—p. 88.

"Nov. 16. We descended into the wood valley of the Gila, skirted on the South side of the table land, black with basalt pebbles. The hills on the North side were of red and grey rocks, probably granite.—p. 91.

"Nov. 17. The route to-day over a country much the same as that described. Whenever we mounted to the table lands to cut off a bend in the river, we found them dreary beyond description, covered with blocks of basalt, with a few intervals of dwarf growth of lanea. We encamped down in one of the deserted beds of the Gila, where the ground was cracked and drawn into blisters. The night was cold. Thermometer at 6 A. M., 20°, lat 32-55.52, lon. 113-25.25.

"Nov. 18. High wind all day from the North West, showing that there was still a barrier of snow clad mountains between us and Monterey, which we must turn or scale.

"Mounted the table land, and at 12½ o'clock stopped to graze our horses at a little patch of dried spear grass. Leaving this, the ground, as far as the eye could reach, was strewed with the black, shining well rounded pebbles.

"At this point, which is about six miles below our camp of this date, the Gila and Colorado must be near together. The hills and mountains appeared to be entirely destitute of vegetation, and on the plains could be seen only at long intervals, a few stunted tufts of lama Mexicana and wild wormwood.—p. 92.

"Nov. 20. The table lands were of sand, and the bottom of the river constantly received deposits from them.—p. 93.

"Nov. 21. The plains are now almost entirely of sand, and composed of sandy and calcareous loom, with iron pyrites and common salt.

"Nov. 22. The day was warm, the dust oppressive, and the march, 22 miles, very long for our jaded and ill fed brutes. The General's horse gave out.

"Nov. 23. We did not move camp to-day, in order to make a refit from last night's capture, and gave our mules an opportunity to take what little grass they could before taking the desert of 90 miles, which lies on the other side of the Colorado, and between us and water.—p. 95.

"Visit the junction of the Gila and Colorado, due North from the camp 1½ miles distant. The day was stormy, wind blowing fiercely from the North.—We mounted a butte of feldspatic granite, and looking 25° East of North, the course of the Colorado was tracked by clouds of flying sand.

"Francisco informs me that the Colorado, seven days travel up from the butte continues pretty much as we saw it.—p. 96.

"Nov 24. The country from the Arkansas to this point, more than 1200 miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must for ever stamp itself upon the population which inhabit it.—All of North Mexico, embracing new Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and the Californias, as far North as the Sacramento, are, as far as the best information goes, the same in the physical character of its surface, and differ but little in climate and products.

"In no part of this vast tract can the rains from Heaven be relied upon to any extent for the cultivation of soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever. A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated sometimes by plains, and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation; and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part, in the sustenance of animal life.

"The cultivation of the earth is therefore confined to these narrow strips of land which are within the level of the waters of the streams, and where practised in a community with any success or to any extent, involves a degree of subordination and absolute obedience to a chief, repugnant to the habits of our people.

The chief who directs the time and the quantity of the precious irrigating water, must be implicitly obeyed by the whole community. A departure from his orders, by the waste of water or unjust distribution of it, or neglect to make the proper embankments, may endanger the means of subsistence of many people. He must therefore be armed with power to punish promptly and immediately.

"The profits of labor are too inadequate for the existence of negro slavery. Slavery as practised by the Mexicans under the form of peonage, which enables their masters to get the services of the adult while in the prime of life, without the obligation of rearing him in infancy, supporting him in old age or maintaining his family, affords no data for estimating the profits of slave labor as it exists in the United States.

"I made many inquiries as to the character of the vast region of country embraced in the triangle formed by the Colorado of the West, the Del Norte, and the Gila. From all that I could learn, the country does not differ materially in physical character from New Mexico, except perhaps being less denuded of soil and vegetation. The sources of the Salinas, the San Francisco, Azul, San Caelas, and Prierte, tributaries of the Gila, take their rise in it. About their head waters and occasionally along these courses are presented sections of land capable of irrigation.

"The whole extent except on the margin of streams, is said to be destitute of forest trees.

"Departing from the ford of the Colorado in the direction of Sonora, there is a fearful desert to encounter. All accounts concur in representing the journey as one of extreme hardships, and even peril—distance represented at from 4 to 7 days journey.—p. 98.

"Nov. 25.—After crossing the Colorado we ascended the river ¼ of a mile, when we encountered an immense sand drift. The great high way between Sonora and California lies along the foot of this drift which is continually but slowly encroaching down t[he] valley.

"Nov. 26.—The dawn of day found every man on horseback, with a bunch of grass from the Colorado tied to his saddle. After getting underway, the keen air 26° Farenheit, made it comfortable to walk—we were now fairly on the desert.—p. 100.

"The desert over which we had passed, ninety miles from water to water, is an immense triangular plain, bounded on one side by the Colorado, on the West by the Cordilleras of California, the coast-chain of mountains which now encircles us, extending from the Sacramento river to the Southern extremity of California, and on the Northeast by a chain of mountains running Southeast and Northwest. It is chiefly covered with floating sand, the surface of which in various places is white, with diminutive spinelas.—p. 102.

"I have noticed the only two patches of grass found during the "jornada."

"The Southern termination of this desert is bounded by the Tecate chain of mountains and, the Colorado; but its Northern and Eastern boundaries are undefined, and I should suppose from the accounts of trappers and others who have attempted the passage from California to the Gila by a more Northern route, that it extends many days travel beyond the chain of barren mountains which bound the horizon in that direction.

The portal to the mountain through which we passed, was formed by immense buttes of yellow clay and sand, and large flakes of mica and seams of gypsum. Nothing could be more forlorn and desolate.—p. 103.

"Nov. 29, The day was intensly hot, and the sand deep. The animals inflated with water and rushes gave way by scores.

"Nov. 30. We ascended the valley now destitute of both grass and water, to its termination, and then descended to the deserted Indian village of San Philippe. The mountains on either side are lofty, supposed 3000 to 5000 feet high.

About 9 miles from the camp, we passed the summit which is said to divide the waters flowing into the Colorado from those flowing into the Pacific, but I think it is a mistake.—p. 104.

"We are still to look for the glowing pictures drawn of California. As yet, barrenness and desolation hold their reign.

"Dec. 2 and 3. We commenced to ascend another "divide"—leaving the valley, we ascended the hills to the North—our progress was slow and painful. Descended and visited Indian huts; inmates in great poverty. Thermometer 30°; had no fires, and no covering but sheep skins.—p. 105.

"Dec. 4. The appearance of desolation which the rancheria presents, is little calculated to impress us with favorable notions of the agricultural resources of this part of California. The land in the narrow valley is good, but surrounded every where by high barren mountains, and where the land is good, the seasons are two dry for men to attempt cultivation without facilities for irrigation.—p. 107.

"Dec. 5. Received dispatch from San Diego. It was long after night when we halted, and though there may have been plenty of grass, we could not find it. What we did see of the country during the day, did not impress us favorably as to its fertility.

"Dec. 11. Our road leading through a rolling country, of light black soil, destitute of trees, and without water.—p. 112.

"Dec. 12. At San Diego. The Bay is a narrow arm of the sea, indenting the land some four or five miles, easily defended, and having 20 feet water at low tide. The rise is said to be five feet, making the greatest water 25 feet.

"The Rio San Diego runs under ground. Its original debouch was into False Bay, where, meeting the waters rolling in from seaward, a bar was formed by the deposit of sand, making the entrance of False Bay impracticable.

Well grounded fears are entertained that the immense quantity of sand discharged by this river will materially injure, if it does not destroy the harbor of San Diego; but this evil could be arrested at slight cost, compared with the object to be obtained. However, the commercial metropolis must be at St. Francisco, owing to the greater extent and superiority of the country adjacent.—p. 113.

"Vessels may ride at anchor in the harbor perfectly land-locked, but in very heavy southerly gales some inconvenience may be felt by those not provi-

with good ground tackle, from the immense volumes of kelp driven into the harbor."—p. 115.

The following observations were made after he (Major Emory) was separated from his assistants, and instruments; his mind being, as he says, "engrossed with other subjects. The information is therefore less precise than that contained in other parts of my journal."—p. 24.

"The region extending from the Gulf of California to the parallel of the Pueblo, or Ciudad des los Angeles, is the only portion not heretofore covered by my own notes and journals or by the notes and journals of other scientific expeditions fitted out by the U. States.

"From this remark is to be excepted the vast basin created by the Colorado, and the country lying between that river and the range of the Cordilleras, represented as running East of the Tulare lakes and South of the parallel of 36 °, and the country between the Colorado and Gila rivers.

Of these regions nothing is known except from the reports of trappers and speculations of geologists.—As far as these accounts go, all concur in representing it as a waste of sand and rock, unadorned with vegetation, poorly watered, and unfit, it is believed, for any of the useful purposes of life. A glance at the map will show what an immense area is embraced in these boundaries.

"Alta California, between the parallels of 31 ° and 34 ° of latitude, presents to the Eastern man, accustomed to navigable rivers and broad estuaries of the ocean, topographical features of a very unusual character.

"Two chains of mountains traverse the country in a direction nearly parallel to the sea coast, converging towards each other, and unite near the parallel of 32 °,—and form the promontory of Lower California.

The second or principal range lies at no great distance from the first, and the valley between offers some arable land. The distance between the first range and the sea coast-varies from one to twenty or thirty miles. The surface covered with vegetation is difficult to estimate, and perhaps it is unimportant that an estimate should be made, since the productiveness of those regions depend on other considerations than smoothness of surface and character of soil. The rains cannot be depended upon, and the tiller of the earth depends upon irrigation from the mountain streams for his crops. The extent of ground capable of tillage is thus reduced to very narrow limits, easy of computation. A knowledge of the water courses, their fall, volume and extent, and the quantity of land on their margin, within the level of these waters, are the data on which to base the computation.

Taking this as a guide, an inspection of the accompanying map will give a general idea of the extent of arable land, sufficiently correct for all practical purposes; but in candor it should be said that many streams laid down in it disappear in the sand, while the rocky cliffs, forming the banks of others, render irrigation impracticable. The scale upon which the map is projected is too small to represent these accidents of the ground.

"Where irrigation can be had in this country, the produce of the soil is abundant beyond description. All the grains and fruits of temperate zones, and many of those of the tropical, flourish luxuriantly."—p. 125.

The Western line of Arkansas and Missouri, extends to 94½ ° West longitude, and the region of poor lands without rains, commences at 98 ° longitude. This intermediate space is occupied by the removed Indians. A route through Arkansas or Missouri, except to run North or to the general route to Santa Fe, would be impracticable. For a part of the year the streams flood the country, and no considerable amount of land applicable to the work. Therefore here are no lands, even on the first part of the route; and when we reach the Rio del Norte, we find the quantity of land suitable to sustain population even by irrigation, very small indeed; and that too already occupied, perhaps nearly to its full capacity.

The elevations of this route were taken by Lieut. Emory daily, and often several times in a day, commencing on the Kansas river, 850 feet above the sea, and running up to 7754 feet, where they crossed "the Raton," Aug. 7th, 9 days before their arrival at Santa Fe, over a variety of surface. Elevation of Santa Fe 6846 feet. Then in 19 days over a variety of surface, descend to 4138 feet, and in five days up to 6167 feet. The next day down to 4587 feet, and thus varying up and down to the Colorado, 176 feet above the sea. Thence between that and the Pacific over a "pass" 3050 feet, then immediately down to the ocean,

Making, on July 20,	29	miles, to av.	33	ft. per	mile.
" Aug. 5 to 7,	30	" "	53½	"	
" " 7,	7	" "	83½	"	
" " 9,	47	" "	35	"	
" Sept 21,	40	" "	49½	"	
" " 29,	46	" "	44½	"	
" Oct. 17,	38	" "	33	"	
" " 20,	8	" "	225	"	
" Nov. 1,	10	" "	220	"	
" " 6,	38	" "	43	"	
From the Colorado to the ocean					
" Dec. 1,	15	" "	141½	"	
" " 6,	10	" "	233½	"	

Lieut. Emory makes the distance from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego.....1916 miles.
Col. Cook's bend to the South, before the Colorado, gave a better route, but must have increased the distance at least ..... 150 miles.

Making.....2066 miles.
Now the distance from San Diego to Shanghai would be full 1000 miles more than from Puget Sound to the same place.....1000

3066

Now Memphis is 4 deg. 32 min. east of Fort Leavenworth, and as from the topography of the country, a route from Memphis must run north-west until it would strike the Fort Leavenworth route to Santa Fe, the distance would therefore be greater than from Fort Leavenworth.

From the maps published by order of the Senate, arranged from Col. Fremont's Report, by Mr. Pruess, it appears that the distance from Westport, Missouri, (about half a degree East of Fort Leavenworth) to Wallah Wallah, on the Columbia, is, via the "South Pass," and the route of emigrants, but .....1670 miles
On a line from Wallah Wallah to Puget Sound, is not over 120 miles, but a good route may be had at less than..... 200

1870 miles

The route from the South Pass to Wallah Wallah would be considerable shorter, by following the Salmon River, which entirely turns the mountains. It is not now practicable for wagons, but is practicable for a railroad at low grades. Lake Michigan is but 6½ ° East of Westport; therefore, on a line from the Lake to the Pass, only about 300 miles would be added, with a far more feasible route than the other, and the lands, adequate to furnish the means for the work.

Col. Fremont, in his memoir to the Senate, represents that there is in the Sacramento valley, 50 to 60 miles wide by about 500 long of the very best land,—the Northern part producing wheat and other grains without irrigation. He also represents a considerable extent of bottom land, on a river in the "great basin." This, then, is *all* of the immense territory which, in the opinion of many, now threatens to divide our glorious Union. Col. Fremont says there is a good route for a railroad from the "South Pass" to San Francisco, with a country suitable to sustain population on nearly the entire route. As California is, without a direct railroad communication, it can be of no use to us, and all we expend upon it, or Oregon, is but fostering and rearing, with a hot-bed force, a rival to compete with us for the commerce of all the world; and in time entirely supplant and control us.

Take California, with all Oregon below and above 49 °, Vancouver's Island, and other islands, together an immense agricultural country, with the best climate in the world, with all its advantages for a manufacturing population, with its fisheries—more extensive and valuable than all the world beside—a cod fishery extending to the entire coast of Japan and China; and then its position, fronting all Asia with a population of 700 millions,—and will not such advantages soon draw the enterprise, capital, and surplus population of the world to it? And of what benefit is it all to us, without the means of a direct communication? We cannot buy their products because we have the same for sale, and must

both seek the same markets. No exchanges can take place between us. They must and will command the markets of all Asia,—a commerce entirely their own. They can exchange many of their products with Europe, but we can take nothing from them, and they cannot benefit by the connexion. Differing from our interior wilderness, the settlers in which must go through or from our old States, their products must come to us for a market. We exchange and receive the benefits of their labors. But Oregon and California must send everything from us, and to compete with us. Nothing can come to us, and we get no benefit from their labor. Even the whale fishing (a now very important branch of our commerce) must and will, (so soon as we establish and sustain laws with force to render persons and property safe,) be transferred there altogether. The vessels can enter at Vancouver's Island, and the oil be sent to England. And would the people of Oregon and California pay 30 per cent duty on imports, to go to a foreign government from which they could receive no benefit?

I am not mistaken in my views, and every man of reflection who will examine must see as I do.

Without a Railroad to connect us directly together, by which the commerce and intercourse of Europe with Asia could be drawn across our continent, so that we might participate in each other's local position and advantages, we can neither receive any benefit from each other, but our interests will be separate, distinct, and conflicting.

I am not mistaken; all Europe is tumbling to pieces, groaning under a load which cannot be borne. The enterprise and surplus population must go somewhere—and where but to this continent? And where such a field as Oregon and California? Nor is it idle to fear that *all* of England's power may be there transferred under a free government. Commerce and civilization have always traveled West together; and when to the Pacific coast, the globe will have been encircled, and all controlled. It is now all ours, within our grasp, and shall we throw it from us forever?

Truly yours,

A. WHITNEY.

Messrs. Hale & Hallock.

New York, Sept. 12, 1848.

Colonization of Vancouver's Island.—It is probable that the effect of the discussion in the British House of Commons, and of the opposition of some of the most influential public journals, will be to deter the British government from carrying out its foregone determination of granting the territory of Vancouver's Island to the Hudson's Bay Company, with the intent, as expressed in the grant, that the Company shall establish on the Island settlements of resident colonists from Great Britain or its dominions, and shall dispose of the land there as may be necessary for the purpose of promoting settlements.

Vancouver's Island, as is well known, extends along the front, on the Pacific Ocean, of that portion of the Oregon Territory, which, with the Island itself, fell to the lot of Great Britain, under the Treaty of Washington entered into between the United States and Great Britain, the 15th of June, 1846. The area of the Island is about 12,600 square miles—nearly three times that of the State of Connecticut. Its importance results from its position, within eighteen days steaming of China, and much nearer the fishing ground than California, whence it has already been resorted to by American whale ships, and would soon become a convenient depot for the whale fishery; from its coast indented with bays and inlets, affording safe anchorage, wherein it has greatly the advantage over the mouth of the Columbia River, which is much obstructed by bars; and from its great fitness for agriculture, possessing a fertile soil and a mild and pleasant climate. In respect to this latter attribute the statements are somewhat conflicting. But the report of Mr. Douglass, a public officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, affirms that more than two-thirds of the surface of the Island is prairie land, and the residue covered with valuable oak, and the finest timber, furnishing spars of excellent quality; that the climate is remarkably fine, and that the soil will produce abundantly every kind of grain raised in England. And Sir George Simpson, writing in 1844, commends the country and climate in similar terms, declaring the soil to be fit for agriculture and the rearing of domestic cattle, and the Island better calculated for a depot for trade than any place in its neighborhood. The evidence therefore seems decidedly to preponderate in favor of its capabilities and prospective value as a commercial and agricultural settlement, while its local position with reference to China, Australia, New Zealand, and other important places, renders its possession a matter of political consequence. It has also valuable coal fields, covering fifty square miles, in which the coal at intervals is visible on the surface, and can be raised at small cost. Its situation, its harbors, and its chief ascertained production, therefore, point it out as a proper point of departure for steam communication with China. "If ever the North Pacific," says the London Times, "is indeed to become a Mediterranean, here will be its Tyre."

The objections urged against committing the charge of colonizing the Island to the Hudson's Bay Company, have reference to the constitution and policy of that body and its alleged despotic exercise of power, as well as to the importance of the territory, and the difficulties incident to resuming possession of it at the expiration of the Company's charter in 1859, the option of which the proposed grant secures to the government, on refunding the money expended in the Island and in furtherance of the purposes of the grant. For nearly two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company have exercised an unquestioned supremacy, extending practically, it is alleged, to the power of life and death, over a territory as large as Europe, reaching from our Northern frontier to the Arctic Circle, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, comprehending the whole of British North America, except the Canadas, the lands about the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and British Oregon, all of which Great Britain has acquired since the incorporation of the Company in 1670. In that year the Company was organized under a charter obtained from Charles II., granting to it a monopoly of trade with the Indians within the limits above-mentioned, on condition that it should present two elks or beavers to the Sovereign of Great Britain whenever he might think proper to visit that portion of his dominions. In 1690, Parliament confirmed the Company's powers for seven years, but for some unexplained reason refused to renew the confirmation in 1697, and from that time to this the Company has acted without parliamentary sanction. It is alleged that it has cautiously avoided subjecting its title to the decision of a Court of Law; and the power of the Crown to confer exclusive privileges of trading, without the consent of Parliament, is denied by the highest legal authority. However this may be, it is quite certain that the objects and interests of the Hudson's Bay Company are directly at variance with projects of settlement and colonization, and that it has every motive to prevent the establishment of a prosperous colony within its bounds. It is a company vested with the exclusive privilege of conducting the fur trade. The field adapted to its operations is a desert—not a country reclaimed and cultivated. It requires the cultivation of but few spots, remote from each other, to provide sub-

sistence for parties engaged in obtaining furs.—As regards the native inhabitants, it is the object of the company to prevent them from rising above the condition of hunters, to use the arts and habits of civilized life. The practice of the company is said to have been in correspondence with these views of its policy. A portion of its servants consist of young men from the Orkneys, employed for five years at seventeen pounds per annum wages, out of which, according to Capt. Wilkes of the United States Exploring Expedition, they have to buy clothing at eighty per cent advance on English prices, together with a considerable portion of their food. At the expiration of their term of service they have a claim on the company to be sent back; but they more frequently remain under the same engagement, bound perchance by domestic ties to a rude hut on the banks of the Saskatchawan, whence with an Indian bride they watch the sports of their young barbarians,—or more probably held in the enthralment of debt, which they have no other means of paying than by service. If they remain to cultivate the soil, they hold it by a tenure which keeps them in a state of vassalage to the company. The land is leased to them for a thousand years at a pepper corn rent, on payment of 12s. 6d. sterling, or rather more than three dollars, per acre,—considerably exceeding twice the price at which wild lands are sold in fee in the Western States of this Union. But this extravagant price is not the only consideration extorted by the monopolists. The purchaser is compelled to the surrender of his constitutional liberties, as the condition of holding land under the company. His title deed contains a stipulation providing for the forfeiture of the property, in the event of his refusal either to acquiesce in the exclusive trading privileges of the company, or to submit to the rules and regulations they shall make, and the taxation they shall impose. In the course of the discussion, Mr. Gladstone stated that, although the company had divided seventy per cent. during the greater part of half a century, on a capital nine times augmented, it had never erected a single place of worship, and had discouraged, as far as possible, those missionaries who had attempted to propagate religion within its territories. Confirmed by unexampled success in the policy thus carried out,—a policy so decidedly inimical to colonization,—the inference was unavoidable, that the company sought the trust of colonizing the Island with a view to keep it out of other hands, and so to manage it as to prevent its rapid settlement.

Extraordinary Mechanic.

In the town of Alyth, in Scotland, there lately lived a man of much provincial celebrity, of the name of James Sandy. The originality and eccentricity of character which distinguished this remarkable person, have been rarely surpassed. Deprived at an early age of the use of his legs, he contrived by dint of ingenuity not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived as a workshop for his operations a sort of circular bed, the side of which being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning lathes, tables, vices, and tools of all kinds.

His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning, and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than their execution. He excelled, too, in constructing optical instruments, and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those furnished by the most eminent London arrists. He suggested some improvements in the machinery for spinning flax, and, we believe, he was the first who made the wooden joined snuff boxes, generally called kirk boxes, some of which fabricated by this self taught artist, were purchased and sent as presents to the royal family. To his other knowledge he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both these arts produced specimens of the highest excellence.

For upwards of two years he quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. His curiosity, which was unbounded, prompted him to hatch different kind of bird's eggs by the natural warmth of his body, and he afterwards raised the motley brood with all the tenderness of a parent; so that on visiting him, it was not uncommon thing to see various singing birds, to which he may be said to have given birth, perched on his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them. Naturally possessed of a good constitution and an active mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs of both church and state were discussed with the utmost freedom.

In consequence of long confinement, his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, and would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, particularly when surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired, by his ingenuity and industry, an honorable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. He married about three weeks before his death. From this brief history of James Sandy, we may learn this very instructive lesson—that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance, and that genius, although it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves, will seldom fail, unless by his own fault, to secure competency and respectability.

The Chevaliers d'Industrie of Mexico excel in shrewdness, it would seem, those of China, or of any other country. Brantz Mayer, Esq. late our Secretary of Legation at Mexico, in a lecture at Baltimore, recently related the following anecdote:

"A worthy judge of one of the Mexican courts, one morning entering the edifice to take his seat on the bench was about to refer to his gold watch, when he discovered it was not in his pocket. 'Ah! as usual,' he remarked aloud to a friend' 'I have left my watch under my pillow,' and proceeded forthwith to the discharge of the duties of the day; these concluded, he returned home to dinner, which being also despatched he thought of his watch, and asked his wife to send for it. 'Send for it,' said she with no little surprise, 'why, have you not got it, my dear?' 'No my dear, indeed I have not.' 'Well that is exceedingly strange, I sent it to you three hours ago.'

'Sent it to me and by whom?' 'Why, about an hour after your were gone this morning, a genteel dressed man came to the house accompanied by a boy bearing a splendid turkey, which he said you had bought of an Indian on your way to court, and had requested him to see it delivered at the house, with a request that I should have it picked and put away to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges home with you to dinner to-morrow—he then added that you had left your watch under your pillow, and had desired him to obtain it from me for the purpose of carrying it to you.'

Of course the vexation and annoyance of the worthy judge will be easily understood; it was however, soothed by an hour's reflection upon the rascal's ingenuity, and his cogitations had also led him to improve the fellow's hint, and invite his brothers of the bench to dinner on the following day. Accordingly the next morning, he ordered the turkey to be cooked for dinner, and on the adjournment of

the court having related to the associated judges the costly trick of the preceding day, returned home with them to enjoy the turkey, which had been so dearly bought.

But what was his surprise to find dinner prepared, and no turkey to grace the board. 'Where is the turkey, my dear?" be quietly inquired of his worthy lady. 'The turkey,' she exclaimed—'what, haven't you seen it at court?" 'At court,' my dear —why, what should the turkey be doing at court?' 'Is it possible,' she exclaimed, 'that I have again been duped by a villain!—'How now?' said the Judge.

"Why after you were gone a couple of hours this morning, a pale faced young man with a shabby genteel dress came to the door and stated that he was a clerk of the court, congratulated me on the recovery of your gold watch, and added that the thief who had so villainously duped you had been arrested, and was now in court undergoing an examination—that the chain of evidence was complete against him, with the exception of the actual presence of the turkey, which he had been despatched to bring into court—and I gave it to him!"

Charming poetry here, from the most charming of American poems—Mrs. Seba Smith's "SINLESS CHILD:"

FLOWERS.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!

They trembled on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer!

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

No inward pang, no yearning love,
Is lost to human hearts,
No anguish that the spirit feels,
When bright-winged hope departs;
Though in the mystery of life
Discordant powers prevail;
That life itself be weariness,
And sympathy may fail:
Yet all becomes a discipline,
To lure us to the sky,
And angels bear the good it brings,
With fostering care on high;
Though others, weary of the watch,
May sink to toil-spent sleep,
And we are left in solitude
And agony to weep:
Yet they, with ministering zeal,
The cup of healing bring,
And bear our love and gratitude
Away, on heavenward wing;
And thus the inner life is wrought,
The blending earth and heaven,
The more earnest in its glow,
When much has been forgiven.

A Passage in the Life of a Maitre D'Armes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Adieu! Adieu!" The whip cracked; the wheels rattled over the pavement. We were off to Siberia. On we went, day and night. Pokrow, Valdimir, Nijni Novogorod, Casan. "*Pascare! Pascare!!*" Quicker! Quicker! was Ivan's cry to each new postilion. The snow had not yet begun to fall, and he was anxious, if possible, to cross the Ural mountains before it set in. The immense plains between Moscow and Perm were traversed with tremendous rapidity. On reaching the latter place, Louise was so much exhausted that I told Ivan we must halt one night. He hesitated a moment, then looking at the sky, which was dark and lowering, "It will be as well," said he; we "must soon have snow, and it is better that it should fall before than during our journey." The next morning his prediction was verified. There were two feet of snow in the streets of Perm.

Ivan now wished to remain till the cold increased, so that the snow might become hard, and the rivers frozen. But all his arguments could induce Louise to wait only two days. On the third morning we set off, leaving our carriage, and packed into a sort of small vehicle without springs, called a *telegue*.

On reaching the foot of the Ural mountains, the cold had so much increased that it became advisable to substitute a sledge for our wheels. We stopped at a miserable village, composed of a score of hovels, in order to effect this exchange, and entered a wretched hut, which did duty both as posting-house and as the only inn in the place. Eight or nine men, carriers by trade, were crowded round a large fire, lighted in the centre of the room, and the smoke of which found a vent through a hole in the roof. They paid no attention to our entrance; but when I had taken off my cloak, my uniform at once obtained for us the best place at the hearth. The landlord of this wretched hostelry met my inquiries about supper with a stare of astonishment, and offered me a huge loaf of hard black bread as the whole contents of his larder. Ivan, however, presently appeared, having managed to forage out a couple of fowls, which, in an inconceivably short space of time, were plucked, and one of them simmering in an iron pot over the fire, while the other hung suspended by a string in front of the blaze. Supper over, we wrapped ourselves in our furs and lay down upon the floor, beds in such a place being of course out of the question.

Before daybreak, I awoke, and found Ivan and the carriers already afoot, and in consultation as to the practicability of continuing our journey. The question was at last decided in favor of the march; the wagoners hastened to harness their horses, and I went to inspect our carriage, which the village blacksmith had taken off its wheels and mounted upon a sledge. Ivan meantime was foraging for provisions, and shortly returned with a ham, some tolerable bread, and half a dozen bottles of a sort of reddish brandy, made, I believe, out of the bark of the birch tree.

At length all was ready, and off we set, our sledge going first, followed by the carriers' wagons. Our new companions, according to a custom existing among them, had chosen one of their number as a chief, whose experience and judgment were to direct the movements of the party, and whose orders were to be obeyed in all things. Their choice had fallen on a man named George, whose age I should have guessed to be fifty, but who, I learned with astonishment, was upwards of seventy years old.—He was a powerful and muscular man, with black piercing eyes, overhung by thick shaggy eyebrows, which, as well as his long beard, were of an iron gray. His dress consisted of a woollen shirt and trowsers, a fur cap, and a sheepskin with the wool turned inside. To the leathern belt round his waist were suspended two or three horse-shoes, a metal fork and spoon, a long bladed knife, a small hatchet, and a sort of wallet, in which he carried pipe, tobacco, flint, steel, nails, money, and a variety of other things useful or necessary in this mode of life. The garb and equipment of the other carriers were, with some small differences, the same.

The first day's journey passed without accident. Our march was slow and even dangerous, all trace of the road being obliterated, and we were obliged to feel our way, as it were, by sending men forward with long pikes to sound the depth of snow before us. At nightfall, however, we found ourselves in safety on a short platform surmounted by a few pine trees. Here we established our bivouac. Branches were cut, and a sort of hut built; and with the aid of enormous fires, the night passed in greater comfort than might have been expected on a mountainside, and with snow many feet deep around us.

At daybreak we were again in movement. Our difficulties increased as we ascended the mountain: the snow lay in prodigious masses, and more than once we were delayed by having to rescue one or other of our advanced guard from some hole or ra-

vine into which he had fallen. No serious accident however, occurred, and we had at length the satisfaction of finding ourselves descending. We had p sed the highest point of the road.

We had been going downhill for some three hours the way zigzag among the rocks and precipices, when suddenly we were startled by a loud cracking followed by a noise that resembled a clap of thunder repeated by many echoes. At the same moment a sort of whirlwind swept by us, and the air was darkened by a cloud of snow-dust. "An avalanche!" cried George, stopping his wagon. Everybody halted. In another instant the noise ceased, the air became clear, and the avalanche continued its downward course, breaking as it passed, a couple of gigantic pines that grew apon a rock, some five hundred feet below us. The carriers gave a hurra of joy at their escape, nor was it without reason. Had we been only half a verst further on the road our journey had been at an end.

The avalanche had not passed however, without doing us some harm, for, on reaching the part of the road over which it had swept, we found it blocked up by a wall of snow thirty feet thick and of great height. There were several hours work for all of us to clear it away; but unfortunately for us it was already night fall, and we were obliged to make up our minds to remain where we were till morning.

No wood was to be had either for hut or fire — The want of the latter was most unfortunate; for independently of the cold rendering it very necessary, it was our chief protection against the wolves.— Doing the best we could under such unfavorable circumstances, we drew up the carts in the form of a half circle, of which the two extremities rested against the wall of snow in our rear, and within the sort of fortification thus formed we placed the horses and our sledge. Our arrangments were scarcely completed when it became perfectly dark.

In the absence of fire Louise's supper and mine consisted of dry bread. The carriers,however made a hearty meal on the flesh of a bear they had killed that morning, and which they seemed to consider as good raw as cooked.

I was regretting the want of any description of light in case of an attack from the wolves, when Louise suddenly recollected that Ivan had put the lanterns belonging to the travelling carriage into our *telegue* when we changed horses. On searching I found them under the seat, each furnished with a thick wax taper.

This was, indeed a treasure. We could not hope to scare away the wolves by the light of our two candles; but it would enable us to see them coming, and to give them a proper reception. We tied the lanterns to the top of two poles fixed firmly in the snow, and saw with pleasure that they cast their clear pale light nearly fifty yards around our encampment.

We were ten men in all. Two stood sentry on the carts, while the remainder set to work to pierce through the obstacle left by the avalanche. The snow had already become slightly frozen, so that they were able to cut a passage through it. I joined the working party as being a warmer occupation than standing sentry. For three or four hours we toiled incessantly, and the birch-tree brandy, with which I had provided myself, and which we had carefully economized, was now found most useful in giving strength and courage to the laborers.

It was about eleven o'clock at night when a long howl was heard, which sounded so close and startling that with one accord we suspended our work. At the same moment old George, who was on sentry, called to us. We ran to the wagons and jumped upon them. A dozen enormous wolves were prowling about the outside edge of the bright circle thrown by our lanterns. Fear of the light kept them off; but each moment they were growing bolder, and it was easy to see that they would not be long without attacking us.

I looked to the priming of my carbine and pistols. Ivan was similarly armed; but the carriers had only their pikes, hatchets, and knives. With these weapons, however, they boldly awaited the attack.

Half an hour passed in this state of suspense, the wolves occasionally advancing a pace or two into the circle of light, but always retreating again.— At length one of them approached so near that I asked George if it would not be advisable to reward his temerity with a bullet.

"Yes," was the answer, "if you are certain of hitting him."

"Why must I be certain?"

"Because if you kill him, his companions will amuse themselves with eating him; to be sure," added he to himself, "if once they taste blood they will be mad for more."

"The mark is so good," said I, "I can hardly miss him"

"Fire, then, in God's name!" returned George: "all this must have an end one way or the other."

Before the words were out of his mouth I fired and the wolf writhed in agony on the snow. In an instant half a dozen wolves darted forward, and, seizing their comrade, carried him off in the darkness.

The howlings now increased, and it was evident more wolves were arriving. At length there was a moment's silence.

"Do you hear the horses," said George, "how they neigh and paw? It is a signal for us to be prepared."

"I thought the wolves were gone," replied I; "they have left off howling."

"No, they have finished their repast, and are preparing for an attack. Here they come."

At that moment eight or ten wolves, that in the imperfect flickering light looked as big as jackasses, rushed forward, and instead of endeavoring to pass under the wagons, bounded boldly upon them. By some chance, however, none of them attacked the wagon on which I was posted.

The cart on my right, defended by George, was escaladed by three wolves, one of which was immediately disabled by a thrust of the vigorous old man's pike. A ball from my carbine settled another and seeing George's hatchet raised over the head of the third I knew he wanted no further aid, and looked to see what was going on to my left. Two wolves had attacked the wagon which was defended by one of George's sons, who received the first of his foes with a lance thrust. But apparently no vital part was touched, and the wolf had broken the pike with his teeth, so that for a moment, the man opposed to him had nothing but a pole wherewith to defend himself. The second wolf was scrambling along the cart, and was on the point of attacking him, when I sprang from one wagon to another, and fired one of my pistols into the animal's ear. He fell dead beside his companion, who was rolling in the snow, and making violent efforts to tear the broken lance from his wound.

Meantime Ivan was hard at work, and I heard a carbine or two pistol shots, which told me that our adversaries were as warmly received on the left as on the right of the line. An instant later four wolves again crossed the circle of light, but this time in full retreat; and at the same moment, to our no small astonishment, three others, that we had thought dead or mortally wounded, raised themselves up and followed their companions, leaving large tracks of blood behind them. Three carcasses remained upon the field of battle.

"Load again, and quickly," cried George. "I know their ways; they will be back directly." And the old man pointed with his finger into the darkness. I listened, and heard distant howlings replying to the nearer ones. What we had as yet had was a mere skirmish. The general engagement was to come.

"Look behind you!" cried a voice. I turned and saw two fiery eyes gleaming on the top of the snow wall in our rear. Before I could draw a trigger the wolf gave a leap, and falling upon one of the horses struck his fangs into his throat. Three men left their wagons.

"There is but one wolf," cried George, "and one man is enough. Let the others remain at their posts."

Two of the men resumed their places. The third crept upon his hands and knees among the horses who, in their terror, were kicking and plunging violently, and throwing themselves against the carts by which they were surrounded. The next instant I saw the gleam of a night blade and the wolf let go the horse. which reared up on his hind-legs, the blood streaming from its throat. A dark mass was rolling and struggling on the ground. It was the man and the wolf.

At the end of a few seconds the man stood up. "David," said he to one of his comrades, "come and help me to carry away this carrion. The horses wont be quiet while it lies here."

They dragged the wolf toward George's wagon, and then raising it up from the ground, the old man took it by the hindlegs, as though it had been a hare, and threw it outside the line of carts.

"Well, Nicholas," said George to the successful combatant, "don't you take your place again."

"No," replied the other, "I have enough as it is."

"Are you wounded?" cried Louise, opening the door of the *telegue*.

"I believe I have killed my last wolf," answered the poor fellow in a faint voice.

I gave George my carbine, and hastened to the wounded man. A part of his jaw was torn away, and the blood flowed abundantly from a large wound in his neck. I for a moment feared that the carotid artery was opened, and scarcely knowing whether I did right or wrong, I seized a handful of snow and applied it to the wound. The sufferer uttered a cry and fainted away.

"O God!" cried Louise, "have mercy upon him!"

"To your posts," shouted George in a stentorian voice; "the wolves are upon us."

I left the wounded man in Louise's care, and jumped upon the cart.

I can give no details of the combat that followed. I had too much occupation myself to attend to what my companions were doing. We were attacked by at least twenty wolves at once. After discharging my two pistols, I armed myself with an axe that George gave me. The fight lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, and certainly the scene was one of the most terrible it is possible to imagine. At length, and just as I was splitting the skull of a wolf that hung on to one of the wheels of my wagon, a shout of victory resounded along our line, and again our enemies fled, but this time it was for good.

Three of our men were wounded, besides Nicholas who was still alive, but in a desperate state. We were obliged to shoot the horse that had been torn by the wolf.

By daybreak, a passage was opened through the wall of snow, and we resumed our journey. The evening of the same day we reached a small village, where we found an inn, that, under any other circumstances, would have been pronounced abominable, but which appeared a palace after three such days as we had passed. The following morning we parted from our friends the carriers, leaving George five hundred rubles to divide among them.

All now went well. Thanks to the imperial order with which we were provided, the best horses were always ready for us, and, when necessary, escorts of ten or twelve men galloped on either side of our sledge. The country was flat and the pace good, and exactly a week after leaving the Ural mountains we entered Tobolsk.

We were dreadfully fatigued, but yet Louise would only remain long enough to take a bath; and at two in the morning we set out for the little town of Koslowo, which had been selected as the abode of twenty of the exiles, among whom was Alexis. On arriving, we hastened to the officer commanding there, and showing him the Emperor's order, which produced its usual effect, inquired after the Count. He was well, was the answer, and still at Koslowo.

It had been agreed between Louise and myself that I should go and see him first, and inform him of her arrival. I asked the governor for a pass, which he gave me without hesitation, and a Cossack conducted me to a part of the town composed of some twenty houses inclosed within high palisades, and guarded by sentries. We stopped before a door, and my guide knocked. "Come in!" said a voice which I recognized as that of Alexis.

We copy the following from the Boston Atlas.—Mr. MAYNARD is now an inhabitant of this State, and father of our late distinguished Whig representative in Congress from the Seneca and Wayne District:—

Another Bunker Hill Veteran.

We yesterday called upon Needham Maynard, one of the few survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill, and were extremely interested in the account which he gave of the operations on that eventful day. The old soldier was born in the town of Framingham, in this State, and at the time of the battle he was about twenty years of age, being now in his 88th year.—He was Aid to Gen. Warren, who, he insists upon it, was the commander of the day, not indeed appointed by government, but taking upon himself the duties of that office at the request of the officers, Col. Prescott among the rest. Mr. Maynard himself heard the officers press this request upon Gen. Warren, and heard the General at length accede to it. The day Mr. M. describes as being the hottest he ever knew. The British set Charlestown on fire, that the smoke might cover the approach of their own troops—and perhaps, also, in the hope that the heat and the smoke might drive the American troops out of the redoubt.

But the conflagration had a contrary effect. Every American heart burned with indignation at the dastardly conduct of the British in setting fire to peaceful dwellings, and in destroying for no good reason, a lovely village—and every man fought with a more determined spirit. The redoubt was of sufficient strength at the bottom to stop a cannon ball, but at the top they could easily force a passage.

The first person Mr. M. saw fall was the man next him, who was struck by an eighteen pound ball, and rolled into the trench, carrying Mr. M. with him. As soon as Mr. Maynard picked himself up he turned his fellow-soldier upon his back, thinking that in that position he might revive, but the man was perfectly dead, and upon putting the hand into the back below the neck, a large hole could be felt, into which the whole hand might be thrust.

The British approached about 3000 strong, in two solid bodies. When they were at the proper distance, the first rank fired, and then defiled to make room for the next rank. At this instant the word was given to the Americans to fire, and commencing with the centre of the redoubt, a terrific storm of balls was poured upon the British, who, from their marching in a compact phalanx, were an easy mark. The slaughter was terrible. They fell in heaps, and the lucky few who escaped, retreated in the utmost confusion. Mr. Maynard was not wounded himself, but an elder brother was found by him on his passage over the neck, lying on the ground, with his leg broken Mr. M. took him on his shoulders and carried him a mile, the British fortunately not firing at the time he was most exposed to their shot Mr. M. continued in the army until it left Cambridge. He takes great interest in "fighting his battles o'er again," and long may he live to inculcate lessons of duty and patriotism in the minds of the ingenuous youth of America.

Rammohun Roy

Here is a strange looking man, with his ample turban and folding robes. Are our young readers anxious to know who it can be? Perhaps they cannot make out what the name is—or if, with their mother's help, they can spell it, perhaps they never have heard of such a being, and cannot imagine why his portrait should be presented in the Monitor.

Well, read on a little, and you will see. His name is Rammohun Roy. He was a Hindoo, and one of the learned priests of the Hindoo religion, called a Brahmin. He was born in Bengal; and from very early life manifested an ardent love of knowledge. When he was but a boy, he could speak the Arabic and Persian languages—which are very difficult to learn. He also studied mathematics—became very versed in Euclid, and in the logic of Aristotle. We are apt to think that all the heathen are very ignorant and benighted—so they are in respect to the highest and best kind of knowledge. But they are not ignorant of what we call learning. Some of these Brahmins are exceedingly learned. They know how to reason very acutely; and they are well taught in all the branches of their learning, some of which is very difficult. Rammohun Roy was the son of a wealthy trader, and on the death of his father became very rich. By his study and inquiry he became convinced that the idolatrous religion in which he had been brought up, was not true. That religion teaches that there is a number of Gods, and inculcates some of the worst vices men can commit, as parts of relious worship. This he saw at once could not be right. He saw everywhere the evidence that there was but one God, and that he was holy and good. He had no Bible to teach him this. He had never heard the name of the true God, or of Jesus Christ—but his own conscience and good sense told him it must be so.

As soon as he became convinced of the falsity of the Hindoo religion, he began to write against it. His first work was against the "idolatry of all religions." It was written with such great force, and was so clear and conclusive in its reasonings, that it produced great effect, and made the Hindoos very angry. It nearly cost him his life. Even his own mother threatened to kill him. This is the way the wicked heart treats all truth.

But he was not frightened from his purpose. The rage and malice of the Hindoos only convinced him the more that what he said of the falsity of their religion was true. He fled away from his persecutors, and began to write again.

About this time, he came across a portion of the Bible. It was only a small part that was translated into a language he could read. How eagerly did he read it! How pure and beautiful did it appear to him, in contrast with the vile and false books of the Hindoo religion! He drank it in like water. And in order to be able to read the whole of it, he commenced studying the English language, and soon mastered it. Soon he published another book, which he called "The instructions and precepts of Jesus Christ, the guide to peace and happiness." In this he says, "he found the Christian doctrines more conducive to moral principles, and better adapted for the use of reasonable beings than any other which had come to his knowledge." There may be many essential errors in his book, but considered as the work of a Pagan, who had no acquaintance with Christianity but what he received from the perusal of the Bible, it is a remarkable production.

Every body must admire the independence, impartiality, and love of truth which the Brahmin showed. He reasoned honestly and fearlessly, and then told what he thought. He was not deterred by personal dangers, or losses, by the reproaches of his friends, or any earthly consideration, from doing what he thought was right. He had a noble mind, and an honest heart, and affords an example which many a person born in Christian lands may well follow.

What a proof this affords of the Christian religion. It commended itself with such force to the mind of an honest pagan, that he could not resist its claims. And how does his conduct reprove those who hear and know the gospel all their lives, yet never obey it! Surely he will rise up in judgment againt them.

Rammohun Roy visited England in the latter part of his life out of curiosity, and died there.

Chinese Ingenuity—Many of the Chinese dwell in floating houses, and some of them keep large flocks of ducks which swim about the harbors in the day time, but are called home by a whistle at night. An English officer was surprised to see how readily and rapidly the ducks obeyed the call, and on making inquiry on the subject, he was informed that the owner always beat the duck that arrived last.

Origin of Negro Slavery.

Mr. Bancroft, in the first volume of his history of the United States, gives an account of the early traffic of the Europeans in slaves.—In the middle ages the Venetians purchased white men and Christians, and others, and sold them to the Saracens of Sicily and Spain. In England the Anglo-Saxon nobility sold their servants as slaves to foreigners. The Portuguese first imported negro slaves from Western Africa into Europe in 1442. Spain soon engaged in the traffic, and negro slaves abounded in some places of that kingdom.—After America was discovered, the Indians of Hispanolia were imported into Spain and made Slaves. The Spaniards visited the coast of North America, and kidnapped thousands of the Indians, whom they transported into Slavery in Europe and in the West Indies.

Columbus himself enslaved 600 native Americans, and sent them into Spain, that they might be publicly sold at Seville. The practice of selling North American Indians into foreign bondage continued for nearly two centuries. Negro Slavery was first introduced into America by Spanish slaveholders, who emigrated with their negroes. A royal edict of Spain authorised negro slavery in America in 1503. King Ferdinand himself sent from Seville 50 slaves to labor in the mines. In 1511, the direct traffic in slaves between Africa and Hispanolia was enjoyed by a royal ordinance. Las Cassas, who had seen the Indians vanish away like dew before the cruelties of the Spaniards, suggested the expedient that the negroes who alone could endure severe toils, might be still further employed. This was in the year 1517. The mistaken benevolence of Las Cassas extended the slave trade which had been previously established.

Sir Sohn Hawkins was the first Englishman that engaged in the slave trade. In 1652 he transported a large cargo of Africans to Hispaniolia. In 1567 another expedition was prepared, and Queen Elizabeth protected and shared in the traffic. Hawkins, in one of his expeditions, set fire to an African city, and out of 8000 inhabitants, succeeded in seizing 260. James Smith of Boston, and Thomas Keyser, first brought upon the colonies the guilt of participating in the African slave trade. In 1615 they imported a cargo of negroes from Africa. Throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers; the guilty men were committed for the offence, and representatives of the people ordered the negroes to be restored to their native country at the public charge. At the latter period there were both Indian and negro slaves in Massachusetts. In 1620 a Dutch ship entered James River, and landed 20 negroes for sale. This is the sad epoch of the introduction of negro slavery in Virginia. For many years, the Dutch were principlly concerned in the slave trade in the market of Virginia.

"Variety is the Spice of Life."

INS AND OUTS.

I'm out of cash. and so of course,
I've pocket room to let;
I'm out of patience just because
I'm never out of debt.
Besides I'm dreadfully in love,
And more than half in doubt
Which is the greatest evil, that
Of being in or out.

I'm deeply in my tailor's books,
But I don't mind a dun;
And if I wasn't out of funds,
I'd pay him out of fun.
He always gives me 'fits,' he said.
But heaven bless his eyes!
I'd put HIM in a fit, I guess
He'd be in such surprise.

I'm out at elbows, in distress;
Ah! mine's a sorry tale!
I'm out of favors, out of sorts,
But then, I'm out of jail,
My landlord says my *time* is out,
And thinks I'd better shin;
I'm such an out and outer, he
Won't have me in his inn.

I'm out of office, but in hopes
To get put in some day;
If I don't run for something soon
I'll have to run away.
I'm out of spirits, and I'm out
Of more than I can think;
I'm out of temper; hang the pen!
By gosh! I'M OUT OF INK!

Ice Houses.

From the Dollar Farmer

The following description of the manner of erecting ice houses we select from the Farmer's Gazette. Having ourselves witnessed the superiority of houses constructed in this manner, we can recommend them as far superior to the under ground house, which are usualy found in this section of country:

The most powerful agent we have to contend with in preserving ice is dampness. which arises from the gradual melting of the ice, and that which the atmosphere naturally contains. There is more difficulty in excluding this than warm air from the ice. It is of the first importance therefore to locate your building in a spot divested of trees and exposed to a free circulatien of air. It should not be in a cellar, nor sunk in the earth, nor walled up with stone, for such locations are inevitably damp, independent of the vapor arrising from the ice.

Erect a plain wooden building of eight or ten feet, post entirely above ground. Size according to your wants. The outside covering of boards and planks, placed perpendicularly with batting over the joints. The inside boarded up, clapboard fashion, lapping on each other to prevent the water from running into the filling, which should be of charcoal if to be had, if not, well dried tanner's bark may answer, but will need renewing occasionally. The filling should be put in as the inside boards are put on, as may be most convenient, leaving places for the purpose open.

The floor of three or six inch plank, high enough from the ground to allow a free circulation of air, and descending enough to drain off ice water which drips from the ice, with ribs of narrow boards to keep the ice above the water, and holes in the lower side to let out the water as it flows down, and a good drain to convey it away from the building.

Let there be a movable floor above the ice, that there may be but little vacancy between that and the ice when the ice house is filled. Let the floor down as the ice is dissolved or removed. On the floor lay dry rye straw, two or three feet thick, make a hole in the centre of the floor, with a trap door large enough for convenience to put in the ice, and to go in and out. Let two opposite sides of the building be boarded down to the ground, the other two open to admit a draft of air to convey off the dampness.

Thus your ice is thoroughly shielded from dampness and warm air, which is all that is desired, and with proper care in going in and out during the summer, you will have this great luxury and necessary of life in perfection, provided you put up good solid ice.

The largest and most complete ice houses of which we have any knowledge, are those on the Hudson river, from which New York city is furnished with a most elegant article of Rockland county ice.

A Remarkable Anecdote.

Lord Craven lived in London when the last great plague raged. His house was in that part of the since called Craven Buildings. To avoid the threatened danger his Lordship resolved to retire to his country seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the luggage put up and all things ready for the journey. As he was walking through his hall, with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro (who served him as his postillion,) saying to another servant, "I supposed by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in the town." The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing in a plurality of gods. The speech, however forcibly struck Lord C., and made him pause—"My God (thought he) lives everywhere, and can preserve me in the town as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that poor fellow has preached a useful sermon to me.—Lord. pardon that unbelief and that distrust of thy providence which made me think of running away from thy hand." Immediately he ordered the horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued in London, was remarkably useful among his neighbors, and never caught the infection.

Miscellany.

A DREAM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

I HAD a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood,
And airs just wakened softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds warbled in the sprouting shade,
Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

Fast climbed the sun—the flowers were flown;
There played no children in the glen;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.

'T was noon, 't was summer—I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
A mighty stream, with creek and bay.

And here was love, and there was strife,
And mirthful shouths and wrathful cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stooped the sun—the shade grew thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
And sun-burnt groups were gathering in,
From the shorn fields, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds;
The chilly wind was sad with moans;
Black hearses passed, and burial grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chiller yet;
The woods were stripped, the fields were waste;
The wintry sun was near its set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Lingered, and shivered to the air
Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

Ah! age is drear, and death is cold!
I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee withered, bowed, and old,
And woke, all faint with sudden fear.

'T was thus I heard the dreamer say,
And bade her clear her clouded brow;
"For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.

"Then, while the shadowy show departs,
Watch we with trusting eye, and take,
Deep into calm and faithful hearts,
Its holy meaning, till we wake."

The following poem—the BUTTERFLH TO ITS CAPTOR—will find many admirers among our lady readers:

Stay, thoughtless spoiler, stay—a moment ponder,
Ere thou hast crush'd me in thy murd'rous hand;
Oh! let me live awhile, to hover yonder,
Where the bright flowers their honey-cups expand.

Summer her richest treasure now is throwing
From morn to eve abroad in earth and sky—
Fain would I taste of some, for scarcely knowing
What 'tis to live, Oh! it is hard to die!

The life I ask, it is my all of being—
No brighter hope have I beyond the grave;
Methinks thou canst not gaze unmoved, while seeing
My agonies—Oh! grant the boon I crave.

Thine every touch—e'en where thou deem'st it lightest
Brushes a thousand feathers from my wing.
Seem they but dust?—those feathers were the brightest
In hues that from the empyrean spring.

Look on my slender form, so richly vested
In azure plush wove by no mortal loom,
Look on my jewell'd head, so proudly crested,
And canst thou still award a hopeless doom?

Has mercy touch'd thine heart, and art thou thinking
That HE who made thy nobler form made me;
Crush not HIS work—reluctant art thou shrinking
From meditated harm?—then am I free.

A child of summer—brief is my span when longest;
Nor I repine—it is HIS righteous will
Who made the weakest as HE made the strongest,
Each has a fitting station here to fill.

Oh hear my solemn warning—art thou deeming
Far off the hour when thou, like me, shalt die?
Thine end may come ere mine!—and strange in seeming,
Life may be left to the frail butterfly.

Such as thou art, I was—an earth-born creature;
I died, and lay within a shroud and tomb;
I sprang to life—Oh! how unlike in future
The form I left, this beauty to assume!

All radiant though I rose—from death awaking,
Yet once again I die—to live no more:—
As then *I* waked shalt *thou*, the grave forsaking,
In form far other than thou wast before.

Then thou diest not again!—but all immortal
If thou hast rested in a Christian's trust,
In heavenly splendor from the tomb's dark portal
Shalt soar, an angel, from thy bed of dust!

Valley of Jehosaphat.

[We copy from the Baltimore Patriot the following letter from Professor Durbin, of Dickinson College, Pa. to the Rev Henry Slicer, of Baltimore:]

March 7, 1843.

My Dear Brother Slicer:—Here I sit in the shade of the Tomb of Zacharias, at the foot of Mount Olivet, where it ascends into the Valley of Jehosaphat, directly opposite the eastern wall of the Temple, and towering high above the brow of Mount Moriah. *Mount Moriah!* What a world of heavenly and transporting energy does this word awaken in the bosom of the *Jew*, the *Moslem*, but particularly the *Christian!* The offering up of Isaac, the plague of David for numbering the people, when the angel of destruction stood here, with a drawn sword in the threshing floor of Onan, (1 Chron. xxi.) the travail and industry of the exiles returned by permission to Cyrus to rebuild their temple, the wonderful miracles of Christ and his apostles wrought on the Mount before me, the obstinate defence of the Jews when Titus pressed them from the Temple to Mount Zion, the destruction of the sacred edifice, the appropriation of the holy mount to the service of Moslemism, its restitution to Christian worship by the Crusaders, and its return again to the Moslem service, in which it yet continues, crowned with the Mosques of Omar and El Aesa, whose beautiful domes sit above the sacred place with admirable lightness and grace. As I strolled by the open gateways, and looked in, how earnestly did I long to enter the sacred enclosure, linger in its walks, and amid its trees; enter even the Mosques, particularly the Omar, which covers, perhaps, the very spot where Isaac was offered, and where the magnificent Temple of Solomon was built, which he dedicated to God by the most eloquent and sensible of all prayers, except our Lord's (1 Kings, viii, 23, &c.) but the fanatical Moslem forbids the feet of the 'Christian dog' to tread upon the sacred soil or cross the consecrated threshhold.

But I must return to the Valley, from whence I promised you this letter before I left home, and which promise you received somewhat doubtingly. I have wandered up and down it, from the tombs of the Judges, just beyond its head, to the northwest of the city, about 1½ miles, to the west of Job, perhaps the En Rogel of Scripture, a quarter of a mile below the southwest corner of the city. It is indeed a valley of the dead, or rather of tombs, for their contents are gone; and the sepulchral chamber, where they slept in peace many centuries ago, are, now but gaping caverns in the rock, where reptiles nestle, if they be single, small sepulchres; or flocks lie down if they be as large as the tombs of the Judges, Kings and Prophets, and some in the southern cliff of the Gibbon, both under and above the '*Potter's Field.*' I have rambled through them all, and found not a fragment of their former contents. The limestone rock in which they are excavated is soft, and has yielded to the elements, and broken away in front of, and sometimes above the chambers.—This is the case all over Palestine, (also at Petra, where the rock is as soft as sandstone,) and constantly reminds one of his immortality, and reduction to dust, and dispersion to the wind of heaven. What a glorious assurance, that the soul is not committed to the tomb, but returns to God who gave it.

I have just come up from the pool of Siloam, which has a connexion with the Pool of the Virgin, several hundred yards higher up. The first is in the mouth of the Tysopeon Valley, just where it enters that of Jehosephat, and the other is on the west side of the latter, not many hundred yards from where I date this letter. The connexion is by a narrow passage cut thro' the point of the hill which slopes down from the fountains—now subject to occasional violent, irregular flows of the waters, which make one think of the Pool of Bethesda, mentioned in the 5th chapter of St. John, whose waters the angel troubled 'at a certain season.' Our countrymen, Dr. Robinson and Mr. Smith witnessed one of these singular movements of the water. We were not so fortunate. No one knows whence the waters come to those cavernous pools, but there is a steady tradition, and general impression, that they have a connexion with the fountain's era, and perhaps Milton was apprised of this when he wrote:

> "Siloa's brook that flowed
> Fast by the oracles of God."

I descended into the pool to wash, as all good pilgrims do, and found a coarse ragged, strapping Arab woman, washing a quilt, which lay floating upon the little volumn of water. She shrunk away from me as from the approach of a leper, and stood huddled up in a little chasm in the rock, looking upon my pilgrim devotions. The water is sweet and good.

I shall not now undertake to describe the tombs to you, but perhaps I may allow you to peep into my ominum gatherum, where I have plans of them and notes also. But I feel oppressed with sadness, as I cast my eyes up the side of Mount Olivet behind me, and look upon the Jewish cemetry spreading over the sacred hill-side, covering it with short, thick stones; each of which lies flat on the ground, and pressed into it a little, as if they had once stood erect, and had been prostrated and pressed by some terrible storm. They are a striking emblem of that most wonderful peo-

ple, prostrated and trodden down every where but in America; and yet the heart of a Jew turns towards the side of Olivet, over against the sacred Mount, on which once stood the temple of his fathers, and there he desires, above all things, to rest him when his earthly pilgrimage is finished. They linger about the holy city, and steal through its streets to the place of wailing, or to the west side of the temple, as ghosts that have been frightened away, and returned again to the resting place of their mortal remains.

The first Jews I saw at Jerusalem were three sitting apart in the rent trunk of an aged olive tree, in the deep retired valley of the Ghion. I pity them from my very heart.

Just above where I date from, is the golden gate from which our Saviour used to issue at evening, and retire to Mount Olivet. It is now walled up in the temple wall. Above me in the valley is the reputed tomb of the Virgin, in which I attended the devotions of the crowd of pilgrims, and followed them into the little chamber,, where they pressed their lips long and ardently to the cold rock, as a young mother kisses for the last time her only child before it is laid to rest in the grave. What a mystery this world is !— The glory and great works of man have perished, but the savour of the deeds of the Almighty, and the presence of his primitive children, still perfume the rocks and mountains, and all nations send their pilgrims to honor the consecrated places; and it is painful to the Protestant to know that this external worship is considered efficacious for saving the soul. I wish I could describe to you what I saw in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But my letter to you at your request belongs to the Valley of Jehosaphat.

From the Valley I ascended of course, the Mount of Olives, paused and—under the gnarled and rent of olive trees of Gethsemane, which seems as if they might be the same that witnessed of our Saviour, rambled out of Bethany, stood on the ascension spot, returned to the city along the way of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem: but I must pause. Bethel, Shion, Sychem, Samaria, Nazareth, Tyre, Sidom, Damascus, Balbee, &c. &c. are before me, but my sheet is full. I have a stick for you, cut from the most consecrated of spots. My kind regards to your family, especialiy to the best one. As ever yours.

J. P. DURBIN.

P. S. I seal this letter in sight of Smyrna, having this morning at sunrise gazed upon the Island of Patmos, and read with unwonted zest the introduction of the Revelation of St John. It is astonishing what light and power the Scriptures have when read on the spots, and amid the scenes described. It may be my faith is stronger under such circumstances.

From the Arkansas State Gazette.

Lord Morpeth.

A friend in this city has related to us the following story, which he received from the mouth of one of the parties:

In 1841, a young, broad-shouldered, big-fisted Kentuckian—a regular bred stock raiser and drover, went to Buffalo, New York, to purchase of Lewis Allen, who had just returned from England, some of his imported stock. After he had closed his purchases, finding he had a day to spare, he determined to spend it in a visit to the Falls of Niagara. So, after breakfast, he stepped into the passenger cars, and found the department which he selected, occupied by a modest looking and plainly dressed gentleman. In a few moments he commenced a conversation upon the subject most interesting to him, to wit, imported stock, and the bargains he had made, and informed his fellow traveler, in the most decisive manner, what were the best breeds, &c. The stranger, after hearing him out, without dissenting to what he said, spoke upon the subject of English stock generally, the different kinds of breeds, the properties of each, the best cows for milk, butter, &c., and displayed in a modest and unassuming manner, such minute and general information on the subject, that it astonished the other, and he asked if he was not a stock raiser. He said no; and the Kentuckian asked, as usual, 'what might be your name, sir?' 'Morpeth,' was the reply. 'Morpeth,' said he, 'Morpeth! Now, I have been all over Kentucky, and have traveled to Arkansas, but have never heard of the name before. Where did you come from, Mr. Morpeth?' 'From York.'— 'York,' said he, '*New* York! A great place—beats Lexington or Louisville, I admit; but did you come from the city or country, Mr. Morpeth?' 'From the country,' 'Well it is a very great State; always saving and excepting old Kentucky, it is the finest country I ever saw. In a short while they conversed on the subject of farming, and the stranger, without the least parade, seemed to be perfectly familiar with the subject, and after hearing at length of the superior style of agricultre in Kentucky, and astonishing productions there, the *cords* of fine stock, grain, &c, he related the improvements which had recently been made in agriculture, by chemical experiments, the different kinds of soil, the distingushed properties of each, rotation of crops, effect of climate upon productions, &c., &c., at length the Kentuckian cried

out, 'Why, Mr. Morpeth, you must have followed farming for a living.' 'No,' he said he had not, 'but it was a subject to him of great interest.' The rest of the journey was filled up with a description of what the Kentuckian had seen on the Mississippi and in Arkansas, to which the stranger listened with apparent interest. At length they reached the Falls, and amidst constant exclamations of astonishment on the part of the Kentuckian, they passed on to the Canadian side. Upon reaching there, they saw a number of negroes, dressed in regimentals, with muskets in their hands. 'Why, what the devil does this mean?' 'These are regular soldiers,' said the stranger. 'Soldiers! negroes for soldiers! Well by G—d, did you ever hear the like? Well, when I go back to old Kentucky and tell them that the British have negroes for soldiers, they never will believe me in the world. Why, Sir, if an Arkansas overseer were to come here with his big whip and give it one crack, I tell you sir, a regiment of these black rascals would drop their muskets and beg for quarter. Now, old fellow, you might have heard that we like to have got into war with the British about some boundary or other. I tell you that the first horn that was blown, would raise a regiment in Kentuck, that would sweep this land from shore to shore. Nothing would resist them; for I tell you nothing can beat old Kentucky for war, or raising fat stock.

After a while, the bell rung for dinner, and they both hastened in, the Kentuckian before. When he reached the room, he found the table half filled with negroes, and stopped. The stranger, without appearing to observe it, took hold of a chair, and pointed to an empty one by his sde. 'By G—d,' was the astonished interjection of the Kentuckian, 'you are not going to eat your dinner with negroes, are you?' I can't do it sir. I could never show my face at home again if I were to do so.' 'Well,' said the stranger, I am rather hungry, I acknowledge; but as we are fellow-travelers, I will not balk your humor. We will go down to the lower island, pass the suspension bridge, and dine on the American side.'—'Now, that is just to my hand, my old fellow: we will do so.' When they reached the suspension bridge, the Kentuckian was overwhelmed with astonishment, and swore they'd never believe him at home when he told of it. The stranger was perfectly familiar with such things, and told him who was the original inventer of such bridges, the great improvements that had been made since this one had been put up; the defects in its style; how they could be repaired, improved, &c. Here the Kentuckian burst out into a hearty laugh, and said, "well stranger. I have found you out at last; you are a bridge builder by trade," slapping him on the shoulder in great glee. "No sir," said he you are mistaken; but I have been a great deal with persons who are fond of such things, and acquired somewhat a taste for them. Well, said the Kentuckian, "I hear the last bell ringing; let us go and get our dinner. We will have a bottle of wine, and I will pay for it myself; for I would rather have lost one of the calves I have purchased of old Buffalo Allen, than not to have been here to-day; for I have had lots and gobs of fun!'

They sat down to dinner, drank their wine, and the Kentuckian filled up the chasms between the courses with praises of Kentucky and abuse of the Canadians and British. He had always hated them, and always would hate them; he would just like to have another brush with them to lick them again; and a great deal more in the same strain, to which the stranger listened patiently, and sometimes with a quiet interest. He went on to say, that he had heard that the English people were in the habit of traveling through the country, and then writing a book, ridiculing and abusing us. He just wished, by Heaven, that he could catch one of them in old Ketuckey. He had heard as he come along, that there was now a great English lord, traveling through the country, to write a book, and he had heard his name. It was Lord—Lord—Lord Morpeth, he believed.—'That is my name, sir,' said the stranger.—'J— C—! you don't say so!!! Tavernkeeper, what do I have to pay?'

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Irish Duelists—Sixty Years Since.

Among the duelists of the South of Ireland, at the close of the last century, were several whose deeds are talked of. One of those was Pat Power, of Daragle. He was a fat robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion, called Roe Briscoe; when taking aim, he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. His pistol was always at the service of another who had less inclination to use it; and when a friend of his declined a challange, Power immediately took it up for him. When the Duke of Richmond was in the South of Ireland, he knighted many persons without much regard to their merits or claims. In Waterford he was particularly profuse of his honors in this way. Among the knights were the Recorder, the paymaster of a regiment and a lieutenant. Power was in a coffee-house conversing with a gentleman he accidentally met, and the topic of conversation was the new knights. He abused them all; but particularly, a fellow called B———, a beggarly half pay lieutenant.'

The gentleman turned pale, and in confusion, immediately left the coffee room.—'Do you know who that is? said a person present. 'No, said Power.' I never saw him before.' 'That's Sir J. B———whom you have been abusing.' "In that case,' said Power, with great concern, "I must look after my will." So he immediately proceeded to the office of T. Cooke, an eminent attorney, sat down upon a desk stool and told him immediately to draw his will, as he had no time to lose. The will was drawn and executed; and then he was asked what was the cause of his hurry.—He explained the circumstances, and said he expected to find a message at his house before him. Never fear, said Cooke, 'the knight is an *Englishman*, and has too much sense to take notice of what you have said. Cooke was a prophet; the terror of Power's name was sufficient to satisfy the Englishman, for the insult.

When traveling in England, he had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room, when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities, and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed to one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols, and follow him. He put them under his arm and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presented the watch, begging to know to whom the watch belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the Cockney he would keep it safe till called for. It was never claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper, and while awaiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, he quickly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other. The parties immediately bolted without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.

Another of those distinguished duelists was a Mr. Crow Ryan. He shouted along the streets of Darrick on-suir, 'who dare say Boo,' and whoever did say so, was called out to answer for it. The feats of another, the celebrated fighting Fitzgerald, are still remembered in Dublin. He made it a practice to stand in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passenger would be forced either to step in the mud or jostle him in passing. If any had the boldness to chose the latter, he was immediately challenged.

THE PILGRIM'S ROCK.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

When first the lonely May Flower threw.
Her canvass to the breeze,
To bear afar her pilgrim crew,
Beyond the dark blue seas,
Proud Freedom to our land had flown,
And chose it for the brave,
Then formed the nation's corner stone,
And set it by the wave.
That when the pilgrims anchord there,
Their stepping stone might be
That consecrated rock of prayer,
The bulwark of the free.

And there they stood—each pilgrim brow
Was wan with grief and care,
And bent each manly form; but oh,
Another sigh was there;
Found woman with her sweet sad face,
All trembling, pale and chill;
And oh, there was in that lone place
A sight more touching still—
The cheek of childhood pale with fear
And hushed its voice of glee;
And they are gone, but we are here,
A bulwark for the free.

Our pilgrim sires are gone, yet still
A nation in its pride
Hath poured o'er every vale and hill,
In a bright unbroken tide:
And still there sons shall flood the land,
While that old rock appears,
Like a pilgrim's spirit born to stand
The mighty wreck of years;
And oh! while float the wind and wave,
That hallowed rock shall be
The threshold of the good and brave,
The bulwark of the free.

HARVEST FIELDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In the young and merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold;
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then, as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhocks, and sunflowers tall,
O'ertop the mossy garden wall.

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
Prom pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle down;
Oh, then, what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round, on sun-lit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn,
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest fields of yore.

I feel the day; I see the field;
The quivering of the leaves;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending under their sickle's stroke,
And Boaz looking on.
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again: I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight;
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shumanite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills;
The fields of Gallilee,
That eighteen hundred years agone
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour take his way
Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine, and the very air,
Seem of old time, and take me there.

THE BLUSH

Roseate tint of purest virtue,
Bloom ethereal, blush divine!
Bidding by thy sweet suffusion,
Loveliness more lovely shine!

More than beauty's fairest feature,
More than form's most perfect grace,
Touching the fond heart, and giving
Softest charms to ev'ry face!

Test of quick-impassioned feeling;
Jewel in the dower of youth:
Modesty's unquestion'd herald;
Pledge of innocence and truth.

CAMELS FOR WESTERN PRAIRIES.—A writer in the New Gen. Farmer, a native of Russia, who has passed many years of his life in that portion of the empire bordering on the Ural and Volga rivers, suggests that the camel would prove a most valuable animal for traversing the country in the far west, where water is sometimes not found for days. He says that camels, in that unsettled country, would be found good to carry mails and convey intelligence. Their speed is great, 120 miles being a common day's travel for speedy animals, and the breeding of camels would not be more expensive than horses. They may be obtained on the Black sea, and the writer suggests, if agricultural societies would import a few pairs, they would confer a great advantage on this country. From 600 to 1,000 pounds, with a rider, is a common load for the camel; and the commonest herbage, even weeds and twigs, will suffice for their sustenance while enduring the severest labors.

Mr. Colman, the editor of the Farmer, is disposed to think the foregoing statements worthy of consideration. He says:

"The facts given in respect to the speed of the camels, their strength and capacity for burden, their endurance of fatigue, and the cheapness of their support, are well established. They are as susceptible of training as the horse. They are of mild and peaceable disposition, and live to great age. We had supposed that they could not endure our climate, but the statement of the writer of this letter shows that it is otherwise. That they could be useful on the prairies and in the long journeys now constantly undertaken in the vast and unsettled plains towards the Rocky mountains, into Mexico, and other territories now and likely to remain impenetrable by carriages, it would seem but reasonable to believe."

TOBACCO.—Tobacco is the servant of Alcohol and idleness. He is a sallow, ill-favored, good-for-nothing fellow. Some pretend he is a dentist, and cures the tooth-ache. Beautiful work he makes of it! The mouth where he has operated—what a place it is for pearls! The breath, how balmy! But for a dentist, he is a great while at it. He is a sort of travelling dentist. You can hardly step into a tavern without stumbling over one of the beautiful basins which he keeps for his patients to spit in. And when he does not furnish these basins, his patients, the plagues of Egypt take them! spit on the floor. If people have an occasion for a dentist, why not resort to his office and receive his attentions in private, instead of lugging the doctor about with them, and spitting his fragrant tooth-wash in all sorts of places?

INSTINCT IN A BIRD.

One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds was often related by my grandfather, who witnessed the fact with his own eyes. He was attracted to the door one summer day by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree.

Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvellous and altogeher unaccountable stories have been told of the snake's power to charm birds. My grandfather, having a mind to test the truth of such stories, thought he would watch the progress of things, but being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he despoiled the nest. The distressed mother meanwhile centinued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually with something in her bill from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up, but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground rigid, and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death by cutting off his head and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with *leaves of the white ash!*

That little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white ash is deadly to the snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white ash leaves about their ancles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution, when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the North Star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in massa's corn or tobacco.

I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white ash; but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees around their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions: after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

Bead Manufactory.—We went to see the manufactory of beads, for which Venice has been famed for four hundred years.

We saw sheaves of glass, waving like corn, in the laps of women, who sat assorting the vitreous harvest, according to its size. In another stage, a number of men with shears were clipping the long threads into very small bits, the elements of the beads. In the next room lay fragments of three hundred colors, and patterns filling forty different baskets.

A very distressing part of the operation was to be seen below, where, on approaching a long shed, open on one side to the air, and glowing with thirty fires in all its length, stood a number of poor wretches, whose daily and hourly employment it was to receive the bits of sifted glass, cut as we have seen above, and melt them into beads, by means of charcoal and sand; and in the midst of these dreadful fire blasts, which they were constantly feeding, and within three feet of which they stood, streaming at every pore, stooping to draw out the caldron, and pour its contents upon a tray, which they then, in this state of their own bodies, drag forth into the open air. A new copper of cold materials already awaits them, which must be thrust forthwith into the furnace, and a *cool* superintendent is there, to see that there is no remission! The turning, the feeding, the renewed sweat, cease not till night comes to put a pause to miseries which are to last for life.

The galleys is a joke to this work. The workmen all die young. We never thought of beads as such an expensive luxury before. A sixpenny necklace may cost the life of the artizan! look at the rosary in this light!—*Blackwood, for June.*

Compliment to American Mechanics.—It is stated in the Philadelphia Gazette, that Lord Ashburton, with the most liberal feeling and inquisitive disposition, as regards the capabilities of American mechanics in matters of taste and use, has ordered a carriage from the manufactory of Messrs. Ogle and Watson, of that city, to be executed in their best style, which he intends exhibiting in England as a specimen of American skill. He has likewise ordered from Mr. Wm. N. Lacy, two sets of harness, with instructions to display his ability and taste in his work without limit as to price, but that the whole shall be purely American work and materials. No doubt but the work will be executed in a manner to enlarge the credit of American workmen abroad.

From Graham's Magazine for July.

THE GIRDLE OF FIRE.

BY P. H. SELTON.

The lower countries of New Jersey are proverbially barren, being covered with immense forests of pine, interspersed with cedar swamps. During the dry summer months the latter become parched to an extent that is incredible, and the accidental contagion of a fire brand often wraps immense tracts of country in flames. The rapidity with which the conflagration, when once kindled, spreads through these swamps, can scarcely be credited, except by those who know how thoroughly the moss and twigs are dried up by the heat of an August sun. Indeed, scarcely a spot can be pointed out in West Jersey, which has not, at one time or another, been ravaged by conflagration. It was but a few years since that an immense tract of these pine barrens was on fire, and the citizens of Philadelphia can recollect the lurid appearance of the sky at night, seen at the distance of thirty or even forty miles from the scene of conflagration. The legendary history of these wild counties is full of daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes, which have been witnessed during such time of peril. One of these traditionary stories it is our purpose to relate. The period of our tale dates far back into the earlier history of our sister State, when the country was even more thinly settled than at the present.

* * * * *

It was a sunny morning in midsummer, when a gay party were assembled at the door of a neat house in one of the lower counties of New Jersey. Foremost in the group stood a tall manly youth, whose frank countenance at once attracted the eye. By his side was a bright young creature, apparently about eighteen years of age, whose golden tresses were a fit type of the sunny beauty of her countenance But now her soft blue eyes were dim with tears, and she leaned on the shoulder of her mother, who was apparently equally affected. The dress of the daughter, and her attitude of leave-taking, told that she was a bride, going forth from the home of her childhood, to enter on a new and untried sphere of life. The other members of the group were composed of her father, her brothers and sisters, and the bridemen and bridemaids.

"God bless you, my daughter, and have you in his holy keeping,' said the father, as he gave her his last embrace, "and now farewell!"

The last kiss was given, the last parting word was said, the last long look had been taken, and now the the bridal party were being whirled through the forest on one of the sweetest mornings of July.

It was indeed a lovely day. Their way lay through an old road which was so rarely travelled that it had become overgrown with grass, among which the thick dew-drops, glittering in the morning sun, were scattered like jewels on a monarch's mantle. The birds sung merrily in the trees, or skipped gaily from branch to branch, while the gentle sighing of the wind, and the occasional murmur of a brook crossing the road, added to the exhilirating influences of the hour. The travellers were all young and happy, and so they gradually forgot the sadness of their parting hour, and ere they had traversed many miles, the green arcades of that lovely old forest were ringing with merry laughter. Suddenly, however, the bride paused in her innocent mirth, and while a shade of paleness overspread her cheek, called the attention of her husband to a dark black cloud, far off on the horizon, and yet gloomier and denser than the darkest thunder cloud.

"The forest is on fire!" was his instant ejaculation; "think you not so, Charnley?" and he turned to his groomsman.

"Yes! but the wind is not towards us, and the fire must be miles from our course. There is no need for alarm, Ellen," said he, turning to the bride, his sister.

"But our road lies altogether through the forest," she timidly rejoined, "and you know there isn't a house or cleared space for miles."

"Yes! but my dear sis, so long as the fire keeps its distance, it matters not whether our road is through the forest or the fields. We will drive on briskly and before noon you will laugh at your fears. Your parting from home has weakened your nerves."

No more was said, and for some time the carriage proceeded in silence. Meantime the conflagration was evidently spreading with great rapidity. The dark, dense clouds of smoke, which had at first been seen hanging only in one spot, had now extended in a line along the horizon gradually edging around so as to head off the travellers. But this was done so imperceptibly that, for a long time, the travellers were not aware of it, and they had journeyed at least half an hour before they saw their danger. At length the bride spoke again.

"Surely, dear Edward," she said, addressing her husband, "the fire is sweeping around ahead of us: I have been watching it by yonder blasted pine, and can see it slowly creeping across the trunk."

Every eye was instantly turned in that direction in which she pointed, and her brother, who was driving, involuntarily checked the horses. A look of dismay

was on each countenance as they saw the words of the bride verified. There could be no doubt that the fire had materially changed its bearing since they last spoke, and now threatened to cut off their escape altogether.

"I wish, Ellen, we had listened to your fears and turned back half an hour ago," said the brother; "we had better do it at once."

"God help us—that is impossible," said the husband, looking backwards: "the fire has cut off our retreat."

It was as he said. The flames, which at first had started at a point several miles distant and at right angles to the road the party were travelling, had spread out in every direction, and finding the swamp in the rear of the travellers parched almost to tinder by the drought, had extended with inconceivable velocity in that quarter, so that a dense cloud of smoke, beneath which a dark lurid veil of fire surged and rolled, completely cut off all retrograde movement on the part of the travellers. The volume of flame, moreover, was evidently moving rapidly in pursuit. The cheeks, even of the male members of the bridal party, turned ashy pale at the sight.

"There is nothing to do but to push on," said the brother; "we will yet clear the road before the fire reaches it."

"And if I remember," saidthe husband, "there is a road branching off to the right scarce half a mile ahead; we can gain that easily, when we shall be safe. Cheer up, Ellen, there is no danger. This is our wedding morn, let me not see you sad."

The horses were now urged forward at a brisk pace, and in a few minutes the bridal party reached the cross road. Their progress was now directly from the fire; all peril seemed at an end; and the spirits of the group rose in proportion to their late depression. Once more the merry laugh was heard, and the song rose up gaily on the morning air. The conflagration still raged behind, but at a distance that placed all fear at defiance; while in front, the fire, although edging down towards them, approached at a pace so slow that they knew it would not reach the road until perhaps hours after they had attained their journey's end. At length the party subsided again into silence, occupying themselves in gazing on the magnificent spectacle presented by the lurid flames, as rolling their huge volumes of smoke above them, they roared down towards the travellers.

"The forest is as dry as powder," said the husband; "I never saw a conflagration travel so rapidly. The fire cannot have been kindled many hours, and it has already spread for miles. Little did you think, Ellen," he said, turning fondly to his bride, "when we started this morning, that you should so narrowly escape such a peril."

"And as I live, the peril is not yet over," suddenly exclaimed the brother; "see—see—a fire has broken out on our right, and is coming down on us like a whirlwind. God have mercy on us!"

He spoke with an energy that would have startled his hearers without the fearful words he uttered. But when they followed the direction of his quivering finger, a shriek burst from the two females, while the usually collected husband turned ashy pale, not for himself, but for her who was dearer to him than his own life. A fire, during the last few minutes, had started to life in the forest to their right, and, as the wind was from that quarter, the flames were seen ahead shooting down towards the road which the bridal party were traversing, roaring, hissing, and thundering as they drew near.

"Drive faster—for heaven's sake—on the gallop!" exclaimed the husband, as he contemplated the imminency of their danger.

The brother made no answer, for he well knew their fearful situation, but whipped the horses into a run. The chaise flew along the narrow forest road with a rapidity that neither of the party had ever before witnessed; for even the animals themselves seemed aware of their peril, and strained every sinew to escape from the fiery death which threatened them.

Their situation was indeed terrible, and momentarily becoming more precarious. The fire, when first seen, was, at least, a mile off, but nearly equidistant from a point in the road the bridal party were traversing; and as the coflagration swept down towards the road with a velocity equal to that of the travellers, it soon became evident that they would barely have time to pass the fire ere it swept across the road, thus cutting off all escape. Each saw this; but the females were now paralyzed with fear. Only the husband spoke.

"Faster, for God's sake, faster!" he hoarsely cried; "see you not the fire is making for yonder tall pine—we shall not be able to reach the tree first unless we go faster."

"I will do my best," said the brother, lashing still more furiously the foaming horses. "Oh! God, that I had turned back when Ellen wished me!"

On came the roaring fire—on in one mass of flame—on with a velocity that seemed only equalled by that of the flying hurricane. Now the flames caught the lower limbs of a tall tree, and in an instant had hissed to its top—now they shot out their forky tongues from one huge pine to

another far across the intermediate space, and now the whirling fire whistled along the dry grass and moss of the swamp with a rapidity which the eye could scarcely follow. Already the fierce heat of the conflagration began to be felt by the travellers, while the horses, feeling the increase of warmth, grew restive and terrified. The peril momentarily increased. Hope grew fainter, Behind and on either side the conflagration roared in pursuit, while the advancing flame in front was cutting off their only avenue of escape. *They were girdled by fire.* Faster and quicker roared the flames towards the devoted party, until at length despair seized on the hearts of the travellers. Pale, paralyzed, silent, inanimate as statu es, sat the females; while the husband and brother, leaning forward in the carriage and urging the horses to their utmost speed, gazed speechlessly on the approaching flames. Already the fire was within a hundred yards of the road ahead, and it seemed beyond human probability that the travellers could pass it in time. The husband gave one last agonizing glance at his inanimate wife. When again he looked at the approaching flames, he saw that during that momentary glimpse they had lessened their distance one half. He could already feel the hot breath of the fire on his cheek. The wind, too, suddenly whirled down with fiercer fury, and in an instant the forky tongues of the advancing conflagration had shot across the road, and entwined themselves around the tall pine which had been the goal of the travellers' hopes. He sank back with a groan. But the brother's eye gleamed wildly at the sight, and gathering the reins tighter around his hand, he made one last desperate effort to force the horses onward; and with one mad leap, they lifted the carriage from the ground as if it had been a plaything, plunged into the fiery furnace, and the next instant had shot through the pass.

Charnley gave one look backward, as if to assure himself that they had indeed escaped. He saw the lurid mass of fire roaring and whirling across the spot through which they had darted but a moment before; and overcome with mingled gratitude and awe, he lowered his head on his breast and poured out an overflowing soul in thanksgiving to the Power which had saved them from the most dreadful of deaths. And long afterwards, men, who travelled through that charred and blackened forest, pointed to the memorable scene where these events occurred, and rehearsed the thrilling feelings of those who had been encompassed by THE GIRDLE OF FIRE.

THE PHYSICIAN'S CANE.—It was formerly the practice among physicians to use a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes like a pepper box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease, supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.—*Boston Patriot.*

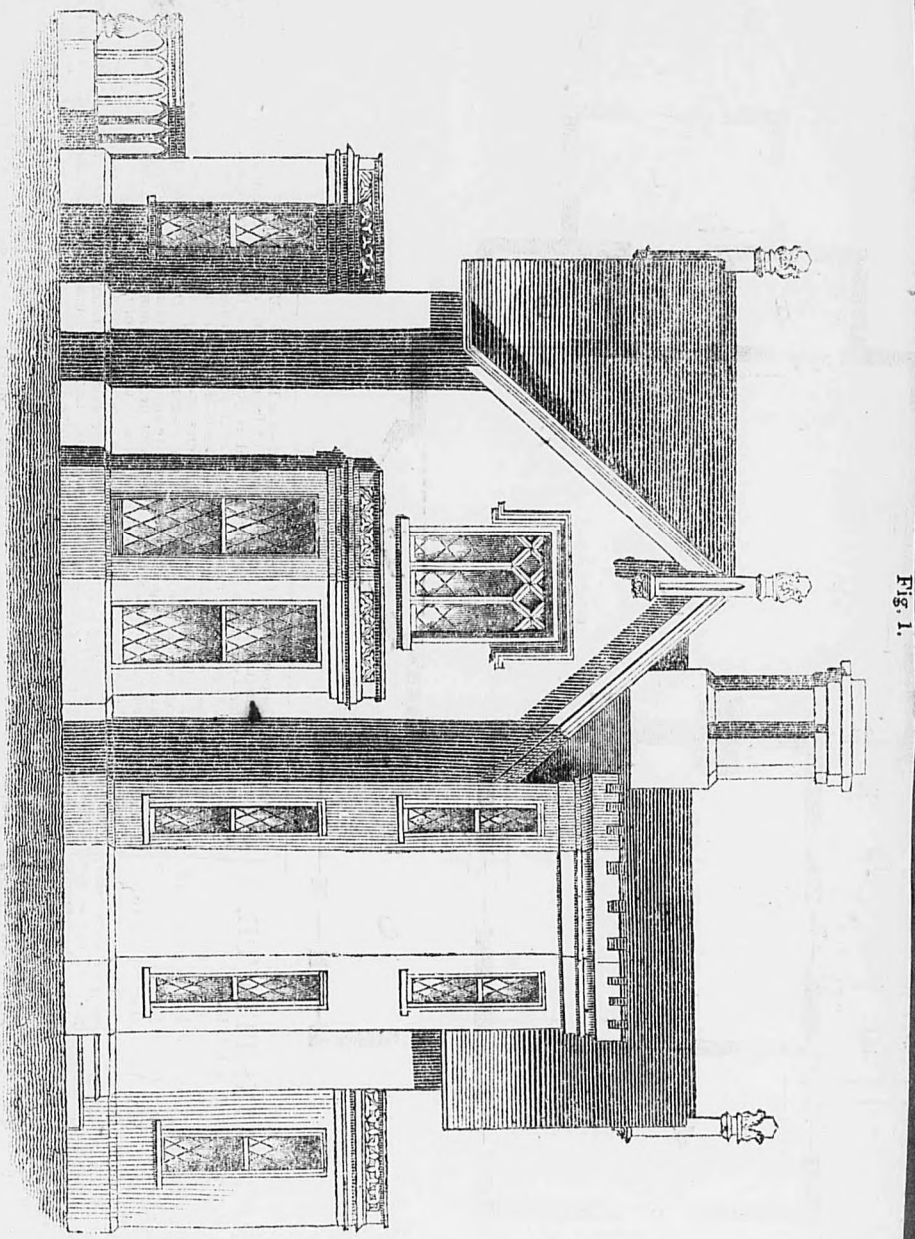
A MODERATE FORTUNE.—It is stated that the Rothschilds of London have offered to compound their tax under the new Income Tax Act of Sir Robert Peel, for three years, at £25,000. In other words they are willing to be let off with the payment to the tax collector of $40,000 a year. They admit, therefore, if the report be true, that their annual income is at least one million three hundred thousand dollars.

A CAUTION.—A few days ago, the family of a farmer of Sunbury, Pa. baked some pies in the morning, and sat them in the cellar to cool for dinner. When one of them was cut, out hopped a snake, to the utter amazement of all at the table. It is presumed that he crawled between the upper and under crust while the pie was cooling on the cellar floor.

Buildings of cast iron are increasing at a prodigious rate in England, and it appears that houses are to be constructed of this material. As the walls will be hollow, it will be easy to warm the buildings by a single stove placed in the kitchen. A three story house, containing ten or twelve rooms, will not cost more than £1100, regard being had to the manner in which it may be ornamented. Houses of this description may be taken to pieces, and transported from one place to another at an expense of not more than $25. It is said that a large number of cast iron houses are about being manufactured in Belgium and England, for the citizens of Hamburg, whose habitations have been burned.

"John, you rogue, you," said an unthinking mother, "if ever I catch you at the closet again, stealing cake and sugar, I'll whip you as sure as you live."

"Why, no you won't, mother," answered the impertinent John, shrewdly, "for you've told me so, a thousand times."



COTTAGE IN THE ENGLISH STYLE.

Fig. 1.

State. Among other discoveries they note that of a remarkable embankment of earth 120 feet in length, exhibiting the form of a huge serpent with its mouth open, in the act of swallowing an egg-shaped mound, likewise of earth. This unique relique of antiquity occupies the top of a speer of land just wide enough to admit it; on one side being very steep and on the other perpendicular. The egg or oval which seems just entering the serpent's mouth, occupied the extreme point of the hill. The embankment is now about 5 feet high, and tapers toward the tail. This is justly characterized as one of the most remarkable remains yet discovered in the United states, particularly when it is remembered that the serpent and egg in the same relation as here exhibited, form a prominent feature in the mythology of the Hindoos.

Family Reading.

POETRY.

THE SLANDERER.

For the "Farmer and Mechanic."

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Thus sang the poet; and most worthy, too,
Of his bold lyre, is that exalted strain.
But, here he paused, as if from his high eminence
He viewed in silent horror, far beneath,
The opposite extreme of human character;
But this he named not, and I hence conclude
It remains for speculation.
Of all the works of which the poet speaks,
That walk, or crawl, or lie inanimate,
Intelligent, or void of sense, and thought,
Or instinct, the Slanderer lowest ranks,
And, justice to his demerits, mark
Him most ignoble of created things.
To class him with the common *thief* or *liar*,
Would be an insult; and to them, a depth
Of degradation which they might resent
With much propriety, and e'en the heartless Felon
Would deem himself debased, and deeply feel
Indignant thus to be for once, compared
With such a monster; for felons are
Obnoxious to our laws, and with them ends
The history of Crime. But ah! not thus
With this fell trafficker in human hearts!
His crimes outlive him, and a deadly curse
Entailed upon—how many—who can tell—
With festering ruin, suicide, and woe,
Long after death has sealed the Culprit's doom.
The highway lurking Robber, seeks no prize
Beyond that which may benefit himself,
Or feed, perchance, a wife, a child, or friend.
But this insatiate fiend hath baser views,
And blacker than the dire assassin feels.
He gloats on human woe, and happy grows,
As the bright streams of social love dry up;
And as the influence of his slimy words
Spreads ruin far and wide, a human vulture—
He feeds his hollow breast with tears and sighs,
Wrung from fair woman's undefended heart.
Can man on earth deplore a foe so fell,
So subtle and so base, as *he* whose
Withering breath scathes Innocence's fair brow,
And blackens, with his hell envenomed tongue,
The cherished names of mother, wife, and friend?
Alas! No crimes on record prove man more corrupt,
Than do the calumnies that echo
From the Slanderer's iron tongue; and yet, how strange!
This prototype of Heaven's worst enemy,
Escapes all law—rears his embrazened front,
And stalks abroad, a *homo* prodigy.
He might be honored with the high credentials
His *worthier father* signed, sealed, and delivered
Where kindred spirits revel in their woe.

RELIGIOUS.

GETHSEMANE.

BY DR. DURAIN.

Passing again out of the Jaffa gate we rambled down the valley of Gihon, around the base of Zion to the pool of Siloam. At this point my companions left me, and I continued my walk alone up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, not displeased with the opportunity of a solitary wandering among the tombs, and of standing alone upon the sacred soil of Gethsemane. Again and again, had I passed by the enclosure, but could not bring myself to enter it; now however, I was alone, and soon to depart from the holy city, and my feelings had been softened by a walk among the tombs. At the foot of Mount Olivet just opposite St. Stephen's Gate, a rude stone wall encloses about a quarter of an acre of ground, in which stand eight ancient olive trees, some of them very large. There is little doubt that this enclosure was the spot of our Saviour's sufferings on that fearful night when he was betrayed. Musing on the affecting narrative of the Evangelist, I approached, climbed over the tottering wall and sat down at the foot of a gnarled and shattered olive, that seemed to my excited imagination, as if it might have stood there and heard the Saviour's cry, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' The stillness of the place was oppressive. The Temple wall almost overhangs the spot, but no hum of life comes upon the breeze over its gloomy battlements. My heart sunk deeper in sadness as I heard the croak of a raven that flew over the apparently deserted city. All that remains of Gethsemane harmonizes with sad associations of the place. No one can walk under its venerable olives, and think of the meek sufferer who onee poured out upon its soil 'great drops of sweat and blood,' and yet, in his agony, cried, 'Father not my will, but thine be done,' without a deeper love for the Redeemer, and a stronger 'fellowship of his sufferings.' Mine eyes were constrained to attest the power of the place upon the heart, and as I rose to depart, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I must go hence, and never again shall I see thee, O Gethsemane!—but I shall see the Lord of life and of glory coming the second time without sin unto salvation; and may I so live as to hail him at the resurrection with the exclamation, 'Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

There is more trouble in having nothing to do, than in having much to do.

The source of our chagrin springs generally from our errors.

One seldom finds that for which he seeks, when he searches for it with impatience.

Courage is to the other qualities of the soul what the spring is to the other pieces of a watch.

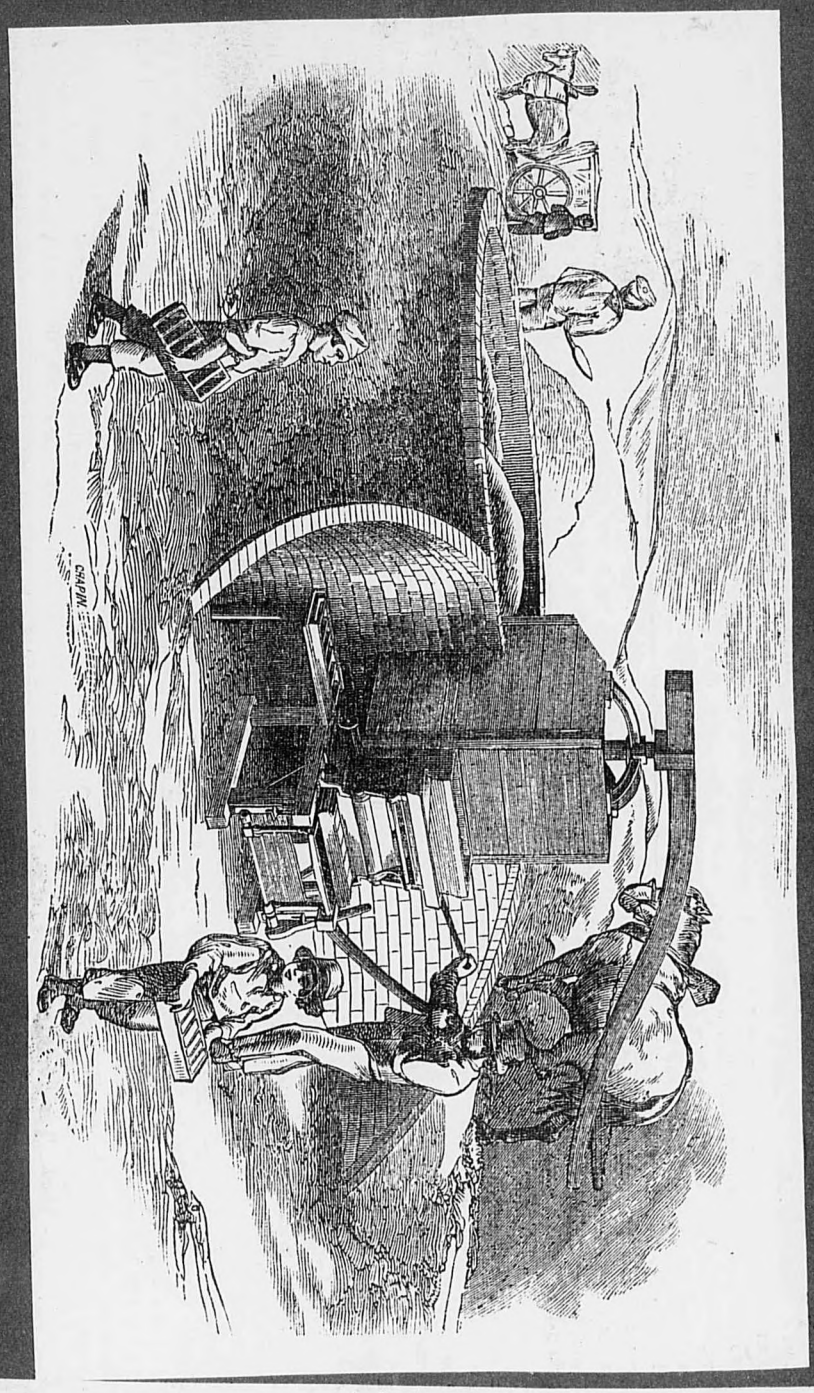
Have any wounded you with injuries, meet them with patience; hasty words rankle the wound, language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar.

The source of our chagrin springs generally from our errors.

Courage is to the other qualities of the soul what the spring is to the other pieces of a watch.

PERSPIRATION OF PLANTS.—The subject of the perspiration of plants, or rather their cooling gases during their growth, is not sufficiently well known by the public. Dr. Hales, has made many experiments in connection with this subject.

He planted a sunflower three and a half feet high in a garden pot, which he covered with thin milled lead, cementing all the joints so that no vapor could escape, except through the sides of the pot and through the plant itself: but providing an aperture, capable of being stopped, through which the earth in the pot could be watered. He found, in fifteen days, after making all necessary allowances for waste, that this plant, three and a half feet high, and with a surface of 56.16 square inches above ground, had perspired in twelve hours of a dry warm day, thirty ounces; on another day less dry, twenty ounees; on a dry warm night, without dew three ounces; and on a night with some dew, nothing. When there was rain or copious dew, the plant absorbed two or three ounces.



HALL'S PATENT BRICK MACHINE.

[At the particular request of some of our brick making friends, we have been induced to deviate from our general rule, and repeat the accompanying engraving with a more full description; more especially, as one or two errors escaped our notice in our last week's number.]

The engraving represents a machine for making brick, patented in the United States and Great Britain, by Alfred Hall, of Perth Amboy,* New Jersey; showing a pit in which the clay is soaked, the mill for grinding it, and a moulding machine as attached when in operation.

The most recent and approved method of constructing a brickyard, is as follows.

The yard should be graded so as to extend from the clay bank one hundred and fifty feet, nearly fifty feet being cut off from the side opposite the clay bank for kiln ground; the part between the kiln ground and clay bank, being the drying floor, should, if not made upon a clay foundation, be faced with clay, made smooth and solid, and sufficiently inclined to carry off the water immediately after rain. On the side of this floor next the clay and opposite the kiln ground are placed the pits or vats in

* Recently from Coxsackie, N. Y.

which the clay is soaked, these should be equal in size to one half of a circle nineteen feet in diameter, and three or three and a half feet deep, made water tight, and either of wood or brick, (according to climate and convenience,) the front or machine side being on a line with, and facing the drying floor, and placed at distances each to occupy or accommodate from sixty to eighty feet of the drying floor, the bottom of the pits are on a level with the drying floor, consequently they rest on an embankment near three feet higher than the drying floor. At the centre, and in front of the pit stands the grinding mill,—a plank box resting on a solid foundation, six inches higher than the bottom of the pit, it is three feet four inches square, and four feet high, projecting fifteen inches, over its foundation, so as to admit a portion of the moulding machine under the front of it, in the centre of this box is an upright shaft, in which knives are placed, and on the top of which is the sweep or lever to which the horse is attached, at the bottom and in front is an opening for the mortar to pass into the chamber of the moulding machine. The bottom of the frame of the moulding machine, will stand about two and a half feet lower than the drying floor. The horse path will be thirty-two feet in diameter, (the sweep being sixteen feet from the upright shaft to the place of attaching the horse,) passing round the pit and all the machinery, inclining three feet from the back of the pit to the drying floor in front, from which point an inclined plane is graded down to the bottom of the moulding machine, for the convenience of off-leavers in getting to and from it. A box containing sand for moulding is placed near and at the left of the machine.

The clay, unless it is soft like putty or dough, works best generally to plough and dry it, putting the water in the pit first. The dry clay is then shovelled in—not in *heaps* but scattered so that every shovel full shall go into and under the water, scattering the clay continually in the deepest, and using up the water, and rising above it only when the pit is full. It is left thus to soak over night, when it is ready to grind.

Having thus prepared the yard, with the kiln ground on one side, and the machine on the other, the drying floor between, and a vat containing water convenient to each machine to soak and wash moulds in, and having dried and sifted through a fine sieve a quantity of fine, sharp sand, (the particles pointed and flat,) for moulding, we are ready to commence work. It is the work for one man to shovel the clay from the pit into the grinding mill, he adds a little water in the mill as it may require, keeps in as even temperature as possiule, keeps the mill full—and the horse in motion, the mortar passes continually as it is ground out of the opening in the mill directly under a revolving press, into the chamber of the moulding maehine, at the bottom of which is a grate, under which rests the mould, on rollers, in front and rear of which are grates; the grates and rollers, forming the top of the main carriage, the sides of which are kept about one inch from the plates by steady pins, which serve also to keep them from oscillating, and having at their rear end at the outer edge iron rails, the whole being constructed so as to allow all surplus sand and rubbish freely to riddle through. It is supported in rear by a girt, suspended from the plates by screw bolts, the front resting on rods connected with a shaft, to which is attached the lower small lever, which, being drawn forward, instantly drops the front of the carriage and releases the moulds from obstruction by stones or otherwise. On the iron rallss, runs a moveable carriage and an axle having wheels to run on the rails, to which is attached a crutch lever, curving so as to connect with the axle, thence passing forward is connected with an arm or lever extending to a shaft below,

CAPTURE AND DEATH OF A MAMMOTH ALLIGATOR.—The subjoined is the account. from Silliman's Journal, of the destruction of a huge alligator. It will be found exceedingly interesting.

In the course of the year 1831, the proprietor of Halahala informed me that he frequently lost horses and cows on a remote part of his plantation, and that the natives assured him they were taken by an enormous alligator, who frequented one of the streams which run into the lake. Their descriptions were so highly wrought, that they were attributed to the fondness for exaggeration, to which the inhabitants of that country are peculiarly addicted, and very little credit was given to their repeated relations.

All doubts as to the existence of the animal were at last dispelled by the destruction of an Indian, who attempted to ford the river on horseback, although entreated to desist by his companions, who crossed at a shallow place, higher up. He reached the centre of the stream, and was laughing at the others for their prudence, when the alligator came upon him. His teeth encountered the saddle, which he tore from the horse, while the rider tumbled on the other side into the water, and made for the shore. The horse, too terrified to move, stood trembling where the attack was made. The alligator, disregarding him, pursued the man, who safely reached the bank, which he could easily have ascended, but rendered fool-hardy by his escape, he placed himself behind a tree, which had fallen partly in the water, and drawing his heavy knife, leaned over the tree, and on the approach of his enemy, struck him on the nose. The animal repeated his assault, and the Indian his blows, until the former, exasperated at the resistance, rushed on the man, and seizing him by the middle of his body, which was at once enclosed and crushed in his capacious jaws, swam into the lake.—His friends hastened to the rescue; but the alligator slowly left the shore, while the poor wretch, writhing and shrieking in his agony, with his knife uplifted in his clasped hands, seemed, as the others expressed it, "held out as a man would carry a torch." His sufferings were not long continued, for the monster sank to the bottom, and soon after re-appearing alone on the surface, and calmly basking in the sun, gave to the horror-stricken spectators the fullest confirmation of the death and burial of their comrade.

A short time after this event, I made a visit to Halahala, and expressing a strong desire to capture or destroy the alligator, my host readily offered his assistance. The animal had been seen, a few days before, with his head and one of his fore feet resting on the bank, and his eyes followed the motion of some cows which were grazing near. Our informer likened his appearance to that of a cat watching a mouse, and in the attitude to spring upon his prey when it should come within its reach.

Hearing that the alligator had killed a horse, we proceeded to the place, about five miles from the house. It was a tranquil spot, and one of singular beauty, even in that land. The stream, which a few hundred feet from the lake narrowed to a brook, with its green banks fringed with the graceful bamboo, and the alternate glory of glade and forest, spreading far and wide, seemed fitted for other purposes than the familiar haunt of the huge creature that had appropriated it to himself. A few cane huts were situated a short distance from the river, and we procured from them what men they contained, who were ready to assist in freeing themselves from their dangerous neighbor. The terror which he had inspired, especially since the death of their companion, had hitherto prevented them from making an effort to get rid of him; but they gladly availed themselves of our preparations, and with the usual dependence of their character, were willing to do whatever example should dictate to them. Having reason to believe that the alligator was in the river, we commenced operations by sinking nets, upright, across its mouth, three deep, at intervals of several feet. The nets, which were of great strength, and intended for the capture of wild buffalo, were fastened to trees on the banks, making a complete fence to the communication with the lake.

My companion and myself placed ourselves with our guns on either side of the stream, while the Indians, with long bamboos, felt for the animal. For some time he refused to be disturbed; and we began to fear that he was not within our limits, when a spiral motion of the water, under the spot where I was standing, led me to direct the natives to it; and the creature slowly moved on the bottom towards the nets, which he no sooner touched, than he quietly turned back and proceeded up the stream. This movement was several times repeated, till, having no rest in the enclosure, he attempted to climb up the bank. On receiving a ball in the body, he uttered a growl like that of an angry dog; and plunging into the water, crossed to the other side, where he was received with a similar salutation, discharged directly into his mouth. Finding himself attacked on every side, he renewed his attempts to ascend the banks; but whatever part of him appeared was bored with bullets, and feeling that he was hunted, he forgot his own formidable means of attack, and sought only safety from the troubles which surrounded him.

A low spot, which separated the river from the lake, a little above the nets, was unguarded, and we feared that he would succeed in escaping over it. It was here necessary to stand firmly against him: and in several attempts which he made to cross it, we turned him back with spears, bamboos, or whatever first came to hand. He once seemed determined to force his way, and, foaming with rage, rushed, with open jaws, and gnashing his teeth, with a sound too ominous to be despised, appeared to have his full energies aroused, when his career was stopped by a large bamboo thrust violently into his mouth, which he ground to pieces, and the fingers of the holder were so paralyzed that for some minutes he was incapable of resuming his gun.

The natives had now become so excited as to forget all prudence, and the women and children of the little hamlet had come down to the shore, to share in the general enthusiasm. They crowded to the opening, and were so unmindful of their danger that it was necessary to drive them back, with some violence. Had the monster known his own strength, and dared to have used it, he would have gone over that spot with a force which no human power could have withstood, and would have crushed, or carried with him into the lake, about the whole population of the place.

It is not strange that personal safety was forgotten in the excitement of the scene.—The tremendous brute, galled with wounds and repeated defeat, tore his way through the foaming water, glancing from side to side, in the vain attempt to avoid his foes, then rapidly ploughing up the stream, he grounded on the shallows, and turned back, frantic and bewildered at his circumscribed position. At length, maddened with suffering, and desperate from continued persecution, he rushed furiously to the mouth of the stream, burst through two of the nets, and I threw down my gun in despair, for it looked as though his way, at last, was clear to the wide lake. But the third net stopped him, and his teeth and legs had got entangled in all. This gave us a chance of closer warfare with lances, such as are used against the wild buffalo. We had sent for this weapon, at the commencement of the attack, and found it much more effectual than guns. Entering a canoe, we plunged lance after lance into the alligator, as he was struggling under the water, till a wood seemed to be growing from him, which moved violently above, while his body was concealed below. His endeavers to extricate himself, lashed the water with foam, mingled with blood; and there seemed no end to his vitality, or decrease to his resistance, till a lance struck him directly through the middle of the back, which an Indian, with a heavy piece of wood, hammered into him, as he could catch an

opportunity. My companion, on the other side, now tried to haul him to the shore, by the nets to which he had fastened himself, but had not sufficient assistance with him.—As I had more force with me, we managed, with the aid of women and children, to drag his head and part of his body on to the little beach, where the river joined the lake, and, giving him the "coup de grace," left him to gasp out the remnant of his life on the sand.

I regret to say that the measurement of the length of this animal was imperfect. It was night when the struggle ended, and our examination of him was made by torch-light. I measured the circumference, as did also my companion, and it was over eleven feet immediately behind the fore-legs. It was thirteen feet at the belly, which was distended by the immoderate meal made on the horse. As he was only part out of water, I stood, with a line, at his head, giving the other end to an Indian, with directions to take it to the extremity of the tail. The length so measured was twenty-two feet; but at the time, I doubted the good faith of my assistant, from the reluctance he manifested to enter the water, and the fears he expressed that the mate of the alligator might be in the vicinity. From the diameter of the animal, and the representations of those who examined him afterwards, we believed the length to have been about thirty feet. As we intended to preserve the entire skeleton, with the skin, we were less particular than we otherwise should have been. On opening him, we found, with other parts of the horse, three legs entire, torn off at the haunch and shoulder, which he had swallowed whole, besides a large quantity of stones, some of them of several pounds weight.

The night, which had become very dark and stormy, prevented us from being minute in our investigation; and leaving directions to preserve the bones and skin, we took the head with us, and returned home. This precaution was induced by the anxiety of the natives to secure the teeth; and I afterwards found that they attribute to them miraculous powers in the cure or prevention of diseases.

The head weighed nearly three hundred pounds; and so well was it covered with flesh and muscle, that we found balls quite flattened which had been discharged into the mouth, and at the back of the head, at only the distance of a few feet, and yet the bones had not a single mark to show that they had been touched.

Such is the law of divorce in China that it permits a man to put away his wife for seven causes, one of which is loquacity. What a number of divorces there must be in them diggings.

SELECT TALE.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.]

THE FATAL GLASS.

A Tale of Real Life.

BY B. F. NEWHALL.

The facts of life are strange occurrences, strange indeed, if we were wont to consider them as they transpire. With the mass of people nothing is strange or romantic, but what exists in the imagination. The fancies of men are tortured to present an ideal picture, which in fact possesses no beauty, only so far as it represents real life. Life, after all, is the great drama to excite our curiosity, and whoever overstrains the delineation, or gives its sketches too high a coloring, may be safely set down as one whose labor is lost. Real life then becomes our instructor, and its lessons, properly understood, are never given in vain. How unwise are we to sigh for the marvellous in imagination, when nature and life, together with all its facts, its every day occurrences, are a strong compound of mystery and wonder. I have often tho't that one great obstacle to human improvement may be found in this, that the past is not faithfully delineated for the future. The world seems to have settled down with this conviction, that it is enough for the present actors in life's drama to witness what is now transpiring, and for everything that is past they must draw from the imagination. If this is not an evil of some magnitude, then I confess myself ignorant of human nature, and altogether inadequate to the task of giving direction in the important work of human progress. If I am right, then the present generation should be its own historian, daily transmitting to the future a correct map of all life's facts, amply sufficient for, and every way adapted to amusement, encouragement, improvement and warning. Such being my conviction, I have long felt it a duty to give the public a plain, simple narrative, not adorned with the needless drapery of fine embel-

lishment, but clad in the modest home-spun attire of every day language. So here it is, gentle reader, without note or comment. Ponder it well, and may it ever be valuable to you as a beacon of warning, guarding you if necessary, from the threatning danger of the first, and oftentimes "the fatal glass."

Sometime about the year 1820, I became acquainted with Mr. Willis, a young man of about twenty-one years of age, born and brought up in the state of Maine, but recently arrived in the old Bay State, in order, as it is sometimes said, to seek his fortune. Providence cast our lots for a time in the same manufacturing establishment. Being but two years his junior in age, I soon became very intimate with him as an acquaintance, and a friend. He was what the world would call a young man of good mind, gentle and easy in his manner, his moral character unblemished, untiring in his exertions to please, and beloved by every one as soon as known.—With such a character, no one could be surprised, if I put Mr. Willis among the list of my dearest friends. I did so, and I never blamed myself for it, painful as the sequel proved. My only blame, if any, (and I think I may take some in his case,) was that I did not endeavor to strengthen by every possible means those virtuous principles, which I never doubted had root in his breast.

How often we think ourselves sufficient for every emergency, fully established in moral rectitude, and competent to meet all the temptations of life, when in truth our sentinel is sleeping. It was probably so in the case of my friend.—Life with him then was one perpetual sunshine. He never dreamed of lowering clouds, or angry tempests—virtuous himself, he disturbed the virtue of no one, while he beheld the frail bark of others, shattered and wrecked in the awful whirlpool of vice, he never supposed himself in the least danger.

Drinking, yes, dram drinking was practised in those days to a considerable extent, but my worthy friend, never to my knowledge, had been drawn into the baneful practice. Certain am I, that had he even then taken the convivial glass, though only for a compliment, I should have known it. I say then in all confidence that Mr. Willis never used anything that could intoxicate. My readers will understand then, emphatically, that he was a tee-tetoller.

Time passed on, and my friend was untiring in his exertions to gain an honest livelihood, and to rise in the world to a station of high respectability. In both objects he made considerable progress, before he removed from the village of S——, to a town some twelve miles distant. This removal he judged one of the most favorable to better his circumstances, and subsequent events indicated a correct judgement.

It was with extreme reluctance that I parted with Mr. Willis, if I may call the separation of so short a distance parting. In truth we had become so much attached to each other, that any separation seemed painful. But he removed to L——, and I scarcely saw him, though I incidentally heard from him, for the period of three years. I wish the reader therefore distinctly to understand that Mr. Willis has removed from the village of S——, to the village of L——, and with this distinct understanding, I will close the first part of my narrative.

Does Mr. N. reside here? said a very genteely dressed gentleman, as he rode up to the door, on a beautifull afternoon in September, in the year 1825.

On being answered in the affirmative, he immediately dismounted, and was ushered into the parlor, and soon introduced himself as Mr. S. of L——. After a few preliminary observations concerning the weather and the current news, he stated the object of his call, which was to present to me the address of my former and well remembered friend, Mr. Willis, and to request my company at a wedding party at L——, on two weeks from that evening.

"A wedding party," said I, almost involuntarily, "and my much beloved friend the groom?"

"Yes," said Mr. S. "a wedding party indeed, for the wedding will be graced by the best society of L——,"

"Mr. Willis is respected then in L——, is he not?"

"The bride," said Mr. S. "is the only daughter of Mr. K. one of our oldest manufactures, into wh[illegible] employment Mr. Willis entered when he first removed to L——, but more recently he has become an active partner. Emilie," said my informant, "is worthy of a good husband, and such an one she will undoubetly obtain in the person of Mr. Willis."

Hereupon Mr. S. arose, and taking his hat bade me a "good morning," at the same time pressing it upon my memory not to forget the wedding, as Mr. Willis would be disappointed should I not make one of the wedding guests. I was then a single man, neither married nor engaged, therefore my readers will excuse me when I say ihat I anticipated that wedding with some anxiety.

It is very natural we all know, for a wedding to excite hiliarity and glee, but in this instance, whenever thoughts of the nuptial festival came, a certain sadness seemed to brood over it, a dark foreboding of evil in the future. It is uot natural for me to borrow trouble, as it is called, therefore I would not allow myself in this instance to gaze steadfastly, except in the bright side of life's picture. Were I credulous about signs, I should now say that I had a presentiment of the future in the saddness that came over me, but no matter for that, I dissipated it, I would not brood over it:

The wedding day arrived, and I repaired to L——. Never was there more enthusiasm made manifest on a similar occasion, than I witnessed on this. It seemed a meeting of glad hearts, buoyant with hope's britghest promise. To exhibit in language the brilliant scene of that joyous festival would be impossible, suffice it to say, that every exertion had been taken to render the occasion interesting, and a passing glance was sufficient to demonstrate to any one that such exertion had not ben made in vain. The wedding took place in a neat and commodious hall in the mansion house of Mr. K., the bride's father.

The hour at last arrived which was to make two fond and confiding hearts one. Before me stood my much esteemed friend in all the opponent dignity of virtue, clothed with the manly beauty of what might be called handsome exterior. His countenance beamed with that serenity which ever accompaneys innocence and peace. On his right stood the beautiful, the accomplished, the admired Emelino K., in all the concious innocence of guileless youth. That hour was fraught with joy not to be told, while hope shed a bright halo of glory over the interesting scene.

The officiateing clergyman was proceeding to consumate the marriage ceremony, wheu the same indescribable foreboding of evil came over me that had many times before, except that now it was more irresistable, and not so easily to be shaken off. I am now sensible that there was a marked change in my countenance, for an enquiry was immediately made, whether I was well. I managed to make the best shift possible, and complained of slight indisposition. After the laps of a few moments, I recovered my usual self possession, and entered with considerable zeal and spirit into the passing scenes. The knot was tied, the twain were made one, mutual congratulations were exchanged, and a part of the company retired. A favorable opportunity was presented for me to converse with my friend Willis, as well as to become somewhat acquainted with his very aimable and imteresting partner.

Since his removal from S——, Mr. Willis had been untiring in his exertions to become master of his business, as well as to gain this world's goods a competency. Providence had smiled on all his undertakings. He had acquired a small property sufficient for his present wants. Mr. K, his father-in-law, after having fully tried him as to industry, honesty, and all those essential qualification for a business man, had made him an equal partner in his extensive business. Such assistance was a stepping

stone to the advancemeet, and with such assistance he had advanced rappidly. He had alrdady been in business with Mr. K about two years, but had, within a few days dissolved that connection, with the intentic⁹ of removing to the pleasant village of Woodstock, in the central part of Vermont.

A favorable opportunity had presented itself for the purchase of valluable property in that place, and Mr. Willis had already improved that opportunity, and had purchased for himself a fine manufactureing establishment, intending to remove there immediately after marriage, and commence business for himself extensively. I was truly overjoyed at the prosperity of my friend, and was about to conclude—yes, I did conclude, notwithstanding that indescrible foreboding again—that Emeline K. had begun life, (for marriage is truly a beginning) with the fairest prospect of domestic peace, of of any oue within the circle of my acquaintance, I was alone, gentle reader, in that opinion, for Emeline herself thought so. I am confident she did, if the countenance can be trusted as an index of the mind, and mind can be allowed correct judgement under the pleasing excitement of the wedding hour,

One by ono the guests of that evening had departed, till but few were left, and when I cast my eyes at the clock, I found, notwithstanding the deep interest that every one had taken in that scene of mirth, that Time had not passed even one moment as a looker on, but had displayed a settled, stoical indifference.

I rose to depart, as I had some dozen or more miles to travel this night, but was delayed a moment by my friend, who grasped my hand, and with all the sincerity of a trne friend, hoped that our friendship might be lasting, and that I shouid not forget him after his semoval of a hundred and fifty miles, but call upon him as ofteen as Probidence mlght open a door. His wife joined him in the most pressing invitation snd I should sometime visit them in their new home. It is hardley necessary for me to say I prcmised them, yes, assured them, that, should I ever go tnto that part of Vermont, I would not fail to visit them. With this assureance, I bid them fareweli, mounted my horse, and soon returned to the village of S—.

A few weeks after this, I received intelligence that the young couple removed to Woodstock about one week aftor their marriage. After that period I but occasionally and incidentally heard from them; (for the reader will understand that I am no better writer and my friend Willis I presume, was too much engaged in business to communicate in that manner,) but what little *I* did hear for some years was faxorable report of his prosperity.

Years rolled on I had became a married man, business man and I had almost (I know it is hard to confess it but in was so,) I had almost forgotten my friend Wilis. Business and cares of the world and the reader has experience in these, he will sympathize with and excuse me, had engrossen too much far too much of my time and must therefore be rendered as my only if not suffcient excuse for forgetfulness.

"Is this the road to Woodstock?" said I to a boy who was watching his sheep one pleasant afternoon in the latter part of August of the year 1827.

On being answerd in the affirmative, I pursued my way with some anxiety, in order to gain the village before the dusk of the evening had settled down upon me.

I was then in the westerly part of Windsor, Vermont, and on the northerly side, and directly at the foot of the far famed Asheutney mountain. The country presented some of the wildest; and at the same time, some of the most romantic scenery imaginable. On my left, crag over crag, cliff over cliff, towered this huge pile of granite, tiil its summit was lost in some floating, intervening clouds. On my right a beautiful valley opened itself to the north, with its well cultivated farms, and its neat and rural cottage scenery, altogether presenting a picture of beauty indescribable. The travelled road, as is usual in all mountainous countries, lay on the bank of a small murmuring rivulet, whose waters for a considerable distance would present a lake-like stillness and then for an equal

distance, a foaming, bounding cataract in miniature. Such scenery, so grand, so romantic, cannot fail to interest any one who is a lover of nature. My soul drank deeply of this display of the beautiful. for I ever from my childhood had been one of nature's most devoted lovers.

I was accompanied on this journey by my wife and only child, then about two years of age. Some matters of business had made it necssary for me to visit that part fo Vermont, and for health and pleasure my wife had embraced the opportunity of accompanying me. Finding myself in the immediate neighborhood of Woodstock, I had concluded to visit my friend Willis. I was then an entire stanger in that part of Vermont, and, in absence of suitable guide boards, (a neglect which is very common in some parts of the country, though so detrimental to the interests of the traveller,) I was forced frequently to enquire.

The Sun was fast sinking in the western horizon, when as I supposed I was approximating the village of Woodstock very nearly. I stopped to make some inquiry of an aged man, who was engaged in repairs on his fence when a carriage, elegant it might be called for that region with a smart horse, passed me at a somewhat rapid gait. In answer to my inquiries, the old man informed me that I was but one mile from the village.

"Do you know Mr. Willis, a manufacturer?" said I.

"Spuare Willis, guess you mean," said the old man; "why that was his carriage that just passed by, and I rather guess the Squire was in it, for I saw him go down about two hours ago."

"Squire Willis," said I, thinking the old man might be mistaken as to whom I alluded, "I wish to find a Mr. Willis who removed from L——— to this place about five years ago,"

"Yes, yes," said he, "that is the Squire—he just went by."

My friend Willis had obtained the honorary title of Esquire and no doubt he was worthy of it; but I found afterwards that it is common practice in a country village to confer on every stranger who comes to the place to reside and who makes considerable show as to ealth, the tittle of Esquire.

I inquired of the old man who seemed rather affable in his manners, and rather talkative withal, in what part of the village the Squire resided.

"Do you know," said he, "where "Mount Tom' is?"

On being told that I was not acquainted at all he said;

"Well, well, I guess I'll tell you, so that you'll find where the Squire lives. When you first come into the village," said he, "you will turn to the left and go on till you cross the river. You will then see Mount Tom bearing a little to the right—you must then turn down the river, and the first handsome cottage you come to, on the left, will be his."

"Is the Squire doing business there?" said I.

"Doing business? no," said the old man, "the Squire has got to be something rich for this country."

"A very respectable man?" said I, following up the interrogatory more for amusemdnt then anything else,

"rather guess you'd think so," ssid he "if yon knew him. Why, he's got money enough, a spendid house, a fine carriage! besides, he's Justice of the Peace, and our folks think next winter of sending him to the General Assembly,"

Judging that it was about time for me to proceed, I bade the old gentleman good evening, and proceeded to the village. Following the directtions of the old man, I soon found myself at the mansion of my frend Willis. Need I speak of the warm greeting of friendship with which we were saluted? Mr. Willis and his lovely wife met us at the door with one of the most cordial welcomes with which I was ever saluted. The hospitabie board was soon spread, and we surrounded it with the highest feelings of conscious satisfaction.

The story of the old man I soon found to be true. Mr. Willis had prospered, and had gained a handsome property. He had erected this neat, may I not say elegant and commodions cottage in one of the pleasantest and most romantic spots I verily believe in the world. On the northwest and immediately back of his extensive garden, rose in a gentle as-

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DVOCATE.

Agriculture, Science and News. NUMBER 21.

847. { Isaac A. Pittman, EDITOR.

cent the celebrated hill, know as Mount Tom. On the southeast, and but a few rods from his front door, rolled on, in majestic splendor a fine river, kuown by the old Indian appellation of "Quechee." To the southwest and west opened a very romantic and beautifnl valley, down which for centuries on centuries the old "Quechee" had poured its oceans of waters as tributaries to the Connecticut. On the northeast lay the village of Woodstock encircled by hills and gentle undulations, till one would almost be led to suppose that the river before named could not find its way through it. Altogether, I must say, that Woodstock is one of the most beautifully situated and at the same time, one of the most romantic villages in central Vermont. Here on this lovely spot—in this almost evergreen valley—on the banks of this old Indian river, under the shadow of Mount Tom, my friend Willis had erected and ornamented this elegant retreat If to covet was ever allowable, one might with some propriety covet this abode of peace and contentment. Surrounded by all the comforts of domestic life a lovely intelligent and devoted wife, two of the most interesing and lovely children I ever saw with every necessary in matters of domestic economy, if Mr. Willis was not a happy man, then I should almost be led to believe that happiness did not belong to earth. He seemed to be fully sensible that his was no common lot

thing that can intoxicate and no exception has ever been given by me to wine. With such convictions of right as I entertain on this subject I think myself somewhat remiss in the faithful discharge of duty on that occasion. But there are feelings of delicacy which often present themselves as obstacles in the discharge of duty, and such I presume was the case with me that morning. At any, rate, I have had feelings of deep regret since that time, that I did not deal openly with my friend on the subject of the use alcohoic drinks. But time lost never can be recalled; so duty neglected, never can be done. Should my regret and my opened confession inspire my reader with fortitude meet for a similar scene, I shall feel measurably comforted.

About three years after this visit to Woodstock, during the interval of which I had not heard from my friend Willis, matters of business called me into the westerly part of Vermont, after the transaction of which, I resolved to return by the way of Woodstock, and once more visit my old friend. From Rutland I crossed the range of the Green Mountain at Sherburne, and descended once more into the romantic valley of the Quechee' river. Following the serpentine course of the river, I reached Woodstock a little before sunset, and drove up to that long remembered mansion of rural beauty. Judge of my surprise, when in answer to a ring of the bell, a stranger came to

sipated a great deal of her yonthful beauty. She was surrounded by her family, to be sure, but nothing in their domestic arrangements indicated the style of life I witnessed three years before. Excuses were immediately made concerning their removal. He had, as he stated, a first rate opening to sell at a very high price, and he thought it best to improve it. This tenement he only occupied temporarily, for he had already bargained for a beautiful situation in a neighboring town, and should soon remove thither. Many excuses of a similar character were offered, but I noticed that in none of them did the wife join, but observed a strict silence. Such a change in circumstances, such apparent confusion, accommodations, determined me to make my visit not more than one hour in length. My determination to proceed on my journey was not earnestly opposed, though objections were raised against it. After a brief conversation, with mutual good wishes, we seperated; but not till such advices were given as the case before me seemed to require.

After parting with my friend Willis and family, as just described, I heard nothing from them for four years. I had frequently thought of him with anxiety, and should have written him had I positively known his place of residence.

It was four years after that interview, and I think it was the month of June, as I was about to retire to rest, I was summoned to the door by a somewhat loud knocking. I opened the door to a man who to me appeared a stranger. His dress was somewhat shabby for a laboring man—his hat much worn and weather-beaten, his boots torn and muddy—his whole appearance indicated poverty and negligence. His face was somewhat red and bloated. Observing that I surveyed him with a scrutinizing glance, he said,

"I rather think you do not know me—my name is Willis?"

On being assured that I was not deceived, I bade him be seated. He was not then intoxicated, but the truth was written on his countenance. He was a drunkard. He attempted an excuse for calling at that late hour, giving me to

body was in a partial state of decay, but was finally pretty well identified as Mr. Willis, of L———, who had been missing from his family for something more than two months.

"Mr. *Willis*!" said I in astonishment not do ubting but that it was my old friend) "is *he* dead? come to a premature death? a drunkard's grave? Can it be possible? and I paced the floor in agony.

Seeing my perturbation and trouble at the intelligence I had just received, my informant seemed somewhat surprised," but yet deeply interested to give me all the particulars in his knowledge.

"Mr. *Willis*," said he, "returned from *Woodstock* to L———about five years ago, in rather straitened circumstances. Before he returned, he had wasted a small but handsome property by the use of alcoholic drinks. His father-in-law, Mr. K———, had formerly been a wealthy man, but had met with reverses in business, and finally had died at bankrupt, so that Mr. Willis could derive no assistance from that source. His practice of drinking grew upon him, and soon reduced him and his family to extreme poverty. Mrs. Willis is one of the amiable of woman, and has not failed in discharge of duty to her husband. She has begged, entreated, persuaded: in fact, has done everything in her power to save him from ruin but to no effect.

With his intemperance he became brutal, sometimes driving his wife and children from the house in the darkness of the night, to seek a shelter among hospitable neighbors. His continued intemperance produced fits of delirium tremens, and during the temporary insanity produced thereby, he would often wander abroad. It was in one of these fits that he rushed into the woods, and, it is supposed, got mired in a swamp, from which he was unable to extricate himself, and thus miserably perished."

"A dreadful case of intemperance," said I, "and a shocking death!"

"Truly so," said my informant, "one that has excited a great deal of sympathy in the village of L———. I knew him when he never drank anything intoxicating. Mr. K———, his wife's fath

MISCELLANY.

THE SOLDIER'S RULE.

I once had a neighbor who, though a clever man, came to me one hay day and said, 'Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away.' 'Why,' said I, 'what are my geese doing?' 'They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it.' 'What can I do?' said I. 'You must yoke them.' 'That I have not time to do now,' said I; 'I do not see but they must run.' 'If you do not take care of them I shall,' said the clever shoemaker in anger. 'What do you say, Esq. White?' 'I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages.' 'Well,' said he, 'you will find that a hard thing, I guess.'

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and thrown among the bushes.

'Now,' said I, 'all keep still, and let me punish him.' In a few days the shoemaker's hogs got into my corn. I saw them and let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out and picked up the corn they had torn down and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

'Have you seen anything of my hogs?' said he. 'Yes sir, you will find them yonder eating some corn which they tore down in my field.' 'In your field?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'ho[illegible] love corn, you know—they were made to eat.' '[illegible]w much mischief have they done?' 'O, not much,' said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

'Oh, no,' said I, 'it cant be.' 'Yes,' said the shoemaker, 'and I will pay you every cent of damage.' 'No,' I replied, 'you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you.'

The shoemaker blushed and went home. The next winter when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. 'No,' said I, 'I shall take nothing.'

After some talk we parted; but in a day or two I met him in the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on he seemed loth to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, 'I have something laboring on my mind.' 'Well what is it?' 'Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry.' And the tears came in his eyes. 'Oh. well,' said I, 'never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking.'

I never took any thing of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field after this, he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be.

'Now,' said the old soldier, 'conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness, where you can conquer in no other way.

ANTIQUE.

A stone image has been found about thirteen miles from Tuscaloosa, Alabama. It is about ten inches long, and in due proportion, of a human being; the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead, and arms, are distinctly carved. The top of the head is flat, and has on one side four or five cuts or gashes. The image was first exposed to view by the tearing up of the earth, by a large blown down tree. Near the spot was found a complete set of elegant weights, of fine black polished stone, from a pound to an ounce, corresponding, very nearly, with the standard weights now in use. These evidences of traffic, says the Monitor, certainly denote a state of information and trade which the red men of our forest never enjoyed.

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

The Indian Summer.

All summer lingers yet in the soft air
Filled with a golden haze, a dreamy light,
Which makes the fair earth more surpassing fair.
And lovelier even for that it seem less bright,
Such the world's aspect in those early days,
They come but once—yet memory holds them dear;
Seen through the veil of Fancy, half unreal,
Half lit with glowing hues, warm, radiant, yet not clear.

Is thy lot lone and desolate?—have friends
Fallen from thy side as falls the Autumn leaf?
Is thy heart filled with doubts of human life
And human love that mock thy young belief?
Look on the eternal stillness of the hills,
And learn to bear in silence,—stand beneath
The rush of mighty waters from on high,
And see Hope's gilded bow span the fierce, foaming death.

Nor this alone!—far from the haunts of strife
Open the Book mysterious, and, untaught,
Save of His spirit who once died for man,
Ponder the page with such high meaning fraught.
Nature is holy, but a Holier still
Dwells in her midst, if we would list the tone,
The still, small voice interpreting her lore,
And from her shrines, leading to God's own glorious Throne.

Oct. 12th, 1847. A. A.

LEARNIG.

I am no enemy to learning—no enemy to colleges. On the contrary, I am the steadfast friend of both. But I am opposed to having them both over-rated as they are; and the advantages of both so abundantly exaggerated, by the great mass of our people—as if no other learning were valuable; no other knowledge worth having.

I would remind them of the basket-maker—the only man of a large crew, cast ashore among savages, who was able to turn his past acquisitions to account: while the remainder sat twirling their thumbs, liable every moment to be knocked in the head for their ignorance, the basket-maker was made a chief upon the spot, and almost worshipped for his ingenuity.

Or I might remind them of that other crew taken by a Barbary corsair. When they were carried before the Dey, he enquired their several occupations. The riggers, and blacksmiths, and carpenters were all sent off to the dock-yard. The sailors had a comfortable birth provided for them—and even the officers were turned to account, one way or another. At last his highness came to a literary man—a passenger and a poet—what to do with him, for a long while, his highness could not, for the life of him, [illegible] till at last, on learning that the prisoner was a [illegible] of sedentary occupations, and having the term explained by the interpreter, he ordered the poet a pair of feather breeches and sat him to hatching chickens.

And now which of these two was the educated man—the poet or the basket-maker.—*John Neal.*

The birds have returned with their songs,
The robin now sings on the spray,
The lark is seen winging our lawns,
The blue-bird unites in the lay.

The groves are all mantled with green,
The apple, the peach, and the pear,
All blooming with beauty are seen,
An earnest that fruit will be there.

Wake children, awake with the day,
And rush to the fields and the lawns,
Seek flowers for the queen of the May,
And crown her with garlands and songs.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

The following is a copy of a sign in Richmond, Virginia. "New peez and nise purtaters by the qurt or two sens wuth for sail in this sullar—kum in."

Those who read or write much should be very attentive to their posture; they ought to sit and stand by turns, always keeping as nearly in an erect posture as possible. It has an excellent effect frequently to read or speak aloud. This not only exercises the lungs, but almost the whole body.

Morgan Manly;

THE MAN THAT NEVER SAID "NO!"

Morgan Manly was among those who figured before the Recorder yesterday, and a very sorry figure poor Morgan cut. He was, as he said himself, a unit in the numerical population of mankind, but a mere cipher in the social scale—an affirmative abstractedly, but a negative practically—a machine incapable of self.action till put in motion by others—an instrument that was mute till played on by interested parties—a sound that but echoed other men's voices. Such were some of the attributes of Mr. Manly, as announced by himself when the Recorder asked him what he was.

"The watchman says you were tipsy when he arrested you, Mr. Manly," said the Recorder.

"Let it be so written," retorted Manly.

"He says, too, that you were abusive to him," continued the Recorder.

"I have no denial to offer," answered Manly.

"And that, in coming to the watch-house, you made an attempt to escape from him," added the Recorder.

"Let the presumption be in favor of the truth of the watchman's allegation," said Manly.

"Then you admit it all," said the Recorder.

"Every word of it," said Manly.

"And have no negative testimony to offer," said the Recorder.

"Not a word," said Manly. "I have made it a principle of my life never to deny any thing; never to say *no!* to any thing; and it is this peculiarity that has influenced my whole life. *No* is a word, sir, not in my vocabulary, and I doubt if I know its meaning. If a man asks me to take a drink, I never say *no!* If a man ask me to lend a V, and I have it, I never say *no*. If a man ask me to play a game of cards, I never say *no*. If I am asked to go a gunning, I never say *no*, whatever may be the personal inconvenience to myself. If I am asked to subscribe to a charity, I never say *no*, however much I may need contributions myself. If a quack ask me to recommend his medicines, I never say *no*, though it may be as poisonous as aquafortis, for all I know to the contrary.

When asked to endorse for a friend, I never said *no*; and if a travelling Mesmeriser calls on me to vouch for his clairvoyant capacity, I never say *no*, though I were to know him to be a very juggler.—Why, sir, my own miserable, unhappy marriage was the consequence of my never saying *no*. It was leap-year, sir; she knew my weakness—took advantage of it, popped the question, and I said—*yes!*"

The Recorder told Mr. Manly that he thought him altogether too pliant-minded for the present times, when the prevailing axiom seemed to be that every man should take care of himself. He dismissed him, however, hoping that in future he would not be so chary of his "*noes*" whenever he was asked or invited to do anythig to his own or the public prejudice.—*N. O. Pic.*

ANECDOTE OF THE CHINESE.

When Lord Macartney presented the elegant carriage made by Hatchett, at the palace of Yuenwingyuen, the Mandarines inquired where the Emperor was to sit—and on being told in the inside, and that the coach-box, with its hammercloth ornamented with festoons and roses, was the seat of the coachman, they sneeringly asked of the English, if they supposed their Ta-whang-tie, their mighty Emperor, would suffer any man to sit higher than himself, or turn his back on him!

ADVENTURE OF

Charles the Second.

There is not in the British Isles a fairer valley than the Vale of Dolgelley, nor one that combines sweetness and magnificence in such perfect and varied beauty. Its green banks slope verdantly to the river side, fringed with trees and watered by sparkling streamlets; higher up, Cader-Idris and a chain of lesser mountains point their grey summits, bold and bare, to the sky. Snowdon peeps through many a vista—and half-way down the valley there is a beautiful meeting of the waters of two clear rivers, that, uniting it to a lake-like stream, glide smoothly onward to the Irish Sea. Their woods, noble country seats, and smiling cottages, sheltered and shadowed by many a sunny hill, blend their beauty with the dark rock, the scathed pine, and the healthy mountain side, while the ever-changing light and shadow, the varied colors, and the light haze resting on the park, or floating dreamily in the very centre of the valley, present a picture which few who have gazed upon will forget, or scruple to affirm with us, that among the hundred valleys of our happy Isles there is not a nobler or a fairer one than the Vale of Dolgelley. And when the Royal eye of her who rules them glances over our pages, she will not fail to remember the sweet Summer evenings when, straying by the romantic shores of Beaumaris, she has seen the dusky cloud-like peak of Snowdon, as it rose far in the distance, over the quiet waters of the bay. And long on those shores will she be remembered—the village maiden that dropped a curtsy, and gray-haired man that made his humble reverence to the lovely girl, the future Queen of England; and whose simple hearts were gladdened by her smile, often point out the spots she visited, the mossy stone she sat upon, and the scenery with which she was pleased and familiar, when, far from the splendor of Courts, she dwelt among the quiet glades of their mountain land.

Such, indeed, is the Vale of Dolgelley when the sun is shining on its waters, and brightening the verdure of its banks, but when the storm sweeps from the hills, and to the darkness of night is added the gloomy shadow of the mountain—when every stream becomes a torrent, and mingles its roar with the long howls of the blast; when the vapory clouds hung in blackness, and shroud not only the stars, but the twinkling cottage light, there are few places which create such feelings of dreariness and desolation.

It was even in such a night that a single horseman urged his strong black steed along the rough pathway that formed the mountain pass—now clattering upon the smooth-worn rock—now snorting and plunging up to the saddle-girth in the splashing-stream; and again, aided by hand and spur, toiling up the rugged bank, and then bounding forward with unabated vigor over the broken heath, in the direction of the more level country that stretches to the plains of Shropshire.

'What, ho! sir stranger!' cried a deep-toned voice, as the stout steed extricated himself by a violent effort from a swamp, was again moved forward. 'What, ho! sir stranger, whither so fast?' repeated the voice, as three men well mounted issued from the shadow of some scattered trees, and joined the traveller, who at the second challenge reined up his steed, and laid his hand upon his holster.

'Who be ye that inquire?' he demanded, 'I have small time or pleasure to answer greetings that bode me hindrance.'

The party who addressed him gave a loud laugh. 'By Becket's bones, fair sir, ye speak as though it were a matter of thine own choice to answer us or no.'

'Ay, marry, and so it is. Nay, friend, handle not my bridle,' said the horseman drawing a pistol from his saddle.

'Hold, hold!' cried the other speaker, 'an ye be wise, trifle not with such trinkets as these. Put up thy pistol and thou shalt know thy company.'

'Nay, by Heaven, it were more fitting that I knew my company ere I parted with my weapons. Trust me, I have right good will to use them, were it but to repay thee for thy sauciness.'

'By my faith I doubt it not, for thou seemest a cock of game. But thou art in better company than thou coulds't have bargained for. Here at my side rides the worthy and worshipful Obadiah Strong-in-faith, Captain of certain pious dragoons in the service of the State; and to his left is the devout Zacharias Trust-in-good-works, an Officer in the same troop, marvellous and edifying disputants as thou mayest have an opportunity of hearing. For myself, I am known by the carnal name of Richard Scampgrace, and am also an officer in the army of the Parliament. Now who or what art thou, in the devil's name?'

'A soldier of fortune and an adherent to the king.'

'A long-haired cavalier—be it so, and whither art thou bound?'

'To the Castle of Sir David Tudor.'

'That thou can'st not reach to-night; you have many a long mile to ride, and your steed pants and moves but dully. What say ye to passing the night at yonder hostelry where you see the light?'

The other paused ere he replied: and as he hesitated, one of his companions wheeled from the left, bringing his horse round to the other side, a movement that passed not unobserved by the Cavalier, and, with somewhat sorry grace, he declared his willingness to visit the hostelry.

It was a long low building, strongly formed of rough undressed stones. Its porch had loop holes for musketry—its windows were protected by strong bars of iron—an angry streamlet gushing over loose and broken stones, which it had torn from the mountain above, formed a deep moat round the building, and to add to its martial character, the party had no sooner crossed a rustic bridge than they were challeged by a guard of soldiers. The Cavalier at this could not conceal his uneasiness.

'By our Lady! comrades of mine,' said he, 'ye have brought me to a fortalice instead of a hostelry.'

'It is in truth somewhat of both, and as occasion requires, serves for either; but that little recketh, thou shalt find good entertainment, and thy steed shall be cared for.'

It was now too late to retreat, and the Cavalier dismounting, and giving his horse to a groom, entered the building followed by his

companions. A large fire was blazing on the hearth, huge waxen tapers stood upon the board, and the drowsy soldiers that occupied the benches glanced listlessly at the Cavalier. The light showed him to be a young man of middle age, but strongly and gracefully built; his features were plain, but animated by a keen and bright eye that told of the gallant recklessness of the royal adherent, and his long raven hair, sparkling with night dew as it curled over his shoulders, added a grace and beauty to his whole appearance. He had no sooner seated himself than Scampgrace again addressed him.

'Sir Cavalier,' said he, 'you must even give us up your papers and arms, but when Major Holdenburgh returns, and is satisfied with thee and thine errand, in the morning thou mayest depart without further question.'

'By St. George of England!' cried the Cavalier starting to his feet, 'this is but churlish courtesy. Ye have invited me hither, and now—'

'Small words will suffice,' replied the other. 'We have orders to guard the mountain passes, and to arrest all suspicious persons. So give up thy papers and weapons at once, and save us the trouble of taking them by rougher means.'

The eyes of the Cavalier flashed with anger at the cool, determined manner of the Roundhead, and he seemed as if disposed forcibly to effect his retreat; but a moment's reflection showed him the madness of such an attempt, and unbuckling his belt, he flung his sword on the table, threw down his pistols, and declaring he had no papers to submit, gloomily resumed his seat.

There was something in the air of the youth that repelled closer communion with his captors, and made them reluctant—they knew not why—to come to extremities: they forebore, therefore, to search or lay hands upon him, but in a more respectful tone, invited him to partake of cheer which had just been laid on the board. The Cavalier willingly complied; and while the soldiers were thus engaged, he took the opportunity of glancing carefully round the room, to examine the features of his entertainer. These, however, presented no peculiar marks, beyond the usual dullness and gravity which characterized Cromwell's troops; and he was giving up the scrutiny satisfied with the result, when his eyes were arrested by the piercing glance of a soldier who, wrapped in his cloak, and seated at a distant corner, had, unobserved, been regarding him for some time with fixed attention.

The din of revelry was over in the hostelry—the soldiers slumbered on the benches—and the prisoner sat alone in the narrow chamber in which his humble pallet had been spread. The dull tread of the guard, the howl of the blast, and the roar of the mountain torrent fell cheerless on his ear, the sickly flame of the lamp seemed like the waning of hope, and the loneliness of the hour added melancholy to his musings.

'Fool that I was,' he exclaimed bitterly, 'to have left the open heath for this paltry prison-house, where I am at the mercy of my deadliest enemies. Would to God I had my good steed once more under me, and the sword in my grasp, these prick-eared dogs would hardly again wile me into their lure. Fool! fool! that I was,' he repeated, as chafing like a prisoned tiger, he hurriedly paced the apartment. A light step was heard approaching—the Cavalier suddenly paused—immediately the door of his apartment was cautiously opened, and Ellen Wynne, pale and agitated and bearing a small lamp, glided noiselessly to his side. Her long hair hung dishevelled over her heaving bosom—her eyes were glistening with tears, and her hands trembled as she placed the lamp upon the hearth.

'My fair Ellen,' cried the Cavalier, a flash of joy brightening his features, 'I knew thou wouldst not betray me.'

'Betray thee!' cried the maiden, clasping her hands, 'never, never! but, alas! to aid thee exceeds my power.'

'[illegible] but there is one who would not betray thee,' cried the maiden with enthusiasm—'one who would die sooner.'

'And who, or where is he?' said the Cavalier smiling.

'Alas!' said Ellen in a tone of despondency,' 'he is far from here, and it would go hard with him if he fell into the hands of the troops of Cromwell. But I have sent a messenger to him, and were you once beyond these walls, you would find Edgar Vaughan a true and trusty escort.'

'I shall have small need of his services if I escape not ere Major Holdenburgh arrives, to whom I cannot be unknown. S'death, Ellen, could'st thou but procure me a brand, I would even—'

Here a suppressed scream from the maiden caused the Cavalier to pause, and turning to the door, he perceived the dark look of the soldier, who at supper had so closely watched him, fixed scowling and steadily upon the maiden and himself. At that very instant the sound of advancing horsemen was heard.—'They come! they come!' cried Ellen in terror, grasping with both hands the arm of the Cavalier. Then turning to the soldier—'Ralph, Ralph!' she cried in an imploring tone, 'would you betray your King.'

'Ha!' cried the soldier, in a voice of exultation, 'it is even as I thought.' But as he spoke, the royal prisoner sprung suddenly upon him, wrested his dagger from his hand, and held it gleaming before his eyes, exclaiming, 'One word, miscreant, and thou diest!'

'The King! the King!' shouted the struggling soldier, extricating his arm and drawing a pistol from his belt; but his active antagonist on the instant struck his dagger in his throat, and hurled him down the narrow staircase.

'The King! the King!' echoed again the horsemen without, as the clashing of arms was followed by the ring of a peal of musquetry; and ere its tingle left the ear, a loud voice was heard to cry, 'Surrender to the soldiers of King Charles!'

''Tis he!' cried Ellen, starting up with a sudden animation from the drooping into which she had shrunk with terror, ''tis Edgar!'

'Surrender, dogs of Cromwell!' shouted the same voice, as the pike butts of the horsemen thundered at the door.

It was soon burst open. Startled, weakened, and dispirited, the assailed offered but feeble resistance and yielded themselves prisoners to the adherents of the King. But they sought not thus to profit by the surrender.—

Rushing in Edgar recognising the King, doffing his bonnet and bending his knee, he exclaimed, 'Mount, mount, my liege! The passes are beset, and the beacons are burning on the hills of Shropshire and Montgomery.'

It was no time for parley. A stout steed was ready at the door; and young Edgar, hurriedly whispering to Ellen, once more embraced her, and then led the way for his Royal Master.

'Good betide thee, fair Ellen,' cried the King, 'and God speed the day that brings me power to requite thy kindness.' Then springing to the saddle, the horse-hoofs of the little party clattered for an instant on the rocky pathway and then died away on the distant heath.

Ten summers had smiled on the mountain valley of Merioneth, and where had stood the humble hostlery was reared a baronial hall.—It has long since passed away, and there remains not even a ruin to tell where it stood; but its founder and his fair dame are not forgotten, and many a proud family in Wales can boast descent from Sir Edgar Vaughan and Ellen Wynne.

MILLS.

The invention of mills, has been ascribed to Myles of Sparta, and to Pilumnus, one of the gods of Rome: but they were certainly known, at an earlier period, to the oriental nations. *Water-mills* were invented about the time of Mithridates; near whose residence one was built: and floating water-mills, or tide mills, were constructed by Belisarius, when the Goths stopped the Roman aqueducts, A. D. 536. *Wind-mills*, are said to have been invented in the time of Augustus; but they were first introduced into central Europe, by the Crusaders, about the year 1100. *Saw-mills*, are said to have existed in Germany as early as A. D. 350; but more certain mention is made of them at Augsburgh, in 1322. *Paper-mills*, are said to have been invented in the 14th century.

UNACCEPTABLE GRATITUDE.

Capt.———, (we spare his name) was walking the other day in company with the Marquis of Anglesea, down Picadilly, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute. "God bless your honor! (said the man whose accent betrayed him to be Irish,) and long life to you." "How do you know me?" said the Captain. "It is how do I know your honor, (responded Pat) good right sure I have to know the man who has saved my life in battle." The Captain highly gratified at this tribute to his valor in such hearing, slid a half crown into his hand and asked him when? "God bless your honor and long life to you, (said the grateful veteran,) sure it was at New Orleans, when seeing your honor running away as hard as you legs would carry you, from the Yankees, I followed your lead and ran after you out of the way; whereby, under God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honor, I will never forget it to you."

COMPREHENSIVE.

A young woman meeting a learned Doctor, in the square of a certain town, asked him where she might find a shopkeeper whom she wanted. The Doctor gave the following direction:—"Move your pedestrain digit along the diagonal, of this rectangle, in a line perpendicularly to the earth's equator, till you arrive at the junction of the two sides. Diverge then to the left, at right angles, perge for about fifty paces in that quadrangle, and you will have occular demonstrations of him standing in an orifice made in an edifice for the purpose of illumination."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE AUTOCRAT EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The gates of the Kremlin are regularly locked at a stated period of the night, and, like Gibraltar and other places where the shutting-up system is punctually observed, when once closed, it requires something more than an '*open sesame*' to cause their being unlocked, which can only be done by application from the officer of the guard to the authorities in the fort; and, as the authorities of all nations in the world have a reasonable degree of aversion to being roused out of their beds on cold nights, (above all, Russian nights,) a person whose domicile was within its walls, on being behind the prescribed time, would have the agreeable alternative before him of either seeking a lodging elsewhere or taking up his abode, till the morning in the open air. At the period that I was at Moscow an amusing incident was currently reported, and generally believed, as the consequence of this regulation. One cold, bitter, winter's night a sledge, containing two travellers, drove up to one of the gates of the Kremlin, which the taller of the two, in a voice of authority, demanded to be immediately opened. To this demand a very short but expressive negative monosyllable was returned, sentries being, of all animals in the world, the most averse to any description of correspondence, whether colloquial or epistolatory. The two strangers began to manifest symptoms of evident impatience at a rejoinder, to them, at least, of so unsatisfactory a nature, and the one who had previously spoken again hailed the imperturbable grenadier, and, proclaiming himself a general officer, desired him to comply with his mandate. 'If you are, as you declare yourself, a general, you ought to be aware of the first duty of a soldier, obedience to orders,' was the firm and determined reply as the soldier resumed the measured tread of his march, which the above dialogue had momentarily interrupted. This was a poser; so, finding further argument unavailing, the travellers at least begged the sentry would exert his voice and call up the officer of the guard. To this the man made no objection, and, after a tolerable expenditure of shouting and bawling, the guard-room being some twenty yards distant, a sleepy noncommissioned officer emerged from the building, and, learning the rank and wishes of the strangers, begged them at once to walk into the apartment of his commanding officer till measures could be taken for a compliance with their desires. At the first sound of the tall stranger's voice the young subaltern, bounding like a shot from the couch on which he reclined, stood in an attitude of subdued and respectful attention before him, requesting to know his pleasure. The traveller smiled and merely desired him to relieve and bring into his presence the sentry at the gate. This was quickly done, and the man entered the room at the very moment the stranger cast aside the large travelling cloak which encircled him.—There was no mistaking that noble, that broad, commanding, and magnificent brow, on which a momentary expression of impatience had given way to one of humor and benevolence. Erect as a poplar the soldier stood before his *Sovereign*, in a desperate quandary at thus discovering who was the person he had so

cavalierly repulsed, and yet with a something like consciousness that, in doing so, he had only strictly acted up to his duty! He had no time, however, for fear, as the Emperor, calling upon him to advance, commended his conduct in the warmest terms, ordering the sum of a hundred silver roubles (about £40) to be paid him, and, with his own hand, wrote a letter to his commanding officer, desiring his immediate promotion to the rank of serjeant; a requisition which, of course, it is almost needless to observe, was promptly complied with.—*Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, &c.: Colburn's United Service Magazine.*

MOMENTS OF TERROR.

BY W. E. BURTON.

"Captain, you have led a busy life—have seen much danger both at sea and on shore. We want to call on your experience, to settle a point of dispute between us."

"At your service, gentlemen."

"You are doubtless acquainted with the Orkney Islands, where the wild fowls breed in the clefts of the rocks which are piled in fearful height along the shore. The fishermen fasten a stick at the end of a long rope which is well secured round a tree, or to a stake driven into the brow of the cliffs, and then placing one of their number astride the stick, he is lowered down the precipice in search of the game. You have most likely heard the account of the man who, in striking at the birds with an iron-pointed boat staff, as they flew from their holes, cut two of the strands of the rope that suspended him between heaven and earth. He saw the several strands slowly uncoil themselves, and run upwards, leaving his whole weight, with a heavy prize of birds attached to his girdle dependent upon one small strand, which already began to strain and crack. Below him was certain death—above him a terrific wall of rock that seemed the sky. He gave the signal for hauling up by striking the rope twice with his staff. Never did his comrades pull the line so lazily. He plucked the birds from his belt, and dropped them on the rocky beach—he kicked off his heavy fisherman's boots, he threw away his staff. Slowly, slowly dragged the rope over the edge of the cliff, while the severed strands seemed to fly upward with the rapidity of thought. Every instant he dreaded that a weak place in the remaining portion would be untwisted, and so certain appeared his doom, that he felt that every foot he advanced up the face of the precipice, would but increase the height of his fall. A sudden pause in the motion, struck him with a new fear—when the untwisting part of the rope came into the hands of the fishermen above, they at once perceived his danger, and instantly lowered another line. The fowler was rescued from his peril but such was the effect of his terror during the few minutes of his frightful ascension, that his dark brown hair was turned to grey. I have often thought of this incident and believe that nothing in man's experience can be brought to rival the agony of that situation. What think you, captain? my friend here, treats the fowler's danger light."

"Bad enough," said the captain, "but not quite the worst in the world. I don't know whether the chance which a young *nevvey* of mine run foul of, during his voyage, in the Bay of Biscay, wasn't just as bad. We were in a stumpy tub of a 'mafferdite brig, trying to claw off a lee shore, with a rolling sea, and plenty of wind in short sudden puffs.—The boy—about sixteen—slim built and pale—was an out and out lubber, fond of reading and skulking his duty whenever he could; his mother, my only sister, a widow, by the way, had made me promise to take care of him—but we were short-handed, and he was forced to work his turn. Some of the hands had gone aloft to shake out a reef in the fore topsail—the rigging was covered with ice it was a January morning—well, the boy slipped, or was thrown, or blown from the yard—his foot caught in a bight of some of the running rigging, and he hung by the heels, head downward from the end of the yard, dipping into the sea, at each plunge of the old craft, and hoisted up again, high and dry, every time she came to the wind. I expected every roll, to see him washed or jerked from his foothold; and no boat that we had could have lived a moment in that sea. I did not dare to luff, for fear of being taken aback. When I thought of his mother I had a great mind to save him, even if I beached the old tub; but the point I wanted to weather was close ahead, and the roar of the surf did not sound altogether the thing. We did save him at last, and I guess his feelings were quite as queer as that of our friend the fowler. He had but one pull up, while my nevvey had better than a hundred—with a cold dip in a frosty sea, between each pull—nothing but an accidental half- hitch round his ancle—and head downwards all the while.

"Horrible, indeed. What did you say to the poor fellow when he was relieved?"

"Told him he deserved a starting for being so clumsy, when he knew I was short handed—made him swallow some hot coffee, and turn in. He never went aloft again; and at the end of the voyage, cut the sea, and took to carpentering. That's some years ago and his hair has not turned grey yet."

"Pray, sir," said another of the passengers, "have you seen Hoffman's tale of the drunken fireman who crept in the man-hole of a boiler undergoing repairs, on board one of the western steamboats? It is very well told. The poor fellow woke up in total

darkness, as the water was being pumped in—then he heard the roar of the huge fire beneath, and felt the boiler glowing round him, while the firemen continued to "wood up."

"A good idea; but it resembles 'The Involuntary Experimentalist' in Blackwood.—We were speaking of facts, not fiction. I have heard a veteran officer, in the service of England, declare that he has stood the brunt of the peninsular campaign, besides a tolerable seasoning in India, where fearful sights were every day matters—and that he never actually suffered under the influence of fear, even when death slew down his thousands, except one, and that, strange to say, occurred in the heart of the city of London."

"A ghost story?"

"No, indeed—a street affair, in open day. light. A couple of notorious murderers Haggerty and Holloway, were to be executed in front of the Newgate jail. It is said that upwards of forty thousand spectators were collected in the neighborhood of the place of execution, crowding from every point to a common centre. Just as the criminals were placed upon the gallows, a cart full of women broke down; this accident alarmed the by-standers, and gave an impetus to the whole body of that immense assemblage, which swayed to and fro like the waves of the sea. Persons of short stature and weak frame, unable to compete with their more burley neighbor, sunk down, and rose no more. Shrieks of 'murder sounded on every side—the crowd was forced over the writhing bodies of several females and boys, without the power of rendering the slightest aid.—The mob were absolutely struggling with each other for their lives. In the midst of the alarm the criminals were swung from the gallows' beam, an incident, which, although expected, materially increased the confusion. The outer portions of the mob pressed furiously to get near the disgusting sight—several persons were squeezed to death as they stood in the crowd, and their bodies remained wedged in the living mass for a full hour. The major often spoke of the scene as one of peculiar horror. A short and stout person of considerable respectability, with whom the major had been conversing for some time, previous to the panic, had one of his shoes forced down at the heel; he stooped to put it in its place, when a sway or rolling of the crowd occurred, pushing him from his balance, and overwhelming the unhappy man! In one minute above a hundred persons had been forced over his body pounding it into a mass of blood and dirt.—A woman, with an infant at her breast sunk under the feet of the mob from sheer exhaustion; as she fell, she put her babe into the arms of a man who stood beside her. He threw it over the heads of the crowd, aware that he was unable to save it where he stood. The infant was again tossed forward—and again—until a person received it near the edge of the crowd, and he placed it under a cart 'till the mob dispersed. The child was taken away alive.

"How many persons lost their lives on that occasion?"

"I do not know. The major declared that when the crowd separated, which was not until the bodies of the criminals were removed from the platform, that upwards of one hundred were found senseless in the street, but many were doubtless restored to life."

"I am not superstitious, gentlemen," said the captain—

"Not more so than captains in general, I suppose."

"But I do believe that that fearful panic was infused into the minds of the mob, as a punishment for making holiday in the death hour of their fellow creatures."

"I have heard a story somewhere of a merchant, who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark track of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled around her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing along the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant-maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without a candlestick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper-table. The girl shortly returned from the cellar, with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. 'Where is your candle,' he inquired in excessive agitation. 'I could not bring it up with me, for my hands were full,' said the girl. 'Where did you leave it?' 'Well, I'd no candle-stick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's there in one of the tubs.' The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way, his knees threatened to give under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in

the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder-barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long and red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddlers commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with untired vivacity—the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied that the candle moved!—was falling! With desperate energy he darted forward—but how was he to remove it? the slightest touch would cause the small live coal of the wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed towards the object of his care—which, as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. As he lifted the candle from its bed in the powder, the exuberance of the wick fell off, and rolled, a living coal, into the hollow of his hands.—He cared not for the burning smart; he carried it steadily along the passage to the head of the cellar stairs. The excitement was then over—he could smile at the danger he had conquered—but the re-action was too powerful, and he fell into fits of violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed; and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every day life."

"I confess that you have evinced a stronger instance or cause of terror than I did when I produced the fisherman of the Orkneys.—Yes, sir, your merchant had not only his own life in forfeit, but the consideration of the almost certain and awful death of the whole of his family. I can thoroughly understand that man's feelings while gazing upon the candle. He must have lived fifty years in twice as many seconds. And then the blackness of despair so suddenly following the fulness of delight—his visions of mangled limbs, and the scorched bodies of his own flesh and blood, exciting the passions of the father, the husband, and the friend—the close proximity of a horrid death to himself and all he loved—the result of his own carelessness, and only to be avoided by the utmost self-possession in the trying scene."

"The merchant's chance," said the captain, "was a trifle worse than my nevvey's as far as feeling and all that goes; but still he did not get the dockings in a January sea. You havn't capped the climax yet, though; and you can't do it on dry land—you must take our mishaps at sea, by the large, if you want horrible situations in perfection."

"Half a dozen, if you like. I'll mention one, that in my opinion, combines the most awful point of all your stories—and I know my portion of it to be fact. A small schooner was chartered in New York, in '37, to take a company of players to Texas. I forgot the manager's name, but he was with his troops, and contemplated a junction with Corri, who is of some standing as a public caterer in the young republic. Among the company, were Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Page, Mr. Doughterty, Mr. William, with the manager, and several others. The little craft was caught in a gale off Cape Hatteras; a heavy sea struck her stern and forced her head into the wind; her bows were seized by the gale, and she went down stern first.—Being light-freighted, she soon rose to the surface, keel upwards. The captain, with all his little crew, and some of the passengers who were on deck, were swept away like so much chaff; but the suddeness of their destruction was mercy compared to the sufferings endured by the unfortunates in the cabin. The companion-way had been left open, and the rushing water soon engulphed the inmates, already sorely bruised by the loose furniture and luggage that knocked against them in the capsize. When the water in the cabin reached its level, it was found that by standing on the beam or roof-tree there was a vacancy of about six inches between the top of the water and the bottom of the cabin overhead. Consequently full grown persons could find breathing by holding their faces in a horizontal position, but were liable to lose their standing every instant from the rolling of the vessel in the trough of the sea. But few of the passengers could avail themselves of this tantalizing assistance for any length of time; the weak-bodied and short-sized men gradually sunk, maugre all the assistance that the stronger class could render. The husbands fought with death most manfully in behalf of their wives—but were unable to save them. One of the ladies had an infant, and intent upon its salvation, literally drowned herself in endeavoring to hold her babe above the water. Thrice did her husband dive and rescue all he held dear on earth; and thrice was he compelled to let them sink. Now, I affirm that no imagination can picture a scene of more perfect horror than this floating chamber of death presented to the survivors, who were struggling to maintain life for a few seconds in almost hopeless agony. Without a ray of light to cheer them—dashed from side to side as the vessel gave to the fury of the sea, with the

dead bodies of their wives, and comrades rolling about them—the howling of the storm without rendered the despair within more terrible, by forbidding the hope of rescue—the occasional moments of silence interrupted by muttered prayer or agonized supplication of the sufferers, with the bubbling struggling death of the victims, as they writhed about the limbs of the survivors—all this is truly horrible; no romance can equal it, and the annals of suffering cannot afford a parallel case.

"Death was gradually dwindling the number of the passengers, when one of them proposed to dive down under the companion ladder, swim along beneath the deck, dive still deeper under the bulwarks, and come up in the open sea, by the side of the capsized hull. The attempt was difficult to a practical swimmer, and but two of the four survivors were able to swim at all. There was also the chance of being caught in one of the sails, or getting entangled in the rigging—and, supposing all these difficulties conquered, what certainty was there that the swimmer would be able to secure a holding-place on the hull in that fierce, raging sea? But, on the other side, the scheme afforded a hope of escape—while certain death awaited them inside.—The best swimmer volunteered to make the first essay; and if successful, he was to knock loudly on the upturned keel. He made several attempts before he was able to clear the ladder; at last he succeeded in getting out of the cabin, but they waited in vain for the encouraging sound. One of them declared he heard a wild shriek mingle with the gale shortly after the adventurer disappeared.—Another ventured and was fortunately thrown on the hull by a wave as soon as he reached the surface. He kicked loudly against the side of the craft, and in a few minutes beheld another of the sufferers struggling furiously to reach the hull. He was successful. The third and last appeared, and also gained a hold upon the vessel; but he was too exhausted to remain. He fell off in the course of the night, and Williams and Dougherty were the only survivors of that ill fated company and crew.

For four days, these poor fellows were tossed about clinging to the upturned vessel, and suffering from fatigue, and cold. A brig bound to New Orleans, rescued them, but Williams never recovered; he was too exhausted to speak, when picked off the wreck, and died shortly after he reached the brig.—Dougherty still survives.

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father to his delinquent son, 'I am busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging." Don't hurry yourself, pa." replied the patient lad; "I can wait."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEW-YORK.

The writer, a stranger in your city, having learnt from a creditable source that Editors and conductors of newspapers live but to oblige their fellow men, would respectfully solicit a place in your columns for the following communication.

I am a young man and, as I have already said, a stranger in New York. I was born and bred in a small sequestered village in a remote part of the country, from which I had never strayed more than ten miles until ambition, that "infirmity of noble minds," in an evil hour led me to this city to be a gentleman, in other words, to seek a clerkship in a mercantile house. My worthy sire, a substantial farmer had designed me for his own calling; but the occupation of a tiller of the soil by no means harmonized with those lofty desires which nature, as I believe, had in some wise end useful purpose implanted in my bosom—My aversion to agricultural pursuits was strengthened by the appearance and representations of a young man, a clerk in this city, who, not long since, honored our village with a brief visit. The elegance and recherche style and cut of his outward habiliments—his graceful carriage—his easy and polished address, and the delightful fluency with which he conversed upon the common topics of the day, excited within me mingled feelings of envy and admiration. But above all, he captivated my imagination by the highly colored descriptions he gave of New-York. He represented in eloquent terms the wide field presented by this magnificient metropolis to every young man of spirit, talent and enterprise, who was at all desirous of identifying himself with its commercial greatness. Every merchant in New York, he affirmed, had once been a clerk, and by the same rule every clerk would in process of time be a merchant. The force of this logical reasoning was irresistible. My resolution was taken. "I will proceed forthwith" said I to myself, "to the great city and seek a clerkship and enter upon a career of wealth and distinction." How my bosom swelled with the proud and lofty thought. I turned away, with a feeling of contempt, from the plough and other implements of husbandry that lay around me, and sought my father. To him I communicated my intention.—He responded by a boisterous fit of laughter, and declared upon his honor 'twas a capital joke. But I soon convinced him that I was serious in the expression of my determination, when he made use of every argument that his ingenuity could suggest to induce me to forego my purpose. But with the aid of my grandmother I overcome all opposition. This good old lady insisted strenuously that my intelligence, natural shrewdness and sagacity abundantly fitted me to play a distinguished part in the great world, and all I required was an appropriate field for action—that New York was the place for me, and to New York I should go. In a word I received the paternal blessing, and turned my back on the home of my childhood. My worthy grandmother, who is exceedingly curious in such matters, made me promise, as she gave me the last parting embrace, to give her my first impressions of New York, through the columns of your paper, she being one of your subscribers; and besides, she thought my communication would read more prettily in print.

A few days only have elapsed since I made my first appearance in New York, full of hope and pleasing anticipation. As the steamer, on board of which I was a passenger, approached the city, I gazed with wonder and admiration upon the shipping and forest of spars that met my view; and I could not help fancying that the glorious spectacle prefigured my own future success in business, when I too should be a ship owner, possessing many an "argosy richly fraught," and the consideration imparted by an elevated position in the commercial world Full of these day dreams, and enjoying in anticipation the eminence to which I was certain I was destined one day to attain, I stepped ashore with a measured tread, and pausing, looked around me almost expecting to receive the homage of a gaping multitude: Presently, and as if to give something of reality to my imagined personal consequence, a gentleman approached me, "cap in hand," and in the most respectful manner begged me to favor him with a brief interview a little apart from the crowd. We turned aside "I feel" said he, and his countenance wore a most lugubrious expression, "I feel a great and instinctive reluctance to unbosoming myself to a stranger, but stern and inexorable necessity triumphs over the nicer and more delicate feelings of my nature. I am a stranger here, and have just heard

of the sudden and alarming illness of my wife at Albany—that she is, in fact, in the last agonizing throes of dissolution, now sir. having neither money nor friends, and wishing to fly with all possible haste to the bed-side of this dying angel, I would dispose of this watch of pure, virgin gold, valued at 150 dollars lawful money, for the paltry sum of 75 dollars—true the sacrifice is enormous, but what of that—I hold it as a fundamental principle that the man is a diabolical brute who is not prepared to submit to any pecuniary sacrifice which the claims of a wife, all but dead, as one may say, may require." Upon his pledging me the word and faith of a gentleman that the watch was worth the sum he had named, I purchased it, and paid him the price he asked, namely, 75 dollars. The unhappy and afflicted man was prodigal of his thanks for what he was pleased to term the favor I had conferred upon him, seeming quite oblivious of the fact that he had allowed me to have the best of the bargain. Anxious to be off, for every moment was an age to him, he cast a quick and hurried glance around him, and sped his way amid the throng, and I saw him no more. Having engaged a cab I immediately rode up to a boarding house. While on my way, my mind was busily employed in musing on the incident just described, and I felt in no small degree that inward satisfaction which is derived from the consciousness of having performed a good and charitable action; and this gratification was not a little heightened by the reflection that the purchase of the watch yielded me a gain of 75 dollars, which, according to Daboll's Arithmetic, was nearly 100 per centum, on the amount of cash invested—no mean beginning, I thought, for a young trader.

Having arrived at the house recomended by the cabman, I enrolled myself as a boarder, and was shown to my room. After some little time spent in arranging my toilet, I hastened out to take a stroll in Broadway, for I was impatient to behold the street of which I had heard so much. Soon I found myself mingling with the living mass that thronged this magnificent thoroughfare. Almost bewildered by the thousand exciting objects that attracted my eager gaze, I had walked on leisurely for some time, when it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to dispose of the costly watch which had so recently come into my possession, and purchase another of less value, as my limited means would hardly justify, at the present time, my keeping a time-piece valued at 150 dollars. Upon which I entered a jeweler's shop, and offered to sell it for 200 dollars, concluding by way of experiment, that I would propose to dispose of it at a price somewhat exceeding its estimated value, as I wished to show myself an adept in driving a bargain. But thunder and Mars! what was my surprise—my grief and consternation when I learnt that my watch of pure, virgin gold, was in very truth nothing but a brass valueless thing, that might possibly be worth five dollars to any fool who was particularly anxious to part with his money. In short, I was told that I had been defrauded out of 75 dollars by a "watch-stuffer." In no very agreeable mood, I passed out of the shop and directed my steps, I knew not and cared not whither. Engrossed by my own gloomy reflections, I was not conscious that I had already wandered out of Broadway, until "going, going, gone," uttered in a stentorian voice, recalled me to myself and caused me too look up. It was then I discovered that I was in another part of the city. The voice proceeded from a stall close by, with an auction flag hanging in front. Curiosity prompted me to enter. The knight of the hammer was dwelling on a bid for 30 pieces of jewelry. A well dressed man approached me, and whispered in my ear that the offer which had been made of ten cents each was just nothing at all—that every piece was worth three dollars, any day in the year; and if I wished to secure so great a bargain, he advised me by all means to silence every rival bidder by immediately offering twenty-five cents 'Oh, now is the time" thought I, "to repair the loss I sustained by the watch-stuffer:" and I cried out in an eager tone, "I'll give two shillin a piece, York currency." "Gone! they are yours," shouted the auctioneer, and he brought his mace to the counter with a violence that made me start from the floor.—Now, over what followed, I would willingly draw a veil, but the truth must be told. The 30 pieces of jewelry struck down to me at two shillings each, by some mysterious process multiplied themselves into 300 pieces of the vilest and most worthless trash that was ever forced upon an unsuspecting purchaser, and I was told with the most shameless effrontry, that my bid embraced the whole. The auctioneer and two or three of his associates threatened to denounce me to the Police as a swindler, unless I instantly cashed the bill. Seeing no means of escape, I submitted to the imposition, and paid 75 dollars, the sum demanded, and departed. In this manner was I "victimized" at what, as I have since been told, is called a "*mock auction*" As I pursued my way "pensive and slow" to my lodgings, the conviction forced itself on my mind, that I was not exactly making the figure in New York predicted by my venerable grandmother, in view of my extraordinary penetration and sagacity.

The next morning, banishing, by an extraordinary effort, the unpleasant impressions left on my mind by the incidents of the preceding day, I sallied out to seek the residence of my father's second cousin, a retired merchant, to whom I was the bearer of a letter of introduction commending me to his friendly counsel and advice, and soliciting his aid to promote my desire for an eligible situation in some mercantile house. On reaching the place pointed out in my father's letter as the residence of his second cousin, I was informed by the present occupant that this much respected relative had been mouldering in his grave some four or five years. This was, indeed, a grevious disappointment to me. But the individual who imparted this mournful intelligence, observed that he thought a young man of my prepossessing appearance would experience no difficulty in accomplishing the object I proposed to myself. He added that he himself was no merchant, but that stores of every sort were as thick as blackberries down-town, and he advised me to go from one house to another and make application until I succeeded in achieving my purpose. Industry and perseverance on my part, in pursuit of this object, he doubted not, wyuld be crowned with all manner of success. And then hoping I would obtain a good situation and a fat salary, he bowed me, I thought rather impatiently, but very politely, fairly out of the house. His advice was so judicious and so much to the purpose that I resolved immediately into practice; and I hurried down town until I found myself in Pearl street. There, after stopping a moment to take breath, I walked slowly along looking up at the signs first on one side of the street, and then on the other, and peeping in at the doors as I passed them, to see which of the stores presented the greatest appearance of respectability, as my pride revolted at the idea of offering my valuable services at an inferier establishment. At length I returned into a store that had a very imposing aspect, and proffered my services as a clerk at the rate of 1000 dollars for the first year, which my grandmother, who knew a little of every thing, had given me to understand was the salary usually given to a young beginner. This my first application for a clerkship was met by a broad stare of surprise, and I was told in language rather pointed and significant, that I had entered the "wrong shop." I made a hasty retreat from this house Then I entered another, but with no better success; then a third, fourth, fifth and sixth, and still the answer was "no vacancy here." But not discouraged I walked boldly into the seventh store; and here one of the firm had the politeness to invite me to a seat. "Well, sir," said he, "you say you are seeking a clerk's situation. Have you have been accustomed to drumming?" 'Drumming! repeated I in a tone of amazement; "drumming did you say?" "Why, yes," he answered, "that is what I said. Drumming is an office that is perhaps not perfectly agreeable to persons whose feelings are morbidly sensitive and over nice, but we, jobbers, cannot well dispense with it as business is done. Pray, have you had much experience as a drummer?" Wondering what possible connection the thumping of a drum could have with the Dry Good business, I modestly observed in reply that I had the reputation of possessing a fine musical ear, though I was no drummer, but I was death itself on the German flute, if that would do just as well. I was immediately greeted with roars of laughter, and a young man, one of the clerks, was so entirely overcome by a fit of convulsive merriment that he threw himself down on the counter, and there lay on his back kicking and shouting like a maniac. Overwhelmed with confusion, and trembling in every limb, I enquired the meaning of all this. "It means, my hopeful young friend," said the merchant, still shaking his sides with ill-suppressed laughter, "it means that you will not suit our purpose: I bid you a very good day." Writhing under a keen and agonizing sense of the indignity offered me, I rushed out of the store without standing at all on the manner of my going. At the time, I did not dream that all this boisterous mirth was caused as I have since learnt by my misapprehension of the term, drummer, as understood and applied by the trading portion of the community.

The Beauties of War.

The deadly animosity which existed between the French and Prussians during the occupation of France by the allied army, can hardly be conceived by any but those who were spectators of it:—it showed itself in a thousand modes,—not merely in contest in the field in the serious antagonism of war, but in the most trivial and insignificant actions of ordinary life. The hatred was reciprocal. I have seen a Prussian officer, when his load of wood came to his quarters, make the carter wait an hour, to his own inconvenience, before he would allow it to be unloaded; the man standing all the while in the rain, swearing with the peculiar grace and volubility of that period,—a fashion so extraordinary that those who have only visited France within the last twenty years cannot form to themselves an idea of the extent to which the accomplishment may be cultivated. The man in his turn would contrive to place all the worst pieces of wood to come out first, so as to give the impression that the whole was of inferior quality; and when the Prussian had exhausted himself with complaints and remonstrances, and the Frenchman with oaths and exclamations, (that the worst wood in the world was too good for a Prussian,) he would ostentatiously place all the fine pieces uppermost, with a smirk that seemed to say—"Now, you can't make a complaint to the authorities, for the wood is better than average, and I have had my revenge by worrying you."

A row of the largest pieces of artillery was placed along the Quai Voltaire, and all that side of the river down to the Chamber of Deputies. Night and day stood by the side of each a man with lighted match, and it was understood that they were loaded to the muzzle with grape shot. Directly in front of them, were booths, swings, stalls for fruit and confectionary, printsellers (not the most decent,) rope-dancers, mountebanks, and all other caterers for the public amusement; while enormous crowds of grown men and women were amusing themselves with all the enthusiasm of children, apparently unconscious of the existence of the deadly instruments of warfare which pointed their brazen throats at them. The indifference to danger generated by habits of warfare is inconceivable by those who have never seen it. Every individual of the motley throng knew that on any sudden "emeute" he might be blown to atoms before he could reach a place of safety, but he trusted it would not happen, like the dwellers on Vesuvius: and if the guns were fired, perhaps he might be able to get out of the way in time—"If not, not," and so he continued his amusement.

With those whose patriotism was too powerful for restraint, and who felt the utter impossibility of open resistance by arms, it was some consolation to walk behind the row of cannon, just out of the reach of the bayonets of the sentinels, and empty their hearts in execrations. I was often tempted to go to listen to them, from the extraordinary energy and eloquence of their vituperation, which was curiously composed of words (not sentences) without the slightest meaning; occasionally, however, the orators would break out into threats of revisiting Prussia, and wreaking their vengeance; but as these threats were unintelligible to the soldiers, they excited no more attention than the preliminary oaths. The Prussians knew that the words were intended for insult, because the pantomime was so perfect that it did not require the aid of language to make itself understood; but they generally bore it with the most philosophical indifference. I was always apprehensive, however, that the patience of some one individual soldier might be unable to last out the succession of execrations, and that the human overcoming the military feeling, might vent itself in an explosion, and I might thus come in for a stray shot, which would have been a disagreeable reward for my anxiety to complete my vocabulary of French.

It was really a very extraordinary exhibition, and such as I verily believe could exist only in Paris. The crowds of swearers and threateners gave way at the approach of the large patrols (incessantly traversing all parts of the town,) and vanished—*how* or *where*, used to astonish me, for the moment the patrol had passed they made their appearance again like a swarm of gnats, and resumed their occupation. The thing seemed to give them great relief; and if so, as it did nobody any harm, it would have been a pity to interrupt their expectoration. A Parisian mob is, perhaps, the only collection of human beings in the world which could feel consoled by the process.

In remote parts of the country, however, the animosity was less *lively* and more *deadly*, and assassinations were frequent. The Prussians had so many deep injuries to avenge, and it is not extraordinary they should occasionally exercise the spirit of retaliation, and in the small bodies of their troops dispersed in the villages personal conflicts were common in spite of military discipline. A large part of their troops were landwehr (militia,) and even landsturm (levy en masse), so that discipline was necessarily imperfect. I was at this time quartered in the house of a gentleman who was secretary to a branch of the municipal government, and he often showed me petitions from towns and districts, entreating to be relieved from the presence of the Prussian troops and to be allowed English in lieu of them; still more frequently came petitions for English instead of French, whose tyranny and exactions were intolerable. Defeat had exasperated them to madness, and they wreaked their vengeance indiscriminately on friends and foes. The state of demoralization of the French army was complete.

Occasionally a Prussian officer would take care to let the hosts feel that France was not safe from experiencing some of the miseries she had inflicted on other nations; and the hatred of Blücher was so intense for anything connected with Frenchmen, that offenders were pretty sure of impunity when complaints were carried to head-quarters. The Duke of Wellington's general orders at this period show his great anxiety to establish better discipline, and his fears lest the severity of the Prussians should excite a general revolt, and jeopardize all the fruits of his hard-earned victory and arduous negotiations.

One of the instances of this tyranny and resistance will show that it is not always safe to indulge a spirit of retaliation in an enemy's country, however completely it may seem to be subdued. There was no part of France where there appeared less chance of collision between the foreign troops and the peasantry than in the province of Normandy. Prussian troops took up their quarters in the towns and villages of that country with as much tranquility and composure as in their own, and they no more contemplated opposition from the inhabitants, than an English regiment would expect it in Scotland. Being in very small bodies, the officers were enabled to exercise a close surveillance over their men, and whatever license they might allow to themselves, they maintained strict discipline among the private soldiers.

A Prussian officer, with whose friends I am acquainted, was quartered in the house of a widow, who, since the death of her husband, continued to conduct a large establishment for the manufacture of crockery (Fayence) at B——. The hard and heavy substance requires the greatest possible heat for its vitrification, and the furnaces are of gigantic magnitude and strength. The men employed in the manufactory lodged and boarded in the house, and, like the miners in Cornwall, were not mere servants, but a sort of fellow adventurers, whose gains depended in measure on the success of the establishment. These men, whose laborious occupation was incompatible with any but great bodily strength, felt the honour of the head of the establishment to be in some sort their own, and that they were bound to maintain the cause of the widow and the fatherless. Madame L——'s fa-

mily consisted of one son only, about fifteen years of age.

The servant of the officer, having seen the indulgence to others for similar freaks, determined to exercise a little of the pleasure of authority himself, and after his master was gone to bed was in the habit of keeping up the family to prepare his coffee, which he did not choose to take till two hours after the time they usually retired to rest; he would sometimes take it into his head to be hungry at three o'clock in the morning, and insist on having something grilled for supper, which if not done to his taste he would throw into the fire, and command them to take more pains with the next. Madame L—— at last determined to make a formal complaint to the officer.

Whether the mode of stating her grievances did not please him, or the narration excited recollections which awakened a dormant spirit of revenge, he received her remonstrances with haughtiness. "Madam," said he, "my servant shall call you all out of bed six times every night if I please, and you shall wait upon him yourself. I am sorry that you have no daughters, that you might learn how your infernal countrymen behaved to my sisters. My mother was a widow with four daughters; six officers of your brutal and uncivilized nation were quartered in her house—she had lost her only other son in the battle of Jena, and I was far away. The conduct of your countrymen would have disgraced the lowest savages—my mother and sisters were subjected to loathsome indignities, and made to perform the most abject menial services for their brutal guests. My mother's heart was broken—she sank under the horrors she was compelled to witness; and while her corpse yet lay in the house the officers endeavoured to dishonour my sisters; but I should go mad were I to begin a list of the atrocities committed by your army. You shall know a little of the miseries of war—to-morrow you shall have a couple more officers and half a dozen soldiers to maintain—see that you prepare for them. Take care to let me have a turkey dressed at half-past two in the morning, and coffee at four."

The lady shrunk away, terrified at the aspect of the infuriated Prussian, and retired to think of the best mode of pacifying him: she rightly conjectured that the attempt would be most likely to be successful after she should have prepared him a dinner with unusual care, and given him time to subside; set herself to the task with the determination to please him, if possible; and hoped that a more humble entreaty in the evening might avert the dreaded infliction with which she has been threatened.

Not so her son, who had been listening at the door, attracted by the loud voice of the officer.—He heard all; but in his attempts to rouse the workmen to resistance did not think it at all necessary to repeat the officer's account of French cruelties in Prussia—he dwelt only on the threats held out to his mother, and the tyranny of the servant—and he succeeded in inspiring them with a determination to take a safe revenge.

The lady went on with her preparations for the officer's dinner, and was deeply engaged in larding a fine fowl, when horrible screams assailed her ears. She rushed to the door of the kitchen—it was fastened; to the door which led to the manufactory—that also was fastened: every outlet for escape was closed;—she screamed for her son, and was answered by him from the other side of the door, that there was no danger, and no cause for alarm. She entreated to be told what was the meaning of the screams, which now became fainter and fainter, as if retiring to a greater distance—"Soyez tranquille, ma mere," said her son, "you will know it all presently. I will let you out directly; there is no danger—none whatever."

Presently the door was opened, and her son led her into the manufactory; but what was her horror to see the officer and his servants lying on the ground opposite the great furnace, each bound round with [illegible] neck to feet like an Egyptian mummy. At the moment she entered, the door of the firers furnace was thrown open, and cast its glare on the faces of the helpless beings; the servant had fainted from excess of terror, and the officer's bloodless countenance in vain assumed an air of firmness. "Save me, Madam, if possible, and I swear to you that this outrage shall never be betrayed. I and my servant will instantly remove, and you shall have no others quartered on you." The lady stood aghast and unable to utter a word. The men cried out, "Don't believe him, madam, let us make complaints impossible;" and they took up the helpless beings, and brought their feet near to the mouth of the furnace "Say but the world, and in three minutes there won't be a vestige of either of them. We can never be detected—there won't be an atom of bone left, and their buttons will be undistinguished in the cinder. Say the word, madam—say the word—they will be senseless in three seconds—the furnace is in full glow and they will be turned into steam and ashes in half a minute."

It was an awful moment; the men had not exaggerated the effect of the furnace, for the intense white heat, much greater than that of a glass-house, would have volatilized every particle of the hapless wretches in an instant. The men held both the bodies in the attitude of throwing them into the furnace, and as their mistress's terror deprived her of the power of speech, they took silence for consent, and were proceeding to put their threat in execution, when the son, who had only intended to frighten the offenders, and never contemplated the actual murder, screamed out his horror, and threw himself on his knees to intercede for them. The mother had by this time found her tounge, and joined her prayers with those of the son; but it was not till after very long and urgent entreaties that they succeeded in arresting the hands of the ruffians, who were gloating in anticipation of so complete and so safe a vengence. Indeed, except by the confession of one of the parties, detection would have been absolutely impossible.

The officers and his servant were liberated, the latter placed in bed delirious, and the officer was in no frame of mind to do justice to Madam L——'s cookery. I venture to guess that the fowl went away untasted.

The next day both officer and man were removed to fresh quarters; but the servant's delirium gave rise to suspicion; and although the officer contended that the whole was a fable, it is supposed that his fellow soldiers believed his story, for the manufactory was shortly afterwards burnt to the ground, and the men thrown out of employment for months.

The most beautiful of all the natural objects is one of our great Western Prairies in blossom. It is a sea of flowers, and so pleasant as to be called God's Garden:

THE PRAIRIE.

God formed the world for beauty
And hung it in the air,
Then clothed it in its loveliness
And called it "good" and fair,
His are burnished Heavens.
With all their Orbs of light;
He gave the Stars their lustre
That they shed upon the night.

He made the mighty Ocean,
Its grandeur and its grace,
And gave its mystic splendor
As a mirror for His face.
No nobler emblem hath He,
No greater, none more free,
No symbol half so touching
As the bounding, mighty Sea.

But oh! the blooming Prairie,
Here are God's floral bowers,
Of all that he hath made on earth
The loveliest are the flowers.
This is the Almighty's garden,
And the mountains, stars and sea
Are nought compared in beauty
With God's garden Prairie free.

A Bishop after Sir Peter's Heart.—Serlo, a Norman Bishop, acquired great honor by a sermon which he preached before Henry the First, in 1104, against long and curled hair, with which the King and all his courtiers were so much affected, that they consented to resign their flowing ringlets, of which they had been so vain. The prudent prelate gave them no time to change their minds, but immediately pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve and performed the operation with his own hand.

College of the Propaganda.—The College of Propaganda at Rome intended chiefly for the education of natives of eastern countries as Catholic missionaries, contained in May, ninety pupils. Of these five were Chinese, ten Chaldeans, six Armenians, four Georgians, five Syrians, five Maronites, four Egyptians, nine Grecians, five Albanians, three Bulgarians, one Illyrian, three Wallachians, four Germans, six Dutchmen, four English, men, five Scots, five Irishmen, and six Americans. After a pupil has been six months in the establishment, he is expected to bind himself by oath to devote himself to foreign missions. The usual period of study is ten years, but this is frequently shortened. When the pupil has finished his studies he enters into priest's orders, and is furnished with the means of returning to his native country, where it is intended he should devote himself to the duties of his vocation as a missionary. If he is sent to any country but his own, his free consent must first be obtained. Every missionary residing in Europe is expected to furnish an annual report of his labors; those residing out of Europe are expected to send in a report every two years. Many of these missionaries have established thriving schools in their native countries. Six such schools exist in Egypt, four in Illyria, two in Transylvania, and others in Albina, and among the Islands of the Archipelago. The revenues of this establishment amount annually to 80,000 scudi; of which 24,000 are a gift from the pope. The sum annually expended on the foreign missions is estimated by the *Anali di Statistica* at 18,000 scudi; but this calculation, we are assured, is below the truth.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

THE LAST MOMENTS AND GRAVE OF HOWARD.

Howard, the Philanthropist, died in his vocation, at Cherson a Russian settlement on the Black Sea. The few memorandums which he made during his illness, show his resignation to the will of God, and the perfect clamness with which he looked on death. This state of mind was strongly exhibited in his conversation with his friend, Admiral Priestman, who, missing Mr. Howard's daily calls, came to inquire after his health. The sick man told him his end was approaching very fast and, as he had many things to say to him, he was glad he had called. The Admiral supposed from this, that his friend was in a melancholy mood, and tried to turn the course of his thoughts. But Mr. Howard said in a very impressive, yet cheerful manner:—

'Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling upon *death;* but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure, and be assured the object is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might perhaps, by altering my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live on vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, that get over these fevers.' He next spoke of his funeral, and of the place where he wished to be interred. 'There is a spot,' said he, 'near the village of Danphigny; this would suit nicely; you know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, nor any monumental inscription, whatsoever to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun dial over my grave and let me be forgotten.'

The spot thus selected for the grave of the philanthropist was situated on the grounds of a French gentleman who had shown him much friendship during his residence in Cherson, and he now pressed the Admiral to hasten and secure it for him. This he at last reluctantly did. During his absence, Mr. Howard received a letter from a friend in England, who had lately seen his son, and thought his health improved. Thomas read it to him, for he was too ill to read it himself; it affected him deeply, and he repeatedly charged Thomasson to tell his son, if ever he was restored to reason, how much and how fervently he had prayed for his happiness during his last illness.

When Admiral Priestman returned to tell him he had executed his commission, his countenance brightened and he testified his satisfaction and gratitude. He then handed the Admiral the letter from England; and when his friend had finished reading it, he turned his languid head on his pillow, and said, 'Is not this comfort for a dying father?' He then expressed a repugnance to being buried according to the rites of the Greek Church, and begged the Admiral not only to prevent all interference from the Russia Priests, but himself to read the burial service of the Church of England over his body. This was his last request and nearly the last words he spoke. He died on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790, verifying the Scripture testimony, that 'the end of the good man is peace.'

His funeral was not suffered to be so private as he had wished. A long train of carriages, and of horseman followed his body to the spot, which he had chosen for his interment, and between two and three hundred persons accompanied it on foot. A small brick pyramid, instead of a sun dial, was erected over the grave, and is still pointed out to travellers as a memorial of which, even the rude inhabitants of Tartary are proud.

CAPT. FRANKLIN'S NARRATIVE.

CONTINUED.

September 22.—After walking about two miles this morning, we came upon the borders of a large lake, whose extremities could not be discerned in consequence of the density of the atmosphere; but as its shores seemed to approach nearer to each other to the southward, we determined on tracing in that direction. We were grieved at finding the lake expand very much beyond the contracted part we had first seen, and incline now to the eastward of south. As it was considered more than probable, from the direction and size of the body of water we were now tracing, that it was a branch of Point Lake; and as, in any case, we knew that by passing round its south end, we must shortly come to the Copper-Mine River, our course was continued in that direction. The appearance of some dwarf pines and willows, larger than usual, induced us to suppose the river was near. We encamped early, having come eight miles. Our supper consisted of *tripe de roche* and half a partridge each.

Our progress next day was extremely slow, from the difficulty of managing the canoe in passing over the hills, as the breeze was fresh. Peltier, who had it in charge, having received several severe falls, became impatient, and insisted on leaving his burden, as it had already had been much injured by the accidents of this day; and no arguments we could use were sufficient to prevail on him to continue carrying it. Vaillant was, therefore, directed to take it, and we proceeded forward. Having found he got on very well, and was walking even faster than Mr. Hood could, in his present debilitated state, I pushed forward to stop the rest of the party, who had got out of sight during the delay which the discussion about the canoe had occasioned. I accidentally passed the body of the men, and followed the tracks of two persons, who had separated from the rest, until two P. M. when not seeing any person, I retraced my steps, and on my way met Dr. Richardson, who had also missed the party whilst he was employed gathering *tripe de roche*, and we went back together in search of them. We found they had halted among some willows, where they had picked up some pieces of skin, and a few bones of deer that had been devoured by the wolves last spring. They had rendered the bones friable by burning, and eaten them, as well as the skin; and several of them had added their old shoes to the repast. Peltier and Vaillan were with them, having left the canoe, which, they said, was so completely broken by another fall, as to be rendered incapable of repair, and entirely useless. The anguish this intelligence occasioned, may be conceived, but it is beyond my power to describe it. Impressed, however, with the necessity of taking it forward, even in the state these men represented it to be, we urgently desired them to fetch it; but they declined going, and the strength of the officers was inadequate to the task. To their infatuated obstinacy on this occasion, a great portion of the melancholy circumstances which attended our subsequent progress, may, perhaps, be attributed. The men now seemed to have lost all hope of being preserved; and all the arguments we could use, failed in stimulating them to the least exertion. After consuming the remains of the bones and horns of the deer, we resumed our march, and, in the evening, reached a contracted part of the lake, which perceiving to be shallow, we forded and encamped on the opposite side. Heavy rain began soon afterwards, and continued all the night. On the following morning the rain had so wasted the snow, that the tracks of Mr. Back and his companions, who had gone before with the hunters were traced with difficulty; and the frequent showers, during the day, almost obliterated them. The men became furious at the apprehension of being deserted by the hunters, and some of the strongest throwing down their bundles, prepared to set out after them, intending to leave the more weak to follow as they could. The entreaties and threats of the officers, however, prevented their executing this mad scheme; but not before Solomon Belanger was despatched with orders for Mr. Back to halt until we should join him. Soon afterwards a thick fog came on, but we continued our march and overtook Mr. Back, who had been detained in consequence of his companions having followed some recent tracks of deer. After halting an hour, during which we refreshed ourselves with eating our old shoes and a few scraps of leather, we set forward in the hope of ascertaining whether an adjoining piece of water was the Copper-Mine River or not, but were soon compelled to return and encamp, for fear of a separation of the party, as we could not see each other at ten yards distance. The fog diminishing towards the evening, Augustus was sent to examine the water, but having lost his way he did not reach the tents before midnight, when he brought the information of its being a lake. We supped upon *tripe de roche*, and enjoyed a comfortable fire, having found some pines, seven or eight feet high, in a valley near the encampment.

The bounty of Providence was most seasonably manifested to us next morning, in our killing five small deer out of a herd, which came in sight as we were on the point of starting. This unexpected supply re-animated the drooping spirits of our men, and filled every heart with gratitude.

The voyagers instantly petitioned for a day's rest, which we were most reluctant to grant, being aware of the importance of every moment at this critical period of our journey. But they so earnestly and strongly pleaded their recent sufferings, and their conviction, that the quiet enjoyment of two substantial meals, after eight days' famine, would enable them to proceed next day more vigorously, that we could not resist their entreaties. The flesh, the skins, and even the contents of the stomachs of the deer were equally distributed among the party by Mr. Hood, who had volunteered, on the departure of Mr. Wentzelt to perform the duty of issuing the provision. This invidious task he had all along performed with great impartiality, but seldom without producing some grumbling among the Canadians; and on the present occasion, the hunters were displeased that the heads, and some other parts, had not been added to their portions. It is proper to remark, that Mr. Hood always took the smallest portion for his own mess, but this weighed little with these men, as long as their own appetites remained unsatisfied. We all suffered much inconvenience from eating animal food after our long abstinence, but particularly those men who indulged themselves beyond moderation. We learned, in the evening, that the Canadians, with their usual thoughtlessness, had consumed above a third of their portions of meat.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

From the Portland Tribune.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to see
A brother in distress—
And turn away, when we have power
To heal his wounds, and bless.
'Tis not to pass the helpless by,
Burthened with hoary years;
And mimic his declining step,
And force his burning tears.

'Tis not to shun the tattered garb
Yon helpless orphans wear—
Who never knew a father's smile,
Or a kind mother's care;
Who on a friendless world are cast,
To beg their scanty meal,
For whom the rich, in gay attire,
No sympathy can feel.

'Tis not in pride to close our door
Upon a sinking form,
When fiercely blows the wintry blast,
And rudely beats the storm.
'Tis not to drive the poor away,
With scorn the proud disdain,
When but a morsel from our store
Would ease his burning pain.

'Tis not to hate the sable skin
Of Afric's simple son—
And when for needful food he asks,
To give him but a stone;
And when for knowledge he doth pray,
To answer him with scorn,
And scourge him with the biting lash,
Although our equal born.

'Tis not to shun the friendless soul,
In dungeon or in cell;
And from Ambition's giddy height
By crimes atrocious fell;
Shut out from heaven's refreshing light,
He is our brother still—
Though angry threats and awful oaths
His dreary moments fill.

'Tis not to envy him whose soul
To heaven in fancy towers—
Whose deep and spacious intellect
Far, far outstretches ours.
'Tis not to smile contemptuously
On an inferior mind,
And see no grace or loveliness
Where both with truth are joined.

'Tis not with dark, suspicious eye,
To question motives still,
And whatsoe'er our neighbor does,
To think it only ill.
'Tis not behind a brother's back,
His foibles to proclaim—
Or with our poisoned ridicule
His character defame.

'Tis not to hint at buried faults,
Or make a serious jest,
When deeds more dark and criminal
Are slumbering in our breast.
'Tis not to give a single pain,
To spread the faults we see,
And artfully conceal our own;—
This is not Charity.

D. C. C.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Translated by Andrew Steinmetz.

Seek always truth and righteousness,
Until thy dying day—
And stray not e'en one finger's breadth
From thy Creator's way.

Then shalt thou, as the verdant meads,
Proceed with nimble pace;
Then may'st thou, fearless, terrorless,
Look death full in the face!

Then will the sickle and the plough
Within thy hand be light—
Then may'st thou sing o'er water-jug,
As tho' wine cheer the sight!

The wicked man finds all things hard,
Whate'er he does below;
His vices never leave him rest,
But drag him to and fro!

The lovely spring laughs not for him;
For him laughs no corn-field:
He is on craft and cunning bent—
To all but gold is steeled!

The wind in grove, the leaves on tree,
Shake terrors on his path—
Nor finds he after life's short dream
The grave's repose, but wrath!

Then seek ay truth and righteousness,
Until thy dying day,
And stray not e'en one finger's breadth
From thy Creator's way.

Then will thy children bless thy grave;
And weep their tears for thee—
And summer-flowers with fragrance rife
From them bloom ceaselessly!

AN EARNEST LABORER.

Dr. Percival of Connecticut, has completed a survey of Connecticut, a report of which was laid before the Legislature of that State last week, when a proposal to give the copy-right to the author, after a certain number of copies should be printed for the use of the State, was discussed. On this occasion one of the members said that Mr. Percival, the geologist of the State, had been upon one side at least of every square mile in the State, except where river or lake had interrupted his progress. He had walked over every hill, plain and morass in Connecticut, with his basket on his arm and his bag on his back; stopping at the farm houses at night, and resuming his examination at early light. He has been engaged in this work for five years, and his salary has never exceeded three hundred dollars per annum. The Legislature of course adopted the proposal of leaving to him the copy-right.—*N. Y. Amer.*

THE MORAVIAN VICTORY.

'During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1793, the rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace-hill, Wexford county. At length they put their threat in execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there they saw no one in the streets nor in their house. The brethren had long expected this attack, but true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence, but assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him in whom they trusted to be their shield in the great hour of danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were struck with astonishment at this novel sight: where they expected an armed hand, they saw it clasped in prayer. Where they expected weapon to weapon, and the body armed for the fight, they saw the bended knee and humbled head before the altar of the Prince of peace. They heard the prayer for protection—they heard the intended victims asking mercy for their murderers—they heard the song of praise, and the hymn of confidence in the 'sure promise of the Lord.' They beheld in silence this little band of Christians—they felt unable to raise their hands against them, and after lingering in the streets, which they filled, for a night and a day, with one consent they turned and marched away from the place without having injured an individual, or purloined a single loaf of bread. In consequence of this signal mark of protection from Heaven, the inhabitants of the neighboring village brought their goods and asked for shelter in the Grace-hill, which they called the City of Refuge." Good! Good!

HE IS YOUR BROTHER.

What if the maddening bowl has been
The folly of his youth,
And in his mad pursuit of sin,
He trampled on the truth?
Must you not take him by the hand,
Your duty to fulfil?
Yes—bid the lost one rise and stand—
He is your brother still.

Though sunken and degraded, he
Has yet a human breast—
And hidden talents which may be
For other's weal expressed.
'Tis kindness that alone will bring
Health to his faded brow,
And cause his heart with joy to sing:
Speak—he's your brother now.

He is not lost—oh! no, no, no—
There is a soul to save.
With truth and love in earnest go,
And God's own blessing crave.
You will redeem—for prayers and tears
Will never prove in vain:
Mark!—patiently the fallen hears!—
He is a man again!

'Tis even thus—true kindness will
The prodigal reclaim—
With gratitude the bosom fill
Lost to a sense of shame.
Be kind, and thousands you shall win
From the low ranks of vice,
Who else must lose, in pain and sin,
The bliss of paridise.

D. C. COLESWORTHY.

POETRY.

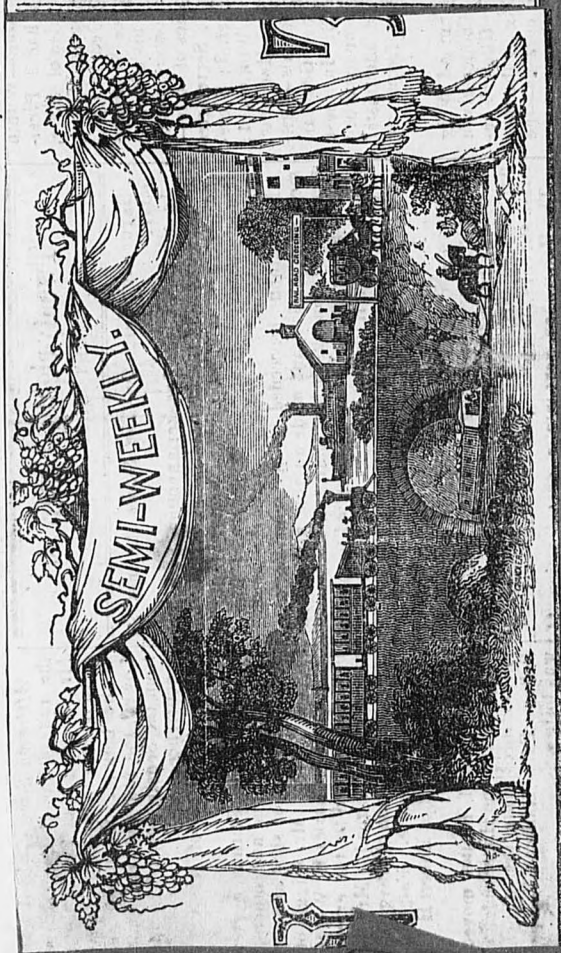
TIME'S SONG.

O'er the level plain where mountains
Greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste where fountains
At my bidding flow.
On the boundless beam by day,
On the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away!
Who will chain my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping;
I have crush'd his spear;
Grief within her bower was weeping:
I have dried her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold,—
Then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold,
And her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory—
Where is now his fame?
Genius said—"I live in story;"
Who hath heard his name?
Love, beneath a myrtle bough,
Whispered—"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow
Wither'd as I past.

I have heard the heifer lowing
O'er the wild wave's bed;
I have seen the billow flowing
Where the cattle fed;
Where began my wanderings?
Memory will not say;
Where will rest my weary wings?
Science turns away.



Selling Dry Goods.

People generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in the matter would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman embodies in its duties, necessity for the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of these gentlemen, who is in a store in Chatham st., not long since was called to show a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who "dropped in while going to Stewarts," to see some rich silk cloaking. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view,—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly material was stigmatized as "trash," —everything was common and not fit for a lady. She "guessed she would go to Stewart's." The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he, in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case of which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law; but it would be useless to show it to you. It is the only piece left in the city."

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or disparaging the merits of your wares."

The salesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his few fellow clerks, proceeded, as if with much reluctance, and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered to be unsaleable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods worthy to be worn. How much was it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that is very high."

"There!" exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in such a hurry!" she cried—"I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam, you insult me again."

"Cut me off —— yards and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings," almost entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated.—The profits on the sale of the vesting and velvet, amounted to *thirty-three dollars*, out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the article at the same price.

There is a moral in this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of all our lady readers who occasionally go shopping.—*Island City.*

Louisiana Lemons.—The *Planter's Banner* says:—We have received from Mr. John Smith's plantation, about twelve miles below Franklin, in this Parish, samples of two species of lemons of this year's growth—the Havana and Sicily. The former is much like the orange. The latter is quite pale and oblong, and we are told the trees withstood frost, a few years ago, which killed orange trees. The latter variety, we should therefore say, is best suited to this climate, and we would recommend its cultivation. Mr. Smith raises a fine crop of lemons every year, which bring a good price. This fruit, with proper care in packing, would ship to New-York, and yield a better profit than any other that could be cultivated. Why is it that the cultivation of this valuable fruit is entirely neglected?

'THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

Professor Silliman, in one of his lectures, mentions the discovery of an enormous animal of the lizard tribe, measuring eighty feet in length, from which he infers that all animals have degenerated in size—and this supposition is fortified by a reference to the history of giants in the olden time. It appears from the list furnished by the Professor, that we of the present day are mere "Tom Thumbs," when compared with the huge individualities of antiquity. Here is the list:

The giant exhibited in Rouen, in 1745, measured over eighteen feet.

Gorapius saw a girl who was ten feet high!

The body of Grestus was eleven feet and a half high!

The Giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet.

Funman, who lived in the time of Eugene II, measured eleven feet and a half.

The Chevalier Scorg, in his voyage to the peaks of Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain the head of Guance, which had eighty teeth, and it was supposed that his body was not less than fifteen feet long!

The Giant Ferragus, slain by Arlando, nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high!

In 1614, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the Giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high!

In 1590, near Rouen, they found a skeleton whose skull *held a bushel of corn*, and whose body must have been eighteen feet long.

Platerus saw at Lucerne the human bones of a subject nineteen feet long.

The Giant Buart was twenty-two and a half feet high; his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the river Moderi.

In 1613, near a castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found thirty *feet long*! twelve wide and eight high, on which was cut on a gray stone the words "Keutolochus Rex." The skeleton was found entire twenty-five and a half feet long, ten feet across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back.

Near Mazarine, in Sicily, in 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty *feet high!* His head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1548, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty *feet long*, and another thirty-three *feet high*, in 1550.

A LEAF

From the Public Album kept at Niagara Falls. The falls are clear—quite so; but they do not hanser my hexpectations. 'I got thoroughly wetted by them, and lost my at. When the whether is 'ot, I prefer looking at a hengraving of them in the 'ouse.—S. L. ENGLAND.

NOBLE SENTIMENT.—When Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the falling credit of an acquaintance, he replied, "The man was my friend when my friends were few; and I will be his now that his enemies are many."

The Archipelago in a Levanter.

The American frigate, in which I had cruised as the ward room guest for more than six months, had sailed for Winter quarters at Mahon, and my name was up at the pier of Smyrna as a passenger in the first ship that should leave the port, whatever her destination.

The flags of all nations flew at the crowded peaks of the merchantmen lying off the Marina, and among them lay two small twin brigs, loading with figs and opium for my native town in America.

Time wore on, and I had loitered up and down the narrow street "in melancholy idleness" by day, and smoked the *narghile* with those "merchant princes" by night, till I knew every paving stone between the beach and the bazaar, and had learned the thrilling events of the Greek persecution with the particularity of a historian. My heart, too, unsusceptible enough when "packed for travel," began to uncoil with absence of adventure, and expose its sluggish pulses to the "Greek fire," still burning in those Asiatic eyes; and I felt sensibly, that if, Telemachus-like, I did not soon throw myself into the sea, I should yield, past praying for, to the cup of some Smyrniote Circe. Darker eyes than are seen on that Marina swim not in delight out of Paradise.

I was sitting on an opium-box in the counting-house of my friend L——n, (the princely and hospitable merchant spoken of above,) when there entered a Yankee "skipper," whom I would have clapped on the shoulder for a townsman if I had seen him on the top of the minaret of the Mosque of Sultan Bajazet. His go-ashore black coat and trousers, worn only one month in twelve, were of costly cloth, but of the fashion prevailing in the days of his promotion to be second-mate of a cod-fisher; his hat was of the richest beaver, but getting brown with the same paucity of wear, and exposure to the corroding air of the ocean; and on his hands were stretched (and they had well need to be elastic) a pair of Woodstock gloves that might have descended to him from Paul Jones, "the pilot." A bulge just over his lowest rib gave token of the ship's chronometer, and, in obedience to the new fashion of a guard, a fine chain of the softest auburn hair—(doubtless his wife's, and, I would have wagered my passage-money, as pretty a woman as he would see in his v'yage,) a chain, I say, braided of silken blonde ringlets passed around his neck, and drew its glossy line over his broad-breasted white waistcoat—the dew-drop on the lion's mane not more entitled to be astonished.

A face of hard-weather, but with an expression of care equal to the amount of his invoice, yet honest and fearless as the truck of his mainmast; a round sailor's back, that looked as if he would hoist up his deck if you battened him beneath hatches against his will; and teeth as white as his new foresail, completed the picture of the master of the brig Matamora. Jolly old H——t, I shall never feel the grip of an honester hand, nor return one (as far as I *can* with the fist you crippled at parting) with a more kindly pressure! A fair wind on your quarter, my old boy, wherever you may be trading!

"What sort of accommodations have you captain?" I asked, as my friend introduced me.

"Why, none to speak of, sir There's a starboard berth that an't got much in it—a few boxes of figs, and the new sprit-sail; and some of the mate's traps—but I could stow away a little, perhaps, s ir."

"You sail to-morrow morning?"

"Off with the land breeze, sir."

I took leave of the kindest of friends, laid in a few hasty stores, and was on board at midnight.—The next morning I awoke with the water rippling beside me, and creeping on deck, I saw a line of foam stretching behind us far up the gulf, and the ruins of the primitive church of Smyrna, mingled with the turrets of a Turkish castle, far away in the horizon.

The morning was cool and fresh, the sky of an oriental purity, and the small low brig sped on like a nautilus. The captain stood by the binnacle, looking off to the Westward with a glass, a tarpaulin hat over his black locks, a pair of sail cloth pumps on his feet, and trousers and roundabout of an indefinable tarriness and texture. He handed me the glass, and, obeying his direction, I saw, stealing from behind a point of land shaped like a cat's back, the well known topsails of the two frigates that had sailed before us.

We were off Vourla, and the commodore had gone to pay his respects to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then lying with his fleet in this little bay, and waiting, we supposed, for orders to force the Dardanelles.—The frigates soon appeared on the bosom of the gulf, and heading down, neared our larboard bow, and stood for the Archipelago. The Metamora kept her way, but the "United States," the fleetest of our ships, soon left us behind with a strengthening breeze, and, following her with the glass till I could no longer distinguish the cap of the officer of the deck, I breathed a blessing after her, and went below to breakfast. It is strange how the lessening in the distance of a ship in which one has sailed in these southern seas pulls on the heart-strings.

I sat on deck most of the day, cracking pecannuts with the captain, and gossiping about school-days in our native town, occasionally looking over the hills of Asia Minor, and trying to realize the (Ixion labor of the imagination in travel) the history of which these barren lands have been the scene. I know not whether it is easy for a native of old countries to people these desolated lands from the past, but for me, accustomed to look on the face of the surrounding earth as mere vegetation, unstored and unassociated, it is with a constant mental effort alone that I can be classic on classic ground—find Pluto in the desert wastes of the Academy or Priam among the Turk-stridden and prostrate columns of Troy. In my recollections of Athens, the Parthenon and the Theseion and the solemn and sublime ruins by the Fount of Callirhoe stand forth prominent enough; but when I was on the spot—a biped to whom three meals a day, a washerwoman, and a banker, were urgent necessities—I shame to confess that I sat dangling my legs over the classic Pelasgicum, not fishing for philosophers with gold and figs, but musing on the mundane and proximate matters of daily economy. I could see my six shirts hanging to dry close by the Temple of the Winds, and I knew my dinner was cooking three doors from the crumbling capitals of the Agora.

As the sun set over Ephesus, we neared the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna, and the captain stood looking over the leeward-bow rather earnestly.

"We shall have a snorter out of the nor'east," he said, taking hold of the tiller, and sending the helms man forward—"I never was up this sea but once afore and it's a dirty passage through these islands in any weather, let alone a Levanter.."

He followed up his soliloquy by jamming his tiller hard a-port, and in ten minutes the little brig was running her nose, as it seemed to me, right upon an inhospitable rock at the Northern headland of the gulf. At the distance of a biscuit-toss from the shore, however, the rock was dropped to leeward, and a small passage appeared, opening with a sharpe curve into the miniature but sheltered Bay of Fourgas. We droped anchor off a small hamlet of 40 or 50 houses, and lay beyond the reach of Levanters in a circular basin that seemed shut in by a rim of granite from the sea.

The captain's judgment of the weather was correct, and after the sun set, the wind rose gradually to a violence which sent the spray high over the barriers of our protected position. Congratulating ourselves that we were on the right side of the granite wall, we got our jolly boat on the following morning, and ran ashore upon the beach half a mile from town, proposing to climb first to the peak of the

neighboring hill, and then forage for a dinner in the village below.

We scrambled up the rocky mountain side, with some loss of our private stock of wind, and considerable increase from the nor'easter, and getting under the lee of a projecting shelf, sat looking over toward Lesbos, and reuminating in silence—I, upon the old question, "*an Sappo publica fuerit*," and the captain probably on his wife at Cape Cod, and his pecan nuts, figs and opium, in the emerald green brig below us. I don't know why she had been painted *green*, by-the-by, (and I never thought to suggest that to the captain) being named after an Indian chief, who was as red as her copper bottom.

The sea towards Mitylene looked wild as an eagle's wing ruffling against the wind, and there was that smoke in the sky as if the blast was igniting with its speed—the look of a gale in those seas when unaccompanied with rain. The crazy looking vessels of the Levant were scudding with mere rags of sails for the gulf; and while we sat on the rock eight or ten of those black and unsightly craft shot into the little bay below us, and dropped anchor, blessing, no doubt, every saint in the Greek calendar.

Having looked towards Lesbos an hour, and come to the conclusion that, admitting the worst with regard to the private character of Sappho, it would have been very pleasant to know her; and the captain having washed his feet in a slender tricklet oozing from a cleft in the rock, we descended the hill on the other side and stole a march on the rear to the town of Fourgas.

Four or five Greek women were picking up olives in a grove lying half way down the hill, and on our coming in sight, they made for us with such speed that I feared the reverse of the Sabine rape—not yet having seen a man on this desolate shore. They ran well, but they resembled Atalanta in no other possible particular. We should have taken them for the Furies, but there were five. They wanted snuff and money—making signs easily for the first, but attempting amicably to put their hands in our pockets when we refused to comprehend the Greek for "give us a para." The captain pulled from his pocket an American dollar note, (payable at Nantucket,) and offered it to the youngest of the women, who smelt at it and returned it to him, evidently unacquainted with the Cape Cod currency. On farther search he found a few of the tinsel paras of the country, which he substituted for his "dollar bill" a saving of ninety-nine cents to him, if the bank has not broken when he arrives at Massachusetts.

Fourgas is surrounded by a very old wall, very much battered. We passed under a high arch containing marks of having once been closed with a heavy gate, and, disputing our passage with cows, and men that seemed less cleanly and civilized, penetrated to the heart of the town in search of a barber's shop, cafe, and kibaub shop—three conveniences usually united in a single room, and dispensed by a single Figaro, in Turkish and Greek towns of this description. The word cafe is universal, and we needed only to pronounce it to be led by a low door into a square apartment of a ruinous old building, around which, upon a kind of a shelf, waist high, sat as many of the inhabitants of the town as could cross their legs conveniently. As soon as we were discerned through the smoke by the omnifarious proprietor of the establishment, two of the worst dressed customers were turned off the shelf unceremoniously to make room for us, the fire beneath the coffee pot was raked open, and the agreeable flavor of the spiced beverage of the East ascended refreshingly to our nostrils.

With his baggy trousers tucked up to his thigh, his silk shirt to his armpits, and his smoke-dried but clean feet wandering at large in a pair of red morocco slippers, our Turkish Ganymede presented the small cups in their filagree holders, and never was beverage more delicious or more welcome. Thirsty was our ramble, and unaccustomed to such small quantities as seem to satisfy the natives of the East, the captain and myself soon became objects of no small amusement to the wondering beards about us. A large tablespoon holds rather more than a Turkish coffee-cup, and one, or, at most, two of these, satisfies the driest clay in the Orient. To us, a dozen of them was a bagatelle, and we soon exhausted the copper pot, and imitated to the astonished cafidji that we should want another. He looked at us a minute to see if we were in earnest, and then laid his hand on his stomach, and rolling up his eyes, made some remark to his other customers, which provoked a general laugh. It was our last "lark" ashore for some time, however, and spite of this apparent prophecy of a cholic, we smoked our *narghiles* and kept him running with his fairy cups for some time longer. One never gets enough of that fragrant liquor.

The sun broke through the clouds as we sat on the high bench, and, hastily paying our Turk, we hurried to the sea side. The wind seemed to have lulled, and was blowing lightly off shore, and, impatient of loitering on his voyage, the captain got up his anchor and ran across the bay, and in half an hour was driven through a sea that left not a dry plank on the deck of the Metamora.

The other vessels at Fourgas had not stirred, and the sky in the Northeast looked to my eye very threatening. It was the middle of the afternoon, and the captain crowded sail and sped on like a seabird, though I could see by his face when he looked into the quarter of the wind, that he had acted more from impulse than judgment in leaving his shelter The heavy sea kicked us on our course, however, and the smart little brig shot buoyantly over the crests of the waves as she outran them; and it was difficult not to feel that the bounding and obedient fabric beneath our feet was instinct with self-confidence, and rode the waters like their master.

I well knew that the passage of the Archipelago was a difficult one in a storm even to an experienced pilot, and with the advantage of daylight; and I could not but remember with some anxiety that we were entering upon it at nightfall, and with a wind strengthening every moment, while the captain confessedly had made the passage but once before, and then in a calm sea of August. The skipper, however, walked his deck confidently, though he began to manage his canvass with a more wary care, and, before dark, we were scudding under a single sail, and pitching onward with the heave of the sea at a rate that, if we were to see Malta at all, promised a speedy arrival. As the night closed in we passed a large frigate lying to, which we afterward found out was the Superbe, a French eighty-four gun ship, (wrecked a few hours after on the island of Andros) The two American frigates had run up by Mitylene and were still behind us, and the fear of being run down in the night, in our small craft, induced the captain to scud on, though he would else have lain to with the Frenchman, and perhaps have shared his fate.

I staid on deck an hour or two after dark, and before going below satisfied myself that we should owe it to the merest chance if we escaped striking in the night. The storm became so furious that we ran with bare poles before it; and though it set us fairly on our way, the course lay through a narrow and most intricate channel, among small and rocky islands, and we had nothing for it but to trust to a providential drift.

The captain prepared himself for a night on deck lashed everything that was loose, and filled the two jugs suspended in the cabin, which, as the sea had been too violent for any hope from the cook, were to sustain us through the storm. We took a biscuit and a glass of Hollands and water, holding on hard by the berths lest we should be pitched through the sky light, and as the captain tied up the dim lantern, I got a look at his face, which would have told me, if I had not known it before, that though resolute and unmoved he knew himself to be enter

ing on the most imminent hazard of his life.

The waves now broke over the brig at every heave, and occasionally the descent of the solid mass of water on the quarter-deck seemed to drive her under like a cork. My own situation was the worst on board, for I was inactive. It required a seaman to keep the deck, and as there was no standing in the cabin without great effort, I disembarrassed myself of all that would impede me as a swimmer, and got into my berth to await a wreck, which I considered inevitable. Braced with both hands and feet, I lay and watched the *imbroglio* in the bottom of the cabin, my own dressing case, among other things, emptied of its contents, and swimming with some of my own clothes and the captain's, and the water rushing down the companion way with every wave that broke over us. The last voice I heard on deck was from the deep throat of the captain, calling his men aft to assist in lashing the helm; and then, in the pauses of the gale, came the awful crash upon the deck, more like the descent of a falling house than a body of water, and a swash through the scuppers immediately after, seconded by the smaller sea below, in which my coat and waistcoat were undergoing a rehearsal of the tragedy outside.

At midnight the gale increased, and the seas that descended on the brig shook her to the very keel.—We could feel her struck under by the shock, and reel and quiver as she recovered and rose again; and, as if to distract my attention, the little epitome of the tempest going on in the bottom of the cabin grew more and more serious. The unoccupied berths were packed with boxes of figs and bags of nuts, which 'brought away' one after another, and rolled from side to side with a violence which threatened to drive them through the side of the vessel; my portmanteau broke its lashings and shot heavily backward and forward with the roll of the sea; and if I was not to be drowned like a dog in a locked cabin, I feared at least, I should have my legs broken by the leap of a fig-box into my berth. My situation was wholly uncomfortable yet half ludicrous.

An hour after midnight the captain came down, pale and exhausted, and with no little difficulty managed to get a tumbler of grog.

"How does she head?" I asked.

"Side to wind, drifting five knots an hour."

"Where are you?"

"God only knows." I expect her to strike every minute."

He quietly picked up the wick of the lamp as it tossed to and fro, and watching the roll of the vessel gained the companion way and mounted to the deck. The door was locked, and I was once more a prisoner and alone.

An hour elapsed—the sea, it appeared to me, strengthening in its heaves beneath us, and the wind howling and hissing in the rigging like a hundred devils. An awful surge then burst down upon the deck, racking the brig in every seam; the hurried tread of feet overhead told me that they were cutting the lashing of the helm; the seas succeeded each other quicker and quicker, and, conjecturing from the shortness of the pitch that we were nearing a reef, I was half out of my berth when the cabin door was wrenched open, and a deluging sea washed down the companion way.

"On deck for your life!" screamed the hoarse voice of the captain.

I sprang up through streaming water, barefoot and bareheaded, but the pitch of the brig was so violent that I dared not leave the ropes of the companion ladder, and, almost blinded with the spray and wind, I stood waiting for the stroke.

"Hard down!" cried the captain, in a voice I shall never forget; and as the rudder creaked with the strain, the brig fell slightly off, and rising with a tremendous surge, I saw the sky dimly relieved against the edge of a ragged precipice, and in the next moment, as if with the repulse of a catapult, we were flung back into the trough of the sea by the retreating wave, and surged heavily beyond the rock. The noise of the breakers, and the rapid commands of the captain, now drowned the hiss of the wind, and in a few minutes we were plunging once more through the uncertain darkness, the long and regular heavings of the sea alone assuring us that we were driving from the shore.

The wind was cold, and I was wet to the skin. Every third sea broke over the brig and added to the deluge in the cabin, and from the straining of the masts I feared they would come down with every succeeding shock. I crept once more below and regained my berth, where, wet and aching in every joint, I awaited fate or the daylight.

Morning broke, but no abatement of the storm. The captain came below and informed me (what I had already presumed,) that we had run upon the Southernmost point of Negropont, and had been saved by a miracle from shipwreck. The back wave had taken us off, and with the next sea we had shot beyond it. We were now running in the same narrow channel for Cape Colonna, and were surrounded with dangers. The skipper looked beaten out; his eyes were protruding and strained, and his face seemed to me to have emaciated in the night. He swallowed his grog and flung himself for half an hour into his berth, and then went on deck again to relieve his mate, where, tired of my wretched berth, I soon followed him.

The deck was a scene of desolation. The bulwarks were carried clean away, the jolly boat swept off, and the long boat the only moveable thing remaining. The men were holding on to the shrouds, haggard and sleepy, clinging mechanically to their support as the sea broke down upon them, and silent at the helm, stood the captain and the second mate keeping the brig stern on to the sea, and straining their eyes for land through the thick spray before them.

The day crept on, and another night, and we passed it like the last. The storm never slacked, and all through the long hours the same succession went on, the brig plunging and rising, struggling beneath the overwhelming and overtaking waves, and recovering herself again, till it seemed to me as if I had never known any other motion. The captain came below for his biscuit and grog, and went up again without speaking a word; the mates did the same with the same silence, and at last the bracing and holding on to prevent being flung from my berth became mechanicaly, and I did it while I slept. Cold, wet, hungry and exhausted, what a blessing from heaven were five minutes of forgetfulness!

How the third night wore I can scarce remember—The storm continued with unabated fury, and when the dawn of the third morning broke upon us the captain conjectured that we had drifted some four hundred miles before the wind. The crew were exhausted with watching, the brig labored more and more heavily, and the storm seemed eternal.

At noon on the third day the clouds broke up a little and the wind, though still violent, slacked somewhat in its fury. The sun struggled down upon the lashed and raging sea, and taking our bearings, we found ourselves about two hundred miles from Malta. With great exertions, the cook contrived to get up a fire in the binnacle and boil a little rice, and never *gourmet* sucked the brain of a woodcock with a relish which welcomed that dark mess of pottage.

It was still impossible to carry more than a hand's breath of sail, but we were now in open waters and flew merrily before the driving sea. The pitching and racking motion, and occasional shipping of a heavy wave, still forbade all thought or hopes of comfort, but the dread of shipwreck troubled us no more, and I passed the day in contriving how to stand long enough on my legs to get my wet traps from my floating portmanteau, and go into quarantine like a Christian.

The following day, at noon, Malta, became visible from the top of an occasional mountain wave; and still driving under a reefed topsail before the hurricane, we rapidly neared it, and I began to hope for the repose of *terra firma*. The watch-towers of the castellated rock soon became distinct through the atmosphere or spray, and at a distance of a mile, we took in sail and waited for a pilot.

While tossing in the trough of the sea, the following half hour, the captain communicated to me some embarrassment with respect to my landing which had not occurred to me. It appeared that the agreement to land me at Malta was not mentioned in his policy of insurance, and the underwriters, of course, were not responsible for any accident that might happen to the brig after a variation from his original plan of passage. This he would not have minded if he could have set me ashore in a half hour, as he had anticipated, but his small boat was lost in the storm, and it was now a question whether the pilot-boat would take ashore a passenger liable to quarantine. To run his brig into the harbor would be a great expense and positive loss of insurance, and to get out the long boat with his broken tackle and exhausted crew was not to be thought of. I knew very well that no passenger from a plague port (such as Smyrna and Constantinople) was permitted to land on any terms at Gibraltar, and if the pilot here should refuse to take me off, the alternative was clear. I must make a voyage against my will to America.

I was not in a very plesant state of mind during the delay which followed; for, although I had been three years absent from my native country and loved it well, I had laid my plans for still two years travel on this side the Atlantic, and certain moneys for my "charges" lay waiting my arrival at Malta. Among the lesser reasons I had not a rag of clothes dry or clean, and was heartily out of love with salt water and the smell of figs.

As if to aggravate my unhappiness, the sun broke through a rift in the clouds and lit up the white and turretted battlements of Malta like an isle of the blessed—the only spot within the limits of the stormy horizon. The mountain waves on which we were tossing were tempestuous and black, the comfortless and battered brig with her weary crew looked more like a wreck than a seaworthy merchantman: and no pilot appearing, the captain looked anxiously seaward, as if he grudged every minute of the strong wind rushing by on his course.

A small speck at last appeared making towards us from the shore, and riding slowly over the tremendous waves, a boat manned by four men came within hailing distance. One moment as high as our topmast, and another in the depths of the gulf a hundred feet below us, it was like conversing from two buckets in a well.

"Do you want a pilot?" screamed the Maltese in English, as the American flag blew before the wind.

"No!" roared the captain, like a thunder-peal, through his tin trumpet.

The Maltese, without deigning another look, put up his helm with a gesture of disappointment, and bore away.

"Boat ahoy!" bellowed the captain.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" answered the pilot.

"Will you take a passenger ashore?"

"Where from?"

"Smyrna!"

"No—o—o—o!"

There was a sound of doom in the angry prolongation of that detested monosyllable that sunk to the bottom of my heart like lead.

"Clear away the mainsail," cried the captain, getting round once more to the wind. "I knew how it would be sir," he continued to me, as I bit my lips in the hope to be reconciled to an involuntary voyage of four thousand miles; "it was'nt likely he'd put himself and his boat's crew into twenty days' quarantine to oblige you and me.

I could not but own that it was an unreasonable expectation.

"Never mind, sir," said the skipper consolingly, "plenty of salt fish in the locker, and I'll set you on Long Wharf in no time!"

"Brig ahoy!" came a voice faintly across the waves.

The captain looked over his shoulder without losing a cap full of wind from his sail, and sent back the hail impatiently.

The pilot was running rapidly down upon us, and had come back to offer to tow me ashore in the brig's jolly boat for a large sum of money.

"We've lost our boat, and you're a bloody shark," answered the skipper, enraged at the attempt at extortion "Head your course!" he muttered gruffly to the man at the helm, who had let the brig fall off that the pilot might come up.

Irritated by this new and gratuitous disappointment, I stamped on the deck in an ungovernable fit of rage, and wished the brig at the devil.

The skipper looked at me a moment, and instead of the angry answer I expected, an expression of kind commisseration stole over his rough face. The next moment he seized the helm and put the brig away from the wind, and then making a trumpet of his two immense hands, he once more hailed the returning pilot.

"I can't bear to see you take it so much to heart sir," said the kind sailor, "and I'll do for you what I would'nt do for another man on the face o' the 'arth. All hands there!"

The men came aft, and the captain in brief words stated the case to them, and appealed to their sense of kindness for a fellow countrymen, to undertake a task, which, in the sea then running, and with their exhausted strength, was not a service he could well demand in other terms. It was to get out the long boat and wait off while the pilot towed me ashore and returned with her.

"Ay, ay! sir," was the immediate response from every lip, and from the chief mate to the black cabin boy, every man sprang cheerily to the lashings. It was no momentary task, for the boat was as firmly set in her place as the main mast, and stowed compactly with barrels of pork, extra rigging and spars—in short, all the furniture and provision of the voyage. In the course of an hour, however, the tackle was rigged on the fore and main yards, and with a desperate effort its immense bulk was heaved over the side, and lay tossing in the tempestuous waters. I shook hands with the men, who refused every remuneration beyond my thanks, and, following the captain over the side, was soon toiling heavily on the surging waters, thanking heaven for the generous sympathies of home and country implanted in the human bosom. Those who know the reluctance with which a merchant captain lays to even to pick up a man overboard in a fair wind, and those who understand the meaning of a forfeited insurance, will appreciate this instance of difficult generosity. I shook the hard fist of the kind hearted skipper on the quarantine stairs, and watched his heavy boat as she crept out of the little harbor with tears in my eyes. I shall travel far before I find again a man I honor more heartily. N. P. W.

A Volunteer Policeman.—It was our "happy lot," not many evenings since, to be a witness of an act of public and private spirit, which we deem worthy of being recorded, for the benefit of whom it may concern. We were passing down Broadway; on the corner of Fulton st. Next St. Paul's church were collected a gang of about a dozen soap-lock rowdies,—the sort of gentry who perambulate in squads, and collect on corners to annoy ladies, by squirting tobacco juice on their dresses, and assailing their ears with language more unfitting than their saliva. As we came in sight of this group, they were pushing about among them a poor negro, overcome with a hard day's work, the heat of the weather, and liquor; and between the three not qualified to make much of a defence.

The cowardly knaves therefore went on with their

brutal sport, while we looked about in vain for a watchman. The necessity for one was soon obviated. A young man, apparently not more than twenty, having the appearance of a young mechanic, came along with a pretty looking girl on his arm. The moment he saw what was going on, he left his lady, and pitching into the midst of the rowdies, we heard two blows in quick succession, each loud enough to be heard a block or so. Two of the rascals lay extended on the walk, and the rest drew back and let the poor negro stagger off—

"There, you cowardly rascals" said our volunteer policeman, "I have given you what you deserve, and I have a good mind to lick the balance of you. What is the use of your rowdying round in this way. Can't you behave yourselves more decently? The other night a lady of my acquaintance came along here, and you spit tobacco juice all over her white dress. I used to go sky-larking round myself, but I never insulted an unprotected woman, nor abused a negro. Now just start yourselves off this corner, and behave better in future, or the next time I catch you at any of your capers, I'll lick every one of you."—

Seldom have we ever listened to a more eloquent speech, of which this is but an imperfect sketch, and never to a more effective one. The rowdies took up their prostrate companions, who were beginning to recover, and sneaked off towards the North River, while our hero offered his arm to the lady, who had looked on, perfectly cool, and seemingly in no way surprised at the whole transaction. We recommend it to his HONOR, the Mayor, to find out this brave, sensible, and most judicious fellow, and make him a policeman, forthwith, with full powers to inflict summary justice in all such cases, and give the offenders good advice afterwards.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dodging a Militia Fine.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

In days gone by, when objectionable militia laws were in force in Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town, a few miles from Boston, and a notice to "appear, armed and equipped according to law," was left at the boarding house of a wag, who possessed very little martial "music" in his soul. Determined that he would neither train nor pay a fine, and entertaining, withal, a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system, he took no notice of the summons. Having been duly "warned" however, as he anticipated, at the expiration of a few weeks the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings for non attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir—nine shillings—non-appearance."

"What is is it?" asked the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

"Fine for not training!" bawled the other.

"Shan't pay it, fellow!"

"It will be three dollars next time I call."

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents, and collecting such fines as could be scared out of the nonperformers of duty. Having fixed upon a final plan to dodge the issue, at the appointed hour he waited upon the court to show cause, if any he had, why he shouldn't willingly have toted a musket and, knapsack about the town for twelve mortal hours, and otherwise perform the legal duties of a live "patriot."

He was ushered into the court-room immediately—which was held in an old country house—where he discovered some three or four persons seated, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful "yaller epoletts" alone were sufficient to command the attention and respect of the profoundest beholder. Though somewhat disconcerted at this rather unexpected exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination.

"Your name, sir?"

The offender placed his hand quickly to the side of his head, without uttering a word or moving a muscle in his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner in a loud tone.

"A little louder," said the wag without replying.

"*Name*," shouted the Judge.

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow?"

"Main street," said the delinquent.

"Your *business*?" yelled the officer.

"Right-hand-side as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, old fellow?" continued the Judge nervously.

"Boss carpenter."

"What's the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil, sometimes,"

"Sometimes Cur'em's ointment."

"Why don't you answer."

"Nearly five years."

"He's deaf as an adder," remarked the Judge, turning round to his subordinates earnestly.—

"Clear the lubber out."

"You are not liable to perform military duty," said the secretary, with his mouth close to the wag's ear.

"*I know that*," said the fellow, coolly.

"His hearing improves," ventured the sergeant.

"What do you suppose we sit here for?" asked the Judge, in a loud voice, at last.

"A dollar and a half a day," said the prisoner.

"He may go, Mr. Sergeant."

"You can go," said the under officer, pointing to the door."

But our friend took no notice of the order.

"*You may go!*" yelled the Judge. Is it possible a man can be as deaf as all that?"

"I can't say," continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand, "but I should think."

"Go—go!" screamed the Judge; "there's nothing to pay. I pity the general who has a regiment like you to command! Show him the door, major!" and our hero found himself at liberty.

He was never again summoned to train during his residence in Taunton. *Flag of our Union.*

THE SAME FIX.—A domestic newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other, "How comes it, Patrick, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I raly don't know, sir, but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

HE HAD HER THERE!—A very respectable looking lady stepped into a store on Washington-street. a few days ago, to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented upon; until at length having made her selection of a small one, at $2 50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note to deduct that amount; the clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the lady her change.

"Why, here's but two dollars and a half?" says she.

"Exactly, madam," replies the clerk.

"Well, but I gave you a ten dollar bill, sir!"

"Precisely madam," said the polite clerk.

"This bag, is two dollars and a half, is it not?" says the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule.

"Two dollars and a half is the price, madam."

"Then why do you take out seven dollars and a half sir?"

"Why madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—"

"Very well, sir," says the lady.

"And that one attached to your dress, beneath your cardinal, *is five dollars more!*" said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal and displaying a very handsome steel bead reticule, there secreted. The lady became quite agitated, but the humane clerk, assured her it was all perfectly right—

"You don't for a moment suppose, sir—" said the lady, in a low and husky voice, "that I intended—"

"O! certainly not, madam!" said the clerk.

"O, it's all right, madam, perfectly correct," continued the clerk.

"Good morning, sir," said the lady bowing and grinning a ghastly smile.

"Good morning," responded the gentlemanly clerk, bowing the lady safely off out of the premises. No fancy sketch this. [Boston Mail.

The indulgence of passion makes bitter work for repentance, and produces a feeble old age.

SUFFERING AND TRIUMPH OF AN AMERICAN.

We find the following remarkable narrative of the sufferings, perseverance and final success of a rare American genius, in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for November, addressed to the late Hon. Dixon H. Lewis, the U. S. Senator who died a few days since in N. York. The writer is a native of Virginia, and he went to England in January 1847 to look for the appreciation which he had not found in Washington:

STAFFORD, ENGLAND, Aug. 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:—I should have written sooner but that I had nothing pleasant to say. I reached London on the 1st of January, 1847, without money and without friends, which was just the thing I desired when I left America, and just the thing, I assure you, I will never desire again. I commenced operations at once, on the supposition that, in this overgrown city, I would at least enlist one man. But Englishmen are not Americans. An Englishman will advance any amount on an absolute certainty, but not one cent where there is the slightest risk, if he got the whole world by it. I spent the first five months looking for this man with unparalleled perseverance and industry, living for less than three pence per day.—I am convinced that few persons in London know so much of that incomprehensible large city as myself. But alas! my wardrobe was gone to supply me with wretchedly baked corn bread, on which I lived entirely. I slept on straw, for which I paid a half penny per night. I became ragged and filthy, and could no longer go among men of business. Up to this time my spirits never sunk, nor did they then; but my sufferings were great. My limbs distorted with rheumatism, induced by cold and exposure—my face and head swelled to a most unnatural size with cold and toothache, and those who slept in the same horrid den as myself were wretched street beggars, the cleanest of them literally alive with all manner of creeping things. But I was *no* beggar. I never begged, nor ever asked a favor of any man since I came to England. Ask George Bancroft, who I called upon two or three times, if I ever asked the slightest favor, or even presumed upon the letter you gave me to him. I did write him a note, asking him to come and witness the triumph of opening the bridge at the Gardens, and delivered the note at his own house myself; and although Prince Albert came I never got even a reply to my note. If Bancroft had come, and been the man to have only recognized me in my rags as I was, it would have saved me much subsequent suffering. I will not believe that Bancroft ever saw my note, for his deportment to me was ever kind.

The succeding three months after the first five, I will not detail, up to the time I commenced to build the bridge. I will not harrow up my feelings to write, nor pain your kind heart to read the incidents of those ninety days. My head turned gray, and I must have died but for the Jews, who did give me one shilling down for my acknowledgment for £10 on demand. These wicked robberies have amounted to several hundred pounds, every penny of which I have had to pay subsequently; for since my success at Stafford, not a man in England who can read, but knows my address. I cost me £10 to obtain the shilling with which I paid my admittance into the Royal Zoological Gardens, where I succeeded, after much mortification, in getting the ghost of a model made of the bridge. The model, although a bad one, astonished every body. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake. Four or five of them, at the final decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the model. This was the point of life or death with me. I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talents as civil engineers that the world could produce, and the point decided against me. This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, did I battle with those men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on those was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to have believed under the circumstances. *I succeeded.* My agreement with the proprietor was, that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during the time of building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called 'Remington's Bridge.'

I lodged in an old *lion's cage*, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had for many months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived and was comparatively happy. It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemenly looking head carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8. and was the greatest hit ever made in London. The money made by it is astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll, besides being the great attraction to the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it. Although I have never received a penny, nor never will for building the bridge, I have no fault to find with Mr. Tyler, for he has done all fully that he promised to do—that was to call it 'Remington's Bridge.' The largest wood cut perhaps ever made in the world, is made of the bridge.

Every letter of my name is nearly as large as myself. The bridge to this day is the prominent curiosity of the Gardens. You can't open a paper but you may find 'Remington's Bridge.' Soon after it was built, I have frequently seen hundreds of men looking at the large picture of the bridge at the corners of the streets and envying Remington, when I have stood unknown in the crowd, literally starving. However, the great success of the bridge gave me some credit with a tailor. I got a suit of clothes and some shirts —a shirt. Any shirt was great, but a clean shirt—O God, what a luxury! Thousands of cards were left for me at the gardens, and men came to see the bridge from all parts of the kingdom. But with all my due bills in the hands of the hell-born Jews, of course I had to slope, and came down to Stafford.

I first built the mill, which is the most popular patent ever taken in England. The coffee pot, and many other small patents, take exceedingly well—The drainage of Tixall Meadows is the greatest triumph I have yet had in England. The carriage bridge for Earl Talbot is a most majestic and wonderfully beautiful thing. Dukes, marquisses, earls, lords, &c., and their ladies are coming to see it from all parts. I have now more orders for bridges from the aristocracy than I can execute in ten years, if I would do them. Indeed, I have been so much among the aristocracy of late, that what with high living, being so sudden a transition from starving, I have been compelled to go through a course o medicine, and am just now convalescent. Of course, anything once built precludes the possibility of taking a patent in England, but its merits and value are beyond all calculation. A permanent, beautiful, and steady bridge may be thrown across a river half a mile wide out of the reach of floods, and without any thing in the water, at a most inconsiderable expense. The American patent is well secured at home I know. I shall continue to build a few more bridges of larger and larger spans, and one of them a railroad bridge, in order that I may perfect myself in them so as to commence fair when I reach America. I have a great many more accounts of my exploits since I came to Stafford, but must defer sending them until next time. I beg you will write me, for now, since a correspondence is opened, I shall be able to tell you something about England. I know it well. I have dined with earls, and from that down—down—down to where the knives, forks, and plates, are chained to the table for fear they should be stolen. I am, my dear sir, your very obedient servant,

J. R. REMINGTON.

Curious and odd things not unfrequently occur before the Mayor. The other day, in attending to applications for situations in the police force, the Mayor, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a 'star,' when some of his Irish competitors outside the railing cried out:—

"*Are* ye goin' to 'pint Pat, yer Honor? He can't write his name yer Honor."

"I'm only receiving applications, to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the Mayor; and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks.

The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for office, said to him, as they came away from the Hall—

"Now, Pat, go home, and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you."

Pat did as directed; and every night for a fortnight was seen running out his tongue and swaying his head over 'Patrick Murphy,' 'Patrick Murphy,' in a style of chirography generally known as 'coarse hand.'

When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself 'before the Mayor,' urging his claim.

"Can you write?" said that excellent functionary.

"Troth, an' it's meself that jist *kin!*" answered Pat.

"Take that pen," said the Mayor, "and let me *see* you write. Write your name."

He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance:

"How-ly Paul!—d'ye mind THAT, Mike? Pat's a writin'!—he's got a quill in his fist!"

"So he has, be Jabers!" said Mike; "but small good 't will do him; he can't write wid it, man!"

But Pat DID write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand.

"That'll do," said the Mayor.

His foiled rivals looked at each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them—

"Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer Honor," said two of them in a breath.

"That's well thought on," replied the Mayor; "Pat write MY name!"

Here was a dilemma, but Pat was equal to it.

"ME write yer Honor's name!" exclaimed he with a well dissembled 'holy horror;' "ME commit a forgery, an' I a goin' on the Pelisse! I can't do it, yer Honor!"

And he couldn't—but his wit saved him, and he is now a 'star' of the first magnitude.

[N. Y. Knickerbocker.

The Sacrifice--An Indian Story.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

The population of the once powerful confederacy of the Five Nations was scattered wide over the territory of Western New York. Occupying a soil of surprising fertility and a country peculiarly diversified with beautiful lakes teeming with delicious fish, and extensive forests affording abundance of game —governing themselves by mild and simple laws, so congenial to their well being and happiness—they had vastly increased in consequence above the surrounding nations. By their prowess in arms they had spread terror among their neighbors, and had attained an enviable superiority over all the North American tribes. Onondaga, situated in the vicinity and around the beautiful lake Genentaæ, whose sands were reputed to have been silver, was the cental, the great nation of the "Oquianuschioni" or "Amphyctionic league" of the Five Nations. The smoke of the grand-council fire, which from time immemorial had burned on their sacred hearth, ascended high to the clouds, that the Mohawks and Oneidas on the East and the Senecas and Cayugas on the West, and all other of the surrounding nations might know of their glory. Its living light shed its glare through their wide spread country, and its brightness told the warrior and the hunter, when far from their home, that there would their mighty deeds be recorded; its spirit was diffused through the hearts of the brave of the nations, and inspired them with renewed energies to deeds of wondrous daring. Onondaga was early visited by the whites. At this period, it is said they alone could probably muster three thousand tried warriors for the field. The whole Onondaga valley was thickly covered with their hamlets, and much of the surrounding country was interpersed with their villages.

At what precise period the first white persons visited this interesting section, it would be difficult positively to determine. Traditionary history and high authorities set the time as early as the year 1635, and supposed authentic relics and monumental inscriptions in the Spanish language assign a date much earlier, one going as far back as the year 1520. The French Jesuits very early and at different periods attempted to establish themselves and the Romish religion in the Onondaga valley. A considerable colony was formed where the village of Salina now stands, by the Jesuit Dablon, under the auspices of Le Sieur Dupuis, in 1655. Another settlement was made on the Butternut Creek two miles South of the village of Jamesville, in 1666. In 1690 the English had erected at Onondaga a strong fort. In 1696 the subtle count Frontenac, then Governor of Canada, invaded the valley; the Indians burned their principal villages and the whole valley was desolated. At different periods both English and French erected defences to protect themselves in their trade with the Indians, and to secure their alliance and friendship. Through the jealousy of the colonists of these rival nations, and in consequence of their intrigues with the natives, the settlements were as often broken up as formed, and it was not till the year 1786 that Ephraim Webster permanently settled in the valley. The Onondagas granted him a tract of land one mile square, in a very fertile and central part of their territory.

He had long been acquainted with Indian manners—had initiated himself into their habits, and was familiar with their customs. He had often, though young, been employed on secret missions to the Indians during the war of the American revolution. He enjoyed the confidence of Gen. Schuyler, Col. Willett and other distinguished officers of that eventful period, in an iminent degree. He always conducted his trusts with singular adroitness and unexampled success. His first occupation at Onondaga was that of an Indian trader. He opened a temporary trading house on the East bank of the Onondaga creek, near its outlet. At that time he dressed in Indian costume and spoke the several Indian dialets like a native. He was for many years previous to his death agent and interpreter to the Onondagas. A short time after young Webster had made his habitation among the Indians he accidentally became an eye-witness to a rather romantic incident, which many of the aged inhabitants yet living have often heard him relate, and the story of which may be vouched for as true. It may throw a feeble ray of light upon Indian character with respect to the virtues of fortitude, fidelity and honor, which, though not always duly accredited, often adorn the savage life.

In one of the lovely villages then so common among the Cayugas, lived two young men of that nation. From boyhood they had been taught together the use of the bow and arrows, the leap, the dance, the exciting toils of the chase, the mimic arts of war. When the innocent sports of youth had given place to the sterner occupations of manhood, hand in hand they bounded over the hills and shot across the plains with an alacrity that knew no limits and when the wrongs of their countrymen cried for vengeance, they stood side by side, ready for the war path, and woe betide the enemy that crossed the track of Man-tin-o ah and Os-sa-hin-ta. The interests of these friends were one. Their amusements and occupations were similar. Their desires and wishes were alike. Their lives and fortunes were completely interwoven one with the other, and their whole souls seemed bent on seeking methods to promote each other's happiness. It could hardly be supposed that a friendship so intimate, and of so long duration, could possibly be shaken. But inevitable fate would have it otherwise. In a neighboring village lived Kah-yan-sa, the admired of all, the beloved of her nation [redacted] The young warriors often wandered in company to the dwelling of the fair one. It is not to be wondered at that their visits were frequent and protracted; they delighted in her society and in each other's.

They were willing and welcome visiters at the dwelling of Kah-yan-sa, and were always loath to leave. She received their visits with pride and satisfaction. She loved to listen to the tales related of their feats in the chase, their prowess in arms and their lofty bearing in the council room. As yet she had regarded them only as friends to herself and to each other. She honored them as the ready champion to avenge the wrongs against their country inflicted by the foeman. The fireside of her parental wigwam was often again made cheerful by the presence of the two friends, and the hours always wore smoothly and pleasantly away. On a time the two young friends set out on different hunting parties, not by design or from choice, for had they been left to themselves they would have passed on together. But the old men directed, and in those days, among the Cayugas, the young men obeyed. Success had marked their progress in many a weary toil and danger—bear and deer had fallen in numbers before them, and their boldness and address could not be exceeded. After an absence of several weeks the party to which Man-tin-o ah belonged returned richly laden with skins and the more substantial burdens of the chase. The old men and women, the children and youthful maidens went out to welcome them on their return; feasting and dancing followed,—all things passed on in the usual routine of aboriginal amusement and thanksgiving on such occasions. One of the first places to which Man-tin-o-ah bent his steps after his return, was the cabin of the fair Kah-yan-sa: She received him with extended arms. At length the party to which Os-sa-hin-ta belonged returned also. They, too, had been successful, and fortune to him had not been less propitious than to his friend. He too, hastened to the dwelling place of the kind-hearted Kah-yan sa.

An embarrassed greeting, and a cool uninviting welcome only heightened the surprise of Os-sa-hin-ta. Unobserved till now Man-tin-o-ah sat in a reclining posture in full view before him; his countenance was composed, yet a dignified smile played over his features, which told too plainly the triumph of his feelings. In an instant he saw through the whole matter. He forbore to express his displeasure, and retired in sullen silence.

A deadly and irreconcilable hatred settled in the breast of Os-sa-hin-ta.

Not long afterward these two rivals met in a secluded plain, and Os-sa-hin-ta thus accosted Man-tin-o-ah. You and I have for a long time loved each other; our friendship was sincere, I trusted it would always remain so. Oft in times of difficulty when danger was near have we effectually assisted each other. And in seasons of peril, when despair seemed hovering over our destinies, it has been our mutual good fortune to afford his friend relief. Our cares and trials, our perplexities and difficulties, our blessings and evils have been borne with the kindest feelings toward each other; we have been linked together in the unbroken chain of friendship But the time of our separation has come. Our joys and friendship must here have an end. Hereafter we are enemies; you have supplanted me by taking an undue advantage of me in my absence. The pale moon has often been a faithful witness to our attachment, and the stars cannot number our mutual acts of friendship. Much I regret it, but they must all have an end; ere the rising sun shall gild the tops of the trees in yonder hill forest, the soul of Man-tin-o-ah will be winging its way to the mansions of the Great Spirit who gave it. Know this, you must die—prepare to meet your end.

The high souled Man-tin-o-ah disdained an explanation. He listened to the voice of the chafed Os-sa-hin-ta with the most stocial indifference, in the proud consciousness of rectitude. As Os-sa-hin ta finished speaking, he suddenly drew from his girdle a burnished tomahawk, at the same time his blanket dropped from off his shoulders. With a high extended arm and a piercing yell to give it power and a motion quick as thought, the tried steel was ready for its work. A glittering sunbeam flashed across the dreadful weapon as it was about to descend upon the head of Man-tin-o-ah. But the practised eye of his antagonist was not closed to his doings, for while the polished instrument of death was poised ready to give the fatal blow, the trusty blade of Man-tin-o-ah pierced the heart of Os-sa-hin-ta, and he fell powerless to the ground Man-tin-o-ah retired to his cabin in mournful silence and brooded over his unlooked for calamity with the most poignant sorrow. The body of Os-sa-hin-ta was found and dark suspicion rested on Man-tin-o-ah as a guilty murderer. He denied not the charge, nor did he seek to palliate insinuations. His lofty pride and haughty bearing forbade him say—I did it in self defence, lest the people of his nation should suppose he said so to save his life. He disdained to flee. He boldly determined to meet the consequences let them be what they would. The first suspicions were in the minds of his countrymen confirmed.

By the unwritten though acknowledged laws of the savage, the nearest of kin to be slain is the avenger of his blood. In this capacity was the brother of Os-sa-hin-ta called upon forthwith to avenge the blood of his brother. But in consideration of the long-established friendship which had been so firmly cemented, and was now so fatally and unhappily terminated, and the interference of friends a temporary suspension of the sentence was granted as a boon from the brother of Os-sa-hin-ta. The day, the hour, the place and manner of his execution were agreed upon. Man-tin-o-ah was to retire from the nation till the full time should expire and then return. All of which, on his part, he avowed faithfully to perform. Man-tin-o-ah left his native village. Before his final departure he repaired to the cabin of the agitated Kah-yan-sa to take of her a last farewell. Of his doom and destiny she had been informed. He tendered her a formal release from her former vows. She rejected the proposal with a kind but decisive negation The full tear glistened in her eye, yet it moistened not her cheek, but returned unshed to the fount from whence it came.

She whispered softly in his ear—In all your trials be couragious, be true, perform strictly your vows. On the hour of your execution, I shall be near you with this token of your attachment, (holding in her hand a rich wrought sash which had previously been the gift of Man-tin-o-ah,) to inspire you with fortitude, that you may meet your end as becomes a worthy descendant of the Great Ka-ha-a-yent. You cannot dishonor the name of a Cayuga;

At the time of your sacrifice I will, from some large tree not far distant, display this white belt in token of peace and recognition. Let it nerve you to acquit yourself in that trying hour with the courage of a tried warrior of the Cayugas. Till then, farewell; keep this blue belt I have wrought for you, and during your retirement let it be a talisman to truth, fidelity and virtue. Till then, sustain yourself in meditating on the noble deeds you have achieved, and in the prospect of eternally enjoying the favor of the Great Spirit who freely disposes his favors to the brave and true; farewell. The maids of the five nations must not openly hold converse with the doomed.

The heart of the chief was full. His broad chest heaved with emotion. He sighed and beckoned a silent farewell—slowly and reluctantly and with a heavy heart the warrior departed.

The rising sun found Man-tin-o-ah in a low wilderness far from his home.

Early one morning, as several chiefs of the Onondagas with Mr. Webster, (whose Indian name was Sa-goos-ka-noons) were sitting around the door of the council house, a young man, a stranger, presented himself before them, After the customary salutations, the young man proceeded—'Fathers, I have come to dwell among you and your people, if you will permit. I have left forever the home of my fathers and the hearth of my mother. I come to seek a home with you. My name is Man-tin-o-ah Deny me not.' The most aged chief, Kah-wick-too-too, answered him—'Man-tin-o-ah, you are welcome here; sit you down with us. Be our son—we will be to you a father. You can hunt and fish with our young men, and tread the war-path with the braves of our nation. You shall be honored as you deserve.' Near two years passed around, and Man-tin-o-ah was apparently contented and happy. Always foremost in the chase, most active in the dance, and loudest in the song. Between Man-tin-o-ah and Webster a bond of firmest friendship was formed. When Webster climbed the hill, Man-tin-o ah was his companion. When Man-tin-o ah watched the midnight moon, Webster whispered friendship in his ear. Their wakeful eyes caught the first glimmerings of the rising sun together; and its last parting gleam, as it sank below the Western horizon, departed from both their visions at the same time.

Said Man-tin-o-ah to his friend one morning, sitting in a more contemplative mood than usual, I must soon leave your beautiful valley forever; I must go toward the setting sun. Four and twenty moons have filled their horns and waned since I came to this place between the hills. I have a vow to perform.—My nation and my friends know Man-tin-o-ah will be true. My friend, will you go with me. A hasty preparation was made for the journey. They left the Onondaga valley together. Man-tin-o-ah looked upon it for the last time. After a walk of three or four days, taking it leislurely along, hunting and fishing by the way. They arrived at an eminence near Man-tin-o-ah's village. Here, said he, let us rest. Let us here invoke the Great Spirit to grant us strength to pass triumph-

antly through the scenes and trials of this day. Here, said he, we will eat, and here, for the last time, we will smoke the pipe of friendship together. After a hasty repast of broiled venison and bread the pipe was passed from one to the other in regular succession.

Now, said Man-tin-o-ah to his friend, a little more than two years have elapsed since at my native village near to us, partly in self-defence and partly in a burst of passion, I slew one who had been my chosen friend—my bosom companion. I was condemned as guilty of my friend's blood. It was decreed I should suffer death. It was then I sought the gloomy recesses of the forest—it was then I presented myself before the chiefs of the Onondagas and sought admittance into that nation—it was then I won your friendship. The nearest of kin to him I slew, according to our customs, was to be my executioner. My execution was deferred for two full years, during which time I was to retire as a banished man from my nation. The time of two two full years expires this day. When the setting sun sinks behind the topmost branch of yonder tree behind the branches of this venerable oak, at the foot of this ancient rock against which I now lean, I stand prepared to receive my doom. My friend, we have had many a cheerful sport together. Our joys have not been circumscribed—our griefs have been few. Look not so sad now, but let new joys arouse you to happiness. When you return to the Onondagas, bear testimony that Man-tin-o-ah died like a brave man; that he shivered not at the approach of death, like the coward pale face, nor shed tears as a woman. Man-tin-o-ah fears not to died. Take my hunting knife, my hunting pouch, my belt, my horn and rifle, accept them as mementos of our former friendship; I need them no longer. A few moments and the avenger will be here. I am ready, the Great Spirit calls—farewell.

Webster firmly remonstrates against his determination. In vain he urges him to escape the consequences—a short silence ensues—a yell is heard in the distance. Man-tin-o-ah responds, and suddenly a single Indian approaches, takes Man tin-o-ah by the hand. He too has been his early friend. But the laws of the savage cannot be broken After mutual salutations and expressions of friendship the avenger thus addresses him; Man-tin-o ah, you have slain my brother, our laws declare me his avenger and your executioner; your time has come death is at hand—prepare to meet him, be steadfast, be firm, and may the Great Spirit sustain you. At this moment the quick eye of Man-tin-o-ah perceived the promised signal. The white belt opened its folds in the deep shade of the forest as the soft light of the sun's last lingering rays fell upon it. It waved from the hand of the fair Kah-yan-sa. It was enough. His full dark eye met triumphantly that of his destroyer. He gracefully elevated his manly form, carefully bared his broad bosom. His majestic head was already uncovered. He laid his arms across his manly breast—not a muscle moved—not a breath was heard; there he stood ready for the voluntary sacrifice immovable as adamant Accompanied by a deafening yell the deadly tomahawk of the avenger glittered in the fading light. Its keen edge sank deep into the brain of the victim. The thirsty earth drank the life blood of Man-tin-o-ah, and he sank a lifeless corpse before his friend.

Instantly, as if by magic, a host of savages appeared. The mournful song of death re echoed through the forest. The gloomy dance for the dead moved in melancholy solemnity around the corse of the departed. The low guttral moan peculiar to the savage murmured through the trees, and all was still. They silently surveyed the scene, when slowly, in groupes, in pairs and single the spectators of this thrilling scene retired. The gloomy tempest of this fatal tragedy was followed by a quiet calm—every sound was lulled save the waving of the green leaves of the insect song—all was hushed in the peculiar stillness of evening. The star of night had set her vigil in the East—twilight had cast her dim mantle over all things—nature's self seemed profoundly wrapt in the solemnity of the melancholy catastrophe. Still as the scene around her, the the gentle Kah-yan-sa moved from her covert.

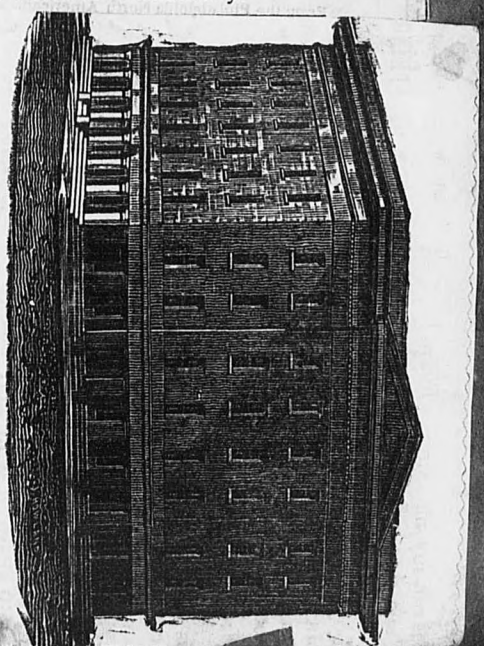
The dim light of the stars exposed the ruined form of the fallen one.—His stern features had not relaxed—the unflinching look of fortitude was indelibly stamped on his brow The mantle of dignity still shrouded his noble form. He yet seemed as if the same inflexible indomitable spirit possessed him.

Kah-yan-sa drew near, and on her bended knees with uplifted hands, in the perfect spirit of devotion, breathed forth a prayer to the Great Spirit. Her upturned eye moved not, a placid smile played over her countenance, as if conscious her prayer was answered. Her features denoted a mind wrought up to some eventful purpose, as if its last energies were concentrated to a single deed ready for consummation. A flush of satisfaction glowed over her cheeks, and mild resignation sat triumphant on her brow.—Her hands dropped suddenly motionless at her side—her muscles slowly relaxed—a poisonous vegetation had left a purple stain upon her lips, Her sweet spirit quietly left its earthly tenement,

As shuts the tender blossom at evening, so closed the eyes of the Cayuga maid,—as the trembling and unstained petal of the rose seeks its rest on the bosom of the earth departing from its stay, so sank the beloved Kah-yan sa, and she calmly yielded up her spirit at the shrine of her adoration. The were buried with their faces toward the rising sun, near the spot where their lives so tragically terminated. Fifty years ago as the Cayuga hunter roamed in perfect freedom over the then unbroken forests of Western New York, as he approached the high ground between the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, he would point with a sigh to the grave of Man-tin o-ah and Kah-yan-sa, and say, there was the sacrifice.

Maulius, (N. Y) March 1, 1843. J. V. H. C.

Note.—The feelings of Mr Webster on this occasion may more easily be imagined than they can possibly be described. Immediately after the tragic event of which we have spoken, the Indians most cordially invited Mr. Webster to their village; gave him the most solemn assurances of perfect safety and protection; very hospitably entertained him for a few days, and when ready to return a party of Cayugas conducted him to his home. However much the foregoing story may *appear* like fiction, it it nevertheless true. The facts have often been related by Mr. Webster, while living, to many old inhabitants and first settlers in the vicinity, who will yet bear witness to its authenticity.



CLINTON HALL, OFFICE OF THE YOUTH'S CABINET.

From Sartain's Magazine.

Sand of the Desert in an Hour Glass.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt, from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress;
Whose pilgrimage of hope, and love, and faith,
Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engedi's palms
Pacing the Red Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart:
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun;
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half hour's sand is run!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Token.

CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOBOMOK'

The rocky county of Stafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable for its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of heaven; precipices, from which the young eagles take their flight to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the dominions of Roderic Vich Alpine, and ravines dark and deep enough for the death of a bandit, form the magnificent characteristics of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legand which tradition has scarcely saved from utter oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps the genius of Sir Walter would have hallowed it, and Americans would have crowded there to kindle fancy on the altar of memory. Being in the midst of our own romantic scenery, it is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no 'Mountain House,' perched on these tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion. Our distinguished artist, Mr. Cole, found the sunshine and the winds sleeping upon it in solitude and secrecy; and his pencil has brought it before us in its stern repose.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizzards and mountain spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire.—Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life from an impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this had stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell; something of a haughty spirit strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed no superiority; but unconsciously he threw around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was 'among them, but not of them.' His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding-places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep, strong energies of manly love. Had political circumstances proved favorable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was the death-warrant of his hopes. Immediate flight became necessary, and America was the chosen place of refuge. His adherence to Cromwell was not occasioned by religious sympathy, but by political views, to liberal and philosophical for the state of the peo-

...e; therefore Cornelius Campbell was no favorite with our forefathers, and being of a proud nature, he withdrew his family to the solitary place we have mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from childhood been accustomed to indulgence and admiration, yet Mrs. Campbell enjoyed more than she had done in her days of splendor; so much deeper are the sources of happiness than those of gaiety. Even her face had suffered little from time and hardship. To such a woman as Caroline Campbell, of what use would have been some modern doctrines of equality and independence?

A very small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealousy or malice. Chocorua was a prophet among them, and as such an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce, ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small, black, fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy.—This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect everything, and taste of everything which came in his way.—Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox, which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drank by the Indian boy; and he went home to his father to sicken and die. From that moment jealously and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions—he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Cornelius left his hut for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. [redacted] When he returned to dinner, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind of grief, like all other emotions, was tempestous. Home had been to him the only verdent spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his heart; and now they were torn from him, the remembrance of their love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down, down, into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, brings with it no power of resistance.

> It was as if the dead could feel
> The icy worm around him steal.'

Such, for many days, was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and reverenced him, feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams; and when he waked, death seemed too pityful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethern were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbd the high precipice, which afterward took his name, propably looking out for indications of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. A party was formed under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark-minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness. 'The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua; and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man.' 'Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!' exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread of fire-arms. He placed his hand upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But he recovered himself, and, raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a loud voice that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased.—'A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while the sky looked bright! Lightning blast your crops! Wind and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breath death

upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war path of the Indian! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men.!'

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still uttering inaudible curses—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow men; and two years after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burden, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing a curse upon them.

A BAD FOOTING.—A fellow has been arrested in Vermont for breaking open a Pedlar's waggon, and stealing a pair of old socks.

WINTER.—If we do but take the pains to observe what passes around us, every thing and every circumstance of the world manifest the wisdom of the divine economy. The whole scheme of the earth, and every circumstance of its preservation, are indicative of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. To man, and all other animals, sleep, like a soothing and nursing mother, periodically returns to repair the havoc made in the spirits and animal strength by labor or exertion. Without sleep the strength of animated beings would soon be exhausted; and they would sink beneath their exhaustion. But the havoc made by the exertion of the day is regularly and fully repaired by the repose and forgetfulness of the night. We feel, even the most senseless or unreflecting among us, the value of sleep, and the imposibility of our existing for any considerable period without it. But few, perhaps, have reflected that nature, also, requires repose.—Winter is nature's night; giving her repose from her labor, and recruiting her energies to fit her for new exertions. What the night does for animated nature, the winter does for the earth. Without sleep the most robust man would soon fall a victim to harrassed spirits and bodily fatigue. Nature, luxuriant and actively teeming nature, requires repose also. Though the seed be sown, indeed, within her bosom, and though the young plants have already began to shoot out their fibres, nature labors not during the winter, as during the other seasons. In every thing how wise, how benificent, how powerful, and how thoughtful is our God! For all his creatures he has thought! for all their weakness he has strength; for all their wants he has abundant and never-failing resources.

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck-handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and a doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business.

She compels the people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others; whether agreeable to the word of God, or the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death.

She makes foolish parents the [illegible] of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, and an enemy of religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves, and vie with one another, to see who shall be most obsequious.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANECDOTE,

Related by Professor Stowe, at a late anniversary meeting at Cincinnati.

This, sir, is the system to make active, vigorous, apostolic men. Throw them on their own resources; make them work, and then they will learn how to work.—They will have strength to work, and they will love to work, and to work in the right way. Shall I give you an example? I know a pious young man, who was sustaining himself at a literary institution by the labor of his own hands, and almost as a matter of course, in him the true energies of christianity began to develope themselves. His feelings became much affected by the spiritual condition of a populous neighborhood, which had never enjoyed religious privileges, and consequently did not appreciate them. He visited the fami-

lies of that neighborhood from house to house, and endeavored to open a religious meeting among them. They would permit no such thing. Not discouraged, this young man turned to the children, and went round and invited them, one by one, to meet him Sunday morning in a Sunday school. Several children acceded to the proposal, and then he again went round to find a room for them to meet in; but every door was closed against him. He told the children to meet him under the shade of a tree upon a grassy bank; and thither they came, and he prayed with them, and taught them to study the word of God; and the little children were delighted with their school. So it went on from week to week; with increasing interest and increasing numbers; till one Lord's day morning opened with a cold storm of rain. The teacher repaired to his tree at the usual time, supposing that some few children might be there; and there, indeed he found almost his whole school—wet and cold, it is true, but they had warm hearts in their bosoms, and how could they forego the enjoyments of their beloved Sunday School for a single morning? The teacher took off his hat and prayed as usual for the blessing of God upon the exercises, and began to teach, when a man in that place told him that for that time he might take the children into his stable. The teacher turned to his children and said: The man offers us the use of his stable, and it was in a stable that Jesus Christ took shelter, when he was a little child. Let us go.

This, Mr. Chairman, is what I mean by the *energies of Christianity.*

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For the Journal of Commerce.

"The Nightingale, if she would sing by day,
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the Wren.
How many things by season, seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection."

"There is a time for every thing." So said Solomon, the wisest of the wise, when surrounded by admirers, and receiving the homage of the world. Many of our modern wiseacres, who have but *one* idea swimming in their brains, probably dissent from the exclamation of Solomon, supposing that *all* time and attention should be given to the special development of their single chaotic thought, which, if brought to light, would only make more painfully apparent the vacuity of the mind that conceived it. Happily such persons live for *posterity*. The present day is to them but one of "lights and shadows;" the coming is to be *the* one of substantiality and intellectual acumen, when *their* labors will be appreciated. Alas for their hopes! The same pall that finally covers their mortal remains, frees the world from their troublesome erratic theories, and most assuredly "their works do follow them." Not desiring a place with these "reformers," we are content to avow our belief in the sentiment of the King, that "there is a time for every thing."

There is also a class of persons, and a very large class too, who seem to take a special delight in grumbling at the changes that are constantly taking place in the world. One laments the introduction of steam-power, deeming it shamefully hazardous and destructive of life and property; another eyes with jealousy every improvement in machinery, or new invention, declaring that soon there will be nothing for "hands" to do; another inveighs against the construction of splendid dwellings and elegant furniture, referring to the times when the old Dutch tile-houses, with their oaken wainscots and sanded floors, gave shelter to their hardy ancestors, as being far superior to this degenerate age; and still another manifests a peculiar horror at the morals of the people at the present day, as contrasted with those of their fathers; and the public teachers, too, have in their eyes fallen from the high stand of purity which was once maintained.

In short, every thing and every body is wrong, and so dissatisfied with all they meet, instead of keeping pace with the age, or at least making the best of what appears as evil to them, these unhappy sighers for the past sink to their last resting place, actually growling at the idea of being buried in *mahogany* instead of *pine.*—To all such we quietly say, "there is a time for everything."

TRY—KEEP TRYING.

Have your efforts proved in vain?
Do not sink to earth again;
  Try—keep trying.
They who yield can nothing do;
A feather's weight will break them through;
  Try—keep trying.
On yourself alone relying,
You will conquer; try—keep trying.

Falter not, but upward rise;
Put forth all your energies,
  Try—keep trying.
Every step that you progress
Will make your future effort less;
  Try—keep trying.
On the truth and God relying,
You will conquer; try—keep trying.

Ponderous barriers you may meet,
But against them bravely beat;
  Try—keep trying.
Nought should drive you from the track,
Or turn you from your purpose back;
  Try—keep trying.
On yourself alone relying,
You will conquer; try—keep trying.

You will conquer if you try—
Win the good before you die;
  Try—keep trying.
Remember—nothing is so true
As they who dare will ever do;
  Try—keep trying.
On yourself and God relying,
You will conquer; try—keep trying.

From the National Intelligencer.

The Pillar of Salt—Lot's Wife.

It was lately mentioned in this paper that there might be seen in the Library of Congress, a specimen of rock salt taken from a pillar of salt in the Dead Sea, fancifully called Lot's Wife. For an account of this curiosity, and other objects of interest in Palestine and the remote East, we are indebted to a work about to be published by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, entitled "*A Narrative of the late Expedition to the Dead Sea, from a Diary by one of the Party.*—Edited by EDWARD P. MONTAGUE." We quote from the Diary the following description:

"WEDNESDAY, April 26, 1848.—This morning we are examining the hills of Usdom, and seeking with a good deal of curiosity the ever famous 'Pillar of Salt,' which marks the judgment of God upon Lot's wife. On pulling round the shores of the sea we saw an immense column, rounded and turret-shaped, facing towards the south-east. This, we were told by our Arabs, was the Pillar of Salt in which Lot's wife was encased at the overthrow of Sodom. With some difficulty we landed here, and our esteemed commander and Dr. Anderson obtained specimens from it, and Mr. Dale took a sketch of it. Our boat's crew landed also, and their curiosity was gratified by their gathering specimens, some from its summit, and others from its base. It was measured, and found to be sixty feet in height, and forty feet in circumference.—We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equaled those of this column. Many think the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of. Let that pillar be where it may, and whatever be its size, they will not probably credit that this is the pillar. Their preconceived notions having much to do with the matter, they would have every body think that she was at once transformed into a column of very fine grained beautifully *white* salt, about five feet or a few inches more in height, and in circumference that of a common-sized person of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited this spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock salt—one mass of crystallization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here. And the Arabs of the district to whom this pillar is pointed out, declare it to be that of Lot's wife—the identical pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference—the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument, in Boston. My own opinion of the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind, in disobedience to the express command of God—given in order to insure her safety—that while so lingering she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation of this extraordinary column. If it has been produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person.

"We carefully brought away our specimens, intending to show them to our friends in America, when we shall have the good fortune to arrive there and talk with them on the subject. This end of the sea is very shallow, and its waters more dense, more salt than where they are of greater depth; here it is from one to five feet in depth. We now leave this "Pillar of Salt," and return to our boats richly laden with specimens from it. We cross the sea, and obtain soundings on our way. We had nearly reached the opposite side when a new danger assailed us. We had braved all the dangers of the Jordan, in its stream and on its banks, and the peculiar storms on the Dead Sea, and now a specimen of the dangers to which man is subject visits us. The fearful scorching *sirocco* rages around, threatening us with suffocation and blindness, and causing almost insupportable thirst. The "fiery atmosphere" seems as though it would doom us to the very fate of the unfortunate citizens who now lie engulphed below our boats; but we fearlessly pulled away until, coming to a place called Meserah, we land amidst the raging heat of the wind, and there encamp for the night."

MARVELLOUS COINCIDENCES.—One of those remarkable cases of presentiment, or "second-sight," that have occurred at intervals to the confusion of all human speculation in every age of the world, has just been brought to our knowledge in this city. The daughter of a highly respectable family, a child of some twelve years, who has been ill of fever for some days, told her parents in a paroxysm of delirium on Monday evening, that her brother, who was on board the packet ship Devonshire, coming from London, was then within twenty miles of home, and had with him sundry presents for them, specifying, among other things, five books with red covers, gilt edges, &c. The vessel arrived the next (yesterday) morning, and the return of the brother with the specified presents, verified the truth of her marvellous impression. When the brother entered her chamber, she recognized him at once, and on the instant interrogated him concerning the presents which she said she had dreamed of, when he confirmed her prediction in every particular. She then immediately relapsed into delirium.—*Newark Adv.*

DECIDEDLY RICH—One of the parvenu ladies of our village, but would be wonderfully aristocratic in all domestic matters, was visiting a few days since at Mr. G——'s, (all know the old Major,) when, after tea, the following conversation occured between the Major's excellent old-fashioned lady and the "top-not," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table.

Mrs. ——. "Why Mrs. ——! you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table? It's horrible."

Mrs. G——. "Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin greatness, or as the boys called it, "codfish aristocracy." And after coloring and stammering she answered in a very low voice, "Y-e-s, I b-e-l-i-e-v-e i-t w-a-s," and "sloped."—*Jackson Patriot.*

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE TWO MULES.

Two mules were travelling the self-same road,
Each with a very different load:
One's burden vastly rich, the other's poor.
The Miller's mule, as we are told,
Had only bran,—the other gold;
And he marched magisterially before,
With all the pride of wealth and state,
Spurning the other's humble fate,
Who kept a modest distance in the rear,
Nor once presumed on coming near.

A gang of thieves, on plunder bent,
Rushed from the place of their concealment,
And seeing that the first mule bore
So great a store,
On the rich rogue they instant fell,
Pell mell!
Who now extended, groaning, on the ground,
With many a deadly wound,
Exclaimed with deepest sighs,
In his last agonies,
"How is't they let this paltry wretch retire,
While I, all wounded, thus expire?"
"Friend," said the other, "'tis my station
Has saved me from your situation,
And had you been, like me, the Miller's pride,
You hdn't died!"

W. A. KENTISH.

THE COMET MEDAL.—We were indebted to the kind attention of President Everett for a sight of the beautiful gold medal, received from the King of Denmark, and awarded to Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, for the first discovery of a Telescopic Comet, on the 1st of October, 1847. The medal is of pure gold, over two ounces in weight. On one side is the head of the present King of Denmark, with the simple inscription, "Christianus VIII, Rex Daniæ."

On the reverse is the figure of Urania, the muse of astronomy, as depicted in ancient works of art. She is in a sitting posture, and holds a globe in the left hand, and a stylus pointing to a section of it in the right. Underneath the figure is the inscription:

"COMETA VISUS, 1ST OCT., 1847."

While surrounding it is the following appropriate line from Virgil's Georgics:

"Non frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus."

Not in vain we contemplate the rising and setting of the constellations.

On the edge of the medal is the name of the discoverer, "Maria Mitchell." The dies are exquisiteiy cut, and the whole execution of the medal is chaste and artistical.—*Boston Trans*

A CHILD'S FAITH.—A beloved minister of the gospel was one day speaking of that active, living faith which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere followers of Jesus, and related to me a beautiful illustration that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone in a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was dark, and she called:

"Are you down-cellar, papa?"

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark, I can't come down, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself I will catch you."

"Oh, I shall fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little further, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after, she again discovered the cellar door open, and suppo sing her father to be there, she called:

"Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said:

"I knew, dear papa, I should not fall."

DEACON HUNT was naturally a high tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over the heads, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

For the Journal of Commerce.

CANANDAIGUA, March the 15th, 1849.

From the great multiplicity of the different kinds of insects which are now annually appearing, many of them being extremely destructive and poisonous to vegetation, I had been led to suppose that some kinds would produce many other kinds entirely different in their nature, structure, and habits, from themselves and from each other. If this was a fact in the insect kingdom, and a cause of the increase of so many kinds, I wished to prove it by experiment. I accordingly tried it the past season. It has been long known to naturalists that the honey bees feed their king in infancy upon royal food, which causes its superiority over the rest. If the kingly grub dies, a common one is chosen and fed upon this superior food, and thereby is made superior to the rest. At this point I commenced. The insect I chose for this experiment, was the common black ant. Having obtained a sufficient number of these insects at the roots of two small bushes, each of a different kind, I waited to see the result.

They first penetrated into the earth at the roots of the bushes, each about the same time, and formed two regular mole hills. I must now describe them separately. The first, being the earliest shrub to put forth its leaves, which seemed to be discovered by the insects, from examining the bark, was the first to be ascended. They examined it most thoroughly in every part from top to bottom. After this, the leaves were selected to which they had given a preference, and each was stung until the heat of the sun had nearly turned them double, the thickest leaves being always preferred. They then deposited their eggs in the deepest curls of each leaf, in small collections, according to the size of the curl, which looked like collections of round white specks. These were guarded and watched by the ants in the most careful manner, and around each egg was deposited a small quantity of a fine yellow dust, extracted by the insects from the leaves of the tree. The object of this seemed to be, to hasten the maturity of the egg and to cause it the more readily to be prepared for its change. In a few days there appeared many schools of young insects, being like other young ants in appearance, and commenced eating, being first fed by the old ants with a green gummy substance extracted from the leaves of the tree. On tasting of the leaves, which were their only food, they seemed not to like them, but were compelled to eat them, this being the only food allowed them. From this time their nature, structure and habits, gradually changed, and they became another kind of insect, entirely different from the original one. After subsisting for a few days upon the leaves of the tree, their bodies commenced swelling, and in a few days there came forth a winged insect from the young ant's shell, at first white, then a moulting season occurred when it became blue, another moulting changed it to purple, and the last one to a black color. It was then long and slender in shape, and extremely active and poisonous. It was now exceedingly curious and wonderful to see their judgment and discretion exemplified in arranging themselves in pairs, and in their preparations for starting, which being accomplished, they all rose high in the air, which was the last I saw of them, excepting once afterwards, when this same kind of insect I discovered in a wheat field, on the heads of which they were depositing their eggs and inserting their poison in the stalks.

The second shrub being later in vegetating, was not ascended so early. The time of this was also discovered by the insect in examining the bark. The leaves being prepared like the first, the eggs were also deposited and guarded in the same manner, but around each egg was deposited a small quantity of a fine green dust, extracted from the leaves in the same manner as in the first, and apparently for the same object. In a few days, schools of insects appeared as in the first case, and commenced eating like the others, and had the same appearance. They were first fed by the old ants with a white liquid substance extracted in the same manner from the leaves as in the first. These showed the same repugnance to the leaves as the first, but were also compelled to eat them. From this time their nature, structure and habits, also gradually changed, and they became another kind of insect, entirely different from the original one, and also from the one just described. They also subsisted for a few days upon the leaves of this tree, and their bodies also commenced swelling like the first, and in a few days there came forth a winged insect from the young ant's shell, at first white, then a moulting season occurred when it became green, and after the next season of moulting it was of a grey color. It was then short and thick-set in shape, and not very active, but was nearly as poisonous as the former ones. These did not arrange themselves in pairs, but in small groups; which being accomplished, they rose slowly and sluggishly in the air, with a singular and peculiar humming sound, and also disappeared, like the former ones, which was the last I saw of them. Once afterwards I saw this same kind of insect, depositing its eggs upon a young apple tree and inserting its poison in the fruit, which all became blasted. This experiment, with others less extensive, which I will not now describe, seem to show most conclusively that some kinds of insects produce many other kinds, entirely different in their nature, structure and habits from themselves, and from each other, by food collected from different kinds of vegetation; which fact seems to be known to them by a natural instinct. This may account in some measure for the great multiplicity of so many kinds.

I have not time to describe the experiment more minutely. It was long and arduous, and very complicated.

Yours, respectfully,

PERIS H. WALKER.

The Effect of Charcoal on Flowers.

The following is an extract from the Paris "Horticultural Review" of July last, translated by Judge Meigs, of New York, for the Farmers' Club of the American Institute. The experiments described were made by Robert Berauds, who says:

"About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush, of magnificent growth and full of buds. I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stale colored enough. I therefore resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth in the pot, in which my rose-bush was about half an inch deep, with pulverized charcoal! Some days after this I was astonished to see the roses, which bloomed, of as fine lively rose color as I could wish! I determined to repeat the experiment; and therefore, when the rosebush had done flowering, I took off all the charcoal and put fresh earth about the roots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently, to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed the roses were, as at first, pale and discolored; but, by applying the charcoal as before, the roses soon resumed their rosy red color. I tried the powdered charcoal likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet colors of the flowers, and the white petunias *became veined with red or violet tints;* the *violets* became covered with *irregular spots of a bluish* or almost *black* tint.—Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. *Yellow flowers* are (as I have proved) insensible to the influence of charcoal."

"Ill betide the yellow flowers;" it seems they are equally incapable of change, under the influences of charcoal, or of the man without poetry in his temperament. Wordsworth tell us:

"A primose by the river's brim,
A *yellow primrose* was to him,
And it was nothing more."

From the Religious Souvenir,

THE HEART IS FIXED.—Heb. xii. 1.

The heart is fixed, and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race:
The Lord is strong, and I rely
On his assisting grace.
Race for the swift—it must be run;
A prize laid up—it must be won.

And I have tarried longer now
(Pleased with scenes of time)
Than fitteth those who hope to go
To Heaven, that holy clime;
Who hope to pluck the fruit which grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth—O! how
It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
And stayed the purpose high;
And how these feet have gone astray,
That should have walked the narrow way.

Race of the swift—I must away,
With footsteps firm and free;
Yea pleasures that invite my stay
And cares, are naught to me;
For lo! it gleameth on my eye,
The glory of that upper sky.

"A prize laid up"—said he who fought
That holy fight of old,
"Laid up in Heaven for me, yet not
For me alone that crown of gold,
But all who wait till thou appear,
Saviour, the diadem shall wear."

Patiently wait—so help thou me,
O meek and holy One,
That dim although to vision be,
The race I still may run;
This eye thus lifted to the skies,
This heart thus burning for the prize.

G. E. A.

From the Censor.

"RIVERS TO THE OCEAN HASTE,"

Ye mountain rivers! why
From your high birth-place springing,
So swiftly do ye fly,
Where the ocean waves are ringing?—

They haste to the purer scenes—
They linger not on earth;
To move with clouded streams,
And shame their source of birth.

Right onward, on they speed,
Where the crystal tides are flowing,
Nor smiling nature heed,
In sun-lit splendor glowing.

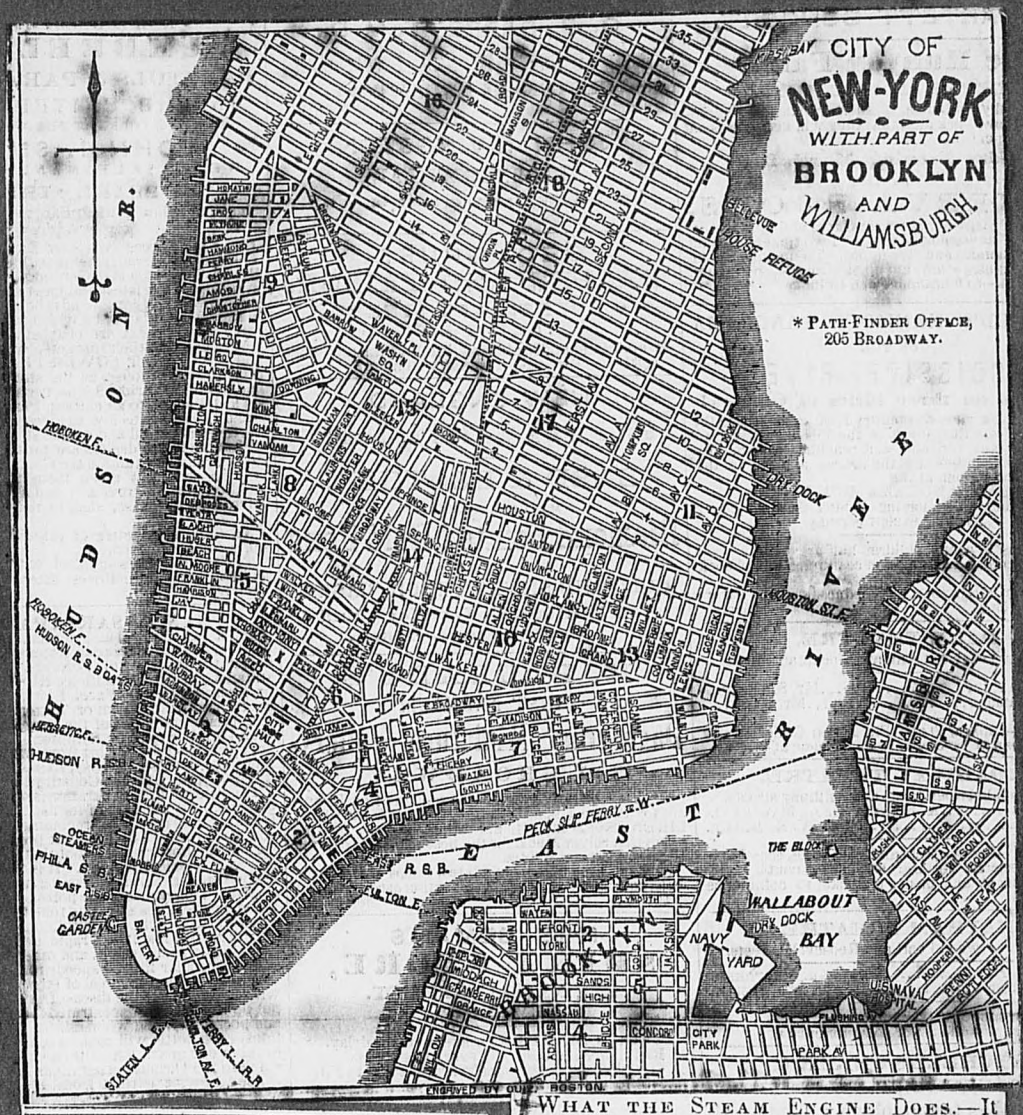
Thus may we press our way,
Nor heed the tempting sight,
Which only leads astray
From our onward, upward flight.

Thus may our spirits ever
Escape the stains of earth!
Thus, may our spirits never
Disgrace their lofty birth! C. D.

"My dear Madam," said a doctor to his patient, 'I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know I told you that you had but six hours to live."

"Yes, doctor, you did, but I did not take the dose you left for me."

Complimentary.—Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the vainest men of their time. At dinner some years since, Dr. Parr, in ecstacy with the conversational powers of Lord E., called out to him: "My Lord, I mean to write your epitaph," "Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to commit suicide."



THE NECTAR OF LIFE.

BY ELEANOR DARBY.

In life there are three nectar-cups, they say;
Love, Friendship, and dazzling Fame;
The witch-draughts, chasing all clouds away,
Like the sun's all-brightening flame.
Oh for a sip of the precious three!
Kind Fortune, come, pour them out to me!

By the laurel-garland that twines the bowl,
'T is Fame I am quaffing now!
How it lifts the brain to triumph's goal!
But a snake lies coil'd below!
The Aspic, Envy, lurking beneath,
Poisons the goblet and blasts the wreath!

By the evergreen leaves around the rim,
Yon chalice is Friendship's balm:
Peace, smiling cherub! sleeps on the brim—
Yet amid that tasteless calm,
Where 's the rich flavor? the *zest*, ah where?
The nectarous *spirit* is wanting there!

In this, only this, joy's essence is found:
Here each spell of nature meets;
And heart and soul are drown'd
In a dizzying sea of sweets!
Heaven's in the myrtle-crown'd cup divine!
The nectar of earth, O Love, is thine!

Fate let me drink from this spring of delight,
While the stream of life still flows!
Let it give to the hours an arrowy flight,
While a spark of feeling glows;
And ere the last drop from my lips depart,
May the last pulse die in my throbbing heart!

—*London Literary Gazette.*

WHAT THE STEAM ENGINE DOES.—It propels, it rows, it sculls, it screws, it warps, it tows, it elevates, it lowers, it lifts, it pumps, it drains, it irrigates, it draws, it pulls, it drives, it pushes, it carries, it brings, it scatters, it collects, it condenses, it extracts, it spilts, it breaks, it confines, it opens, it shuts, it digs, it shovels, it excavates, it plows, it thrashes, it separates, it winnows, it washes, it grinds, it crushes, it sifts, it bolts, it mixes, it kneads, it moulds, it stamps, it punches, it beats, it presses, it picks, it hews, it cuts, it shaves, it splits, it saws, it planes, it turns, it bores, it mortices, it drills, it heads, it blows, it forges, it rolls, it hammers, it rasps, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it sweeps, it brushes, it scutches, it cards, it spins, it winds, it twists, it throws, it weaves, it shears, it coins, it prints.

MINERAL WEALTH OF RUSSIA.—The metalic produce of the Russian empire in 1848, was, according to official documents, as follows:—viz, 1,826 poods of gold, ¼ pood of platinum, 1,192 poods of silver, 254,569 poods of copper, and 8,513,673 poods of wrought iron. The pood is equivalent to a little more than 36 lbs. avoirdupois. The gold from Russia therefore represents a value of 2,944,832*l.* (or 98,120,800*f.*,) [about nineteen million, six hundred thousand dollars,] making due allowance for the English alloy. The silver, at 5*s.* 6*d.* the ounce, represents a value of 188,000*l.*

For the Journal of Commerce.

MY CANARY BIRD.

BY REV. Q. D. G.

When in the East the light of morning breaks,
And gilds the mountain with the coming day,
This bird of song his sweetest notes awakes,
And fills the ear with his melodious lay.

His thrilling notes my drooping spirits cheer,
And sooth my sorrows into calm repose;
His varied numbers in a voice so clear,
Assuage my griefs and soften all my woes.

The hymns of morn he carols round the room,
Wake to new life the deep desponding soul;
Illume its darkness, and dispel its gloom,
That weighed it down almost beyond control.

His notes so sweet the joyous hours prolong,
And charm the listeners with their varying sound,—
And when at first he tunes his morning song,
His strains exulting never know a bound.

No discords heard to mar the joyous strain,
Though ever changing be the songster's voice.
Nought here is found to give the slightest pain.
Each note conspires to make the heart rejoice.

So proud and happy does he seem to be,
Although imprisoned in his wiry cage,
His breast is filled with ever tuneful glee,
While earthly passions fiercely round him rage.

Here he's content, with every need supplied
By his young mistress who attends him there,
Nor is one call or single want denied
By her who feeds him with a hand so fair.

She brings him water from some limpid stream,
From purest fountain, or some bubbling spring,
Then lists his song more sweet than pleasant dream,
Then hastes away the choicest food to bring.

Sweet bird of music, may thy life be long
To pour forth strains so varied, soft, and clear.
Then when thou closest thy last earthly song,
We to thy memory 'll drop the mournful tear.

LONG ISLAND, May 1, 1849.

"THE FABLED UPAS TREE."—What passes with most people as a fable is, after all, a reality. Brooke's Journals of a Residence in Borneo are entitled to all credit, for their author ranks already as one of the most remarkable men of the age, having by his individual enterprise, put in train a series of events resulting in the conquest and probable civilization of the savages of that island.

While making geological examinations in search of coal, he, with his friends, discovered an isolated upas tree (*antearis taxicaria*) nearly forty feet high. Its trunk was almost straight, its bark was smooth and of a red tan color, and its head a dense mass of dark green glossy foliage. The ground beneath its shade is crowded with tombs, yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round its roots.

In tapping it, no bad effects were experienced from the effluvia; but on cutting it to obtain a portion of the wood, bark, and juice, a man was so much stupified that he was obliged to desist. It is ascertained that the bread fruit tree, the mulberry, and the cow tree of South America, belong to the same natural order as the deadly upas.—*N. E. Puritan.*

My God, give me not merely to abstain from that which is evil, but to abhor it—not merely that in my conversation and doings I might maintain the most strict and guarded decorum, but that in my heart I might be enabled to maintain an ethereal purity—glorifying the Lord with my soul and spirit, as well as body, which are the Lord's.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

The world is seldom what it seems
To man, who dimly sees;
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.
The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is called away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day. *Montgomery.*

GABRIEL'S TELEGRAPH.

BY H. H. SAGE.

Some years ago, there resided in B———, a certain George P———, a good singer, and an obliging, good-hearted fellow, liked by all who knew him. Whenever there was a concert, George was on hand, ready to officiate in any capacity not too low for his dignity. In those days, B——— had *not* progressed in the musical line as fast as it had in some others, and it was impossible to find a good trumpeter in the place. On the occasion of which we are to speak, one of the gentlemen wished to sing Luther's celebrated judgment hymn, in which there is a beautiful little trumpet symphony; but where to get the trumpeter was the question. But sing it he must, as this was to be *the* concert of the season, and all the musical talent of the city had been drummed up, and George among the rest. He was finally selected trumpeter, or rather French-horner, as there was not a trumpet to be had, and was stationed in the cellar of the church, and a row of men were to form a telegraph to tell him when to play. The eventful night arrived, and all was in readiness. At length came the hymn. The singer sung his part well, but when the time for the solo came, it, the solo, *didn't* come. All was breathless attention, but no solo came. The singer started on with the piece, when ra-at-a-tat-tat-rat-a-too-tle-too, came rolling up from the depths below. The organist jumped up exclaiming, 'O, ma conscience, that the *trumpet!*' The singing stopped, and music of another kind commenced. Such a laughing and joking. One thought the stage was just coming in---another, that the packet had arrived---and another, that Gabriel had just sounded the mighty trumpet. Just then, something rattled against the windows which sounded like hail.

It seems that the *telegraph was out of order*, and George did not get the intelligence in time. He felt quite down in the mouth after this; and as he was dubbed Gabriel next day, he never dared to go into a Millerite meeting for fear they should want Gabriel to sound the mighty French-horn. The hailstone noise was not satisfactorily accounted for, although the sexton said he picked up something less than a bushel of vest buttons next day. George has retired from the singing business,

and the writer hopes that when he sees this he will think of his old friend, and old times, and bear his honors meekly.

To the weak and craven-hearted the time for honorable achievement never comes. Men of spirit are the masters, not the slaves of time.

[For the Geneva Courier.]

WOMANS' POWER.

Frail woman, thou art strong!
Thou hast a magic power
The rougher sex among—
And yet a tender flower.

Proud man oft boasts of might,
And weakness laughs to scorn;
But when the blacker night
Of sorrow clouds the morn;

When darkly glooms his sky,
And hope's bright beaming star
Bemoans his destiny,
With light concealed afar;

'Tis then weak woman's strong,
And dares confront despair,
Nor shuns the countless throng
Of woes that gather there.

I've wandered far from home—
Nor friends nor kindred near,
And thought the world a waste,
A desert cold and drear;

And friendship! empty, naught!
If ever cherished here,
Most easily forgot—
Scarce worth a parting tear:

I've madly thought to fly
Those whom I once have known,
And call all love a lie,
All friendship hence disown:

To be a misanthrope—
Live for myself alone,
Enjoying naught of hope,
And asking aught of none:

That thus I did not go
To die on some lone isle—
All happiness I owe
To woman's kindly smile.

Thou, gentle woman, art
The theme of many a song,
And yet, though weakness all,
Oh woman! thou art strong.

Geneva, Feb. 10, 1847.

* * *

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes; it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noises or sounds from without would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation.—Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, and the perceptible decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a more perfect state of existence.

For the Journal of Commerce.

JUPITER AND THE ANIMAL CREATION.

Jupiter once issued a command,
That every creature, out of every land,
Should before his throne appear;
That any being who disliked his form,
Might say so openly, without alarm,
Or fear.—
As any alteration he admired,
Should be complied with, as desired.

"Well, Ape," says Jupiter, "what say you pray?
Examine every beast, in every station,
And if there's any beauty strikes you, say,
I'll instantly alter your formation.
Speak, if you're not satisfied."

"Oh! Jupiter," the Ape replied,
"I've nought to envy in each beast;
I have four legs, just like the rest.—
As to my features, I see no defect.
But brother Bear,
Whom we see here,
Can't be so satisfied, as I suspect.
His face, compared with other faces,
Must have been spurned at by the Graces.
He'd ne'er consent, or I'm mistaken,
To have his pretty portrait taken!"

Bruin appeared, without restraint,
And a dead silence seized the crowd,
For no one ever breath'd aloud,
All eager for the Bear's complaint.
For all agreed that Bruin's phiz
Was uglier far than his!

The Bear thought differently from all the rest;
Looked on himself as a most comely beast;
Glanced at the Elephant's enormous trunk;
Thought, when so ponderous a bulk was made,
Nature must have forgot her trade,
Or that she'd made him when half drunk!
The littleness of tail too, made it worse,
Too insignificant for e'en a horse!

The Elephant now being heard,
Thought the Whale's form was out of nature,
A much too bulky sort of creature,
That if in size he'd been a third,
Considering the little that he drank and ate,
He'd have been more proportionate!

The Ant he found the Mite so small,
And by comparison, himself so great,
It needed eyes most microscopical,
Not to crush his thread of fate!

When Jupiter had heard the whole creation,
Had censured each for want of penetration,
He couldn't help smiling at the human race,
Whose self opinions were so out of place;
Each, for every other, had a Lynx's eye,
In quest of some deformity,
Either of body or of mind,
Altho' on self-deficiency, mole blind!
Each was to every failing and defect
Of every friend, so full of eyes,
That Jupiter, the infinitely wise,
Began in the first instance to suspect
That he had been listening to a race,
Which he was not by any means aware,
Existed on earth, in sea or air,
Or in the creation had a space!
But looking carefully around again,
He found they really were the race of men!

W. A. KENTISH.

THE SOUTH PASS—*Alkaline Water—Rock Salt—New Gold Mine.*—The Liberty (Mo.) Tribune says: "Many of the way streams are so strongly impregnated with alkali that they dare not let their cattle drink. On the shores of many, the crust is formed an inch thick. They break up this crust, scrape off the dirt on the bottom and top, and find it pure saleratus. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and the writer collected in a short time 75 lbs. A mountain of pure rock salt has been discovered near the Mormon settlement. The Mormons have discovered a gold mine 150 miles southwest from the Salt Lake. The last end of the journey to the Salt Lake, say 200 miles, is attended with little fatigue. Nearly all the way the roads are as good as on any prairie in the West."

Extract of a letter dated

PANAMA, April 22d, 1849.

I have just returned from a residence of 4 days in the ruins of the old city of Panama. Messrs. Fry, Bell, Vandervoort, and myself, took a tent, and cooking utensils, and camped on the site of the city, near a small river. The city covered a large plain, about 12 feet above high water mark, and was built mostly of stone and brick. But you had best search for some historical description of the city, as it was in its palmy days, and I will tell you what it now is. A forest now covers the whole plain, a heavy growth of timber, something like a maple forest in Maine, and a thick underbrush, so that walls now standing, say 30 to 70 feet high, cannot be seen more than a hundred feet, in many instances 50 feet. Immense blocks of buildings, half fallen down, and sections of walls, peering up among the trunks of trees, form a striking picture to the eye of the traveler. One immense cathedral is standing, except one end which has tumbled in. Within its walls stands a cotton wood tree, measuring 18 feet in circumference, of great height; and on one of the arches, about 30 feet high, grows a tree, some 30 feet high. One wall 30 feet high, is supported by a large tree which has grown exactly on the top of it, and sent down its roots on either side into the ground, forming a perfect Van Burenite; and this stone wall stands *per force*, with a heavy tree astride of it. Old cisterns and wells half caved in, are scattered around. The only tower standing is one hundred feet by 40 feet square at the base, and 30 at the top, the walls 7 feet thick, of solid brick and stone masonry, evidently a watch tower, as there are loop holes, out of which to fire upon an enemy. There was once a stone winding staircase up the inside of the tower, but it has felt the hand of time and tumbled down, except about 12 feet. Small trees are growing on top of the tower, and vines running around and up its sides, so as to make it look like a growing mass. This city, once so wealthy and populous, is now the abode of wild beasts, which have driven man from its vicinity. We *saw* Tigers, Alligators, Deer, Wild Boar, Monkeys, Snakes, Iguanos, Squirrels, Cormorants, Owls, Pigeons, Doves, Parrots, Bats, and any quantity of *Brick Bats*. In our ramble among the ruins, a Tiger sprang from a tree within 50 feet of me, and ran as though Barnum was after him. Other tracks, we discovered, where they pass through the deserted arches unmolested. Is it not strange, that such a city, within 7 miles of the present Panama, should so soon have been so completely destroyed and overgrown, as to make it impossible to discover where the streets were, or to what use the buildings were appropriated, and to be the fixed abode of wild beasts of prey? I was surprised to find how ignorant the natives are in regard to the history and localities of the old city. I had great difficulty in finding a man to go as a guide. We pitched our tent near the arch crossing the river, on the road to Gorgona and Cruces. The arch is nearly perfect. Mr. Bell is an Ornithologist of some note in New York, and Mr. Fry a scientific gentleman, formerly of the firm of Fry & Shaw, Mathematical Instrument makers in N. Y. city. A pleasant party of us.

They shot game, and I assisted the servant to put it in "Pot-pie" order, for the mutual sustenance of the party. Mr. Bell, on an excursion after birds, fell in with 2 wild hogs and their pigs. He blazed away, with a charge of No. 8 shot, and killed the pig aimed at, when the old boar made a grab at him, and he barely escaped a serious encounter, by turning, not only his thoughts upwards, but his corporation after them, in double quick time, up the nearest tree, gun in hand; but before he could charge his piece with buck shot, the animals took to their heels, gnashing their tusks in an interesting manner. That same pig made the best dinner I ever sat down to. I picked up a Terrapin without an owner, and friend Fry killed several pigeons and squirrels; and on our return to the tent, our boy had a 6 foot alligator tied up to a stick of wood. This we considered a great day's work; and Mr. Brinsmade fortunately arrived on a visit, just in time to help us discuss the merits of the plunder, bringing with him Mr. Eigenbrot; and such a dinner is not often laid before a keen appetite, as we then and there enjoyed. The next morning Mr. Vandervoort fired at a tiger, and missed him, within a hundred rods of our tent; but Mr. Bell made up for it by shooting a 9 foot snake, much like a whip snake, but without fangs. At least we could not discover any, though our guide went half way into convulsions with fear that we should be bitten and killed by examining his jaws. In following up old Panama river, I found some fine specimens of agate, blood stone, and chalcedony, which I send you by the bearer.

Friday morning, at daybreak, 20th, our native boy came in with the intelligence that a deer was near us. Bell and Vandervoort took their guns and went in pursuit; but instead of the deer, they saw a large tiger that had been following it. Bell snapped at him with a charge of buck shot, but his gun missed fire. Vandervoort fired a rifle ball and missed him, or slightly wounded him.

Yesterday, Saturday morning, 21st—Mr. Bell killed a large boar, and brought him in without accident. They are a curious animal, with ferocious tusks and teeth, no tail, rather a fox color, having a musk bag, or teat, on the top of the rump, which it is unpleasant to disturb. This is used as a means of defence, the same as a certain other little animal we wot of would do. That nuisance removed, the flesh of the young boar is delicious; the older ones, rather strong in flavor. We brought the large one in, last night, and our landlord is to give us a Sunday dinner off from it to-day. It is about half grown, and we think will cook up well. We remained from Tuesday morning to Saturday evening, and a more pleasant, exciting week, I never passed. Perhaps I shall try it again next week, if no steamer arrives, which we fear will be the case. I have become deeply interested in the past history of Panama, but cannot find a man or book here, that can give me any information of the time the city was founded, or when and how destroyed. There are no such records here. I believe it was sacked, and destroyed by the Buccaniers, and the inhabitants put to the sword.

M. C.

TEETH OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.—The author of an 'Essay upon the population of America,' insists that the large teeth frequently dug up from the soil of our Western States and Territories,' must be the grinders of the fallen angels.'

He who forgets the fountain from whence he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gamboled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

The Wreck of the Atlantic.

Wild was the wind—the waves ran high—
No beacon-star shone from the sky,
Nor moonlight's cheering ray;
Upon that dark and dreadful night,
As struggling with the tempest's might,
Rocked by the billows fearfully—
The noble steamer lay!
Her home was on the waters wide;
Full oft she'd braved the raging tide,
And once again, in all her pride,
She sought her onward way.
But once again? ah! never more,
With all the precious freight she bore,
On her oft-tried, yet pathless track,
Will that ill-fated boat come back!
For fiercer, louder rose the gale,
And many a hope-flushed cheek grew pale—
And manhood's voice, and woman's wail
Floated upon the wind;
And many contrite souls were there,
And many an earnest, fervent prayer,
From hearts subdued, resigned.
That fearful night was o'er at last!
Oh, with what feeling was it passed?
And 'neath the morning sun
That smil'd upon the treacherous wave—
Destined, alas! to be her grave,
She drifted, drifted on!
No human arm could stay her course—
No might oppose the tempest's force
But thine—Almighty Power!
Oh God! 'twas not thy sov'reign will
To bid the angry sea 'be still!'
In that tempestuous hour.
Borne in the hollow of thy hand,
The wind and waves are thy command—
Thy stern decree, O righteous Lord!
Sent these dread messengers abroad,
And bade the tempest lower.
A long, long day: *another night!*
No bright hope cheer'd the straining sight.
And when the darkness closed around,
Nought save the wild waves' booming sound.
Clearing her decks with a mighty bound,
In that dread hour was heard!
Pale lips were move'd in silent prayer—
Nor shrieks of wo, nor wild despair,
Went upward through the midnight air,
Nor voice, nor spoken word.
Onward, through boiling surges borne,
She nears the rocks! she strikes! she's gone!
Oh! hour of agony!
That once proud vessel now a wreck—
A hundred brave forms on her deck—
Men strong of nerve, and stout of heart,
Had gathered there to die!
Some who had passed a weary life,
Toiling with busy, ceaseless strife,
For honor or for gain;
Call'd suddenly from life to part,
Honor and wealth were vain.
And some whose birthright was the sea—
Ever their wild delight to be
'Borne onward, like its bubbles' free;
They braved its terrors manfully!
And some who at their country's call
'Mid cannon's roar and rattling ball,
Would in the hour of battle fall,
And meet death fearlessly!
And some were holy men of prayer—
And loving hearts were parted there—
And gentle forms that ever weep
At the wild terrors of the deep;
Found on that night their silent graves
Beneath the ever restless waves.
Not all were lost! for o'er the sea
In that last hour of agony,
Jesus! thine arm was stretch'd to save
In mercy from a watery grave.
Blest be each prayer of grateful love
Wafted to thy highest throne above
From those who humbly knelt to pay
Thanksgivimg on thy sacred day!
That stately bark was all a wreck—
But far above her shattered deck,
A swinging to and fro—
A solemn bell wtth a mournful knell
Sent forth its notes of wo.
Erect and calm, amid the storm,
Stood on that deck a noble form,
That mov'd not—falter'd not!
With stern resolve he kept his post
Upon that fearful spot;
And then, when every hope was lost,
Amid its ruins, tempest toss'd—
That manly breast was hush'd to sleep
By the rude rockings of the deep.
And still upon that mighty wreck,
And high above its wave wash'd deck,
As swinging to and fro—
The solemn bell with mournful knell,
Sends forth its notes of woe!
No fitter dirge for *him* or *them*,
Than that sad solemn requiem.
'Roll on, thou deep dark ocean, roll!'
Vain is the boast of man's control—
A conqueror, thou! and thousands rest
Beneath thy mighty heaving breast.
Roll on, thou deep, dark ocean, roll,
Till Heaven is gathered like a scroll:
But yet *not thine*, the immortal soul—
Thou shalt give up thy dead, O sea!
To him who rules eternity.

New-London News.

From the East Bennington (Vt.) Banner.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT—SINGULAR AND FATAL CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—On Monday night last, Miss Emeline Newton, a young lady of 20 years, daughter of Mr. O. S. Newton, in a fit of somnambulism left her room, at Mr. Willard Weeks', where she has been staying some months past, and wandered away from the house. After long searching, her body was found in the river, under the dam near the foundry of Messrs. Brown & Gage, on Tuesday afternoon.

—The above is the most singular and mysterious affair that has ever come under our notice—transpiring in the stillness of the night, unperceived by any person save the unconscious sufferer—there is a dark mystery hanging over the transaction, which adds terror to the frightful reality, and which cannot be removed by time itself. The young lady took nothing from her room when leaving; her stockings, even, were where she had left them upon retiring. Unaccustomed to wearing night clothes, she was almost entirely nude, her person exposed to the cold chilling atmosphere of a midnight April—this alone, it would seem should awaken her, but, unfortunately it did not. On Monday evening she visited her home, about half of a mile from her place of living, and while there remarked—"To-morrow is my birth-day, and I am going to celebrate!" From this circumstance it is inferred that in the course of the night she began to dream upon the pleasure she had promised herself on the coming day, and being somewhat subject to somnambulism, arose, came down stairs, unlocked the door, passed through a shed, into the yard. From here she probably took her usual path for home. To do this required the climbing of several fences, walking a street for several rods, and the crossing of a river, either by a bridge or a foot board—from one of the latter she must have fallen. It seems indeed miraculous that she did not awake during the journey to the stream, but she was, undoubtedly under a strong mental excitement, occasioned by the fond anticipation of soon engaging in the happy hilarity consequent upon the occurrence of a birth-day festival! And hastily skipping homeward, joyful and careless, she stepped upon that fatal bridge before she awoke. Perhaps the roaring of the river restored her consciousness, when bewildered at her frightful situation she missed her footing, and plunged into the current, became overpowered and was carried to the bottom; or, perchance, did not awake even upon reaching the bridge, still imagining herself in pursuit of pleasure, she awoke only when the dashing waters startled her with the fearful realization that her twentieth birth-day was the last that her imagination should dwell upon this side eternity. But idle speculation is useless, the catastrophe is deplorable in the extreme—an amiable, interesting young lady falling to sleep surrounded by every prospect of pleasurable enjoyment, and awakening upon the brink, or perhaps in the vortex, of eternity, in so darkly mysterious a manner, is an affair that has justly excited the astonishment and sympathy of our community.

MAKE GLAD.

The Seasons in passing, one sweet moral bring,
And well—if he marked it—would man do;
"Spread pleasure like me," is the language of Spring,
"Make all hearts as glad as you can do!
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of pelf—
You esteem every *neighbor* a brother;
And if each, while he did a bit good for himself,
Did a little bit, too, for another!"

The Summer but varies the lesson—"Make glad!
Treat all men with love and affection!
My sun shines alike on the good and the bad,
And shall *you* dare to think of *selection?*
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of pelf—
You esteemed e'en a *bad man* a brother;
And it each," &c.

The Autum repeats it—"My stores are for all!
But should one, in the scramble, get favor,
Let him share it with those to whom little may fall,
And what's left will have all the more savour!
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of pelf—
You esteem the *unlucky* a brother;
And if each," &c.

And Winter affirms it, while shaking the door,
And binding the stream with his fetters;
"Keep the cold that I bring, from the hearths of the poor,
And your own will burn brighter and better!
What a world it would be, if—less mindful of pelf—
You esteem every *poor man* a brother;
And if each, while he did a bit good for himself,
Did a little bit, too, for another!"

ROBERT STOREY.

OLD.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told,"
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow—
Down it rolled;
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!

I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more!

All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this grey old rock where I am seated,
Seems a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah! that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me so dear!

Old stone school-house! it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game;
Old stone school-house! it is still the same?

In the cottage yonder was I born,
Long my happy home—that humble dwelling:
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn.
There the spring with liquid nectar swelling;
Ah, forlorn!—
In the cottage yonder was I born.

Those two gate-way sycamores you see,
Then were planted, just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under;
Ninety-three!
Those two gate-way sycamores you see."

INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL FACT.—Professor Aggasiz, in a recent lecture, stated an interesting fact, in connection with his remarks upon the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry &c., viz: that no fossils belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists. This is regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon earth was coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

'And they all, with one consent, began to make excuse."—LUKE xiv. 18.

The messenger of Love
Went forth with heavenly word,
To call the wedding-guests
To the supper of the Lord.

"I cannot heed thee now!"
Said a youth of eagle eye,
As he pointed to the steeps
Where the shrine of Fame rose high—

"I cannot heed thee now!
I cannot here delay;
A voice from yonder height
Is calling me away.

"It tells of deathless wreaths,
That wait to crown my brow.
Oh, yet a while delay,
I cannot heed thee *now*!"

And the messenger divine
A pitying tear let fall,
As he turned in other paths
The wedding-guests to call.

Speak not of heavenly love!"
Said one, in tones of glee;
"There's a love of mortal growth
That is dearer far to me.

"There's a brow of mortal mould,
Whose light to me is given;
And earth can offer more
Than I ask or hope of heaven!"

"I cannot heed thee now!"
Said the man of power and gold;
"I have many years of life
I have treasures yet untold.

"When the heavy hand of grief
Is chill upon my brow,
I will call thee--then return,
For I cannot heed thee *now*!"

And the messenger divine,
With a glance of wonder meek,
Went forth in other paths
The wedding-guests to seek.

"And hast thou come at last!"
Said the weeping child of sin;
"Are mercy's gates unclosed?
Will Jesus let me in?

"O wondrous power of grace!
For sinners such as I;
Thou has answered to my call—
Thou hast heard my pleading cry!"

And the messenger of Love,
Rejected, turned aside
From the shrine of earthly fame,
And the pomp of earthly pride.

But he took the contrite hearts,
And bore them up to heaven;
And to *them* the feast was served,
And the wedding-robes were given.

New Brunswick, March, 1849.

SIGMA.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

(*From the Oxford Edition of Milton's Works.*)

I an old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmer not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My visior Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

The Fifth Commandment.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." [Exod. 20:12.

The judicious Hooker used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be so for *the sake of my mother*, that I might requite her care of me, and cause her widow's heart to sing for joy."

Washington, when a boy, was about going to sea as a midshipman, and his trunk had been taken to the boat, when, as he went to take leave of his mother, he saw the tears bursting from her eyes, and an expression of deep sadness on her countenance. Seeing the distress of his parent, he at once turned to the servant, and said, "Go and tell them to bring back my trunk. I will not go away and break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with the spirit and manner of the decision, and at once said to him, "My son, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

Philip Henry, speaking of an undutiful and wicked son in his neighborhood, charged his children to observe the providence of God concerning him. "Perhaps," said he, "I may not live to see it, but do you mark if God does not send some remarkable judgment upon him in this life, for thus violating the fifth commandment." But he himself lived to see it fulfilled soon after, in a very signal providence.

Olympia, the mother of Alexander the Great, was so severe towards him, that his deputy, Antipater, wrote him long letters of complaint against her; to which Alexander returned this answer: "Knowest thou not that one tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand of thy letters of complaint?"

A youth lamenting the death of an affectionate parent, a friend endeavored to console him by saying he had always conducted towards the departed one with tenderness and respect. "So I thought," said the other, "while my parent was living; but now I remember with shame and deep sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas, it is now too late ever to make any atonement."

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD SHIP.

[*Taken chiefly from the New Bedford Mercury.*]

The Ship Rebecca.—This ship deserves a passing notice, for being the first ship built in New Bedford, the first American whaler that ever doubled Cape Horn, and brought into the United States a cargo of Sperm Oil, and for other reminiscences connected with her—interesting perhaps to some of the elderly people of New Bedford, if not to the community.

The Rebecca was built by George Claghorn, whose name deserves to be remembered for being the architect of the famous frigate Constitution, at this day the favorite and pride of our Navy.

She was launched from the site now occupied by Wilcox & Richmond's wharf, in March 1785, the second year after the close of the Revolutionary War. At that time the river was still firmly frozen over, and a channel had to be cut to let her into the water. A number of spectators stood on the ice to have a good view of the launch, and were precipitated into the water by the breaking of the ice, occasioned by the waves, as some few octagenarians still living remember, who participated in the *ducking;* but as the water was shoal, and there was no danger of life, this accident only added merriment to the occasion.

Although only 185 tons, the Rebecca was a very *big ship* for those days; her *great size* made her the object of curiosity and wonder the country around. In these days of progress we have a number of coasting schooners in our port of equal tonnage.

A woman figure-head was carved for the Rebecca, but was not destined to adorn her bow; some of the Elders of the Society of Friends remonstrating against an ornament so vain and useless, and the owners being members of that Society, from respect to their opinions, and to appease their prejudices, threw it aside.

And now the Rebecca was built and launched, a great difficulty arose in selecting a captain, capable and qualified to take the command of so *big a ship.* After great deliberation, Capt. Haydon, who had had the experience of several foreign voyages, was chosen. The father of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, member of Congress from the New Bedford district, and of Henry and Moses H. Grinnell, of the highly respectable firm of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. of New York, was chief mate. He was then in the prime of life, and is now living at the advanced age of 91, in the enjoyment of his health and faculties.

The first voyage of the Rebecca was to Philadelphia, from whence she took a cargo to Liverpool. On the outward passage Capt. Haydon showed some signs of a deranged mind, which increased upon him on the passage home and entirely incapacitated him from fulfilling his duties as commander; and in consequence, the responsibility devolved upon the mate, who executed his trust with fidelity and skill so much to the satisfaction of the owners that he was rewarded with the command of the ship the next voyage, and was continued in command six years, making successful voyages.

In September, 1791, the Rebecca sailed from New Bedford on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean, under the command of Joseph Kersey.* It was considered an enterprise of great peril, for at that time no American whaler had ventured into the Pacific. She performed the voyage, however, in safety, and returned home, after an absence of fifteen months, with a full cargo of oil, obtained on the coast of Chili and Peru.

After having been employed in the whale fishery several years, and on returning from her last whaling voyage, at the time when French cruisers were capturing American ships, during the reign of the Directory, she was taken by a French ship of war, retaken by a British cruiser, and carried into Halifax and restored to her owners by paying a heavy salvage. For the loss sustained by this capture, the heirs of her former owners have a claim upon our government under the long contested French spoliation bill, still pending in Congress.

The end of the Rebecca was disastrous. She sailed from Liverpool, bound to New York, in the winter of 1803-4, and no vestige of her has been seen or heard of since. A terrific gale occurred on the coast of England soon after she left port, and in that gale, it was conjectured, she foundered with all on board.

BYGONE.

* Capt. Joseph Whelden, now living at an advanced age in this vicinity, was a boatsteerer on this voyage.

Shading Railroads.

We clip the following from the New Hampshire Statesman:—'Charles F. Gove, Esq., superintendent of the Nashua and Lowell railroad, advertises in the Nashua Telegraph for a thousand good, thrifty, young, upland elms, with good roots—the trees to be about eight feet in length, and from two to four inches in diameter—to be delivered at the depot in Nashua. What can these trees be for, except to commence lining the road, of which Judge Gove is superintendent? And to what object can the directors of thrifty roads more suitably apply moderate amounts of money every year than for procuring and setting shade trees? Think of a row of elm trees lining the road from Concord to Boston, and imagine the luxury their shade would afford the traveller, with the thermometer at 90.'

The Early Dead.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Mourn not the early dead,
Who, ere purity hath fled,
Lie down to sleep—
Nay, do not weep,
But smile.
Deck their graves daily,
With May flowers gaily,
In sunny spring,
As warblers sing
The while.
In parting from this life,
They've 'scaped its toil and strife,
Ere sorrow clouded,
Or care had shrouded,
The young brow.
Remember them cheerfully,
Think not of them tearfully,
Peaceful and blest,
In heaven at rest,
Are they now.
In them Christ hath given
A picture true of heaven,
'Suffer them,' saith he,
'To come unto me,
'Forbid them not.'
The Christian pure, believing,
A solace finds relieving,
Upward pointing,
With peace anointing
His earthly lot.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—Mr. Houston was recently asked, at a large party given by Mr. Speaker Winthrop, why he did not attend the usual places of public amusement as he had been accustomed to do. His reply was this. Let it be read and remembered by the mothers and daughters of America.

"I make it a point," said the honorable Senator, "never to visit a place where my lady, if she were with me, would be unwilling to go. I know it would give her pain, as a Christian, to attend such places, and I will not go myself where I could not take my wife."

A member of Congress present alluded to his own wife, and added that there was a mutual understanding between him and her, that they should each follow the bent of their own inclination in such matters.

"That may do for you," responded Mr. Houston "but with me it is different from what it is with many men. My wife has been the making of me. She took me when I was the victim of slavish appetites—she has redeemed and regenerated me; and I will not do that in her absence which I know would give her pain if she were present."

Mrs. Houston is a member of a Baptist church, and is a native of Alabama.—*Western Ch. Jour.*

To the Star of Destiny.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

Where dost thou lead, mysterious star?
To what unpictured strand,
O'er the still depths of time afar,
In the future land?

I muse of thee with feelings
Of strange and solemn thought;
O, hast thou no revealings,
Canst tell me nought?

Say, whither am I fleeing,
To what unheard-of goal
In the vast realm of being
That awaits the soul?

Where dost thou lead me, planet, where?
Over an ocean calm,
Where the golden sunlight fair
Sleeps 'mong isles of balm?

Or dost thou rudely bear me
To a treacherous sea?
My bark is frail—O spare me,
If I trust in thee?

Star of my being! lead thee on;
I follow—wilt thou guide,
Where truth and beauty may be won?
There would I abide.

O, orb! thou art not impotent,
To lead me through the strife
Wherewith my daily walk is pent,
Unto nobler life.

O, teach me, mid the cold and real,
That in the dim to-be,
A portion of the sweet ideal
Is reserved for me.

Then will I bless thee, star so pure,
In my own thought enshrined;
And deem thee aye the cynosure
In the realm of mind.

A Hot Bath.

A couple of gentlemen, whom we shall call John Smith and James Brown, were seated in the ante-room of a bath house, not a hundred miles from Columbia street, awaiting their 'turns' for a bath. After they got tired of twirling their thumbs, Smith asked Brown whether he preferred a hot or cold bath. Brown, who was remarkably fond of running a rig on any one, said he was so partial to hot baths and enjoyed them so frequently, that he didn't think there was any other man in creation that could remain in water at the temperature he ordinarily used. Smith was one of those kind of men who never permit themselves to be outdone in anything, and one word led to another, until at length Smith proposed the following wager, to which Brown agreed at once.

Two baths, in rooms adjoining, were to be prepared. Cold water to the depth of six inches to be let in. They were to enter at the same instant—the hot water tap then to be turned, and the one that first cried enough, was to pay for a supper and 'fixins.' Smith went honestly to work, entered the bath, and turned on the hot water, taking special good care to draw up his legs as far as possible. Brown turned the hot water tap, but instead of permitting the hot water to remain in the bath, he let it out by means of a contrivance he managed to rig up. The tap was to be 'turned,' but there was nothing said about where the water should go; said Brown to himself, 'if I don't boil that Smith, it will not be my fault.' Presently, Smith found the water too hot for comfort, and said:

'How is it with you, Brown?'

'Hot enough,' was the reply. 'I shall have to give up right off, if you don't,' he continued, as he lay cool enough at the bottom of the bath.

Smith was thinking about giving in beat, but Brown's words encouraged him to hold out a little longer.

'I'm perfectly cool yet,' said Smith, as he writhed and twisted about, 'and can stand out two minutes longer, so you'd better give up, Brown.'

'The water is 'tarnal hot, you know; but I shall hold out a few seconds longer,' said Brown.

Smith could not. With a half-suppressed cry of pain he sprang from the hot water literally parboiled. Hastily drawing on some of his clothing, he entered Brown's room, and saw him laying very comfortably at the bottom of the empty bath, smoking a cigar. He found that he had been done brown as well as boiled, when Brown insisted that his tap was turned fairly, but as not a word was said about where the water should go, he preferred passing it through the plug hole. Smith promises to pay for the supper as soon as he congeals, which will not be just yet.—*Brooklyn Adv.*

From the New Haven Journal.

BRISTOL COPPER MINES.—The copper mines of Bristol, in this State, are more extensive and valuable than people generally imagine, and at the present time are exciting considerable interest among capitalists and scientific men. Within a short time, a large body of operatives have been added to the mines, and we are informed that now more than 300 hands are constantly engaged, and the yield of ore is increasing in quantity and value. These mines are considered by many, capable of judging, to be equal in point of profit to any other in the country, and the opinion has been expressed by Prof. Silliman, who has made extensive researches in these regions, that the veins of ore extend in a southerly direction from Bristol to Hamden, a distance of some thirty or more miles, and if thoroughly worked, would be sufficient to give constant employment to thousands of miners. Large quantities of the ore are daily sent over the Canal Railroad, and in time, we have no doubt, the mines will prove a source of income and profit to the road, as well as to those who are engaged in its operation.

THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.

The *London Daily News*, April 18th, has a letter from its correspondent at Rome, bearing date March 31, in which is a description of the improvements and excavations that are going on in that city, under the new Republican Government. One work is the restoration of the ancient *Forum*, which is to be cleared down to its ancient level, from the arch of Titus to the foot of the capitol. The elm trees growing upon the superincumbent accumulations are removed. The rubbish is removed by contract, and used in filling in the foundation of the railway. All this at Rome! But this is not the most exciting. The letter-writer proceeds to describe a visit he had made that very morning, to the works going on in the subterranean vaults of the "Holy Office," where he was not a little horrified, he says, at what he saw with his own eyes, and held with his own hands.

The building is in a close court, back of St. Peter's, and is modern and comfortable in external appearance. But on entering, the real character of the place appears. On the ground floor is a range of strongly barred prisons, used as receiving rooms; farther on, in a small court-yard, is a triple row of small dungeons, capable of holding sixty prisoners, and a supplementary row to the back of the quadrangle.—All have iron rings let in the masonry. Numerous inscriptions of ancient date are traced on the walls; one is of this import—"The caprice or wickedness of man cannot exclude me from thy Church, O Christ, my only hope." The correspondent says:

"The officer in charge let me down to where the men where digging in the vaults below; they had cleared a downward flight of steps, which was choked up with old rubbish, and had come to a series of dungeons under the vaults deeper still, and which immediately brought to my mind the prisons of the Doge under the canal of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, only that here there was a surpassing horror.

"I saw imbedded in old masonry, unsymmetrically arranged, five skeletons in various recesses, and the clearance had only just begun; the period of their insertion in this spot must have been more than a century and a half. From another vault full of skulls and scattered human remains, there was a shaft about four feet square ascending perpendicularly to the first floor of the building, and ending in a passage off the hall of the chancery, where a trap-door lay between the tribunal and the way into a suite of rooms destined for one of the officials. The object of this shaft could admit of but one surmise. The ground of the vault was made up of decayed animal matter, a lump of which held imbedded in it a long silken lock of hair, as I found by personal examination, as it was shoveled up from below. But that is not all; there are two large subterranean limekilns, if I may so call them, shaped like a beehive in masonry, filled with layers of calcined bones, forming the substratum of two other chambers on the ground floor in the immediate vicinity of the very mysterious shaft above mentioned."

The correspondent, who says he has been familiar with everything in and about Rome for a quarter of a century, very properly raises the inquiry why such a charnel-house should have been constructed under the building, "with a large space of ground lying outside." He thus comments on the affair:

"I know not what interest you may attach to what looks like a chapter from Mrs. Radcliff, but had I not the evidence of my own senses I would never have dreamt of such appearances in a prison of the holy office; being thoroughly sick of the nonsense that has for years been put forth on that topic by partisan pens. But here the thing will become serious, for tomorrow the whole population of Rome is publicly invited by the authorities to come and see with their own eyes one of the results of entrusting power to clerical hands. Libels on the clergy have been manifold during the last 4 months, and have done their work among the masses. But mere talk is nothing to the actual view of realities.

He adds that the archives of the Inquisition have been overhauled, and that selections will be published forthwith, including cases of the most intense interest, from Galileo's time downward to modern days. And he concludes:

"It is quite possible that the Croats of Radetsky may force back on the population of these territories clerical rulers again; but no friend of the Roman Catholic church, acquainted with the present sentiments of the Romans, can view such an event without deep alarm."

From the N. O. Delta.

The Subterranean Passage of Chapultepec.

BY AN OFFICER OF OUR ARMY.

(*Extracts from Notes on the Battle.*)

Our division mingled with Clarke's brigade; and the storming party had, a few moments before, entered the works, pell-mell, over the western wall of the castle, when a camp-follower came running up, out of breath, from the direction of the main building, which had just been taken possession of by our troops. He called out before reaching the spot—where at the moment my attention had been drawn to some wounded prisoners—"for God's sake, Mr. Officer, send to the cave under the castle, for I heard the Mexicans say that it leads to a mine under the magazine, and we'll all be blown up!" The recollection of having heard, during the armistice, from an old English resident, that there was a singular under-ground passage under Chapultepec, now flashed across my mind, with the strong probability of its being used to explode the magazine of the castle, if not arranged as a mine itself. I started forward instantly, calling on a sergeant of the 15th infantry to follow; and making my way as rapidly as possible through the mass of our soldiers, now filling up the lower *terre-plein*, descended the northern wall on an inclined beam which lay against it, and made towards that part of the foot of the hill at which, I had before heard, the entrance to the cave was to be found.

This side of the elevation was exceedingly steep, and broken up into masses of loose rock, among which were strewed muskets, swords, cartridges, and military accoutrements, cast away by the panic-stricken Mexicans, several hundred of whom had saved themselves by rushing down this precipitous descent, on the storming of the entrenchments. I stumbled over more than one writhing in the agonies of death, shot down by our troops, now in possession of the desperately-defended castle.

In a few moments I found myself, sorely bruised and begrimmed with smoke and dust, at the entrance of the very passage I was in search of—being apparently one of the caves so common in the porphyritic rocks of the valley, and nearly on a level with the surrounding plain. At the moment of my arrival, a Mexican soldier emerged from it, holding in his hand a piece of candle whose light had just been extinguished. On seeing me, he fell on his knees, and in the most abject manner supplicated for quarter, my uncouth appearance probably adding to his alarm, though indeed, he had some cause for anxiety; for our indignation had been excited to the highest point by the cruel massacre of our wounded comrades on the bloody field of Molina del Rey; and the glaring eyes and compressed lips of the men told too plainly to be misunderstood, what would likely be the fate of those who should meet them in the heat of battle.

I supposed this Mexican had probably just lighted the match, which might destroy a vital portion of our army, and felt strongly inclined to make him keep company with those he had thus doomed to destruction; on second thought, however, I ordered him to guide me in the cave, to which he most piteously objected. Having no time to parley, I seized the candle which he had dropped, and the sergeant coming up at the moment with some matches, it was lighted, when, pricking my prisoner forward, to his extreme terror, we entered the gloomy opening before us. The cave soon contracted by a narrow passage, leading apparently in nearly a horizontal direction, below and towards the east end of the fortifications. There the Mexican appeared to be overcome with fear, and sank in a state of helplessness to the ground, where, leaving him with the sergeant, I again sought to make my way through clouds of dust, over the fragments of rock which nearly blocked up the opening, and were passed with considerable difficulty. The smoke of burning gunpowder now became so thick, that the light of the candle almost expired in the vitiated atmosphere; and stumbling at each step over the loose stones, I expected momentarily the explosion of the mine would send us all to "that bourne whence no traveler returns." My anxiety now overcame the excitement of the battle, and I shuddered to think of the fate which, in an instant, might involve so large a portion of the American army. Increasing my efforts to get forward, in a few moments I heard the clanking of a sabre in front, and the well known challenge, "quien vive," uttered by a voice but a few paces in advance. Springing over an intervening obstacle, I found myself face to face, in a vaulted chamber, with a grim-looking Mexican sergeant, in full uniform. He immediately gave himself up as a pris-

oner; and, to my eager inquiries about the existence of a mine, replied in some words I did not understand, and pointed significantly from the candle to the floor, which I then saw was thickly strewed with cartridges.

The noise and shouts of the troops above could now be distinctly heard; and I found, on scrutiny, sounding with the handle of my sword, that we were at the termination of the passage—in a chamber resembling a dome, through which a vertical opening; less than three feet in diameter, extended above to the surface of the ground, down which columns of smoke now and then found their way. But no attempt, evidently, had been made to use it, either as a mine or as a channel to fire the main magazine, which, I afterwards found, was nearly over this chamber, and the vertical opening terminated just in front of its door, on the upper *terre plein*. The cartridges I accounted for, by supposing that one or more boxes of them had fallen through the opening during the melee.

It appears strange, at first view, that the Mexicans had not used this chamber as a mine; for it bore the appearance of having been excavated for that purpose, and its explosion would not only have destroyed that part of the castle above it, but would necessarily have fired the great magazine—then crammed with powder to its roof—which would have involved in ruin, probably, the entire fortification, with more than half of the American army—producing a disaster similar to, though far exceeding in importance, the explosion of Fort George in 1813. The art of mining was evidently well understood by them, since, on the ascent of our troops up the hill, during the battle, four of their mines were passed over, the trains of which, enclosed in narrow black canvass bags, (saucissons,) looking like huge black snakes, reached to the ditch of the main work—whence it had been designed to have fired them at the proper time; but the headlong rush of our soldiers at the heels of the retreating enemy prevented a catastrophe, the results of which on the *morale* of our army, at that critical moment, might have been followed by the most deplorable consequences. In the battle, the Mexicans had undoubtedly expected to have repelled our assault on the works by defending them to the last extremity, and hence seemed not to have entertained any plan, which contemplated a possible retreat; in which, as at the battle of Contreras, they committed a fundamental error in the science of war, which resulted, in both cases, in great slaughter and the entire dispersion or capitulation of their battalions engaged. It certainly may be said, that the neglecting of this important military principle was more frequent with the American than the Mexican army. But, then, there was this important difference in the two cases; that, whilst its violation by the latter was produced by a blind confidence of success, with the former it was the result of stern necessity; for our army, like an unsupported forlorn hope, found itself far in the interior of an enemy's country, cut off from its natural resources, and opposed by a force greatly superior in infantry, artillery and cavalry, long inured to the practical operations of war,—aided by the deadly hostility of the dense population, whose active cooperation was only restrained by the appalling boldness, energy and skill of their invader—joined to a wonderful combination of fortunate circumstances throughout the war, too conspicuous to be the result of chance, and which could only have happened by the favor of heaven.

For what purpose the subterranean passage was made, I was never able to find out. With the exception of the shallow cave at the entrance, the whole had been cut out of the hard porphyritic rock, evidently at great expense and labor; it possibly may have been designed as a secret way of communication with the castle. The opening is near what is called Montezuma's garden, once, doubtless, the delightful shady retreat of the villa of the Aztec Emperors, adorned in one direction by those magnificent cypress trees, the huge trunks of which stand, like giants, to guard the entrance to this consecrated ground; whilst their foliage, hoary with the accumulated moss of ages, involuntarily excites the veneration of the beholder, as he thus traces back their origin beyond even the shadowy traditions of the primeval races. How different the scene which at this time presented itself to that of former days! These kings of the forest were now scared and torn in a hundred places by artillery, and the shattered limbs and broken branches drooped over their roots, steeped in blood; for even at one spot, between them and the cave, and but a short distance from its mouth, one hundred and forty dead bodies, horribly mangled by our shots and shells, had been pitched down from the upper walls of the fortification, which at this side overlook the precipitous rocky declivity. And long will it be before the remembrance will pass from my mind of this sickening sight, in connection with the gloomy Subterranean Passage of the Castle of Chapultepec.

Buried Alive.

The Baltimore correspondent of the Tribune of this morning, tells the following horrible story:—

"A most horrid case of burying alive occurred a few weeks since in our city, and which, although generally talked of, has, out of respect to the friends of the deceased, been excluded from the public prints. A young lady was taken sick, and died very suddenly, as was supposed by the family and physician, and was placed in her coffin and carried to the depository of the family, and placed in the family vault. A few days afterwards, on visiting the vault, they were struck with the horrible sight of the young lady in her burial clothing, out of the coffin, and sitting up against the side of the wall—dead!

"As may be supposed, the discovery has plunged her family and large circle of acquaintances in the deepest anguish. It was found on examining the coffin, that the lid had been forcibly pressed off by the young woman, who had actually been buried before the vital spark had fled, and who had returned to consciousness, but to die the most horrible of deaths! Many may doubt this, but it is too true to be denied."

British "National" Debt.—The London *Standard of Fredom* says that the constant course of the government to style the public debt "National" is an exception to their mode of nomenclature for everything else of a public nature. The Army and Navy are the Queen's. The Church is a State Church. The Courts of Justice are all Regal. Down to the very constable, every officer is the Queen's officer; nay, the peace of the nation is the Queen's peace. The Debt alone has, ever since its commencement, in the year 1694, been deemed solely the People's concern. The part of the government was to borrow and spend it. It was the People's part to pay it.

Coast and Territories of the United States.—The sea coast of the United States, according to a recent report of the land office, is five thousand one hundred and twenty miles, including the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific, or a "shore line" following the irregularities of the shore and sea islands, according to an estimate of the superintendent of the coast survey, of 33,063 miles. The territories of the United States, including those recently acquired, contain two millions, one hundred and eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and ninety-six square miles, or 1,023,518,080 acres, which is sufficient to give fifty-one acres, without including the states, to every one of the twenty millions of inhabitants in the country. This territory is distributed as follows:—Northwest Territory, west of the Mississippi river, 723,248 square miles; Wisconsin Territory, 22,336 square miles; Oregon, 341,463; Upper California and New Mexico, 526,078; Texas, 325,520. The newly acquired territory, lying north of 36 deg. 30 min. is 1,642,781, south 544,712.

Length of Sea Coast of the United States.—

From the Northern limits of the United States to the Cape of Florida on the Atlantic ocean....	1,900	miles.
From the Cape of Florida to the mouth of the Rio Grande on the Gulf of Mexico.....	1,600	"
From the boundary point one league south of the port of San Diego on the Pacific, along the coast of Oregon and the Straits of Fuca to the boundary point 49 deg. north latitude....	1,620	"
Making together the length of sea coast on the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific....	5,120	"
Or a "shore line" following the irregularities of the shore and sea islands, according to an estimate of the superintendent of the coast survey, of.....	33,063	"

AN EXCURSION AMONG THE CHINESE.

The Rev. William Dean, Baptist Missionary to China, writes to the New York Recorder, from Shanghai, Oct. 28th, 1848, as follows:—

Your letter of May 30th came to me here last week, after I had returned from a trip into the country. I left here on Monday in a Chinese boat and in Chinese costume, and after a pleasant trip returned in safety, and with improved health, on the following Saturday. he weather was delightfully cool, the winds Northerly, the thermometer varyiug from 75 to 84 deg. The country through the whole region is one extensive plain of rice and cotton fields, intersected by rivers and canals, and ornamented with cities, villages, and farm-houses, and groves of shade trees marking the resting-places of the dead. These last are scattered promiscuously over the gardens and fields, the coffins placed on the surface of the ground, many covered over with only a mat or a thatch of straw, while the more wealthy cover the coffins of departed friends with a mound of earth or a monument of brick, and plant around them the willow, the cedar and cypress trees. This gives to the picture an air of romance, and the traveler fancies himself in a fairy land, while viewing these objects at a distance; but on closer inspection, the enchantment which distance lends to the view is exchanged for disgust at the filth of the streets, the stench from sewers and public receptacles of offal, and he pities the people who, though in nature's paradise, still live in domestic discomfort, and moral darkness. The rice fields, now covered with a luxuriant growth within one month of the harvest, are irrigated by means of the Chinese water-wheel, which draws the water up from the rivers and canals, and these are turned sometimes by a single buffalo or bullock, and sometimes by men, and not unfrequently by *women;* and in some instances we saw women with *small feet* turning the water-wheel, which is done with the feet!

The same ground that is here occupied by rice and cotton from May to October, is growing wheat, barley, beans, cabbage, &c., during the winter months. The succeeding crop is often sown before its predecessor is removed from the ground. The wheat here is poor. The Indian corn is found in small quantities, and used mostly while green, but we get a little corn meal coarsely ground by the mill, or the stones turned by the buffalo, which is used for hommony or Johnny cake, which is very acceptable to corn-eaters, but is not equal to the corn meal of America. The wheat is ground in the same way, and is coarse and dark-colored, but if used while fresh makes good bread. Cotton, one of the chief articles of export from this region, is this year, an unpromising crop. Instead of rising to the height of three or four feet as usual, the stalks, this year, are not more than a foot and a half or two feet high, in consequence of the flooding of the country by the typhoon in July. The plants which produce the yellow and the white cotton are not distinguishable, and are often found growing promiscuously in the same field. The flowers are yellow, and each blossom, within 2 or 3 days after opening, withers away; then forms the bud or oval pod an inch or two in diameter, containing the cotton. We saw the old men, women and children, in the fields, gathering the first ripening buds of cotton, while the opening flowers were seen on the branches around them. The whole process, from the cultivation of the fields to the weaving the cloth, is done by hand, and the low price of the *nanking* or yellow cotton cloth here in market, shows the small returns for manual labor. We saw some fields of tobacco, orchards of mulberry trees, and the plant resembling the indigo, from which they extract a blue dye.

The way was lined with old temples mostly in a state of decay; here and there a small pagoda; but neither pagodas nor temples so high by far, nor in so good repair, as in Siam and Burmah. We saw, as we passed along, images mutilated and neglected, often exposed to the weather, and sometimes in a prostrate position; with here and there a mendicant priest of Buddh, with the object of charity marked in large letters on his back, and with a small bamboo drum, walking the streets and receiving, now and then, a few cash from the people. Idolatry in this region appears by no means to be in its *glory*, but apparently going to decay, not from any exterior influence, but from the indifference of the people and the want of some inherent and self-supporting principle. We passed several cities where the people, as usual, were busily engaged in getting gain, or in gambling and dissipation, but we rarely saw one engaged in any religious act. All passed us by with no further notice than they are accustomed to bestow upon an ordinary Chinaman, and not even the dogs paid us the salute we used to receive in an English dress. I am inclined to attribute this to the dreamy, unobserving habits of the people, rather than to any very nice imitation of Chinese, in mode and manners, on my part. However, we passed on land and water unrecognized, and enjoyed a peep into the forbidden regions of the *central country*, and returned quite improved in health.

ANCIENT COINS.—Accompanying the following letter, we have received several specimens of silver coin, found secreted on Andros Island, one of the Bahama Sand Keys. It is supposed to have been buried by the pirates, who long ago frequented those islands Nassau, near which it was found, was one of their strongholds. The coins are hammered, not cast, and are rude and irregular. They bear Spanish marks, but the dates are illegible, except on one, which seems to have 1316 or 1318 on one side, and the figures 118 on the other. One coin is full weight for a dollar, and another for a half; and a silversmith informs us that the metal is pure and unalloyed.

NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, April, 1849.

The romance and reality of a few days sail on the Ocean is a thread-bare theme, and would prove a dull one for a more sprightly pen than my own. Suffice it to say, that a short trip like this, in a good vessel, with a gentlemanly captain, and safe navigator, is free from that sameness, and irksome, time-killing operation, which one must undergo during longer confinement on shipboard.

We arrived here on the 7th inst. The Western entrance to the harbor is not visible until within a short distance of the mouth. As we entered, and slowly passed in front of the town, it presented an inviting, beautiful and Oriental appearance. The houses are large, and with the forts and barracks, and church steeples, looked quite like a city. Above the white walls of the houses the cocoa-nut, tamarind, and date trees spread their branches, loaded with foliage and fruit; and, most cheering of all, the "stars and stripes" were waving in front of the residence of the U. S. Consul, and bidding us welcome to the shore.

We received a visit from the port officers, who were very kind and polite; and we soon after landed.

This is my first visit to this jewel of the ocean; and so far I have no reason to regret, but have to rejoice, that fortune has directed me hither. For one like myself, wandering about the world, in quest of the priceless blessing, good health, this presents as many advantages as any sea port in the West India Islands. Its climate is equal to that of Cuba. Its superior advantages are in good and congenial society, which in Cuba is very rare. The hospitality of the people is unquestionable. And even among the lower classes more order and civility are observed, than are usually found among such a mixture of races and colors.

The reputation of Nassau abroad, as a place of resort, I know is not of the first standing; because, it is more fashionable to go to Cuba. I say from experience that but little is to be gained, as usual, in following the multitude. Here can be found peace and order, morality and religion, and institutions and laws under which one can rest in safety. A people speaking our own language, who live in clean, comfortable and commodious habitations,—who eat and drink like civilized people. But in Cuba these requisites for necessity and pleasure are seldom found. Taking all its advantages into consideration, it cannot be surpassed as a resort for the recruiting invalid, who seeks to find bracing climate, quietness, and most of the luxuries which the tropics afford.

The Islanders are turning their attention more to the cultivation of fruit than formerly; and when the season for the best crop comes round, if here, I will take pleasure in forwarding to your address some specimens of their success. Arrangements are now being made for establishing a regular packet line between your city and this place. When this is accomplished, communication will be frequent and pleasant.

Since the California gold excitement is the rage, I will, as a rejoinder, forward for your inspection, some of the products of the Bahama sand banks, in the shape of precious metal already coined. It was found on an uninhabited sand key in November last.

You will probably hear from me again before I leave the Island. Yours truly, *. *.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, May 15th.

The landing of the Pilgrims at St. Mary's is to be celebrated to-day. Some of our citizens and the students and faculty of Georgetown College have gone there. The Catholic council of Bishops lately convened in Baltimore will also attend. There will be a considerable concourse of Marylanders present, and especially of those who are descended from, or hold in reverence the character of the early Catholic settlers of Maryland. The celebration of the foundation of Maryland by Lord Baltimore, is a matter of recent origin. All the States have of late manifested an interest in the history of their early colonization; and the origin of each settlement, the struggles and hardships of the first settlers, the first feeble and tottering steps of the infant State, are now eagerly traced.

No State has, perhaps, much greater reason to respect its early freedom than the people of Maryland. Sir George Calvert was an eminent statesman, member of the Privy Council and Secretary to James the 1st. James was not bigoted against the Roman Catholics, of whom Calvert was one, and he was high in Court favor, and popular with all parties. He had early taken an interest in American colonization, and he found no difficulty in obtaining a grant of as much territory as he wanted, and with a very liberal charter. With keen sagacity he required an exemption of Maryland from English taxation forever. His object was to secure an asylum for Papists, and to establish religious security and peace in the new world. He did not live to carry out his designs, but his eldest son, Cecil, (Lord Baltimore) at a vast expense, planted the colony, and ruled over it as the proprietor, for forty-three years. His brother, Leonard Calvert, conducted the first emigrants to the waters of the Chesapeake. On Friday, the 22d November, 1633, Calvert with about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen, and their servants, in the Ark and Dove, a large ship and pinnance, set sail for the land of promise. In February, they reached Point Comfort, and, after some survey of the northern part of the Potomac, they determined to settle on the right hand of a river which they named St. Mary's, twelve miles from its junction with the Potomac. The spot selected was an Indian town, Yocomoco, which they named St. Mary's, and they gained so much favor with the natives as to be able to purchase the site. On the 27th March, 1634, the Catholics took possession, and to use the words of Bancroft,—"religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary."

The Colonists had no difficulties with the Indians, because they dealt justly with them; they had no sufferings, because the rich and generous proprietors expended, in the first two years, upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling in their support.

Lord Baltimore took the oath of Governor of Maryland a year or two afterwards. His oath was this:—"I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion." Both the Roman Catholics and the Protestants found shelter under his wise and liberal government, and he invited the Puritans of Massachusetts to emigrate to Maryland, offering them land and privileges, and "free liberty of religion." For nearly half a century, Lord Baltimore conducted the affairs of the colony, and during the whole period, it was, perhaps, the happiest, the most tranquil, and most prosperous infant colony in the world ever saw.

Why the 15th May, instead of the 27th March, is taken as the day of celebrating the landing, I do not know, unless the latter date is that of the first organization of the colonial government.

At the ancient town of St. Mary's, or rather at its site, Marylanders are now congregated to do homage to the memory of their wise and benevolent fathers.

Of the old town of St. Mary's there are no more vestiges left than there are of the Indian village of Yocomoco. I have twice landed there while on fishing excursions, searching for shells in the marl banks &c. There is no vestige of the old English town, except a heap of rubbish, which marks the spot where stood the ancient church of the Indian village. I was more fortunate in obtaining a memorial, in a jaspar arrow-head found on the shore, and two quartz spoon-heads picked up, after diligent search, in a corn field.

But at St. Trigoes, which I have more than once visited, and hope to again, near the mouth of the river, there is a number of memorials of the first settlers.

This is an old Jesuit establishment, and in former times was a fort. At this place were two pieces of cannon, which Lord Baltimore brought over. They have, I believe, been taken to some other place for preservation. A very large, massive, oval table, of some dark wood, is shown to visitors, at the "Priest's" house, which Lord Baltimore brought over with him, and entertained his council at for 40 odd years.

There are some fine farms on both sides of the St. Mary's, and many very excellent people.

Welsh Sayings.

Three things that never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and the [illegible]s tongue.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, and to please all in every thing that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well-water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish the fire, an ugly wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three warnings from the grave—'thou knowest what I was; thou seest what I am; remember what thou art to be.'

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three essentials to a false story teller—a good memory, a bold face, and fools for an audience.

Three things seen in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

MINERAL WEALTH OF RUSSIA.—The metalic produce of the Russian empire in 1848, was, according to official documents, as follows:—viz., 1,826 poods of gold, ½ pood of platinum, 1,192 poods of silver, 254,569 poods of copper, and 8,513,673 poods of wrought iron. The pood is equivalent to a little more than 36 lbs. avoirdupois. The gold from Russia therefore represents a value of 3,944,832*l.* (or 98,120,800f.), [about nineteen million, six hundred thousand dollars], making due allowance for the English alloy.—The silver, at 5s 6d the ounce, represents a value of 188,000*l.*

The Irish papers announce that Prof. Glukman is engaged in the construction of a photographic apparatus, by which, with the aid of Lord Rosse's monster telescope, it is hoped that delineations of the most distant planeatory arrangements and movements may be obtained.

Rio de Janeiro, March 19th.

The bay and harbor of Rio is one of the finest on the globe, large and deep enough for all the navies in the world. The entrance to it between Sugar Loaf and the fort on the mountain opposite, is about one mile and a half wide, and the view that meets the eye of one sailing up the bay is one of the most magnificent I ever saw. The almost precipitous peaks that rise on either hand, and in front the "pepper boxes" (as the mountains are significantly termed) in the dim distance, looming up into the clouds, the city of Rio on the left, also the beautiful suburb of Boto-Fogo, and on the right the villages of St. Domingo and Rio Grande, and the bay dotted with craft of all kinds, are but imperfectly represented in the finest panoramic views that I have seen. We have really envied the Brazilians this splendid site and noble bay. If the Americans were to occupy the city for six months, the change would be wonderful in that time. Large piers and wharves would be built the whole length of the town on the river; old and dilapidated buildings which now stand in prominent streets and squares would give place to new and beautiful edifices; the river would be alive with steamboats crowded with freight and passengers; railroads would be chequering the country in all directions, running between or even through the immense mountains, and it would soon look natural to us, like Yankee land. But South America is South America, and the people here are a hundred years behind the age, and there is no likelihood of their ever catching up. There are to be sure many French here, who have introduced fashions, splendid furniture, &c., and throughout Rue de Ouvidor (the narrow Broadway of Rio) are many fine stores, quite equal in point of goods and taste in their arrangement to the handsomest New York can boast of.

There are but six steamers plying in the harbor, four of them ferry boats; in the streets there are only five or six omnibuses, but of hacks and private carriages there are a great abundance—the former being hired to strangers for eight and ten dollars per day; mules and horses two and a half dollars per day. Messrs. Southworth & Sands have recently imported two magnificent Broadway omnibuses of Eaton, Gilbert & Co.'s manufacture, Troy, N. Y. They have been running to the Botanical Gardens, for the accommodation of the numerous Californians. The Brazilians could not be persuaded to trust their limbs and lives in one of them at first, doubting the American skill and ingenuity in constructing them, but now, since *we* have thoroughly tested them, the natives are anxious to ride, and some have endeavored to purchase them, offering large sums, but the proprietors positively refuse to allow a Brazilian to have any thing to do with them, and the coat of arms of Brazil, which is beautifully painted upon one side, is soon to be covered by a plate, with "For the California Boys," engraven on it. The people here are taking advantage of the general rush of Americans, and reaping quite a harvest. For the privilege of sleeping on the floor many have paid half a dollar; a room large enough for six or eight persons rents at the rate of $2500 a year, and the charge for meals is proportionably extortionate. Every article of merchandise is enormously high, except clothing, which can be bought as cheap as in Chatham street. The current coin is large copper pieces of the value of little more than one and two cents each, called half dumps and dumps by some. No silver is in circulation, excepting that which we have brought from the States, and on which the brokers and others shave us outrageously. There is a great deal of paper money from one Mil-reis (fifty cents) to fifty, ($25.) Every one, therefore, to have convenient change, must carry about with him a small load of these copper coins.

I have seen the Emperor and Empress three times. They are both fine looking personages; the former, Don Pedro II., is twenty-four year old, and his consort, Donna Theresa Christina Maria, daughter to the King of Naples, is three years his senior. The Emperor speaks very good English, and has been kind and condescending to all the Americans he has fallen in with. A party rode out to his country palace a few days ago, and meeting him with the Empress near it, immediately shook hands all round with both of them, and, rough and ready like, greeted them cordially. Those who witnessed it were astonished at the lack of ceremony used upon the occasion.

Generally speaking, however, the foreigners have conducted themselves very respectably, and we all surely have been treated very politely by the inhabitants and the crowned heads also. Last Wednesday was the anniversary of the Empress' birth day. It was celebrated by firing of cannon morning and evening, and a royal procession of great splendor during the day, to the palace. From thence the Emperor and Empress attended service at the Chapel, where all who desired obtained a sight of their majesties.

The population of Rio Janeiro is about 150,000; the greater part of them are slaves; there are 40,000 French here. The streets of the city are very narrow, but quite clean, as all the dirt and vegetable offal which is generally found in our streets is carried daily to the river by the negroes. At night, when the sea breeze arises, and especially at low tide, the neighborhood along the river is very unpleasant. As there are no docks, vessels are unloaded by lighters, of which there are many in all parts of the harbor.

There are fifty-seven churches here, and some of them very splendid, especially the chapel of the Monastery, and the Emperor's chapel. The bells are the sweetest toned I have ever heard, and every church tower is provided with chimes of them. They are all swung, though some are as large as our City Hall bell. A great deal of silver is used in their composition; almost daily the chimes may be heard pealing forth from every church tower. I really coveted them for New York. Of handsome buildings there are very few. The Palace, in Palace square, was undoubtedly a fine edifice when built, and may be considered so by many, now. There are a few private dwellings which look very well, being built substantially of stone, and stuccoed beautifully; there are no houses of wood, nor is there a shingle roof in Rio, but all are composed of old fashioned tiles, so that a conflagration is hardly known here. Messrs. Maxwell, Wright, & Co., the largest firm in this place, have recently erected for their business a magnificent warehouse, with a beautiful iron roof, (the only one here). The store is some 200 feet deep, by 50 feet wide, and two stories high.

The Museum and the National Gallery of the Fine Arts, are well worthy of a visit from every stranger; in the latter are several excellent paintings, statuary, &c. The Botanical Gardens form one of the greatest objects of interest in this vicinity; they are about eight miles from the city, and are reached by a road running through the most sublime and picturesque scenery the world can produce. The grounds cover upwards of 200 acres, and were laid out by the Emperor Don Pedro the First, since which time they have been enlarged and beautified by the present Emperor. Here is to be seen in all the luxuriance of their native soil, the Cinnamon, Clove, Camphor and Nutmeg, the Tea plant, the Coffee tree, also Orange groves, Lemon trees Bananas, Cocoanuts, and thousands of others of great interest. In the limits of the city is also a garden beautifully shaded, though not abounding in fruit trees. To know what Rio Janeiro is one must visit it, for I cannot tell you the half I have seen during the past ten days.

Very soon all the vessels now in port will be upon the bounding billow, ploughing their way for the new country; we all congratulate each other, and hope to meet again before long.

Yours, &c., S. I. G.

OPENING OF THE ROMAN INQUISITION.

The following very interesting account of the opening of the inquisition, in the city of Rome, on the 1st of April last, is from a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune. It may be recollected, that the defenders of Rome have repeatedly denied the existence of the Inquisition in any part of the world, for some years past:—

On Sunday last the palace of the Inquisition was thrown open to the public, after some days devoted to an inventory of its contents, and investigations which resulted in the discovery of some relics of the diabolical practices, with which this tribunal has been associated. Curiosity had been whetted by the accounts, which appeared from time to time, of prisoners, bones and tortures; and more recently by the proclamation announcing that the building would be opened, which spoke of "horrid prisons, skeletons and instruments of torture."

The people poured into it in crowds. Everybody was there—ragged, cadaverous old men, who looked as if they might have just come from the prisons—fresh young girls, with their missals, who had perhaps half an hour before been listening reverently to a mass from the lips of some priest, who might have

had his share in the deeds they were shuddering over —strangers with their eyes stretched, and ready for the most fearful sights. They were below and above, in the vaults and the garrets, running through long suits of rooms—passages which led to nothing—peeping into coal-closets and the mouth of some old drain, and turning away with a disappointed look and the exclamation, "Non e'e niente," ("there's nothing there.")

I went with the crowd, and at first I could not avoid a feeling of disappointment, and thought that the Government had wisely chosen the 1st of April, to expose the horrors of the Inquisition; but convinced that there must be something to see, I kept up my search. I found my way at last into a quiet garden, with a bubbling fountain in the centre, which seemed the very spot for sacred meditation; but around the garden was a low building with grated windows. The rough walls of the rooms within were covered with inscriptions marked with a bit of charcoal—some ascriptions of praise—some bitter and complaining. In one I read, "Let us pray to God, that the good people may have pity." In another, "Take away oppression, O God." "Too long have I been confined here at the caprice of calumniators, without admission to the sacraments." "*How much have I suffered here!*" Here beneath a death's head and cross-bones was written, "*O mori!*" Here, "Scipio Gaetani—eight years have I been imprisoned here." There was one short but expressive sentence in the English language: "Is *this* the Christian faith?" In one prison, a heavy trap-door was lifted from a dark opening, exposing a deep black vault; below in a corner, lay a mass of bedclothes and tattered garments, among which I recognized a worn, dirty strait-waistcoat, apparently intended for a female. In several of the rooms were pipes, through which, probably, food was given to the wretched inmates.

In another part of the building, a dense crowd was assembled around the entrance to a vault, which seemed to pass beneath the whole palace. I made my way through the mass, and down the rough steps, and recognized, by the light of the torches upon the walls, heaps of human bones scattered over the floor. Others were protruding from the wall of earth at the side, yet untouched; and although it was difficult to distinguish in this confused mass, sex, age, or even the different parts of the body, one at least seemed to be that of a female; and the seventeen thigh bones, which might be counted here and there, told the story of nine poor victims.

The excavations are yet unfinished, and it is not easy to conjecture how much the number may be increased. But even these few relics afford room for the darkest suspicions. How many years have passed since these vaults received their last victim? Did he waste away slowly under torture and starvation; or did the *holy* fathers, more merciful than usual, give him the blessing of a sudden death? But these are conjectures without limit. It is difficult to account for the presence of these relics, upon any supposition favorable to the Holy Office. They are found imbedded in earth, filling the brick arches which form the foundation of the building, and must, therefore, have been placed there since its construction—a fact inconsistent with the supposition that they belonged to an ancient cemetery on this spot, if any existed; and it is but too clear, from the appearance of the bones, that their possessors were born long since the erection of the building. Perhaps the unfortunate nun, who was found in her cell, when recent events threw open the doors of the palace, might tell us something, that would aid in explaining these discoveries. It is difficult to believe, that the present century can have witnessed any of the enormities, for which this dreadful tribunal has become proverbial. But whether the practices thus revealed, date from the last century or the last year, they afford another example of the horrors of religious persecution, and confirm my desire for the downfall of a creed, which still clings to the principles which authorized and occasioned the establishment of this detestable institution. It is said that, in the convent of the Ara Cœli, a Spanish monk was found, who had been imprisoned there for twenty-five years. When taken from his cell, the poor man was almost blinded by the glare of day, which now visited his eyes the first time for a quarter of a century. It is hardly necessary to speak of his surprize, on learning that he was set free by the authority of a Roman Republic. "Can such things be without our special wonder?" It were natural to believe that these stories are got up for the occasion, but some things I have seen, and others I tell as they were told me.

ALLIGATOR FIGHT—*An Incident of the Crevasse.* The quarters of our friend, Col. Claiborne, ne Sauve's crevasse, are some four feet under water. Night before last, a veteran alligator from St. Tammany concluded to pay the Colonel a visit in a friendly way, and congratulate him, as a brother democrat, on the nomination of Walker and Plauche. Taking his course quietly through the cornfields and pastures, he thought it would be polite to call at the cabin of the "driver," or head man, and inquire if the Colonel was at home. Finding the door closed, he walked under the house, and bellowed, halloo! at the top of his voice. Getting no answer, he commenced a tremendous floundering and thumping, lifting up the flooring, and scattering the little "niggers" in every direction. The hubbub soon roused the sleepers. They jumped out of bed in a terrible stew, raked up a light, and at the same moment were sent bouncing among the rafters, the visitor underneath lifting up one plank, and then another, flinging the whole crowd off their legs as fast as they could straighten them out. Such a scene of confusion was never witnessed. The darkies were completely bewildered, and their outcries soon drew the whole establishment together. The planks were drawn up, and there was—not old Nick—but a fellow much uglier, a tremendous Alligator, with expanded jaws, shaking his monstrous tail in defiance, and sweeping it round in rapid semi-circles. The instant he was discovered, two huge dogs leaped upon him, but the contest did not last for a moment. One he struck dead with his sweeping tail, the other he crunched between his bloody jaws. But by this time the negroes got their dander up. They rushed upon him with axes, mauls, and bludgeons. The monster stood his ground, and "never said die," until one of them thrust a burning brand down his fetid throat. He is of enormous girth, and measures over fifteen feet. Col. Claiborne, designs sending the skeleton to Dr. Bennett Dowler, of this city, who has written a most ingenious treatise on the natural history of the Alligator.—*New Orleans Delta, 13th.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good. Some sins have a *seeming* compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man *feels* no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool.

And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish, man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal.

And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes 'by contraries?' Will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground more productive, the markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting "mad" help matters?—make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable?

An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is as an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving.

Since then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged at all?—*Bost. Reporter.*

AMERICAN ORANGES.—The Mobile Herald says that since the destructive hurricane in Cuba a few years since, the Mobile fruit market has been supplied chiefly with Creole oranges raised in that neighborhood, Pascagoula and on the "coast" near New Orleans. These oranges are generally larger than those raised in the neighborhood of Havana, and much superior in flavor. The Herald contends that a number of locations might be selected on the bay and neighboring islands, where the orange would thrive admirably and scarcely ever to be injured by frost. It instances the case of a person who realizes from $800 to $1,000 annually from about thirt[illegible] garden

From the Victoria (Texas) Advocate.

A Wild Woman.

We know not but our reputation for veracity may suffer by the following statement; but as we have been laying off for the last two years to give it, we think there is no use of waiting any longer. It will require some credulity to believe the story; but we can assure the reader that what we shall state could be established by the testimony of some of the oldest and most respectable citizens of our neighboring county of Jackson.

For the last ten years there has lived in and inhabited the thickets of the Navidad bottoms, in Jackson county, an animal universally believed to be a woman, and though diligent search has frequently been made, not a living soul has ever been able to see it; though on one occasion, several years ago, a party driving cows through the bottom, came so close upon it's camp or den, as to compel it to drop a kind of basket or trunk, which, upon examination, was found to be a perfect curiosity, containing a most astonishing variety of little trinkets, such as pins, needles, knives, brushes, and several articles whose uses were entirely unknown, and all of the most ingenious and exquisite workmanship, also a small pocket Bible, with "New York" written in it, in a small beautiful hand writing, together with two guns, one of which it had stocked—having stolen an old gun barrel from the settlement.

The principal reason for believing it to be a woman, arises from its track, which has often been seen, and which resembles exactly a small and delicate female. It frequently visits neighboring houses at night, for the purpose of picking up such articles as it can lay its hands on—clothing particularly, of which it is supposed, from the quantity missing from time to time, it has enough to set up a respectable millinery shop and clothing store.

About a year ago it went in the house of Sam. A. Rogers, when he was absent, opened his medicine chest, took a portion of all the medicines in it, carefully putting back the stoppers, and committing no other damage besides that of taking several articles of clothing, which after going to the edge of the bottom, it appears to have sorted out, and left such articles upon a stick as it did not seem to require. It also came to Mr. Rogers's place recently and brought back a wooden bowl taken about a year since, and a trace chain that had been missing for eight years.—These are but a tithe of the many eccentricities of the man, woman, or animal; but they serve as a specimen.

So sure are the people on the Navidad that it is a wild human being, that we understand a reward of forty cows and calves has been offered to any one who would capture it. It is supposed by some that there was once a man and a woman, but that the man had died. How true this conjecture is, we cannot say: but there can hardly be a doubt but a wild man or woman has inhabited the Navidad Mustang bottoms, near Texana, for many years. It cannot be a negro, male or female, because the track forbids the conclusion. We incline to think it a Mexican woman.

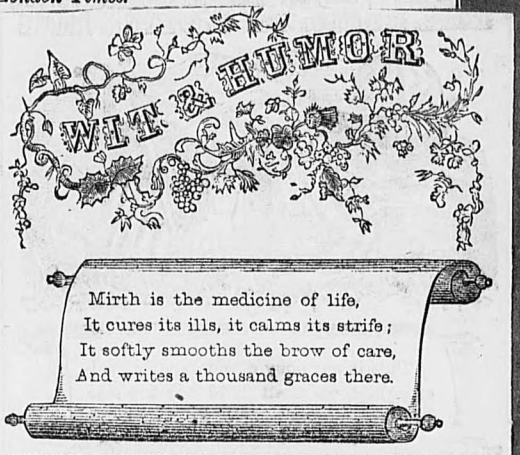
THE TELEGRAPH IN GREAT BRITAN.—The Electric Telegraph Company have established a system of no ordinary complication and extent. Their wires stretch from Glasgow on the north to Dorchester on the south, from the east coast at Yarmouth to the west at Liverpool. They have brought upwards of 150 towns into instant communication with each other. They have a central office in Lothbury, London, and five branch receiving-houses in various parts of the metropolis; and from the main station at Lothbury their wires (carried at great cost in iron pipes under the streets) diverge to every town of importance in the country.

In the metropolis alone they have upwards of 60 persons in their employment, and at each of their country stations they have, independently of messengers, not less than two, and in many cases as many as ten signal clerks, all of them skilled in manipulating and interpreting the telegraph.

The wires which they have set up for the use of the public alone are upwards of 9,800 miles in length, and extend over a distance of 2,060 miles, and, exclusive of those running under ground and through tunnels or rivers, are stretched on no less than 61,800 posts, varying from 16 feet to 30 feet in height, and of an average square of eight inches, with an expensive apparatus of insulators and winders attached to each.

As the most trifling derangement of the wires or apparatus will stop the communication, it is obvious that the utmost care and watchfulness is requisite to prevent and detect accidents, and when a derangement does occur it requires the nicest combinations to ascertain the exact point of the mischance, and great ingenuity and outlay to repair it without delay, and in such wise as to maintain the free passage of the electric current during the operation.

Accordingly the whole distance is divided into districts, each district having a superintendent, and under him several inspectors, and a staff of workmen, batterymen, and mechanics, more or less numerous, according to the extent over which he presides.—*London Times.*



On thanksgiving day an Irish woman called at an apothecary's, and asked what was good for a man? 'Why, what's the matter with your man?' 'Please, sir, is it castor ile or salts that's good for him?' 'How can I tell unless you let me know what is the matter with him?' 'Is it matter with him? Bless God, there's nothing the matter with him; but he had a leisure day, and thought he would take something!' Was this Irishman any wiser than hundreds of others, who should know better, who do not hesitate to deluge their internals with medicine, when if they hadn't too much 'leisure,' nothing would be 'the matter' with them?

☞The following incident occurred in Columbus, Georgia, about the time the U. S. Quartermaster was organising the "mule reg iment:"

A tall, lean, lanky green-horn came into town, and having been shown the gentleman who was purchasing the mules, walked up to him, and commenced by saying—"Well, stranger, I've heerd that you wanted a few able-bodied men to drive your mules down to Mexico; if you do, I'm to *rent*."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "we do want a few; are you a good driver?"

"About the *piertest* that you ever seed, and as for cussin' and hollerin' at a baulky team, why, I haint no equal in the whole country."

"I think we'll take you," said the gentleman; "call down again to-morrow at 10 o'clock. We have some mules to brand then, and will brand you at the same time."

"Do what?" asked the astonished "cracker."

"Will brand you; that is, put U. S. on your back with a hot iron, that is the way we mark all public property."

"Hot hell!—Good mornin', stranger; I don't care much about goin', no how; Judge Kalhoun writes that its monstrous onhealthy down there in Mexico." And off he mizzled.

A Good One.—Hon. Andrew Stewart, a distinguished member of Congress from Pennsylvania, has recently paid a visit to Lowell. He relates in a letter to the Uniontown (Pa.) Democrat, the following anecdote:

In looking over the pay roll or book, which I accidently picked up from the table, I found on tweuty seven consecutive pages, containing eight hundred signatures, nearly all girls, but a single one that made a mark or X, all written in a good and most of them in a most elegant hand. The Clerk observed to me that Lord Morpeth, when on a visit to this country some years ago, happened to be present on pay day, and with some surprise enquired:

"What! do your operatives write?"

"Certainly, sir," said the clerk, "the Americans all write."

Directly there came in a man who made his mark,

"Ah!" said his lordship with a smile, "I thought you said all wrote."

"All Americans your lordship, this was an Englishman."

Whereupon the Lord grinned a ghastly smile.

On one occasion when the Emperor Augustus was passing through the baths at Rome, he saw a veteran who had fought with him, rubbing himself, after bathing himself, against one of the columns. The emperor inquired why he had not a boy to do this? and being told that he was too poor, ordered him the means of paying one. On the next visit he saw at every column an old man rubbing himself; and on making the same inquiry, he received the same reply. His rejoinder, however, was not what they expected: for he said, 'Well, gentlemen, as there are so many of you, I should advise you to *rub one another*.'

At the battle of Waterloo two French officers were advancing to charge a much superior force, the danger was imminent, and one of them displayed evident signs of fear.—The other, observing it, said to him—

'Sir, I believe you are frightened.'

'Yes,' returned the other, 'I am, and if you were half as much frightened, you would run away.'

This anecdote exhibits the difference between moral and physical courage.

In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger.—"Oh yes," replied the sailor, "if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-morrow." The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, "shall we? the Lord forbid!"

The ladies about here say that the tailors are the most remarkable of all men for *pressing a suit*.

Ladies' shoes are often too much like corporations; they have no *soles*.

A friend, who has been delivering an address before a Phi Beta Kappa, writes us, that "every thing went off well, *especially the audience*."

Tight lacing is a public benefit, as it kills the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones.

Cutting Repartee.—When Sir Nicholas Bacon, a judge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was on the bench, he was strongly importuned by a criminal to save his life on the score of relationship.

"How so!" inquired the judge.

"Why," replied the culprit, "my name is Hog, and yours is Bacon, and hog and bacon are so near akin that they cannot be separated."

"Aye," said Nicholas, "but you and I cannot be related except you be hanged; hog is no bacon till it is well hanged."

"Sambo," said a Southern gentleman to his black servant, "I want you to clear up the things in the garret to-day, and scrub it out."

"Can't do it massa, no how," said Sambo.

"Can't do it!" said the gentleman; "why can't you do it?"

"Caze, massa, I'se 'posed to *high duties*."

Recitation.—"Class in rithmetic take the floor." said the professor.

"Zebulon, what is a unit."

"A unit is a——a——,"

"Next."

"A *ewe nit* is a little bit of a female feller, found on sheepses."

"Right. Go to the head."

"Nicholas, how many mills make a cent?"

"Don't know."

"Next."

"All grist mills make a cent, and some on 'em make a plaguy many cents, I guess, when they run day and night and the miller and boy both take toll."

The last resource to raise the wind is that of a shrewd but not scrupulous Yankee, who bought a bushel of shoe pegs, and on discovering they were made of rotten wood, sharpened the other end, and then sold them for oats!

The Manners and Customs of the Californians form the subject of an amusing letter from a gentleman there, to the Rochester Daily Advertiser. To milk a cow, for instance, we are told that much courage, and not a little ingenuity is requisite—the ordinary method being, firmly to fasten her head to one post, while her tail and hind legs are securely fastened to another! The animal productions of that delightful region are also particularly described, thus:—

"The sheep bear a strong resemblance to the cattle possessed by Jacob of old, i. e. speckled. The wool is so coarse and short, that it is scarcely fit to use. Swine are scarce, and quite inferior in quality. Dogs are numerous, yet the writer knew of but two decent representatives of that class of animals in this place, and they are not natives, but were imported. Cats and mice are much the same here as at home. Of rats there are three kinds, viz: the common, the white, and ground rat. The latter are a great nuisance; a few of them in a wheat field would be more destructive than a regiment of hogs."

QUID PRO QUO.—Judge R——, when President of the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Philadelphia, was one day asked by Mr. B. a member of the bar, whether the Court would set the next day. "Sit, Mr. B." the judge replied, "not set, hens set." Soon after, in a case in which the same lawyer was concerned, Judge R. observed, that an action would not lay in that case. "Lie, your honor," retorted Mr. B., "not lay, hens lay."

FORCE OF CUSTOM.—In a certain town not more than 50 miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of the Deacons, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher happening to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasures?" the good deacon, who kept a small store, thinking the inquiry respecting some kind of merchandise, immediately answered, "seven and sixpence a dozen."

TAPPING.—After a consultation, several physicians decided that a dropsical patient should be tapped. Upon hearing of the decision of the doctors, a son of the sick man approached him and exclaimed, "Father, don't submit to the operation, *for there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week.*"

CUTTING IT SHORT.

A certain barber, who was possessed of great powers of "gab," used to amuse his customers with his long yarns while he manipulated their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in, took his seat, and orders a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began, at the same time, one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman who, at length becoming irritated at him, said,

'Cut it short.'

'Yes, sir,' said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman again bawled out,

'Cut it short, I say.'

'Yes, sir,' clipping away and gabbling the faster.

'Cut it short, cut it short, I say,' says the old gent.

'Yes sir,' says the barber, going on with his story.

'Will you cut it short?' bawls the old gent in a rage.

'Can't sir,' said the barber, 'for if you look in the glass, you'll see that I've cut it all off.'

'Mr. Simpkins has an abominable gait, don't you think so?'

'No indeed, I think it quite handsome, especially since it was painted.'

This beats me out, as the rye said when the fellow hammered it over the head with a flail.

CANNIBALISM.—It is usual in Scotland for farmers to kill each a sheep for their own use at Christmas; so when the butchers inquire if they want any meat against Christmas, a common reply is, 'Nay, I think o' killing *myself.*' A butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance in the usual manner, saying,

'Will ye want a bit of meat, or will ye *kill yoursel'* this Christmas?'

'I kna not,' replied the farmer, 'whether I'se kill *mysel', or tak' a side o' my father!*'

A precocious youngster being asked how many genders there were, replied,

'Three, sir—the masculine, feminine, and neutral.'

'Very well done, my son—now go on to define them.'

'The masculine is men, the feminine is women, and the neutral is old maids and politicians!'

The most charitable man we ever knew, was a friend of ours, who one cold day took the coat from his back and gave it to a shivering beggar, but about five minutes after he had occasion to enter a small liquor store, where he found the poor devil trading it away for a pint of "red-eye" and half a dozen cigars.

QUAKER MEETING.—A young girl from the country, lately on a visit to Mr. H—, a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one; none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. H— left the meeting house with his young friend, he asked her "How dost thee like the meeting?" to which she pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word, it is enough to kill the devil!" "*Yea, my dear,*" rejoined the Quaker, "*that is just what we want.*"

Laughable Adventure.—The following Anecdote of the Dutches of Orleans was related to the late Mrs. Thicknesse by the Prior of St. Germains:—"The dutches, who was as remarkable for her wit and humor, as her beauty, used frequently to go to the comedy or opera incognito, and then sat in one of the upper boxes called Paradis or aux Cieux. A gentleman espying her from the pit, and taking her for one of those frail ones who generally occupy those seats at Paris imagined it was the same at Versailes; therefore went up, and *sans ceremonie* entered the box, and chatted in the most familiar style, unconscious to whom he was addressing his discourse. The princess was a woman who loved fun; perceiving his error, and that he was a stranger, she, pleased with his address and conversation, carried on the joke till the comedy ended, when he requested to be permitted to have the pleasure of her company at supper, which she politely declined. He then pressed her to allow him to see her home, and asked her if she had a carriage in waiting. On her answering him in the negative, he desired her to wait a moment whilst he went to call one; but she replid, "That there was no occasion for that, as she had but a few steps to go." The dutchess allowed him to hand her down stairs, when she suddenly turned toward the entrance of a narrow passage. Imagining that she had mistook the way, he said, "Madam, you are going wrong; don't you see the people are going on that way?" (pointing to a door which led into the street,) when she replied smiling, "Indeed I am going right, which you will presently see."

By this time she had reached a door that opened into the passage, when giving a few gentle taps, the door flew open, and discovered a magnificent hall, splendidly lighted up. The porter, with a silver staff in his hand, announced the arrival of the princess twice, in a loud voice, "Madame la Duchese d'Orleans." It is easier to conceive than describe, said the Prior, the astonishment of the stranger, which the duchess highly enjoying, smilingly said, "Come, come in, you shall not be disappointed, as you wished to sup with me!" The stranger was still immoveable, and seemed almost petrified. The duchess, bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter, asked what had become of all his good humor and pleasantry with which she was so charmed? "You seem quite thunderstruck."—"Indeed, madam, I am; for whilst we were together in heaven (*aux cieux*) we were on an equality, but I am truly sensible of the great difference there is between us now we are upon earth." His ready reply so pleased the duchess that she presented him to the duke, when he was received as a favorite *en famille* ever afterwards."

Morning in the East.—However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the east, where its contrast to the subduing heat or burning noon renders it a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade, which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping; the joyous matins of the bird, and the playful gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being frequently perched on the same tree. The smaller birds, the sparrow hawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches, the crow-pheasant whirrs as strange foot-steps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes: while flocks of parroquets, upon the slightest disturbance, issue screaming from their woody coverts, and, spreading emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen, sculking along to their dens, the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nylghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands at bay erecting his quills in wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals, the beautiful little blue fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the nimble mungoose, make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmanee ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sand banks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.—[Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan.

Productions and Capital of the United States.—A recent number of the New Orleans Commercial Times contains an article of great value, and the result of much labor, on the productions and capital of the United States for the year 1848. It is made up by taking the returns of 1840 and adding 25 per cent. for the increase of the past eight years. The prices of the principal articles of production are assumed as follows:—Cotton, at 6 cents per pound; sugar, 4; rice, 3; tobacco, 7; wheat, 60 cents per bushel; corn, 30; barley, 30; oats, 25; rye, 40; buckwheat, 50; and potatoes, 30 cents. Hay, $10, and hemp and flax, $50 per ton.

According to these estimates, all the crops of the United States in 1848 will be worth, in round numbers, $591,400,000. Of these products, the New England States contribute only $58,000,000; while New York alone contributes $79 000,000; Pennsylvania, $55,000,000; Ohio, $49,000,000, and Indiana $47,000,000. These are the great producing States of the Union.

The whole investment in manufactures in the United States is set down at $343,300,000. Of this, New England furnishes nearly one third, viz. $109,000,000. Massachusetts stands second only in the United States as a manufacturing State, having $52,000,000 invested in this department of industry; while New York has $69,000,000, and Pennsylvania $50,000,000.

Indian corn appears to be the great staple of the country; the whole quantity for the year being set down at about 472,000,000 bushels, valued at $141,573,000. The hay crop takes the next place, and is estimated to be worth $128,000,000. Cotton stands next, being estimated at 2,400,000 bales, worth $64,860,000. The wheat crop this year is supposed to be equal to 105,858,000 bushels, and is valued at $63,514,000. The products of the dairy it is supposed wil be worth $42,360,000; and the potato crop $40,600,000.

From these estimates some opinion may be formed of the productions of the United States, and the means which Providence has placed in our hands for the employment and sustenance of our immense and rapidly increasing population. And when it is considered that our country is as yet comparatively uncultivated, and its resources but very partially developed, no one can fail to be impressed with the enormous capabilities of the country. We have heard it stated by an intelligent Western member of Congress, that the single State of Indiana could raise breadstuffs enough to supply the entire population of the United States.—*Boston Journal.*

A Colored Settlement.—Gerrit Smith's Colored Settlement in Florence N. Y., is now in full progress. A building to hold 70 families will be finished by the 1st of January. The property has plenty of water power, and grist and saw mills have been projected. Mr. Smith has given a number of farms to enterprising colored persons, and the Florence Association intend to purchase several hundred acres around them. In the settlement, the village lots are selling for three dollars per lot, the lots contain a quarter of an acre each, which will enable each person to have thirty acres, with the advantage of the timber. Messrs. Filmore, Fish, Morgan, and other prominent men of New York, have contributed to promote the object.

[Subscriptions, in aid of some who are desirous of settling on those lands, but who are without the means of procuring farming utensils, &c,, may be forwarded to Frederick Douglas, Rochester, N. Y., by whom they will be thankfully received, and properly applied.]

To make names grow in Fruit.—When peaches and nectarines are about half ripe, cover the side exposed to the sun with strips or specs of wax, in any desired shape or form, which hinders the sun from coloring the part covered; and, when the fruit is ripe, and the wax removed, it will be found marked in the manner described.—*Charleston Trans.*

Calandrino, Bruno and Buffalmacco, in Search of the Heliotrope.

[*"Done" into modern English from Boccaccio, for the Ladies' Companion; by an Amateur.*

In ancient times there lived in the beautiful and romantic city of Florence, one Calandrino, a poor, simple, thick-headed fellow,—a house painter by trade, but who was much fonder of embellishing the tip of his nose and his rubicand physiognomy in general, with that deep and delicious purple imparted to the complexion by wine, than of adorning the walls that his customers would fain have placed under his brushes,—for Calandrino, when he chose, was a very skillful painter, and knew all the secrets of producing those brilliant, firm and unfading tints for which his countrymen have always been so celebrated, and which are still to be seen, as bright and vivid as if they were but painted yesterday, on the disinterred walls of Pompeii.

But Calandrino, as we have said, was a silly fool, and spent most of his time at the coffee-houses, or loitering about the public walks, while his thrifty and bustling wife had hard work to make both ends meet, of a Saturday night, and to lay aside a little something, (as all Italian wives feel bound to do,) for the Sunday holiday dinner. Calandrino had a great deal of vacant curiosity; and was wonderful fond of the marvellous; and it may well be supposed that his pot-companions, who soon found out the trick of his temper, were not backward in feeding it to "the top of its bent"—in other words, in "running saws" upon him to his heart's content. Amongst the most constant of his companions, were Brano and Buffalmacco, who were painters like himself; and one Maso del Saggio, a merry young gentleman, and a most inveterate wag, who, hearing of Calandrino's 'verdancy,' as we now term it, sought for some amusement at his expense, by 'stuffing' him with some monstrous story, which the poor fool, Calandrino, would be sure to swallow, provided it was only gross and ridiculous enough.

So,—finding his victim one day loitering about in St. John's church, (the churches are always kept open in catholic countries, you will recollect,) and intently examining the carved work and painting of the tabernacle, which had just been placed over the high altar, he sought a companion to witness the sport, and both proceeded to the church. Here, pretending not to see Calandrine, yet taking good care to place themselves within earshot of him, Maso and his friend began conversing in a mysterious tone upon the virtues of different stones,—which Maso seemed to understand as well as if he had served his time with a lapidary. Calandrino whose ears were always wide open for any thing smacking of the wonderful, soon joined the talkers, which was exactly what they wanted.

Leading off the conversation to the subject of stones possessing magical virtues, upon which he dilated with great eloquence and unction, Saggio was shortly interrupted by the eager Calandrino, who inquired where the stones were to be found.

'For the most part,' replied Maso, 'they are met with in Berlinzone, near the city of Baschi, in a country called Benzodi, where they tie up the vines with large links of fat sausages, and you can buy a goose for a penny, and have the goslings thrown into the bargain,—where there is likewise a great mountain of grated Parmesan cheese, and the people residing upon it do nothing but make cheese-cakes and maccaroons, which they boil in capon broth, and are constantly throwing down the sides of their mountain,—while those below amuse themselves by scrambling and scratching after these choice dainties. Here, too, is a river of the most exquisite Malmsey wine, as pure and clear as sunshine, and without a drop of water or any sort of adulteration."

'Santissima!' broke in the eager Calandrino, who had been listening with mouth and ears wide distended,—'but this must be a fine country!—what do they do with the capons after they are boiled!'

'Oh, the people eat them.'

'And have you ever been there?'

'Indeed have I,—and if I had visited that charming country once, I have a thousand times.'

'And how far may it be from this?'

'Many thousand miles.'

'Further than the Abruzzi?'

'A trifle.'

Calandria, seeing that Maso del Saggio told all this, and replied to his cross questionings with an imperturbable gravity, swallowed the whole in a lump, and observed;

'Believe me, sir, were this journey not so great, I should like to go and take a scramble for those same maccaroons and boiled capons. But it is in that same country, also, that these wonderful stones of which you were telling, are also to be found?'

'Yes, there and elsewhere,' replied Maso. Two there are of especial virtue; one of these, which comes from Montisci, they make into millstones, which will produce flour of themselves,—whence comes the saying, Grace comes from God, and millstones from Montisci. These mill-stones are frequently set in rings, and sent to the Sultan; who, in return, gives them what-

ever they may demand.

'The other stone I spoke of, is called the Heliotrope and has the wonderful power of rendering him who possesses it, invisible.'

'And where,' said Calandrino, 'is this wonderful stone to be found?'

'It is most usually met with,' replied Maso, 'on the plains of Mugnone.'

'What is its color, and of what size is it?' inquired the trapped Calandrino.

'Oh, they are of a great many different sizes, but all are of a blackish hue.'

Calandrino, having got all the information he was likely to obtain from del Saggio, suddenly remembered he had business in another part of the city, and made his way out of the church. His first tho't was to find his two friends, Bruno and Buffalmacco; and, having poured into their somewhat incredulous yet wandering ears, the story of his wonderful discoveries, all three set off together in search of the precious stone.

'But what is its name?' asked Buffalmacco.

'A plague on my short memory,' replied Calandrino, 'I have forgotten that.—But what have we to do with names so long as we secure to ourselves the virtues of this wonderful stone? Let us set forth immediately.'

'But what sort of a stone is it?' inquired Bruno.

'They are of all sizes,' replied Calandrino, 'but generally black; therefore I am of opinion that we should pick up all the black stones we find, until we come to the true one; so, let us lose no time.

It was finally agreed, however, that the expedition should be postponed until the next Sunday morning, which, being a holiday, their absence would not be much noticed. A mutual promise of secrecy having been passed, Calandrino took his departure, while Bruno and Buffalmacco, laying their heads together, came to the very sage conclusion that Calandrino had either been humbugging them, or else had been most egregiously humbugged himself; and they determined to make him suffer in either case.

Sunday morning came, and the eager Calandrino arose by day-break; and, calling upon his friends, Bruno and Buffalmacco, the left the city by the gate of St. Callo, and proceeded to the plain of Mugnone. Calandrino was in high glee, and skipped along before the others, stooping whenever he saw any thing like a black-stone, and putting them all in his pockets. His companions were moderately to work, picking up here and there a stone, until he had filled all his pockets, his bosom, and coat-shirts, which he had tucked up for that purpose with his belt.

It being now dinner time, Bruno said aloud to Buffalmacco.

'Where is Calandrino?'

'I do not know,' said the other, 'but he was here between us just now.'

'Then I suppose he has gone home to his dinner, and left us here on this fool's errand.'

'Well, we are rightly served for believing such a ridiculous story. Who but foolish fellows like ourselves would ever have thought of finding such wonderful things here on a public common?'

Calandrino hearing this, took it for granted that he had discovered the true Heliotrope, and was suddenly become invisible. Being overjoyed at this discovery started immediately for home, leaving them to follow at their leisure. As he was going, Buffalmacco, said to Bruno.

'Well, what must we do? Why do we not go home again?'

'Certainly,' replied Bruno; 'but I vow this is the last trick he shall put upon me. If he were here now, I would give him a token that he should remember;' at the same time he struck Calandrino a severe blow with a pebble, which made him stagger,—although he said nothing, and continued his way to the city, confident that he had in reality the true Heliotrope in his possession,—paying no attention to the 'tokens' of his wagish friends, who continued pelting him at every step.

Arriving at the gates a little in advance, they let the guards into the secret, who humored the thing, and let him pass, as if they did not see him. The people being mostly at dinner, poor Calandrino went on through the streets to his own house, without being molested, and fully persuaded that he had in his pocket the true Heliotrope, that would, on all occasions, let him into the secrets of every one, without being himself visible. His wife, however, who was a strong-minded and strong-armed woman, totally destitute of imagination, met him at the door, and began covering him with such a shower of abuse for being too late for dinner, as convinced him that she, at least, saw him. Thinking that the ill-nature of his wife had broken the charm of his magic stone, (declaring that woman made every thing lose its virtue,) Calandrino flew into a terrible passion, and beat his better half most unmercifully, until she was fain to hide herself from his violence, and wept and scolded by turns 'till the very rafters of the house trembled with apprehension. At length the two friends arrived and rescued the poor woman from the fury of her husband; who, after a great deal of explanation and coaxing, became reconciled to his sad misfortune,—never dreaming for a moment that he had not at one time possessed the true Heliotrope, the virtue of which had been destroyed by the unlucky interference of his wife.

GOV. KAVANAGH AND THE IRISH SERVANT.—The Maine Farmer, an excellent paper published at Augusta, tells the following rich one:

A gentleman at our elbow relates the following anecdote. He says that a gentleman of this town recently paid Gov. Kavanagh a visit, and on the morning of his return home, he went to the stable for his horse, but the animal so nearly resembled that of the Governor's that he could not tell 'tother from which.' He returned to the house and informed Mr. K. of his queer predicament; whereupon the latter, being unwell and not able to leave the room, called an Irishman, who had been in his employ for a long time, and directed him to harness his visitor's horse and lead him the door. Patrick went to the stable, and in a few minutes returned, but without the beast, saying that he could not 'till the gentleman's hoss.' Gov. K. after reprimanding him for his dull distinguishment, told him to lead both the animals up to the window, and he could tell him 'which was which' at short notice. The animals were produced and the Governor, pointing to one of them said:

'This is my horse, Patrick. It is remarkably strange that you should not have known the beast, so long as you have had the care of him.

'Your hoss,' said Pat, 'aint the baste I'm afther. Troth and to be sure, I know'd *him* all the while, jist as asy.—*'Twas the gintleman's baste I'm afthur findin*, your Honor.

God cures and the doctor takes the fee

[From the Oriental Annual.]

A MAN AND TIGER COMBAT.

The next scene was of a far more awful character. A man entered the arena armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trousers, which barely covered his hips, and extended half way down the thighs. The instrument which he wielded in his right hand was a very heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right-angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs; being swung around in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck with a force and effect truly astounding.

The champion who now presented himself before the rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon I have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure, but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin, yet the action of the muscles were perceptible with every movement: whilst the freedom of his gait and the few contortions he performed, preparatory to the hazardous enterprize with which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose; it was the very concentration of moral energy, the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit his enemy into the area. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above: a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving his tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery where the rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all uneasy in its present state of freedom; it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly around and bounded into its cage; from which the keeper who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals.

A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg, the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrific yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed, as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile, its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosions of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching his enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated; the fur on his back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice its usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting his front to its enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed his tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and so soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprung with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared: but turning suddenly upon the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, his wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon his head, with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

In the sale of the effects of a clergyman, near Hereford, in England, his library brought 3*l.* and his liquors about 380*l.*

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—We were yesterday shown the greatest curiosity we have seen in many a day. It was brought from Ohio by Mr. Scott, and its description is very fairly given in the Marietta (Ohio) Intelligencer, from which we copy:

"Mr. Leonard Scott brought to our office on Tuesday, a steel trap, found in the forks of a sugar tree. The pan of the trap extends entirely through the wood, and over it two or three inches of said wood are formed. The fork in which the trap was found was about 45 feet from the ground; every part of it in a perfect state of preservation. Mr. Scott is of opinion that it was undoubtedly carried there by some animal. It has been purchased by Mr. Scott, who intends taking it to New York."

This great curiosity may be seen at the window of Tiffany & Young's fancy store, 259 Broadway, where it will remain a few days for the gratification of the curious.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

In the year 18—and the month of August, the following marriage might be found in a column of our daily newspapers. "On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Philip M——, D. D., William Gordon to Miss Maria Sheldon." Maria had made what the world would call a good match. Her husband was an honest, industrious tradesman, was engaged in a lucrative business, and had means enough to support her respectably. A neat house was furnished for their reception, and they took possession with with feelings, understood alone by those who marry from pure disinterested affection.

Affairs glided on smoothly; he was attentive to his business and she did all in her power to make his home a cheerful one. After some time, one night at ten o'clock found her waiting his return; this was unusual. For the first time since their marriage, was he out at that hour. She tried to while away the tedious moments, in numerous ways, hoping that every one would be the last spent in solitude. At length he came—a political meeting, he said detained him longer than he expected, as a number of addresses had been delivered by eminent men, and he had became interested and had forgotten how slow the hours passed to her,

At that time there was a great political excitement, and the meetings, as is generally the case were held at taverns. William, though not a warm politician was young, and like even older persons, believing his candidate the one above all capable of filling the office sought, with credit to the state. He imbibed the views of his associates, and if not as conspicuous, was as anxiously watched as those who were foremost in the ranks. Ten o'clock now found him at home as seldom as formerly away from it. Maria attributed it all to the meetings, that she knew he was constantly attending, and therefore uttered no murmer.

It grieved her to see him return sometimes with flushed cheek, and unsteady step; she did not give vent to her uneasiness, and only trusted when the election was over, he would forsake all that had grieved her so much, and return again to his former conduct. She was willing as ever woman is, to look forward to a bright and beautiful future. She knew that all who live have clouds as well as sunshine to encounter, and thought the present one would soon pass away, and leave her a horizon as serene and calm as the day she looked back upon as her morning light. At the meeting where William might always be found, there was a party of young men near his own age, possessing pleasing address and manners; they made it a business to attach themselves to all new comers by inviting them to drink to their better acquaintances, and thus gently lead them into the worst vices. They knew that William was in a good business; and to him they professed the warmest friendship. They made up various kinds of excursions and pleasure parties, to all of which he was invited; and of course, had to bear a part if not the whole of the expense. For a man in his moderate circumstances, this could not long continue; his business was neglected, his customers finding him inattentive, sought more punctual men.—When his friends found his means exhausted, they saw in him many faults that had not presented themselves before. The foremost and most to be despised, an empty purse: that was a bugbear from which his associates shrunk with terror. He was now the father of two children, no money, no business, a ruined reputation—what was to become of him? The thought almost made him mad, and he had recurse to the bottle, with this he banished all thoughts of his condition, his home his wife, and his children. How he succeeded we shall see.

Four years had elapsed since the conclusion of the first part of my narrative. In a room in one of the small houses that are situated in the northern part of the city, sat an interesting woman. The room was small but very clean, and had an air of comfort that cleanliness always gives. The furniture was all for use,—not a piece for ornament. In one corner stood a cradle, in which a babe was sleeping; beside it sat an elderly woman with her foot upon the rocker, she was trying to keep herself awake and the child asleep by the motion of the cradle.

It was Maria and her mother. Four years had not wrought any change in Maria's face, but resignation sat sweetly on her handsome features; her eyes, though not so bright and sparkling, were not the less beautiful, though the light that shone from them was less dazzling than when at first presented to the reader. Her neat figure was clothed in a dress of the plainest materials.

Her glossy hair was hidden from view by a snow-white cap, and checked apron, that had not yet lost its folds, completed her attire. It was very late, yet she was yet sowing industriously. When she saw the fatal change that had come over her husband, she uttered no complaint. She did not greet him with harsh words on his entrance, but received him as calmly as her misery would permit. She had given up the pretty home she had entered with such joyous prospects, and rented the one that we now find her in. All that she

deemed unnecessary was sold, and paid the debts that were rashly incurred by her unthinking partner.

She called on all who had been friends in her prosperity, and requested their patronage, as she intended by sewing, to earn a livelihood for her family. Her mother came to live with her, that she might devote more of her time to labor by relieving her of the house and of the children. William still continued his downward course. He would hire himself out for a week or two until he got money for drink. When that was exhausted he would get employment elsewhere, for a short time, and thus his days were spent.

'Mother you had better go to bed you look sleepy; beside, you need rest, you have been very busy to-day, the babe will not awaken soon again, and if he does, I can stir the cradle—do go to bed.'

No, my child, I am not sleepy; I can sit up till you finish. You will go, then, will you not?

Not until he comes home! he may not be home till daylight, and what thanks will you get for waiting up? He will be in a pretty state when he does come!

As she spoke the door opened, and he entered. The mother said the truth.—A pretty state he was in—his coat was torn, his hat was smeared with mud, and his face told that he had been engaged in a fight of no slight import. He gruffly asked for a light. Maria lighted one and handed it to him. She folded up the work she was previously engaged in, and sat down to mend the rent in his coat.—She then brushed it and hung it on a peg appropriated for its use; next she freed the hat from its filty covering, and then went out to the shed, and brought thence a tub, and prepared as late as was the hour, to wash the soiled garments. Her mother sat gazing at her in mute astonishment. At length she spoke—Maria are you mad thus to countenance his evil doings? Come to bed, you see how he rewards your forbearance. Why not take your children and leave the miserable creature to his own way?

Mother, said she, as she looked up from her work, he is my husband! the father of my little ones, and as long as my strength enables me to earn food, he shall share it; when we were first married he was kind even as you could wish; I was poor, he was not rich, yet had enough to make a home comfortable: of that home he made me a mistress. Through bad company he fell into vice, from which unkindness can never reclaim him. I have borne all for four years without complaint but do not suppose without feeling. O mother, when I see him that I love come home as he did to-night, my heart almost breaks! And often, as I look back upon our happy days, and think what William was then—the effort I make to suppress my emotion, can only be equalled with the fervency with which I pray for resignation.

Tears fell from her eyes as she continued—but I will never desert him; his clothes, though old, shall be neither ragged nor soiled, I will as far as I am able, perform my duty—the task is an easy one—the only reward that I ask mother, is an approving conscience. The mother did not speak—she knew Maria was resolute, and now that her excited feelings were calmed, she felt proud that she could call that exemplary woman, daughter. Maria continued her quiet, meek, uncomplaining way; still the same gentle creature to her husband, and the hard-working mother for her children.

William came home one day about sundown; he had been trying to get work to enable him to purchase that which had almost become his sole existence, but was disappointed, no one wanted help—at least not such as he could offer.

He had thrown himself upon a chair with an angry look. Maria was preparing the evening meal, looking round, she observed the expression on his face, and asked him if he was sick.

No, he replied in a surly tone.

'Is there anything that I can do for you William? If there is, tell me and I will do it cheerfully.

For the first time for many years he answered her kindly—

No, Maria, you have already done more than I deserve.

Her gentleness had conquered. He did not leave her that night—but he sat by her as she sewed, and he read and talked until they were starled by the watchman crying twelve o'clock. Evenings passed in the same way. William once more sought work, but with a different view, not to waste his earning in intoxicating drinks, but to use them in support of his family. He went to his old employers, told his story, and they promised to give him what they had to do. Slowly they were raised to their former station.

In a neat house with all the comforts, if not the superfluities of life, they may now be found. When he told Maria it was unnecessary to continue her sewing, he asked her forgiveness for the many unkind words that he had said to her in his dissipated days. 'To you alone belongs all the credit of my reformation—your meekness, and forbearance have been the means of changing a worthless inebriate into a worthy member of society and the temperance society in particular.

A most disgusting imposture has recently been disclosed in North Carolina, and one that furnishes almost a parallel to the case of Matthias. A family in Rockingham county of reputable rank in life, had been observed, by their neighbors, to exclude themselves altogether from intercourse with those around them, and even to shut up their house and confine themselves within it—refusing to suffer any person to enter, and never showing themselves upon any part of the premises. This state of things continued for a long time, until the neighbors finally determined to unravel the mystery, and a body of them repaired to the house and demanded admission. This being refused, they contrived to look in at a window and discovered the corpse of Mrs. Cash, the matron of the household, lying on a bed in the most horrid and disgusting state of putrefaction. This woman had evidently been dead for a long time—perhaps for months. The old man and his daughter were found lying on a pallet in the same room, and a son, a young man, was found up stairs. The stench was overpowering. After the party had broken into the house, they ascertained that the miserable woman had died about Christmas, and the body had been kept thus long at the command of the "Witch Doctor" under whose auspices she had gone out of the world, and under the promise by him held out, that she should be brought to life in a given time. It is quite probable, the account says, that the scoundrel quack had ordered the family not to admit any one within the house in the meantime, lest his imposture should be detected.

This unfortunate family imbibed the idea about a year ago, that they were *bewitched*, and become the prey of one of those arch villains who, it appears, infest that part of the country under the title of *Witch Doctors*. A more debasing delusion than this is rarely to be recorded, and is only exceeded, as we have already said, by the successful impositions practiced by the monster Matthias in our vicinity.

A very useful as well as very brilliant paragraph.—A company has been formed at Norwalk, Con., for the purpose of manufacturing an entirely new kind of carpeting, which they call the "Norwalk Felt Carpeting." What the new article is made of, we do not see mentioned, but if it deserves one-half the praise bestowed upon it, it most necessarily supercede all other descriptions of carpeting; for the Norwalk Gazette, from which we derive our information, says, it is more durable than Brussels, of less price than Ingrain, and equal in its lustre to Turkey. The surface greatly resembles Wilton, and its advantages over the whole consist in its imperviousness to dust, to wind, and to water. By the way, its imperviousness to wind does not strike us as an "advantage," inasmuch as we take it that all carpets want airing, and we wouldn't give a tea leaf for one that is proof against such a benign influence. But its good qualities are pre-eminent; as will be seen by the schedule—"The colors are bright and durable, penetrating the entire thickness, which is about the eight of an inch," and the editor has examined a piece which has been used for about three years and could not discover "any appearance of wear in it, either in color or texture." If there be no mistake about this, the Norwalk fabric is beyond all rivalry; for a carpet that has been used three years without any evidence of delapidation, may fairly enough be considered immortal, and we are desirous of going with it into deathless fame by writing these biographical memoirs.

DREAMS EXPLAINED BY DR. WINSLOW.—Lively dreams are a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain, often in nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams of blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory condition. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently signs of abdominal obstructions and disorder of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part especially suffering, indicate diseases of that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the chest.—Dreams of dogs, after a bite, often precede an attack of hydrophobia, but may only be the consequence of an excited imagination.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO GOVERN.

"O'er wayward children wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun them in the light of happy faces,
Love, hope, and patience—these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school;
O part them never! For haply there will come
A weary day, when overtasked at length,
Both love and hope beneath the load give way;
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the meek sister Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both."

Among the pageants at the coronation of Queen Mary, in 1553, was the following singular feat, described by Hollinshed: "Then there was one Peter, a Dutchman, that stood on the weathercocke of Paule's steeple (London) holding a streamer in his hand of five yards long and waving thereof, stood sometimes on the one foot, and shooke the other, and then kneeled on his knees, to the great marvell of all people. He had made two scaffolds under him, one above the crosse, having torches and streamers set on it, and another over the ball of the crosse, likewise set with streamers and torches, which could not burne, the wind was so great. The said Peter had sixteen pounds thirteen shillings given him by the Citie for his costes and paines, and all his stuffe."

Revd. Daniel Poor, Missionary from Ceylon, next addressed the meeting, in his peculiarly interesting style. He stated that this was the first time he had been permitted to meet the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for *thirty-three* years; and he appreciated the great privilege of being once more in his native land, and present on so joyful an occasion. Among the conflicting emotions which animated him, and the expectation of a large auditory, and the natural uneasiness which prevailed in large assemblies, he knew of nothing more appropriate, or which would be more interesting for him to commence with, than to tell of his associates in the mission, whom he had left behind him, —when, how, and where he had parted with them.

In 1815, October 23d, he left Newburyport, in company with 15 missionaries in all, for the island of Ceylon. In one year after their arrival, one of their number, Rev. Mr. Warren, fell by the stroke of death. This was the first breach made in their ranks. He was a most useful servant in the cause of Christ, directing particularly the infant mind. He was a great pioneer, that ran before the camp and prepared the way for the reception of the truths of the Gospel.—The next victim to disease and death, was his (the speaker's) wife. Upon this occasion of sickness, the prayer of the whole mission was, that she might be spared; but still that they might be visited with affliction as well as blessings, for the cause of Christ.—The third victim was Rev. Mr. Richards; and so on, until but nine were now left of that company which went out in 1815—myself, Mr. Bardwell, Mr. Meigs, and six others.

He then spoke of Ceylon, where he was now stationed. He was stationed in North Ceylon. There was a dense population in that part of the country—79,000 (as we understood him) to the square mile. It was in the district of Jaffna. Dr. Buchanan surveyed this country, and reported to the church its favorable location for a mission, by reason of its fine situation and its appropriate location with respect to other portions of the country; but it was neglected to be occupied by his government, and when we took possession it was remarked by this same government, "what a chance we have lost!" The Reverend gentleman went on to describe the situation of the country, the character of the people, the religion, manners of the inhabitants, &c. The people were mostly Hindoo idolaters. For one and a half centuries, the Portuguese had possession of the country. They left their religion, manners and churches behind them. Another century the country was held by the Dutch, and for the last century, about one hundred and eighty thousand were baptized by the Dutch. The English came into possession of the country about fifty-three years ago, and such was the effect of the release from the thraldom of the Dutch, and the emerging into religious toleration, that the inhabitants rushed back to heathenism. A missionary of this period, from some enlightened nation, left the country, declaring that the people were given up of God, and no change could be wrought upon them. He pronounced the Hindoos a race of reprobates, and entirely impervious to the revelations of truth.

Upon the arrival of the American missionaries, the great problem was, how could they come in contact with these people? Some would say, "Preach to the masses!" How could that be done?—Should a Chinese come here, could he preach to the masses? Therefore the great inquiry with us was, how should we reach them? What then were we to do? The speaker was located at Madura, where there were thirty thousand idolaters. His situation of loneliness could not be imagined, much less described. He wished the people here could enter into the sympathies of their Missionaries. He then described some of the difficulties the Missionary had to contend with in a foreign land, and among idolaters and heathens. He related an anecdote of a learned man who said if he returned to this country in thirty-three years he would find three-fourths of the people pantheists, &c. They had almost the same difficulties to overcome that a Chinese Missionary would have in coming here. Could he preach to the masses? Could he establish schools? What American mother would send her children to a Chinese school teacher? But mark how the great God had opened the way in that land. This way was opened through the system of village schools. What is the rationale of the village schools? He then gave a description of the manner, in brief, in which the Missionaries conducted their enterprise through the agency of Schools.

A few words in this connection, taken from the speaker, may be of some interest to the general reader. The native school teachers in Ceylon at the time our missionaries went there received but a small pittance for their labors, and they were therefore the more accessible to the purposes of our agents in bringing about a great revolution in the religion of the country through their humble instrumentality. The system adopted by the missionaries, after mature deliberation, was adopted precisely to reach the object of their mission. By getting possession of the schools of the country, and making such additions and extensions as possible, they foresaw that they could reach the people. Therefore they proposed to a school teacher in a village to *buy* his school, and pay him a good price for teaching, but graduated the price according to the number of scholars he should bring. This proposition was readily accepted by the teachers,—and, delighted with the prospect before them of making money, they made known to their pupils and their parents the advantages presented, and urged them to attend and to patronize them. This succeeded, and the plan was most efficient and prosperous. The speaker stated that the missionaries had established 175 schools, which had between six and seven thousand pupils. The benefit of these schools in furthering the grand object of the missionaries, was fully explained in the speaker's address at the anniversary of the Tract Society on Wednesday last.

When these schools had been brought to this state of advancement, it was found that the funds fell short, and there was no means of continuing them. What was to be done? The missionaries could not be sent home, for there was no money to pay their expenses. The schools must stop. And what was the expense of these schools? I will tell you.—The expense of the 175 schools with from six to seven thousand pupils, cost £725. *One cent* per week will pay the expense of tuition for one scholar in Ceylon. Think of this! And as many cents, as many pupils. He then spoke of the churches. Seven hundred converts had been received into the Christian church. The whole mass is now leavened, and the grain is ripe for the harvest. When you do not hear of conversions, you must conclude that we are sapping and mining. The establishment of schools has been a sapping and mining operation.

A Child Lost and Found.—The Belknap (N. H.) Gazette states that a little girl aged two years and four months, the daughter of Mr. Stephen Davis of Gilford, left its home on Sunday, April 29, and though the parents and friends made search as soon as the child was discovered to be missing, she could not be found that day and night.—Monday 75 of the neighbors searched with no better success. Tuesday about 150 persons collected to persue the search, of whom Mr. H. Clark, formerly of Concord, thought to ascend the mountain, and on the *very top* found little Ann Elizabeth asleep on her face on the rocks, about a mile from home! He bore it to the arms of its agonized mother, who was almost frantic with joy on receiving her lost child alive.

The child left home some time Sunday, A. M. and was found Tuesday, P. M. between three and four o'clock, being absent and without food between fifty and sixty hours, without any thing on its head or over its shoulders. The mountain is steep and ledgy, and covered with old trees fallen down, among which little spruces, pines, &c. have grown up, which renders it difficult for a man even to climb the mountain; yet that little sufferer made her way to the top.—The child has probably more than a hundred and fifty bruises and scratches on her limbs and body, but the strongest hopes are entertained that she will be well again in a few days. Mr. Clark said that she appeared wild at first, but after he talked coaxingly to her a moment she confidingly put her little arms about his neck and he bore the treasure to its home.

The following is from a burial ground in Providence, R. I.:

Her soul grew so fast within,
It burst the outward *shell* of sin,
And so was *hatched* a cherubim.

An Epigram.—Why is a dandy like a mushroom? Give it up?

Because he's a regular sap-head—
His waist is remarkably slender;
His growth is exceedingly rapid,
And his top is uncommonly tender!

Boston Post. Jeems.

Record of the Times.

Was time ever so pregnant with the fearful doings of crime, accident and despair as at this very writing? We think not. There is more hanging, murder, suicide, robbery and rioting going on, than at any former period within our memory, saying nothing of the fearful loss of life by steamboat accidents, such as the loss of the steamer Empire on the Hudson, or the fatal ravages of the cholera as exhibited at the south and west, and the inundation of whole cities by flood as is the case at New Orleans. Here a mother poisons her own child, as was done by a woman at Binghampton, N. Y. Here a murderer confined in prison, plots and arranges with one about to be released, for the murder of a third party, upon whom forged letters would be found acknowledging his guilt of the murder for which the first party had been condemned, as in the case of Dr. Coolidge, in Maine.—Here a negro is hanged for the murder of a companion, as in the case of Goode, in Boston, and another, a slave, for shooting his master, in Mississippi, and a third, a white man and a deacon of the church, for the murder of his wife, as in the case of Elder Dudley, in New Hampshire, and all these occurring within the short space of eight or ten days. A fire bursts out at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, which destroys a goodly part of that city, and while the telegraphic wires are still trembling with the electric sparks that convey the intelligence, again are they called into service to communicate the news, that one half of the city of St. Louis is laid in ashes by a raging conflagration! The European news that reaches us from across the ocean, almost weekly, teems with civil wars, foreign invasion, bloodshed and strife. In short, the detailed record of the times is of the most startling and singular character. Fortune seems to be playing shuttle-cock with nations and thrones, and Death, swinging his keen scythe, cuts a broad swath in the waving field of life.

Women in the Army fighting.—The late German papers say that Hungarian ladies are fighting with the same enthusiasm for freedom as their countrymen. Among one hundred and forty Hungarian captives taken by General Simonish, there were *nineteen* Hungarian ladies, with muskets in their hands, and dressed in military uniform. A countess of the highest rank has raised a regiment at her own expense, and her sister is the commander of this regiment.

Panther Hunt.

Incredible as the following account may appear to our readers, the material incidents related are strictly true, and the hero of the tale still walks the earth in a green old age.

In a certain section of our own goodly State, the first settlers were obliged to depend for a part of their subsistence, upon the wild animals they might take with the aid of their trusty rifles. Many of them could eye a rifle, or take a shot of a white-eye (corn whiskey), without blinking; and it is to be regretted that some of them have suffered severely from wounds caused by the latter.

In the autumn, after the leaves had fallen, as a light snow lay upon the ground, our hero, who rejoiced in the cognomen of 'Cal' (Calvin shortened), started with two companions and a dog, to spend an afternoon on a still hunt for deer. Now Cal was one of that cool, self-possessed, athletic, yet reckless kind of men, often met with in all new countries; and on training days, at logging bees, and at raisings, always was ready to climb a sign-post or sapling, feet foremost, or walk a ridge-pole from end to end, upon his hands with his heels in the air, and then, by way of showing that he was capable of even greater feats, would descend a rafter to the plate of the building in the same manner.

The party did not forget to carry their canteens well charged, and as they pursued their way into the recesses of the forest, from time to time refreshed the inner man by liberal draughts therefrom. Not meeting with any game in their progress, it was agreed to separate and pursue the hunt, and if either fired his rifle, the other was to hasten to his assistance. They had not been long separated, when one of them fired his rifle, and the others soon came up. The one who fired had discovered a recent track in the light snow, which resembled a cat's, but was nearly as large as a man could make with his hand by slightly bending his fingers inward, as in the act of grasping. They knew it to be a panther's track, and, though the day was far spent, resolved to follow it, and if possible secure the animal. On they went, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest, till the shades of night gathered around them, when they came to a huge hemlock, and perceived by scratches on the bark that the object of their pursuit was treed. It was too dark to see him through the thick foliage, and they dared not fire at random; they therefore concluded to build a fire at the roots of the tree, and watch till daylight, when they might secure their prisoner.

Accordingly, the fire was built; and, after again wetting their throats, they commenced their night's watch. About six or eight feet from the roots of the tree lay the fallen trunk of another. Owing to the fatigues of the day and their experiments with the canteens, as the night wore away sleep weighed down their eyelids, and they sunk into her embrace. Cal, however, had one eye open for adventure.

The fire had gradually declined until only a few faint flickering sparks shot up at intervals. Hearing a scratching above his head, he roused himself, arose and by the light of the nearly extinguished fire discovered the panther about fifteen feet up the tree, gradually descending like a cat. His long tail swung to and fro, and as soon as it came within reach, Cal seized it with both hands, shouted to his companions, and gave a desperate pull, which brought the panther directly down into the burning embers. Bewildered and taken all aback, as the sailors say, he started full jump around the tree, while Cal shouting and holding on the caudal extremity, followed round and round, raising a fine dust in the ashes. His companions had snatched their rifles, and, at a safe distance, called on Cal to let go that they might fire without danger of hitting him. But Cal thought that a panther caught by the tail, was worth two running in the woods; so round they went as before, till the panther, not liking the 'circus,' darted off, and just as he was leaping over the above-mentioned fallen tree received a shot through the heart, and fell dead on the other side. Cal, still retaining his hold, went over after him, and his companions were duly notified that the animal was his game. He was one of the largest size, measuring over nine feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail.—*Syracuse Union.*

Another New Planet.—We learn ftom late English papers that Professor Schumacher, of Altona, announces, by a circular ot 11th May, the discovery of another new planet. It was observed at Naples by Signor Gasparis, on the 12th April. It resembles a star of the 9th or 10th magnitude, and its position was near a star which appears on Steinheil's celestial chart in right ascension, 12h. 9m. 49s., and in—7 deg. 0m. 9s., and forms No. 23,098 in Lalande's catalogue. The motion of the planet was retrograde, and it was approaching the equator. This is the ninth new body (including planets and satellites) which has been added to the solar system within the last four years.

Coolness—A Tale about a Head.

Jake, a little buck negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro; was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as General Jackson's. He did'nt fear even our respectable fellow-citizen, Old Nick; and as for coolness, he was as cool as the tip-top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon the occation of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late on the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of his favorite man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him; and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for, and he came.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?

"Berry well, master," replied Jake, "just tell dis nigger what he's to do, and he do it, shure."

"I want you to go to the dissecting room.—You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one, with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however, and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake. "Oh! bery well. I'll do dat shure for sartin: and as for being frightened, the debil aint going to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, reached the dissecting room, and groped about until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"Let my head alone!"

"Yes sah," replied Jake, "I ain't 'ticklar; and tudder head'll do jes as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the other corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

"Let my head alone!"

Jake was puzzled at at first, but answered presently—

"Look a hea! Master Tolliver say I must bring one ob de heads, and you isn't gwine to fool me no how! and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out—

"Bring it back! bring it back!"

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this, turned round and said—

"Now—now, see yah! Jes you keepe quite, you fool, and don't wake up the woman folks.—Master's only gwin to look at the bumps."

"Bring back my head at once!" cried the voice.

"Tend you right away, sah!" replied Jake, as he marched off with the head, and in the next minet deposited it before the Doctor.

"So, you've got it, I see," said his master.

"Yes sah," replied the unmoved Jake, "but please be done lookin' at him soon, kays de gemplin told me to fotch him back right away."—*John Donkey.*

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE HEIFER, GOAT, SHEEP AND LION.

Once on a time, a Heifer, Goat and Sheep,
With the fierce monarch of the neighb'ring plains,
Agreed they'd constant vigils keep,
Equally dividing all their gains,—
Whatever prey
The whole might capture thro' the day.

In the Goat's snares a Stag was caught;
News to the rest was instant brought,
And quickly the Lion seized the prey!
Into four equal parts the beast he tore,
Justice herself could not do more,
Nor e'en her representative, good Justice Bailey!

"One portion," said the Lion, "I keep out,
As King; of this no one can doubt!
The second I shall take as *right*,
According to the laws of *might!*
As to the third, it doth belong to me,
As being more valiant than you three!
No one with justice can dispute *these* shares,
And let *him* touch the *fourth*, who *dares!*"

This is the Monarch's portion, in each State,
Where all the *People* are *degenerate*!
Altho' he shares a little, by the by,
With all the hungry Aristocracy!

W. A. Kentish.

The Influence of Man on his Fellow Man.—"When we come to examine the constitution of society, we shall find ourselves surrounded by an atmosphere of influence in which every element is in constant vigorous action and reaction. Here, man speaks, and eloquence is born. He sings, and poetry melts and entrances. He desires, and art becomes his handmaid. He defines and resolves, and law reigns. He reasons, and philosophy ascends her throne. He unites his will with the will of his fellow men, and a world of his own appears. Here, every word projects an influence, and acquires a history. Every action draws after it a train of influence. Every individual is a centre constantly radiating streams of moral influence. From the first moment of his active existence, his character goes on daily and hourly streaming with more than electric fluid, with a subtle, penetrating element of moral influence. A power this, which operates involuntarily; for though he can choose, in any given instance, what he will do, yet having done it, he cannot choose what influence it shall have. It operates universally, never terminating on himself, but, extending to all within his circle, emanates from each of these again as from a fresh circle, and is thus transmitted on in silent, but certain effect, to the outermost circle of social existence. It is indestructible; not a particle is ever lost, but the whole of it, taken up into the general system, is always in operation somewhere. And the influence which thus blends and binds him up with his race, invisible and inpalpable as it is, is yet the mightiest element of society."—*Harris' Man Primeval.*

THRILLING TALE.

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.—A TRUE STORY.

I was on my way to P——, in the fall of 18—, it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N——.

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

I determined to gratify this whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true, but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence I feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say, I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived, from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quick, that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strong visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in an agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one, its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise following as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements seeming mysterious or suspicious, the sound of the steps stopped at my door—then followed as of one applying the ear to the keyhole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of the sound, for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other —deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound and awaited the repetition: it came not—all was still—he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, at the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half-opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible, save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and, gracious heaven! a negro! for at that moment a tall, fierce-looking black man approached the bed, and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented—at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense: my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me!—take all—you cannot, will not kill me, sir."

The servants now rushed in—all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who, in after years, called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

THE SEVEN SHILLING PIECE.

AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps, in the city of London, no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him.—"You will pardon me sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here."

"I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money dealer stared.

"You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some 20 years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them seldom forget them.—I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. "Thank you, my

lad," replied you—"thank you; and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;" and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

For the Journal of Commerce.

NOTES ON HUNGARY.

No. I.

New York, May 23, 1849.

Mr. Editor:—I doubt not that your readers have felt a deep interest in the success of the Hungarian arms, and the fate of the Austrian Empire, as they have watched the various events that have taken place in that country during the past year. They have seen Austria environed by four domestic foes, and they have seen three successively fall before her victorious troops. Bohemia subdued by the siege and capture of Prague; the enthusiastic army of Charles Albert invading the Italian provinces, and gathering around him their inhabitants; driving Marshal Radetsky from place to place, till we almost thought that soon not one of the hated *Tedeschi* would breathe in Italy. But instead of that, defeat has followed defeat, and now King Charles himself, overwhelmed with misfortune, renouncing his throne, a fugitive, has found a refuge far from his country. And then the city of Vienna rises in arms, and drives its imbecile king, in terror, to seek a temporary shelter in Moravia; and scarcely have we overcome our astonishment at the condition of the empire, which seemed so precarious, when we hear of the bombardment of the Capital, its fall, and the cruelties which only a revengeful monarch can inflict. And, last of all in point of time, but first, perhaps, in importance, comes the revolt of Hungary. By the reduction of Vienna the Emperor had been freed from all dread of a foe at home, and, now, turning his attention to Hungary, he determined to crush so formidable an enemy, in the largest portion of his dominions. He accordingly sent into the field a powerful force, under the command of Windischgrat and Jellachich, and we heard in rapid succession announcements of the capture of Presburg and Buda-Pesth. And, now again, when the Imperial arms had everywhere been crowned with success, and when we were half disposed to give up the Hungarian cause as lost, the scene was changed. We had mistaken for the *ebbing*, the retreating wave, that receded only that it might return with the greater momentum. The enemy that before had seemed so contemptible, and had retired laying the country waste behind him, now faced his adversaries and scattered them; as some wild beast pursued by hounds will fly, till surrounded, he turns upon his pursuers, and puts them to flight on every side. Descending, like a torrent from the mountains, the Magyars drove the Austrians to the Danube, and, by one or two great victories, regained Pesth, and advanced toward Presburg. Everthing yielded before them, till they relieved and passed the the strong castle of Komorn, the only place that had not fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Such is a mere outline of this campaign, the first of a war that is fraught with consequences, that deeply concern the peace of Europe. Windischgratz has found, to his own cost, that an attempt to subjugate a nation battling in defence of its liberties and constitutional rights, differs as widely from an assault on a luxurious capital, as do the sturdy yeomanry of a country, from the turbulent populace of its cities. The latter may raise barricades, and drive a king from his throne, and expatiate on the duty of dying for country's sake; but when the sword must be unsheathed, and the bosom bared, it is on the other that freedom must mainly rely.

Hungary is a country, whose geography even, is usually but little understood, and much less its social condition, its government, and the relation it sustains to the Austrian empire. Without a just knowledge of these particulars, some of which, indeed, are difficult to understand, we cannot appreciate either its present position, or the justice of the contest in which it is engaged. In the decision of this, we must call in those principles of national equity, which aid when we inquire into the causes of the English Revolution or of our own; nor must we stigmatize as rebellion in another, that, which in our own case we call a demand for our just liberties.

The kingdom of Hungary comprehends about a third of the extent of the Austrian Empire, that is an area of about 80,000 square miles. Its western boundary extends to the hereditary states of Anstria, within a few miles of Vienna; on the North the Carpathian mountains, whose summits rise to a height of nearly nine thousand feet, divide it from the province of Galicia. On the East an arbitrary line separates it from Transylvania, a country inhabited by a people for the most part nearly allied in their character and language with that of Hungary; while on the South the Danube and one of its branches divides it from Turkey and Sclavonia. The river Danube rising in Germany, in this country expands into a majestic river, and divides it into two unequal portions. Its course is irregular, now separating into several channels and flowing sluggishly along, studded with fertile and picturesque islands, and at others contracting in one deep rapid stream. On all sides it is joined by other rivers; on the one side by the Sclave and the Drave, on the other side by the Theiss, and the Waag noted for the grandeur of its natural scenery, and the remains of a feudal age that adorn its banks. With the waters of these rivers, it leaves the Austrian dominions at the *Iron Gates*,* a short distance above the ruins of the celebrated bridge built by Trajan, in his campaign against the Darians.

In its physical character, Hungary varies much. In the northern and western portions it is for the most part covered with the Carpathian Mountains, and their subordinate ranges, in which several tributaries of the Danube take their rise. Here are the celebrated gold and silver mines of *Schemnitz* and *Kremnitz*, which have been worked since the times of the Romans, and where vestiges of their operations still remain. In the southern part is a widely extended plain, the most fertile section of the country, only interrupted by a few minor ranges of mountains, in the neighborhood of the *Balaton* and the *Bakouver Forest*. In the southern district of the country the vine is extensively cultivated, and such productions as suit the warmer climate; while in the more elevated and colder north, much attention is paid to the culture of hemp and tobacco. The duties on the last named article, by the way, furnishes so striking an example of the policy of the Austrian government, that I cannot forbear from stating their nature, in the words of a recent writer:†

"As Government allows no tobacco to be grown in any portion of the Austrian dominions except Hungary, and as all her subjects are smokers, she buys nearly at her own price in Hungary, and sells absolutely at her own price in Italy, Bohemia, &c. It is difficult to ascertain how great a revenue she obtains from this monopoly; the expense of collection, the roguery of her contractors (said to exceed all belief), and the contraband trade, must considerably diminish it; but, I believe, it does not average more than from 600,000 to £800,000! The expenses of collecting this paltry sum alone, is said to equal the expense

of collecting all the customs' revenue in Great Britain! Yet the smuggling carried on is now immense: and it is well known that little tobacco is smoked by the higher classes in Vienna, but smuggled Hungarian."

We here see an example of the oppressive duties which the Austrian government has laid not only on imports and exports also, we believe, from the Empire, but even on merchandise transported from one province or kingdom to another; and here is one of the chief causes of the stagnation of trade, in a country so favorable for commerce as Hungary, and one of the just grounds of complaint against the Imperial policy.

I will now call your attention for a few moments to the principal cities of Hungary, commencing with the oldest and the largest as well as the most interesting of all, I mean BUDA PESTH.

This city stands upon the Danube, nearly in the centre of the country, on both sides of the river. The portion on the Western bank receives the name of Buda, or Ofen, as it is sometimes termed, and the Eastern part bears that of Pesth. Of the two portions Buda is by far the oldest, and is celebrated in the history of the wars waged between the Hungarians and Turks. For a long time the Turks possessed one half nearly of Hungary, and a Turkish Pasha reigned in Buda. The town of Gran, many miles from Buda, was their most northerly post on the Danube. Pesth, on the other side, dates an existence of but one hundred and fifty years, when it rose from the ruin of a town that stood there previously; but it has now far outstripped its sister city, and whilst Buda has about forty thousand inhabitants, Pesth numbers at least seventy or eighty thousand. Buda stands, for the most part, on a commanding rock, and is backed by hills covered with vineyards; but Pesth is situated on a flat, sandy plain, and seems to have grown up in the midst of a desert. We might apply to it the exclamation of a Frenchman, on seeing St Petersburg: "Ville superbe, que fais-tu la!" On these sands, that bear the name of *Ralcoz Mezo*, used in former times to be held those famous diets, whither the fiery Magyar nobility came armed, and prepared either for rational discussion or savage war; and here, too, they wrung from their unwilling monarchs the first grants of constitutional rights. Pesth and Buda were until recently connected by a suspension bridge, said to be the longest in the world (about fourteen hundred feet), but the late news informs us that the Austrians, be it to their shame, destroyed this beautiful work of art, in order to cover their retreat.

The next city of importance is PRESBURG, lying almost on the very boundary of Austria proper. It is an uninteresting place, and contains few buildings of ancient date, except the old square castle that overlooks and commands it; yet it has been the custom of the Imperial Government, of late, to summon the diet to meet here. Indeed, the Hungarians are convinced that its object is, that by increasing the distance between the deputies and their constituents, it may favor a more advantageous employment of the State patronage. Be this as it may, another reason undoubtedly is, that by assembling so many noblemen in Presburg, which is a German city, it may carry out the scheme that Austrian policy has always supported—I mean the Germanizing of Hungary, or rather the consolidation of all the discordant elements of the Austrian Empire. This aim could not be so easily attained at Buda Pesth, the capital of the country and the seat of the High Court, and the highest executive body in the kingdom—the *consilium regium locumtenentiale*, or Viceregal Council, as at Presburg. A little distance from this city, is the strong castle of *Theben*, in former times an important post in the frequent wars between the rival States of Hungary and Austria, but now in a dilapidated condition. The little river March flows by it, on whose level banks the fate of the Empire will probably ere this have been determined. I name them only for the importance they may hereafter assume in the history of Europe.

DEBRECZEN is the largest city of the interior plains of Hungary, but though containing a population of upwards of fifty thousand souls,—and thus exceeding Presburg in point of numbers—it is said to resemble an overgrown village. It is the real capital of the Magyar race, and is indeed the place where it is the least mixed with the others, and the language is spoken in its greatest purity. Here it was, last winter, when the city of Pesth was about to fall into the hands of the Austrian invader, that the Diet assembled. Hither, too, the Imperial armies were about advancing, when the valor of the Magyars and the accomplished Generalship of Bem, Dembinski, and Gyorgy, turned the tide of fortune in favor of their country.

The roads in the interior of Hungary are among the worst in Europe, and in the Winter are almost impassable, except in very mild seasons, such as the last. Traveling is usually done by means of the *Vorspam*, a system by which the peasants of each village are compelled to furnish horses, at a certain rate, to the traveler who has procured an *"assignation"* from some authorized officer,—a custom which, as Mr. Paget tells us, though oppressive in the harvest-time, is very profitable in the Winter months. To the traveler, moreover, it gives an opportunity to associate with the people, for which he would seek in vain under any other system. But even in Hungary, civilization is making its giant strides; a railroad from Vienna was completed some years ago, and several others have been commenced. On the noble Danube, too, the untiring efforts of Count Szechenyi have been crowned with success, and steamboats now run the whole length of Hungary, connecting Munich in Central Germany with the Black Sea and Constantinople.‡

In my next I shall call your attention to the somewhat intricate subject of the various races, whose descendants inhabit Hungary, as well as to some particulars with regard to their manners and character.

B.

* The *"Iron Gates"* is the name given the rapids that occur on the Danube, on the very boundary of Turkey; like *Hurl Gate*, near our own city, they have been for ages the dread of all the navigators of those waters, but like it they have yielded before the courage and skill of the moderns. They are situated in a pass between two mountains. Just below them are the remains of Trajan's bridge, built by him when invading Dacia, but broken down soon after by the Emperor Hadrian, in order to check the invasions of the barbarous hordes of the north into the Roman provinces.

† I quote from a work entitled: *Hungary and Transylvania, by John Paget, Esq. London, Murray*, 1839, a book whose statements are worthy of the highest regard, no less on account of the author's knowledge of his own countrymen, than on account of his severe impartiality.

‡ There are said to be upwards of sixty steamers and steam towboats on the river Danube.

For the Journal of Commerce.

NOTES ON HUNGARY.

No. II.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1849.

Mr. Editor:—In my last letter I endeavored to give your readers a general notion of the geography of Hungary, to which, if I understand aright, the ancient division of Transylvania has recently been added; it should have been so united long ago, allied to it as it is by the ties of national consanguinity. I shall now attempt to elucidate a more difficult point, with regard to the several races, whose origin, as well as their manners, their character, and their general appearance, differ widely from each other. The emigrants that come to our own shores from the Old World gradually disperse themselves amongst a population so great, that their national differences soon wear away by contact and intercourse with our citizens; five or ten years suffice to assimilate themselves entirely to the great mass of our countrymen. Not so with the various races of Hungary. Picture to yourself a country inhabited by four different tribes of people, entirely distinct from each other, possessing separate districts, and living under one central government; and you will form some notion of the diversities that characterize this nation, and of the necessary difficulties that must attend the control of a people having such discordant interests. Such, in fact, is the condition of Hungary, with her four principal tribes, representing two of the great families of nations that divide among themselves the inhabitants of Europe—the Teutonic and the Sclavonic. The geographical position of these tribes, if I may so call them, are for the most part the following:—The *Germans* are settled principally on a narrow strip of country extending along the boundary of Austria, from the Danube opposite Presburg to the Northern extremity of Croatia. The *Sclavacks* possess nearly all that part of Hungary North of the latitude of Presburg. The *Wallacks* predominate in

a district bordering on the Western side of Transylvania, and reaching on the South to the Danube, with a breadth of thirty or forty miles. All the remainder of Hungary proper, with some few exceptions, is inhabited by the *Magyars*, or true Hungarians. Transylvania, on the other hand, has an equal diversity of people in a smaller space. In the South a district in the environs of Hermanstadt receives the name of *Saxon-land*, from a colony of Germans from Saxony who settled in it during the twelfth century, and who, though in close proximity to the Wallacks, are said to have continued to speak the Saxon language in its purity, whilst it has become obsolete in Germany itself. Another part is taken up by the *Szekler-land*, and, as its name imports, it is mainly inhabited by the *Szeklers*, a tribe of Magyars. The last named and the Wallacks prevail in the remainder of Transylvania.

Having thus given a general idea of the division of Hungary between these tribes, I shall next bring to your notice some particulars concerning them.

I shall commence with the *Magyars* as the most important, and those to whose hands the reins of government are chiefly entrusted. The population of Hungary proper is usually estimated at eleven million inhabitants, and that of Transylvania at upwards of two millions; of this number, if we include the Szeklers, who are, in fact, of the same origin, the Magyars comprise about five millions and a half; the Sclavonic tribes perhaps four and a half, the Germans a million and a half or two million, the remainder being chiefly Jews and Wallachians. But though the Magyar race is not the half of the nation, it has taken the government almost entirely into its own hands. Except the German, the Magyar excels all the other natives in mind and refinement. One of his prevailing characteristics is an extravagant pride of race, and he constantly exhibits his high opinion of his own, and his supreme contempt for all other nations. A recent writer relates an amusing anecdote to illustrate this point, of a peasant driver, who absolutely refused to drive the Baroness W——'s carriage into Debreczen, so long as she should be attended by a Wallack footman, assuring her "that it was quite impossible that he, a Magyar, should endure the disgrace of driving a Wallack into Debreczen!" To this they join a quality nearly allied to pride, a great love of country. In temperament the Magyar is a singular mixture of the serious and the lively; ordinarily he is grave and walks with a measured step, but when excited he becomes enthusiastic and energetic. A want of perseverance under misfortunes and in adversity, and a great proneness to indolence, are the chief defects of his nature. His appearance plainly shows the Magyar peasant to have been originally of a warm climate; dark hair and black eyes being generally prevalent. Accordingly we find that this tribe first emigrated to Europe from the parts of Asia North of the Caspian Sea, and near the Ural River, about the eighth century of the Christian Era according to some, in the ninth according to others. Having seized upon the fertile country along the Danube, and dispossessed the original inhabitants of their lands, they made frequent predatory invasions upon the neighboring territories, and their country took the name of Hungary, from the resemblance its inhabitants bore to one of the savage hordes that five hundred years previously had overwhelmed Europe.

The *Sclavacks* are the next in numbers and importance to the Magyars. They are often, indiscriminately, called *Sclaves* or *Slaves*; but it is important not to mistake these names. The name of *Sclaves* or *Slaves* is given to the whole Sclavonic family; the Sclavacks and Sclavonians are two distinct tribes of this family, the first inhabiting the mountains in Northern Hungary, the latter the province of Sclavonia in the South. At first probably the only inhabitants of Hungary, they were dispossessed of their lands and possessions by the more fiery Magyar, and as the oppressed have usually been forced to do, they sought a refuge and a home among the mountains. The rocky parts of Hungary in the vicinity of the Carpathian mountains, are now theirs, while a number of other tribes, belonging to the same general family of the Sclaves, are dispersed in various parts of the rest of the country. Undoubtedly all the Sclavonic family had a common origin; the millions that compose the Russian Empire, the others in Bohemia, Northern Hungary, and Sclavonia, are assuredly nearly related to each other; and the idea of uniting these into one great nation has been a favorite scheme of the descendants of Peter the Great for a long period; perhaps, too, it is in the hope of some gain to his own dominions, that Nicholas is now willing to interfere between the Austrian Emperor and his Hungarian subjects. The Sclavack, like all his kindred tribes, is manifestly of a colder climate than the Magyar; his long flaxen hair and blue eyes, and his light complexion, plainly show it. Unlike him he is very industrious and persevering, but the soil he cultivates is poor, and returns but scanty harvests for the pains he has expended upon it. The greatest defect of these people is their intemperance, a curse which prevents them ever rising to a higher condition. Their miserable cottages, and the want of the neatness that surrounds those of the Magyars, alone, would teach us that their scanty earnings are mainly spent in ministering to their depraved appetite.

The *Wallacks*, if we except the Germans, constitute perhaps, the next largest class in Hungary and Transylvania, but the statistics of the last named province are so little known, that I can scarcely venture a guess on their united numbers. The Wallacks also abound in the Northern parts of Turkey, where a district in which the city of Bucharest stands, has received the name of Wallachia. The *Wallack* is the original possessor of the lands he inhabits; he claims his descent from the wild Dacian tribes that were so remarkable, seventeen or eighteen centuries ago, for their valor. With their king Dromichoetes at their head, they defeated the army of Lysimachus, one of the successors of Alexander the Great, and subsequently made a gallant resistance to the army of the Romans under Trajan. Nevertheless they were subdued, and Dacia became a province of the Empire; but the proximity of the barbarous hordes of the North compelled them, under the reign of one of the succeeding emperors, to give up the country, and retreat beyond the Danube. But though the rule of the Romans, as we see, was very short in this country, it is astonishing to find how many traces of their dominion are to be discovered, not only in the works of art that still remain, but more particluarly in their language. The greater part of the Wallachian words are derived from the Latin, and, indeed, they take pride in tracing back their genealogy to them; styling themselves "Rumunyi" from their conquerors. Unhappily the Wallack is not now what he was in former times; subjugated by the tribes that overran the Roman Empire, and oppressed for ages by his Magyar conquerors, his courage has given place to servility and cowardice; and, accustomed the tyranny of petty lords, how could we but expect to meet in him deceit, cunning and hypocrisy? But to blame him for this, is to lay the guilt upon the wronged. Our only subject of astonishment should be, that after so many ages of ill-treatment, he should still preserve such love for his country and for the localities endeared to him by so many associations. How striking a proof do we here find, that free institutions are indispensable to the normal growth of the human mind, and that only under them can a people advance to any high degree of civilization. Yet the Wallack peasant, notwithstanding his intemperance, is not wanting in filial affection and in gratitude, when, by any chance,—which is, also, very unfrequent,—that gratitude is called for.

The *Germans* are the only remaining class, of the four principal ones, in Hungary; but their manners and customs are so well known to all, that I shall say but one word of the colony of Saxons who inhabit that part of Transylvania which goes under the name *Saxon-Land*. It would have been difficult for any one to explain how they happened to emigrate to this distant part of Hungary, had not authentic history instructed us on that point. About the year 1143 A. D; when parts of Hungary and Transylvania had become quite depopulated by wars, the Princess Helena invited the Germans to emigrate and take possession of the vacant territories. Quite a number accordingly came, and since then have cultivated lands in Transylvania, and some in the north of Hungary. The most important privileges granted to them, and duties required of them, within the following century, were these: that they should elect their own chief or *Comes*, as their judge and leader, and likewise their own clergy; that they should pay a fixed tax, and in war furnish a certain number of troops to the king. Since that time this German colony has remained entirely distinct, retaining its ancient customs and laws, and a state of society free from all social inequalities.

The rest of the population of Hungary consists, in the main, of *Jews and Gipsies*. The former maintain their proverbial character of money lenders, and are very odious in the eyes of the Magyars, who despise them as living upon the miseries of other men, and covering their errors in order that they may thereby

gain some advantages. Their numbers are said to be about 150,000 in this country. The other class, the Gipsies are found in greater numbers in Hungary than in most European countries; they wander about from place to place as musicians and jugglers, and often form even excellent orchestras.

You may now form a pretty correct estimate of the diversity of origin, as well as of character and manners that complicate a political view of Hungary, and render it so difficult for a stranger to comprehend the true relative positions of the races As a whole the inhabitants of Hungary are distinguished for their hospitality to strangers, and among all for a remarkable desire to inform themselves on other countries, but particularly on England, which the Liberals have continually set before the nation to be copied as an example of great prosperity arising from good laws well administered.

In a country differing so much in race, there must be a difference in dialect also; the Magyars, the Slavacks, the Wallacks and the Germans, speaking their own peculiar languages. To obviate so great an obstacle in the way of intercourse, almost all the inhabitants have become acquainted with the Latin language, and it has been used for ages in the discussions of the Hungarian diet. During the last twenty or thirty years, the desire has become more and more deeply fixed in the minds of the patriotic, that there should be more *nationality*, if I may so speak, for Hungary; and accordingly literary men have devoted themselves to the improvement of the Magyar language, and to writing works in it. The Liberal members of the diet, also began to debate in Magyar instead of Latin, whilst the admirers of the old regime, and the supporters of the prerogatives of monarchy, still clung to the old customs. At length, in the year 1844, the matter was carried too far by the former, by a decree that thenceforth all public acts and deeds should be drawn up in the Magyar language, instead of the Latin. This act was most offensive to the Sclaves and Wallacks, who were willing to learn the Latin, but to be obliged to learn Magyar for the transaction of all public business was a blow aimed at their nationality, an attempt, if I may coin a word, to Magyarize them. Hence they were with difficulty prevented from rising in open revolt.

The religions that prevail in Hungary, are as various as the races that inhabit it; situated as it is between Christians and Mussulmen, in the midst of Catholic Austria, Greek Russia, and Mahomedan Turkey. I shall endeavor to give you some idea of the prevalence of the respective branches of the Christian Church, premising that all others are comparatively insignificant. The largest branch in that country is the *Roman Catholic*, and favored as it has been by the rulers, especially during the period of the Reformation, it is no wonder that it still retains a numerical superiority. It comprises in Hungary—including Croatia, Sclavonia, etc.—a population of five and a quarter millions nearly,* and was governed by seventeen bishops and three archbishops, those of Gran, Kolocsa and Erlau. The *Greek* Church is next in order, and is here divided into two sects, termed the *United Greek Church*, and the *Non-United* or *Orthodox Greek Church*. The first of these is also the smallest, and owes its origin to a scheme of the government to unite the Greek to the Roman Catholic Church. Whether it was caused by the implicit obedience that the House of Hapsburg has ever yielded to the authority of the Popes, or by a desire to render its possessions homogeneous, or by that bug-bear of Austria, a dread of Russian influence with those allied by the ties of religion, and, in Sclavonia and Croatia, of National relationship also—whatever the cause may have been, the court of Vienna made use of all inducements to prevail upon the people to conform to the Romish Church. The pope, too, conceded to them the marriage of the clergy, and the performance of the ritual in the vulgar tongue, whilst the Imperial government offered to those, who had, especially in Transylvania, been debarred from it, the privilege of a voice in the diet. The project succeeded in some measure, and now the United Greek Church embraces a population of some six or seven hundred thousand souls. But the majority of the Greek Church refused to be influenced by any of the offers of Government, and remain to this day separate, being connected rather with the Russian than with the Austrian establishment. They amount to about a million and a half of population, and have no voice in the higher chambers of the diet. The two established churches in Hungary, the Roman Catholics and the United Greek Churches, have a vast influence in the diet. Thirty-two bishops and three archbishops of the former and one bishop of the latter, have seats in the chamber of Magnates. The apparent discordance between these numbers and those I stated above, arises from the fact, that of the thirty-two bishops, fifteen or sixteen are titular bishops, whose sees lie in Turkey.

The *Protestant* Church in Hungary, is also composed of two branches: the *Reformed*, who follow the doctrine of the Swiss Reformers, Calvin, and Zwingle, and the *Lutherans*, who adopt the views of the German Reformers, Luther, and Melancthon.—These two amount together to about two million one hundred thousand, of which number two thirds belong to the first. The history of Protestantism in Hungary, is too well known to require of me a narrative of its rapid growth in that country and Bohemia. Nor need I say that at one time, it seemed as if both those nations were about to embrace the reformed religion and that, alarmed by the advances it made, the hierarchy lost no time in calling a universal Council for the purpose of crushing Huss, and Jerome of Prague. Their fate you know. The safeguards granted them by the Emperor of Germany, were violated, and they were burned at the stake at Constance, a century nearly before the reformation began in Germany and Switzerland. But to crush their followers was a different task, and the Hussites maintained their ground, though with variable success. They continued in this state of insecurity during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and it was not till the beginning of the seventeeth that any toleration was granted them by treaty; but notwithstanding their most solemn engagements it was not till the reign of Maria Theresa, in the commencement of the eighteenth, that persecution ceased, when that queen, whom in her misfortunes the protestants had loyally befriended, gave them more security in their worship. In the reign of Joseph the Second, the new privileges granted them placed them nearly on the same footing with the established Romish and Greek Churches; and it is a remarkable fact that of all the innovations of this revolutionary king, the decree granting these rights is the only one that was not repealed before his death. The liberty which the Protestants now enjoy is nearly complete. We cannot help reverting to the days of the Ante-Reformers, and contrasting their sufferings with the liberty their descendants now enjoy. What good might not have followed, if it had been granted five hundred years ago! May the sons of such fathers be worthy of them, and make a right use of their freedom.

Beside the religions of which we have been speaking, there are a few others. As we stated above, there are one hundred and fifty thousand Jews, and some few Mahomedans and Armenians. The Greek religion embraces most of the Sclavonians and Croatians, and the greater part of the Wallach population in Hungary proper. The Lutheran faith is professed by many of the German colonists in the north, and by a part of the Sclavacks. The reformed are chiefly Magyars, and are most numerous in the vicinity of Debruzen. The Roman Catholics are the remainder of the population, and consist principally of Magyars and Sclavacks. By the statistics we have given, it will be seen, that about six millions belong to the established church, and three millions and a third to the non-conforming churches. The clergy of the Greek churches are said to be very ignorant, and like their people, extremely superstitious. The lower orders of the Roman Catholic priesthood are kind-hearted and simple, and, though ill-informed, are hospitable to strangers. Of the bishops and archbishops, no very high opinion is held by those who are well acquainted with them. They are oftener more addicted to the acquisition of gain, than to the care of souls; and more frequently distinguished for niggardliness, than for liberality. The Protestant clergy are, as we shall see in a few moments, the best educated in the country; but it is to be feared that too many have embraced, on the one side, German Rationalism,—on the other, Swiss Socinianism. Of late, however, a great change has been in operation, and many have returned to the faith of their fathers. A symptom of this is found in the following fact: A few years ago an offer was made by the Austrian Government to subsidize the Protestant churches, and synods of the Lutheran and Reformed churches, convened, by mutual agreement, at the same place, to consider the proposition. Each met separately, and

after passing unanimous resolutions, assembled together. The minute of the Reformed was so agreeable to the Lutherans, that it was adopted as embodying the sentiments of both synods, and the offer was rejected.

The point to which I will now call your attention is the general state of education in Hungary. It is most desirable that we should be well acquainted with the state of the country in this respect, for it is on the educated classes that we must rely, for the support of free institutions in any country. Hungary is sadly defective in primary education; but few schools suitable for the majority of the inhabitants exist, not only because of the apathy of most of the nobles and the hatred of some towards any improvement of the peasant's condition, but also from his own listlessness and prejudices. Some injudicious attempts have been made, that have succeeded ill and discouraged further efforts, but these difficulties will easily be removed by wise management. In the towns, however, the primary schools have met with better success, and a few years ago there were upwards of an hundred in the towns. With higher institutions of learning, Hungary is better provided. At Pesth, (or Pest as the name is now often written), there is the royal University, the largest in the country, and one of the richest in Europe. It is under the direction of the Roman Catholics, who possess Academies at Agram, (in Croatia), Grosswardstein, Kaschan, Presburg and Raab, and a few schools supported by the bishops in their respective sects. The institutions of learning supported by the Protestants are more numerous; the Lutherans in the north, and the Reformed in the south, have schools for primary education in all their parishes, which amount now, I suppose, to about two thousand. Above these the Reformed have seven *gymnasia* or grammar schools, and the Lutherans nine, in which the rudiments of a higher education are taught, and the young men prepared for the Colleges. Of these the former have three, at Debrecsen, Saros Patak and Papa, containing 4180 students, and the latter four, at Eperies, Presburg, Odenburg and Kesmark, in which there are 2660 students. The Colleges are in a flourishing state, and mostly supported by the rich noblemen belonging to the Protestant churches, among whom some of the students yearly go on mendicant excursions to procure means to support themselves. The Greek Church has much neglected providing means of education for those in her communion, especially in the non-united branch; but a few schools have b en established of late.

Besides those who study in the Hungarian Colleges and the Pesth University, numbers of the young noblemen were formerly sent to study at the most distinguished Universities of Germany, as of Berlin, Halle and Vienna; but this custom is, I think, becoming less common, from the greater and greater antipathy entertained in Hungary for everything foreign if it be not English. The education of the nobleman in Hungary is very different from that which is given either in England or in this country, and in many points excels it, while in not a few others it is far behind the age. Most of them are acquainted with a number of languages, which it would astonish us to hear. They know the Magyar because it is the language of the country, the Latin because it is continually used, and necessary in all communications with others than Hungarians, the German they must acquire because it is spoken at the Viennese Court; and many learn the French and English, because the first is the polite language of Europe, and the last because it is that of the most powerful nation on the globe. With the Latin language they are better acquainted as spoken than as written, but many are well taught in it as found in the classics. In Jurisprudence they are far more at home than we are, and they consider a good knowledge of the laws of their own country an indispensable part of a liberal education; this is the more necessary as almost the whole control of the Diet devolves upon them; and on the familiarity with the constitution and their resistance to all violations of it, depend the freedom and national preservation of their country. But there are points in which the Hungarian education is far behind the age; in all that concerns the natural sciences, the arts, and a knowledge of the world's geography and manners, they are sadly deficient; in the former study they have advanced, with few exceptions, only so far, I suppose, as the rest of the educated world had a quarter or half a c ntury ago. The great mass of young noblemen have scarcely been out of their native country except to Austria, and have, therefore, had little opportunity to form sufficiently enlarged views by travel, yet there are few that do not entertain liberal views, though they often carry their plans of change to extravagant lengths, and are too apt in them to forget that an amelioration in the social state of the people, is equally important with reform in the government. The comparative independence of Hungary, and the want of an active espionage, have favored these visionaries.

With regard to literature and the fine arts, as I have said, the Hungarians are far behind the most refined nations of Europe, yet even in these some advance has been made, especially at Pesth. An academy of Sciences of Hungary—the *Tudomianyos Tarsanag* of the Magyar—was established in 1832. Its principal object was the study and improvement of the Magyar language, but it has devoted itself to all the branches of science, and has great influence not only because of the talent and reputation of its members, among whom are the most distinguished patriots in the country, but also from the prizes annually given for the best works published every year. Besides this, there are *Casinas* or clubs—a name avoided lest they might be suspected of revolutionary objects like those of Paris—in the large towns, by whose means a great deal of information is spread among the higher classes. Museums of Natural History, and antiquities, in which the country abounds, are becoming more numerous, and the treasures Hungary possesses for the naturalist, are likely ere long to become well known to the scientific world.

In my next I shall call your readers' attention to the social condition of the country. I mean the relation of noble and peasant, which is the more important from the fact that whilst some have lately endeavored to exculpate the former from all blame in the matter, others have seemed to desire to attribute to them more than is their due, and have given them no credit for their attempts to free their country from the unhappy state in which it is at present, and have claimed for the Austrian government an honor that, I do not think, justly belongs to it. B.

* These numbers were returned by the survey made by order of Government in the year 1825, since which time some variations may, probably, have taken place, but the general accuracy is sufficient.

NOTES ON HUNGARY.
No. III.

New York, June 4, 1849.

Mr. Editor:—In my former letters I have treated of the geography of Hungary, and of the various tribes that compose its population. The next question that naturally arises, is: What is the social condition of the people? What is the state of the laboring classes in that country? And this is, perhaps, a more difficult subject than either of those which we have treated of before, because it is hard to distinguish the truth in the conflicting statements of Hungarians and Austrians. We shall do our best, however, to discover the actual state of things, and present it to your readers.

The entire population of Hungary is divided into two distinct parts in the eye of the law, in legal terms the *populus*, and the *misera contribuens plebs*. The former, the *populus*, is composed of the noblemen and the clergy, while the latter, by far the most numerous class, comprises all the remainder of the inhabitants. The nobility of Hungary, however, differ from the nobility of almost, if not every other nation on the globe. It is not elevated above the *vulgus* or *plebs* by means of the usual accompaniments of nobility, rank, riches, hereditary pride of an ancient ancestry, or title. Some nobles in Hungary, if I am rightly informed on this point, are even reduced to the performance of menial services, while others inhabit separate villages, and till the ground with their own hands. As to wealth they are often as poor, or poorer even, than many of the despised peasants; and many of their ancestors enjoyed no reputation that they might be proud of, even if their history has chanced to survive their own life time. As we shall in a moment see, until the accession of the House of Hapsburg, there were no hereditary titles which distinguished the nobles. In what respect then, you ask,

do the nobles differ from the peasantry. In a much more substantial manner than in most other countries; it is for the privileges they enjoy that they are honored. They sustain to the State a relation very similar to that which history tells us the ancient Spartans bore to the Lacedaemonian commonwealth; they enjoy many peculiar privileges and immunities, and, at the same time they have the management of the government, they have, until recently, borne none of its burthens. But there is one important distinction between these analogous cases; with the Spartans the Helot was a slave; with the Hungarian the peasant has not for centuries been even his serf.

In another point of view do the nobles of Hungary differ from those of any other country. There is no hereditary difference of rank among them, or at least no such gradations of honor existed prior to the last two hundred years or so, since the Austrian rule—a circumstance which clearly demonstrates the truth of our assertion, that they are respected merely as a privileged class. In former times the lords of the kingdom were the only titled nobility, and they handed down no title to their children. The case is otherwise now, it is true, and those who possess this rank have been the most inveterate opponents of an amelioration in the condition of the lower classes, and, before the outbreak of the war, had usually sided with the Court party.

Let us consider for a moment the privileges, which the nobles of Hungary possessed for ages, before we inquire into the present state of the peasantry. The constitutional history of Hungary resembles in a remarkable manner that of Great Britain. It was in the year 1215 that the barons of England compelled weak King John to accede to their demands, and to give them the *Magna Charta*, the first grant of constitutional rights by the Crown. Seven years after, in 1222, the lesser Hungarian nobles—those holding no office in the State—compelled their King Andrew to yield them their traditional claims, and to swear to maintain the *Bulla Aurea* the basis of all constitutional liberty in Hungary. And, further, as the attempt to disregard and violate the former, cost one King his life, so the systematic endeavors of an Austrian dynasty to abrogate and disannul the latter, have caused one of the most important and remarkable commotions that has occurred in our times. Both teach an important lesson to Kings, that it is dangerous to attempt to deprive a nation of rights rendered the more precious by long enjoyment.

As we have said the *Bulla Aurea* was granted in the year 1222 by king Andreas the Second, under the title of "Sacratissimi Regis Andrae Secundi Decretum." Its principal provisions are the following: "The noble cannot be imprisoned, with an exception or two, unless he be convicted by a proper tribunal beforehand; he cannot be sent upon a foreign mission except at the King's expense; a descent of his property to his sons is guaranteed, with other less important grants; the noble can be judged only by the court of Palatine, and, in the highest criminal cases, by the King alone. The same privileges, excluding the last, I believe, were given to the clergy as well as the nobility.

These enactments are the basis of all the prerogatives of the nobles, and, if we examine them carefully, we shall see that they are of great consequence. The most important are these: the noble is subject to the king only; he is inviolable unless convicted, or suspected of high treason or taken in the act; he is exempt from all taxes, and yet, at the same time, he alone can hold landed property: the land he owns, however, is merely a gift of the Sovireign, for whenever the male heirs to the property fail, the Crown in most cases claims the right to take back the land, and bestow as seems good to it. The nobles, therefore, cannot dispose of the land they have received as a gift, either by sale or by transfer. This, of course, is a serious impediment to all industry on the part of peasants or nobles, and hence the abolition of *aviticite*, as the right to recover sold lands is called, was early mentioned as one of the reforms necessary. As we shall see, it has recently been repealed; in former times, however, it was frequently avoided by mortgaging an estate to perpetuity. A further right is one granted in the final article of the Bulla Aurea, which grants permission to the nobles, if its provisions be not respected, to rise in arms and compel the king to keep them. A similar privilege is mentioned in the Magna Charta. It is a course, proper in the eye of the law, that the Magyars have now taken in their war with the Emperor of Austria.

The nobility of Hungary is divided into three classes. The lowest comprises the *One House Gentry*, as they are often termed, from their sending representatives to the Chamber of Deputies only. They form the bulk of the constituency of Hungary, with the clergy, and are, for the most part, a very rude and ignorant, as well as very friendly and hospitable class. The highest class of nobles are the *Magnates*; they consist of the barons and counts of the kingdom, that is the chief officers nominated by the King, and the titled nobles or regalists. Between these two extremes there is a medium class, who are usually the greatest friends to all improvement, and the most determined opponents of injustice and oppression. They are warmly attached to the institutions of their country, and are, for the most part, members of the Reformed religion. These differences of rank, as w said above, are not the legitimate offspring of the Hungarian constitution, which seems to have contemplated perfect equality among the nobles, but have been engrafted upon it by the Austrian rulers.

We have already remarked that none but nobles were capable of owning real estate; and, indeed, until recently this was one of their most important privileges. About a half a million of persons, counting the young as well as the old, held the whole landed property in Hungary. We can, therefore, readily believe that the dominions of many of them must have been very extensive, since the average to every noble family would be upwards of five hundred acres, and many we know do not possess any thing approximating to that amount. An idea of the immense possessions of some of them may be formed, when we hear that those of Prince Eszterhazy—the richest and most powerful subject in the kingdom, and whose estates lie southward from Presburg, around the Neusoidler Lake—are of as great extent as the kingdom of Wurtemburg, that is, nearly eight thousand square miles! Yet when we see an estate of such a size as this, in a populous district, we cannot draw from it any inference as to the revenue it returns to the landlord. The incomes of the Hungarian nobles are exceedingly small in comparison to those enjoyed by those in other monarchical countries; they rarely exceed $60,000. Prince Eszterhazy's revenue was formerly reckoned at about $750,000, a very small sum, indeed, when we take into account the great extent of his possessions; the numerous collectors of the rents pobably retain for themselves a large portion of it.

The great defect in the Hungarian system of law is that it is *paternal* or *patriarchal*, as its advocates are wont to call it. The very mention of this term would bring up to our minds a more perfect organization, such as existed in ancient times; a state of society where the landlord lives happily, in the midst of grateful and contented peasants. But the theory will not bear the test of experience. It entrusts too much power to the rich man, and makes too much depend on his disposition and character. Its grand characteristic is a remarkable inequality in the state of the poor; now and then we may find industry thriving amongst a population wisely governed, but much more commonly we meet with idleness and poverty reigning in its stead, the result of an oppressive and tyrannical system. Such, unfortunately, is the condition of Hungary; in some places we see the lower classes dwelling in neat, comfortable cottages, and cultivating well ploughed fields; at others centuries of ill treatment have left their traces in the miserable hovels of the peasants, which are scarcely fit for human habitation.

We must not understand from this that the Hungarian peasant is a serf. The state of society is not feudal in Hungary; that would imply a vassalage that does not exist, and would preclude rights which the peasant enjoys. Before 1405 the peasant in Hungary was not recognized as a man possessing rights. By an act of the Diet in that year he was permitted to leave his native place, after he had obtained his lord's consent; and it was farther enacted that this could not be withheld except for cause. If the feudal system had previously prevailed in Hungary, it is plain that this decree abolished it completely; for by granting the peasant the rights of removal, it ceased

to consider him as attached to the land, and bought and sold with it, as is now the case in Russia.—From the time of this act, no further advantages were yielped for a considerable length of time, and no modification of the existing state of affairs was made. In consequence, however, of an insurrection of the peasants headed by Dosa, an attempt was made to reduce the whole of them to the state of bondage in which they had been prior to the year 1405; but the decree designed to enforce it proved unsuccessful, though, after having been twice enacted, and twice repealed or altered, it left the peasants in a worse condition than it had found them This was about year 1560. It was not, however, until the reign of Maria Theresa, that any permanent advancement took place among the common people, though the particular law to which we made reference had been abrogated a hundred and fifty years before. During the sojourn of that celebrated Queen in Hungary, her gratitude had, doubtless, been awakened by the generous treatment she had received at the hands of the people, and she determined to endeavor to benefit the country to the utmost of her abilities. The greatest evil in Hungary was evidently the state of subjection, in which the laboring classes were held; for while they supported the whole nobility of the kingdom, bore all the burthens of the state, and sustained the municipal institutions, they neither possessed the right to vote in elections, nor were capable of holding office, and they could not avail themselves of the protection of the government which they upheld. It was from these considerations that, in her address to the Diet held in 1764, she recommended an investigation of the subject of reform in the social state of the people; but, whether from an unwillingness to yield privileges which they esteemed of the highest moment, and would not give up before their ideas of the best interests of their country became more developed, or whether it was that they did not deem it expedient to do so before some other concessions were granted them by the Empress, we know not. But the subject was not taken up nor discussed, and the Diet adjourned without making any improvement in the condition of the poor.

This was the last Diet held during the reign of Maria Theresa. Possessing an energetic and masculine mind, she undertook to manage the affair herself, and, accordingly, without the sanction or consent of the people, or the ratification of the Diet, which was requisite, she published the decree which is usually referred to as the *Urbarium of Maria Theresa.* As the Bulla Aurea granted the first privileges to the nobility of Hungary, giving the lesser nobles a share in the government, which the greater had until then entirely in their own hands, so the Urbarium of Maria Theresa, is the first grant of rights to the lower classes. Although in a legal point of view this edict had never been constitutionally established, yet the time in which it was promulgated was so opportune, and it was so suitable in its provisions, that its authority was never questioned, and it remained in force till the year 1835, when it was replaced by another.

Until the publication of this Urbarium, the peasant, who possessed no land in the kingdom, was obliged to bear all the taxes. Now this instrument provided that, so long as the peasant should perform duties specified by it, he should retain possession of the lands he cultivated, and could not be driven away by the landlord himself; thus it gave him a fixed tenure, or "tenant right," as it is termed in the county of Ulster, and a few other parts of Ireland, where a similar claim prevails. The provisions of this act are in substance the following: First. As to the peasant's lands and rights. A *fief* comprised from sixteen to forty acres of arable and from six to twelve of pasture land, varying according to the value of the land, its situation, etc. As by Hungarian law a parent's property is divided equally between his children, although the youngest has a peculiar privilege, that of retaining the paternal house, a peasant might hold only half or quarter of an entire fief. This fief might be handed down from father to son, and could not be forfeited except by some violation of the conditions upon which the peasant held it, and only when a decision to that effect had been given by some tribunal. The peasant had a right to retail wine, if he produced it, from Michaelmas to St. George's Day, but if not only to Christmas. The *soc mill*, a right to compel the peasant to grind his corn at his landlord's mill, was abolished. The reader will readily perceive here the abolition of a trace of feudal customs, when the *villain* or *vassal* was bound to perform many such obligations for his master. These are the principal changes made in the rights of the peasant. *Secondly.* The duties of the peasant towards the landlord were the following: The tenant holding an entire fief was compelled to work for his lord one hundred and four days in a year, or if he furnished a team of horses or oxen only one half of that period. The days of labor were to be distributed through the year, one fourth in the winter months, and the remainder apportioned throughout the year, one or two in each week, and more if required in the harvest time. The holders of fractional parts of a fief were obliged to work a proportionate number of days, while a mere householder need work only eighteen days. The peasant in consideration for the permission to cut wood and gather rushes on his lord's estate, was bound to furnish and carry to him a load of firewood. Beside these were a number of other minor duties, such as, for instance, to make yearly presents of a couple of fowl, a pound of butter, etc. In addition to all these rights the landlord was to receive a ninth part of the fruits of the field and orchard, and a ninth of the yearly increase of the flocks and herds.

The power of enforcing these duties was principally vested in the lord of the manor himself—the *dominus terrestris* of the Hungarian law. He could inflict a punishment of twenty-five blows,* and, though the peasant had a right of appeal, he had no means of arresting the execution, so that, in fact, he had no power of redress within his reach. In addition to this, there was the *Sedes Dominatis*, to which an appeal lay open to the injured; but it was composed of judges nominated by the landlord, and who generally were neighboring nobles, and could not be expected to favor the poor tenant's cause. This court also decided differences between themselves. From this again the wronged might appeal to the *Statthalterie*, the High Court at Buda, which was at least impartial, if not even favorably disposed from policy, to the oppressed landholder and tax payer.

This Urbarium, which had been in force ever since the reign of Maria Theresa, was found in 1835 to suit ill the requirements of the case, and, accordingly, the king revived the consideration of the subject. After much deliberation the result was the law which goes under the name of the *Urbarium of* 1835. The distinguishing feature of this law is the liberal concessions made to the peasants, passed, as it was, by a diet composed almost exclusively of nobles.

The peasant, prior to this Urbarium, had been oppressed by the number of petty duties, which, though they were small in themselves, were exceeding annoying and vexatious to him. These were all abolished, as well as the journeys the tenant was obliged to make for his landlord; he acquired a more definite interest in the land, so much so that his right to purchase and sell the possession and enjoyment of peasant's fiefs was recognized, and, in this manner, the property of the landlord in it was virtually destroyed, so long as the peasant continued to fulfil the requirements of the law. It was provided, also, that if a noble should purchase the land of a peasant, or its use more correctly, he should be subject to taxes, such as the law demanded from its previous owner. In order that no speculation should take place, and no one should become excessively powerful, the law prohibited any one from holding more than one peasant's fief in the same village, if the number of fiefs is less than eighty, or two if it is less than one hundred and twenty, and so on. But this arrangement is very ill-advised, for if it hinders one evil, it also inflicts a vastly greater mischief, by discouraging industry, and removing one of the greatest inducements to persevering labor, by making it almost impossible for even the frugal to become wealthy. The landlord, by this Urbarium, obtained few rights; the chief was that to collect all his property that was not cultivated by peasants, into once parcel, separate from their fiefs. The Court, to whom all difficulties between the lords of the land and the tenants were referred for decision was likewise modified, and took the appellation of *Sedes Dominalis Urbiarialis.* In order that all causes might be judged with strict impartiality, it was provided that, instead of being named by nobles as formerly, the judges should consist of the village officer and one of his subordinate men, with three other persons of the village, who were in no way dependent upon the interested noble. At the same time the landlord was prohibited from making use of any bodily punishment in order to coerce the peasant to fulfil his duties, and was limited to the right of imprisonment for three days at most. We can see from these things what substantial benefits were given to the peasant, and our attention cannot fail to be attracted by the fact, that a legislative body, composed exclusively of nobles, should have acted so noble a

part, and have been so patriotic, so fully awake to the true requisites for a nation's happiness and prosperity, that they yielded their own interests to their common country's good.

Nor will our astonishment and admiration diminish, when we consider the steady efforts that have been made during the last fifteen years to improve the state of the peasantry. We have, indeed, seen it stated of late, that the constant aim of the Hungarian Diet, for years, has been to resist all improvements, whilst the Austrian Government has been as disposed to carry them out. But these statements are, to say the least, very unfair. Among the grievances set forth by the Hungarian Diet, as we shall see hereafter, was the state of the peasantry, and, in the words of the reform party, one of their demands was "Civil Equality". As the constitution of the diet forbids it to consider any subject, but what is set forth in the Emperor's address, the members of that body frequently asked permission to discuss the question of the various reforms. The Austrian Court were, indeed, willing that the state of the poor should be ameliorated, as by such a change the finances of the government would be benefitted; but they were utterly opposed to all the other alterations proposed. On the other side, the Diet of Hungary was unwilling to tax itself, without having a control of the budget, which was refused them. It was in this state the projected scheme remained for many years, the Austrian Emperor paying not the slightest attention to the numerous petitions that were sent to him from every county in the kingdom.

It was in the year 1848 that the last laws affecting the social condition of the people passed. Hungary had without commotion withstood all insurrectionary movements in the spring of that year, and had passed unscathed among them all. When the inhabitants of Vienna had compelled their emperor to fly to Innspruck, and grant them a new constitution and a new order of things, there was an absolute necessity, as we can easily perceive, that important modifications should be made in the laws of Hungary. Accordingly the matter was taken up in the Diet, an excuse for doing it having been found, and, after mature deliberation, the result was the concession of such rights and such liberty to the oppressed tenant, as he had never before enjoyed. As this law is by far the most important that has passed the Hungarian Chambers, I shall endeavor to give your readers some idea of its nature. In the press of more exciting news many of them, doubtless, neglected to pay sufficient notice to this most important document. The great fundamental provision contained therein is, *perfect civil equality* and *universal religious toleration;* and at present in the eye of the law the noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the landlord and tenant, are eqnal. The lands formerly held by the peasants as tenants of the noblemen, were transferred to them, and were to be held by them free from any rent or compensation, except such as government might choose to make, thus giving about one-half of the cultivated land of Hungary to the peasantry. As we have stated above, none but the nobility and clergy had the right to vote, either in the general elections for members of the lower chamber of the Diet, or in those for municipal officers; now the elective franchise was extend- to every man, of whatever class, who had attained his twenty-fifth year, and who had a capital of three hundred florins (about $150), or an income of one hundred annually, or had received a diploma from a university, or employed hired laborers. These were the principal changes effected in the social condition of the country. Others, of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, were made in its political relations. The whole bill having passed unanimously in both Chambers (the highest of which was presided over by a member of the Imperial family, the Archduke Palatine), it was presented to the King of Hungary, and was signed by him on the 11th of April, 1848; it thus became a law of the realm. In the begining of summer a new Diet, elected under the new system of suffrage, assembled at Pesth, and was organized by the reelection of the Archduke as Palatine and president of the ellagnates. It consisted of almost the same men who had previously had seats in it.

I have gone over all the more important points in the state of the different classes in Hungary. The reader will notice the great progress made by the cause of human equality in that country during the last century, and will see, that those who accuse the Magyar of opposing all plans to ameliorate the condition of the poor, are either wilfully concealing the truth, or are ignorant of it. In no country, I think, can an example of more disinterested legislation be shown, that in that land, and none are more worthy of our commendation, than the self sacrificing Magyar nobles.

In my next I shall call your attention to the Diet of Hungary, its relations to Austria, &c., and, perhaps, to a few of the real causes of the war that is now being carried on between those countries. B.

* I feel it necessary to correct an error into which a recent writer has fallen in respect to the punishment of nobles. He says,—"In many instances a noble has slain a farmer or other ignoble without any punishment inflicted on him, except, perhaps, a fine of some florins." He has doubtless been misinformed. The fact is that murder is always punishable with death, but *besides this* a fine of one hundred florins, I believe, if the offender be noble, if not only fifty, is imposed to support the murdered persons' family.

NOTES ON HUNGARY.

No. IV.

New-York, June 11, 1849.

Mr. Editor:—The next point in the state of Hungary, which it is necessary to examine, in order to form a correct opinion of its present condition, is its government. The importance of observing this will be evident, in as much as we find in it a legislature entirely dissimilar from any that has existed in the other parts of the Austrian Empire. We have had so little information in England and in this country, respecting the internal constitution of that body, that most of us have regarded it habitually, as one homogeneous State; so that even now we can scarcely divest ourselves of a disposition to consider the war which the Hungarians have commenced waging with the Emperor, as an insurrection or revolt, rather than as an attempt to depose a prince, who has in various ways exceeded his constitutional powers. In a word, we have viewed Hungary as a province of the Empire, not as an independent kingdom united to it by fortuitous circumstances. A short retrospect of the history of that country will soon make it manifest in what light its relations with the surrounding States should be regarded.

The Austrian Empire is not a nation; it is a confederacy of people, very distinct in their character, manners, language and origin. Its eastern and northern portions are partly inhabited by members of the great Sclavonic family, the western by members of the German or Teutonic, the southern by branches of the Italian or Latin. Thus it is divided among the three great classes of nations who people the major part of Europe. And its diversities of government are equally wide: the Italian provinces under the name of Lombardy and Venice, Hungary, and Bohemia, are kingdoms; the hereditary states of Upper and Lower Austria, Styria and Tyrol, are duchies, as was also Switzerland before it freed itself from the yoke of a foreign nation. How, you will ask, has this diversity been brought about, for you cannot suppose it to be merely an accidental circumstance. Accordingly we find it arose from national differences in times far back in time. The house of Hapsburg is not of Austrian but of Swiss origin, having sprung from the Dukes that ruled, at first, at a town of the same name near Constance. Rudolph, of Hapsburg, was elected about the year 1270 to the imperial throne of Germany, and, in a war with Ottocar, of Bohemia, he gained possession of the Austrian States, which were handed down in the family under the name of hereditary States or *Ost-reich*—the Eastern country. In the fiftieth century, Austria rose from the subordinate condition, in which it had till then existed, and became so powerful that from that time the Imperial throne was occupied exclusively by the Austrian princes. During the reign of Charles the Fifth, Ludovic, the last King of Hungary and Bohemia of a native family, having fallen in a calamitous battle with the Turks,—the first battle of Mohacs—the throne became vacant, and the Diet proceeded to the election of a prince who might fill it—a power which they had long possessed, but rarely exercised.

The choice fell upon a foreigner, Ferdinand. He was brother of the most powerful personage in Europe, Charles, the Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain, the Netherlands and the Austrian States. Ferdinand assumed the government of the latter also, and was elected Emperor of Germany, upon the death of his brother, whilst Spain and the remainder of Charles's vast dominions descended to his son Philip. Thus it was, that Hungary came under the sway of the House of Hapsburg; and the fact is deserving of special notice, from its influence upon the subsequent history of that country. It was, and has continued ever since to be, a *separate kingdom*, united to Austria and the rest of the Empire by no ties of interest, religion or nationality, but only by a *fortuitous connection.*—The Emperor exercises a dominion over it solely in virtue of his descent from a sovereign elected by the National Diet, and, whilst until lately he was absolute monarch over the most of the rest of his vast dominions, he has always been restrained by an ancient constitution in Hungary. It is in this way alone that Hungary is connected as a nation with the other parts of the Empire.

It has been the policy of the Austrian government to consolidate the different provinces, and to attempt the formation of the whole into one kingdom; but though the endeavors it has made have succeeded in various other portions, they have signally failed in Hungary. The Magyar retains too much of the pride of race, and too vivid a recollection of the deeds of valor achieved by his ancestors, on the field of battle, when they alone resisted the Turkish power, and checked its further progress into Christian Europe. He loves to remember the days when Hungary was revered by friends and respected by foes, and never, till he forgets that time, can he with indifference behold the reduction of his native land to the character of a dependent province. Hence the earliest attempts of the Court of Vienna to produce this effect, were met with firm and manly resistance, and, as often as they were zealously renewed, they proved completely abortive. The reign of the Empress Maria Theresa was perhaps more productive of happiness for Hungary, than any she has had since; for, though the changes which she sought to accomplish in the political condition of the people were great, the reforms which her noble mind continually planned and executed, were extremely beneficial to the people, who had saved her life and dominions. But succeeding emperors were less successful in their attempts to subvert the accient constitution and customs of the land; Joseph the Second plunged with such precipitance into radical changes, that he soon aroused the conservative principles and the prejudices of his eastern subjects. He forgot entirely that the work of a good ruler is not creation, but wholesome reform; the torrent, whose cousre can be altered by gradual and persevering toil, would overwhelm the daring man who should violently attempt to turn it aside. The injudicious efforts of Joseph, failed sigually, and toward the end of his reign he perceived his error, when the whole nation rose in arms, and compelled him to recal his edicts. The Diet, which he had neglected to call according to the customs of Hungary, was now assembled, and even the just alterations he had made were almost without exception annulled before his death. The reign of Leopold, who followed Joseph in the command, was influenced by a due moderation, and the Diet which held its sessions during that period was one of the most important in its consequences that Hungary has ever witnessed.—The opposition to the Cabinet, which had been excited by the violent measures of the preceding monarch, was scarcely allayed; and in order to quiet the country, the Diet proceeded to consider the reforms necessary for the best interests of the people. As they were forbidden by their constitution to take account of any measure not proposed in the speech of the king, they appointed a committee to report on all the *gravamina* or grievances they should deem proper. This body was composed of seven sub-committees, to which were referred the different departments. The first was directed to examine the condition of the peasantry, the influence of the Urbarium given by Maria Theresa; the second, the military affairs; the third, the management of the government; the fourth, the national education; the fifth, the commerce of the country; sixth, civil and criminal law; the seventh, the finances and the subject of taxation. After a full and thorough discussion of the topics submitted to their investigation, they returned able and copious reports. The whole subject stood in precisely this position, when the revolutionary movements broke out in France, and the excesses there committed, were little calculated to incline the Court to undertake any change in the countries under its sway. The events, too, that soon involved all Europe in a general war, and even threatened the political existence of Austria, drew off all attention from internal improvements, to the preservation of its national stability. When peace returned, the subject was again and again pressed upon the attention of the Cabinet at Vienna, but its consideration was put off year after year. This system of delays is, in fact, peculiar to the Austrian Government, which has always endeavored to avoid the necessity of refusing any demand of the people, however contrary to its principles or policy; a postponement is made till a more suitable moment, which never arrives.

In the year 1830, however, the Diet resumed the consideration of the *gravamina*, and, after having revised them, it selected fourteen of the most important, and passed them in both Chambers, under the title of *preferentialia*. Their substance is this. They demand the union of Galicia, Transylvania and the Adriatic province under the title of Dalmatia, to Hungary, that the "*military frontier*"—the strip of country bordering on Turkey, which is garrisoned with troops to guard against invasion, and is under the command of the Cabinet directly—should be subject to the laws of Hungary; they complain of the duty on salt,* and petition for its reduction; they demand that the Government should issue no more edicts to the executive officers of the kingdom; that the laws concerning the taxing of the clergy should be respected; that the Hungarian Chancery should become, in fact as well as in name, independent of the Austrian; that the coin should bear the arms of Hungary, and that gold and silver should no more be allowed to be exported; that the bank-note currency should be abolished; that the Magyar language should be made use of in all official documents; that the fiscal estates—those which, on the failure of male heirs, reverted to the King—should be given as a recompense for noble deeds, and not sold as at present; finally, that the system of Austrian espionage in Hungary should be abandoned.

But here, again, the Imperial Cabinet made use of every possible expedient to put off the consideration of the *gravamina*; and when delays could no longer avail, it proposed the question of urbarial reforms only, the result of which was the Urbarium of 1835, of which I made mention in a former letter. Thus affairs stood until within a few years; the succeeding events I shall postpone as they are deeply interwoven with the cause of the present war.

The person next in rank and power to the King, in Hungary, is the Palatine; he is in fact his representative; for, though elected by the Diet, the Crown enjoys the right of nominating the four individuals, two of whom must be of the Magyar or Reformed faith from whom he is chosen. The Palatine resembles our Vice President in some respects, and is the president of the upper chamber, whose conservative check is much like that of our Senate. The office of Palatine lies open to every Magnate or noble, I believe, yet it has been filled for sometime by members of the Imperial family; the Archduke Joseph, the uncle of the late Emperor, for a long period held that rank, and sustained its duties in so faithful a manner as to be highly respected, not only by friends of the Cabinet but also by the most enthusiastic of the Liberals. And, when the difficulties between the Emperor and his Hungarian subjects came to a crisis, and he found that all his efforts to produce an accommodation were of no avail, he retired to Vienna, before the final outbreak of hostilities, and sent from thence his resignation to the Diet, over which he had presided for nearly half a century.

The legislative body, of which I have often before this had occasion to make mention, is named the *Diet*. Its functions are thus laid down and defined by Fessler—I quote through Orosz and Paget:—"To maintain the old Magyar constitution, to support it by constitutional laws, and to assert and secure the rights, liberties, and ancient customs of the nation; to frame laws for particular cases; to grant the supplies, and to fix the manner and form of their collection; to provide means for securing the independence of the kingdom, its safety from foreign influence and deliverance from all enemies; to examine and encourage public undertakings and establishments of general utility; to superintend the mint; to confer on foreigners the privileges of nobility, the permission to colonise the country and enjoy the rights of Hungarians,—are the most important functions of the Hun-

garian Diet."

The Diet is composed of two Houses, the Upper or *Chamber of Magnates*, and the Lower or *Chamber of Deputies*. The former in the earlier times of Hungarian history was the only body that had any influence on the affairs of the state, and those consisted of the principal officers of the kingdom, the Barons and the Counts; but the untitled nobility, in order to restrain their influence which was almost supreme, used to assemble in arms on the Rahos Mezo near Pesth, and compelled them to yield them their constitutional demands, and finally to give them a voice in the Diet. The two bodies, which, probably, at first used to sit together, are, therefore, the representatives of two different classes, the Magnates or the Aristocracy of Hungary, and the populus or untitled nobility. The upper house is much larger than the lower, for all the Magnates have a right to seats in it, as well those who are Barons and Counts by hereditary title, as those who are such by virtue of the office they hold in the state. In addition to these, there are some thirty-five Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and one Greek, who have a right to vote in the Chamber. Yet, among the six or seven hundred persons who have seats in the Upper House, not one tenth are regularly present, and these are, for the most part, the bishops and archbishops and the partisans of the Austrian party; so that the power has for a long period been entirely in the hands of the friends of the Viennese Cabinet. Both this and the Lower Chamber, are exceedingly grave and dignified bodies; their deliberations are conducted in almost absolute silence, and a cheer or a hiss is rarely heard.

The Lower Chamber is, as we have remarked, representative. Until recently (for this statement will, at the present time, require some modification) the constituency of Hungary was composed entirely of the nobles and the clergy, and the members of the Diet belonged exclusively to these two classes. The deputies sent to the legislature are separated into several classes, according to those whom they represent in the Diet. The largest part, and that which is more important than all the rest, is composed of the deputies of the fifty-two counties, into which Hungary, exclusive of Transylvania, etc., is divided; then come those of the towns, and of the clergy, and those of absentee magnates, and those who are incapable of holding a seat there in person. The latter, perhaps, is the most singular feature of this heterogeneous body; the magnate who cannot be present at the sessions of the Chamber of Magnates, or the widow of a magnate, who is not allowed to take her place there, can send to the *Lower* Chamber a representative, who has neither the right to vote nor to debate, and yet is quartered upon the city where the session is held, like the other members of the legislature! Next above these are the members who sit as representatives of the clergy and of the towns. These both, until recently, or at least within this century, possessed an equality of rights in the Chamber, with those who represent the counties; but various causes operated to make a change in this respect, most desirable for the Hungarian nation, and a reform so necessary, that the end was justifiable, albeit the means taken were, in the case of the latter, somewhat too harsh. The municipal governments of the towns were, and, unless changes have been made on this point, are still, completely under the control of the Cabinet at Vienna, for as we shall see it possessed a double right of *candidation*, which enabled it to return to the Diet whatever members it should please. In order to counteract, or rather to suppress, the power thus obtained by the Austrian or Court party, a bill was finally carried to deprive the deputies of the boroughs of the right of voting, whilst they left them the privilege of retaining their seats, and of debating. This abuse of power can be justified by one consideration, yet the evil it was intended to correct was exceedingly great. Whether any alteration has been made in this, since the outbreak of the present difficulties in Hungary, I know not.

But the most important portion of the members of the lower chamber of the Diet, and, indeed, the only influential part of it, is the representation of the counties of Hungary. That country, like our own, is, in reality, a confederation of independent, sovereign States, fifty two in number, whose minor and local affairs are managed by themselves, and who delegate limited powers to their deputies, who meet in the legislative assembly to provide laws, and consult for the interests of the nation at large. Like our old Continental Congress, though the counties send to the Diet two representatives, they possess but one vote between the two. The counties, too, have always regarded those whom they send, not as trustworthy men to whose judgment they were willing to confide their interests, and whose decisions must be considered final, but as mere exponents of the sentiments of the counties, whose instructions they were bound to obey, whose authority is their only guide. Accordingly, on every question that arises for consideration in the Chamber, the members are required by custom, at least, to consult their constituents. The Vice Ispan immediately calls together a county meeting, and the question is there debated on both sides, and a decision given. This is forthwith forwarded to the deputy, as the opinion of those who sent him, and he is expected to follow it, whatever it may be. Of late it has been the habit to require at elections, that the nominee should swear to resist "neither by word or by silence" the will of his county. But if, notwithstanding this, the deputy should venture to oppose its expressed desire, the power of recalling the obnoxious person is vested in the county, and they will not fail to make a proper use of it. The object of this system of checks upon the power of the noble, who is thus sent away from his county, to confer with others on the interests of the country, is evident. A person, situated in such circumstances as those that surround him, at so great a distance from those for whose prosperity it is his duty to make unceasing exertions, and so near an intriguing court, offers too good a chance for bribery and corruption not to be restrained by all possible means. At the same time, when deputies have, by their too great freedom of expression, drawn on them the anger of government, the counties they represented have nobly assumed their opinion as their own, and announced that they were only expressing the sentiments of their constituents. The plan of representation in the Diet, however it might suit a popular form of government, is well adapted to the condition where there is danger that those intrusted with power may betray the confidence reposed in their honesty.

The assembling of the Diet was formerly left optional with the crown, and it was called together only when it suited the pleasure of the King, or when its aid was necessary for him. But after the unconstitutional attempt of Joseph to subvert the existing laws of the country, an act was passed and approved by the King, making it obligatory that a Diet should be convoked every three years, for which new elections were to be held; and, though Francis, in direct violation of the oaths he took at his coronation, neglected for some years to observe it, it has remained till this day a fundamental law of the kingdom.

Such was the Diet until within a year or two. When Transylvania was incorporated with Hungary, their two Diets, till then distinct, were united; and at the same time a due proportional representation was granted to Croatia, etc., which had been joined under the same government. It was at the same period that the rights of the peasant to vote and to be elected were granted, and the Diet became the representative not only of the nobles, but likewise of the whole remaining population.

Let us now turn for a moment to the government of the counties themselves. As they are but fifty-two in number, in a country containing eighty thousand square miles, they must have on an average an area of fifteen hundred each. Over each of these the principal presiding officer is the *Fo Ispan* or Sheriff, appointed by the Crown, and representing it there, as the Palatine does in the entire state: but on account of the usual absence of this functionary, the *Vice Ispan* takes his place, and is the most influential man in the county. Unlike the former, he is elected by the people, and his office presents an excellent avenue to popularity. The Vice Ispan is, therefore, usually a noble of high rank, who is glad to obtain the situation, albeit its emoluments are barely sufficient to cover the necssary expenses, and the office is less apt to be filled by a man who seeks for it only because of its gains. One of the most important privileges of the county, consists of the influence it exerts upon its representatives in the Diet, of which I have already made mention; and in order that the *Fo Ispan*, who naturally has at heart the interest of the Court, might not exercise his power, and refuse to assemble the voters, he, or his substitute, the Vice Ispan, is required to call a county meeting at least every three months. He is, however, most of the time, absent from the county, at Pesth or Presburg, and the Vice Ispan is usually called on to perform this duty in his stead; and as he is always of the popular party, he always convokes a meeting, when an important topic is brought up in the legislature for discussion, and presides over it in person. The rights possessed by these counties

are the most remarkable of any enjoyed by a deliberative body, under any monarchical government in the world. Not only can they apportion the taxes, and if they think proper, withhold them and forbid their collection, but they can even discuss any edict of the king; and if it contains anything contrary to their opinions, they enjoy the power to lay aside (*seponere cum honore*, as it is termed). Still more, they have the constitutional right to open a correspondence with any foreign State or Prince. But the season in which county meetings are of most interest, is when a "*Restauration*" takes place, that is, every three years when new members are to be chosen for the Diet. At such times the electors of the county assemble from the whole county to the town where the election takes place, amounting often to several thousand, and all armed and accompanied by their attendants. The voting is by acclamation, and it forms an exciting scene, indeed. The Crown through its representative, the Fo Ispan, possesses the right of *candidation*, as it is termed, that is, proposes three persons, from whom the electors select one. We should expect that it would nominate none but such as were pledged to protect and advance the interests of the King; but it is otherwise, for the Magyar nobility have always managed to secure the candidation of the most popular man, if by no other means, by compulsory measures, as for instance by thrusting a Fo Ispan, who had manifested a disposition to partiality, out of a window.

Besides the governments of the counties, are those of the royal boroughs or towns. These are quite different in nature from those of the former. They consist of two bodies, a larger and a smaller, the first of which is called the *Koszeg*, the second the *Senatus*. Unlike most corporations of the kind, they are both self-elected, and hold their offices for life. The Crown here, also, has the right of candidation, but exercises it much more arbitrarily than in the counties; for the number of persons who vote is much smaller, and more easily managed. Whenever any vacancy occurs in the *Koszeg*—the number of members varying usually from one to two hundred—several persons are nominated by the king's commissioner, one of whom the Koszeg is bound to elect. In like manner when there is a vacancy in the *Senatus*, the commissioner again brings forward several of the members of the Koszeg, as candidates for it. The influence that the government in this way obtains in her support, in the boroughs, is immense, as the reader will readily perceive, for not only has she the right of nominating all the members of one body, but she has it a second time in the election for those of the second. It was not therefore without reason that the liberal members of the Diet looked with suspicion upon a municipal government so completely under the hand of the Austrian Court, in which, even the wishes of the towns themselves were entirely disregarded. Besides this, another consideration operated powerfully, the inequality of representation that then existed. Some of the boroughs in Hungary, like those in England before the reform, sent an equal number of representatives with counties far more populous. Hence the unjustifiable act was passed to deprive all the members from the town of a right to vote in the Diet.

There is, however, one district of country which, although within the boundaries of Hungary, and therefore in justice subject to its laws, is entirely beyond thecontrol of the Diet. This is the "*Military frontier.*" During past ages, when the Moslem was the terror of all Europe, and the Turks, indeed, held possession of a large portion of what constitutes Hungary, great vigilance and strength was requisite to prevent invasoins from the neighboring foe. In addition to this, the pestilence, arising in the eastern countries, frequentlyswept with fury over the whole continent of Europe, and was particularly apt to enter the Christian world through Northern Turkey. In order to guard against these two evils, the Military Frontier was established, extending a distance of eight hundred miles from the Eastern side of Hungary to the Adriatic Sea. A series of watch towers are situated the whole of that distance, at intervals of perhaps half a mile, and continually guarded by sentinels. This entire region is placed under the control of the "Kammer," at Vienna, and yet is no expense to the country. The strip of country lying north of it is inhabited by numerous peasants, cultivating State lands, for the use of which they are required to send weekly new divisions of men to serve as sentinels. It is in this way that forty thousand men protect this whole line, though in war the number of troops can be greatly increased, and in an emergency two hundred thousand troops can be called out. The existence of such an "imperium in imperio" was one of the grievances alleged by the Magyars, and it was the more urgent, as it seemed dangerous to be in such close proximity to a people trained to arms, and sympathising with the Court, that might at any moment fight against themselves.

In my next and last letter on Hungary, I shall call your readers' attention to causes that have been the most prominent in bringing about the war in that country, and to a few remarks on the leading men.

B.

* The duty on salt is a most important article in the revenues, derived by the Court of Vienna from Hungary, and requires a particular notice on our part, from the burthen it imposes on the people. The revenue which the Emperor formerly drew from that portion of his dominions was about thirty-three million florins, or sixteen millions of our dollars, or one-fourth of that returned by the whole Empire. Of this twenty million florins, or nearly *two-thirds*, were drawn from the tax on salt, whilst that over which the Diet had any direct influence, in voting the budget, was only five and a quarter.

† The amount of revenue derived from the sale of fiscal estates, some years since, was about three hundred thousand florins.

For the Journal of Commerce.

NOTES ON HUNGARY.

No. V.

New York, June 18th, 1849.

Mr. Editor:—I shall, in this concluding letter, endeavor to give your readers some particulars concerning the real causes and origin of the war now carried on in Hungary, which is attracting so much attention both in Europe and America, and shall speak a little while about the chief men who may be destined to occupy a prominent place in the future history of the Continent.

We have seen already that the grievances of which the Magyars complain, are not of recent origin. I might have told a similar story of the wrongs and illegalities to which the Transylvanians—the *Siebenburghers*, as the German always styles them—have, for the last century, been subject. As Baron Kemeny Demes once observed in public of the "*Diploma Leopoldinum*"—the agreement made between Transylvania and the Emperor of Austria, as a guarantee of rights and an acknowledgment of duties—"of the whole of that document, but one article has been faithfully observed; and that is the one stipulating that the general commanding the troops should be a German!" In Transylvania, indeed, the authority of the Court was even greater than in Hungary, since the reign of Joseph the Second. During the interval that elapsed before the opening of the Diet of 1834, the whole of Transylvania was clamorous for reform in the administration of government; the fiery Magyar and Szekler, the prudent Saxon, and the dull Wallach, alike demanded a regard for their engagements on the part of the Austrians. It was in view of this, that the Diet was convoked. But when the legislature had shown itself liberal and clearly intent upon salutary changes, it was suddenly dissolved by order of the Emperor, whilst troops were sent to Transylvania, to intimidate the nation, and stifle the first attempt that might be made to expel the tyrannical foreigners. The injustice of which Transylvania has so long complained, adds to the grievances which have occasioned the present struggle for liberty and independence, in the Eastern portion of the Emperor's dominions.

The Diet of Hungary had been appointed to meet in November, 1847, and in the summer of that year the Liberal party had issued a manifesto, in which they set forth, to quote their own words, "that our grievances, so frequently exposed, after so long a course of years, during which we have demanded, urged and endured, have to this day remained unredressed." The demands they made were principally these: That an equality of taxation should be established, and that every citizen, whether peasant or noble, should alike contribute to the support of the government; that the Diet should exercise control over the expenditure of the revenues derived from Hungary, in addition to the right of voting or withholding that smaller part of them which is levied by direct contribution; and, likewise, that there should be ap-

pointed Hungarian Ministers responsible to the Diet, as, according to the laws of Hungary, no German could hold any official relation to the legislature. Besides these changes in matters relating to the government, the friends of progress proposed other reforms, equally, if not, perhaps, even more necessary, affecting the condition of the great majority of the people, the peasantry of Hungary. The foremost of these, in the document to which we have made reference, demands the abolition of the *robot* or labor for the payment of rent, on which tenure most, if not all the tenantry formerly held their fiefs, and the substitution in its stead of a suitable compensation to the land-owner; and next, that there should be civil equality among all classes, and that security of property guaranteed which could not exist until the "avitocite" was abolished, and the free acquisition and transfer of lands became firmly and lastingly established.

The endeavors of the Liberal party to secure the return of members favorable to their views and their cause, from every county in the kingdom, were unremitting, and when the Diet opened its sessions in November, it was found that the friends of this movement comprised an overwhelming majority of those elected. But a few months passed after its first assembling, when the unlooked for and astonishing news reached the Austrian Empire, that a republic had been established in France, and that her wily King had sought a refuge in a foreign land. This event, however, caused no commotion in Hungary. The people of that country differ as widely as can be from the excitable French in their character. They are no revolutionists; on the contrary, most rigid and inflexible conservatives; for whilst they desire wholesome reform, they seek for no new constitution. Hungary remained, therefore, perfectly quiet, when almost every other nation in Europe was shaken to its very foundations, and demanded no more than before, and claimed the redress of grievances under which she had been groaning for more than a century, in no louder voice than previously. A month later the revolution in Vienna took place, and the Emperor, after meeting with a serious revolution, was compelled to grant his Austrian subjects an Austrian Ministry, responsible to the Austrian Assembly. This change rendered still more urgent the demand for a Hungarian Ministry. For if communications were allowed to be made between the Crown and the Diet of Hungary, through the intervention of foreigners, irresponsible to it—which, as we have said before, was contrary to the constitution—the national independence of that country would be virtually abandoned, and it would henceforth be considered merely as a province of the Empire. Accordingly it was at once evident that some alteration must be made in the relation it sustained to Austria. Indeed accounts from Vienna at that time informed us, that "on the 3rd of March, at a secret session of the Diet, it was unanimously resolved, at the instance of the leader of the opposition"—probably Kossuth, "to send a deputation to Vienna, to demand the immediate establishment of a responsible Hungarian Ministry, consisting exclusively of Hungarians, entirely distinct from the Austrian Government," etc. "The time at which the deputation arrived at Vienna was fortunate, the disturbances having broken out whilst the demand was under consideration.

The bill which is here referred to, was the most important that was ever passed by the Hungarian Diet, and its consequences the most momentous; to its violation may be attributed the present conflict between Austria and Russia on the one hand, and Hungary on the other; and it is not impossible that it may yet lead to a general war in Europe. Its most prominent features are these. Transylvania and Hungary, for the first time since the Austrian dominion spread over them, were united under one government, and even the Diets, which had always been separate and independent, were incorporated, in accordance with the expressed desire of both these countries, whose struggles for constitutional freedom have brought them in such close connexion with each other. Besides this, the great points in this remarkable law are the transfer of the peasants' fiefs to them as absolute owners, and the establishment of perfect civil equality. Of the former I spoke in a previous letter, whilst treating of the condition of the peasantry, which it completely revolutionized. The ownership of nearly one half of the cultivated land in Hungary—about thirty thousand square miles—was in this way gratuitously given to the tenants—a wise concession, which prevented an insurrection, which must sooner or later have arisen, in a country where the majority of the people were grievously oppressed, and which, by exhibiting the Liberal party as the friend of the masses, enlisted them in the cause it had entered upon, and prepared them to take part in a long and arduous struggle, in defence of their country. The granting of the elective franchise to almost the whole population, tended powerfully to increase the enthusiasm of the peasantry, and to raise them from that degraded position, both moral and intellectual, into which exclusion from all civil rights had, during a long course of years, sunk them. It gave them such a deep concern in the welfare and prosperity of Hungary, as could not otherwise have been imparted to men who had no interest in its institutions, and could claim no protection from its laws.

This act having been unanimously approved of by both Houses of the Diet, now needed only the sanction of the royal signature to become a law. In opposition to the evident desire of the entire people, and particularly in the midst of such difficulties as those by which the Emperor was then surrounded—the Lombardese being prepared to throw off their allegiance to the Austrian Crown, and the inhabitants of Vienna having shown, by a revolution, their determination to have reform—to have refused so reasonable a demand, would have been too hazardous an attempt for the King to make. He accordingly affixed his signature to the bill, on the 11th of April, 1848; and thus it became a law.

Hungary had now obtained all the concessions, or, to speak more properly, had gained all the rights, for which she had long struggled; and as letters from that country informed us at the time, "Hungary has been granted a ministry of her own, and hence all cause of danger as regards that portion of the Empire would seem to be removed." It would have been well for Austria had she been faithful in observing her promises; she might have been spared the expense of a disastrous war, and the loss, perhaps, of the finest portion of her dominions; but the master hand of a *Metternich* was wanting in the crisis, to manage the state, and the consequences were soon perceptible. "After me the deluge!" were, I believe, his own words.

The engagements into which the Emperor had entered, and the duties he had laid upon himself, he never really intended to perform, as the sequel showed. Whether we are to accuse the poor imbecile King of this want of good faith, or those in whose hands he was a passive instrument, and who, brought up in the Machiavellian school of politics, regarded that only as right, which was expedient, it matters little for our present purpose to decide. Upon whomsoever the blame ought to rest, infractions upon the law soon commenced, and the Government, before long, proved itself unworthy of confidence on the part of its subjects. In Croatia, which since its political union had been legally subject to the Diet of Hungary, the Court appointed Baron Joseph Jellachich, a colonel in the Austrian service, *Ban*—an office much resembling that of *Palatine* in Hungary. Though this was plainly a violation of the recent laws, Hungary was too well satisfied with the improvements that had been made in her condition, not to pass over all these minor difficulties in silence. It was not until the Ban had gone so far as to throw off his allegiance to the Hungarian Diet, and raise the standard of revolt in Croatia, and had aroused the Croats by asserting that their national existence was in danger, that the legislature was compelled to take notice of these disturbances. It therefore petitioned the king for the immediate recall of the Ban, and a proclamation to the Croats of his entire disapproval of the movement, for which Jellachich had claimed his sanction. Ferdinand was accordingly induced, on the 29th of May, to remove the Ban and discountenance his actions. Notwithstanding this, however, and the edict soon after published, by which the Emperor deprived him of all office, Jellachich continued his illegal course, pretending, and, no doubt, with truth, that it was only by compulsion that the Emperor had issued these decrees. Whilst this revolt was in progress in Croatia, another nearer home was excited by the agents of the Crown, in that part of Hungary bordering upon Servia and the principalities under Russian protection. Under the guidance of another officer in the Austrian employ, this insurrection gained ground by the joining of many of the borderers, whom Hungary had for years dreaded, as a power that might, at any time, be turned with effect against herself. At this moment the Hungarian ministry found that remonstrances were of no avail,

for the Government was evidently but little disposed to oppose the insurgents, and it saw clearly that, if the revolt was not speedily crushed, it would acquire a vast importance. The day for the assembling of the new legislative body—the first returned by universal suffrage—drew nigh; and on one of the first days of July, it met in Pesth. Though the King had been requested to open it in person, in order to prove the futility of the allegations made by the rebels, he neglected to do so; and the duty devolved upon the Palatine, who had so faithfully and for so long a period represented the Crown in Hungary. In the name of the King he disavowed all the disturbances which had been excited in his name in Croatia and on the Lower Danube, and stated his determination to preserve the national unity of Hungary, and the inviolability of its royal crown, and deprecated the false rumors which had been spread of his siding with the rebels.

But notwithstanding all the assurances made in the King's name, nothing was *done*, for the protection of the country, which the Croats and Serbes were manifestly intent upon invading. As the nation could be saved in no other way, the Diet ordered a levy of two hundred thousand men, to be in readiness to encounter the enemy. At the same time deputations ware sent from the Houses to the King, petitioning for the recall of the Hungarian troops in foreign service, for the protection of their country, but no attention at all was paid to their requests; indeed, everything showed that there was no way to obtain security but by force of arms. And the crisis soon came. On the 31st day of August, the King announced to the Hungarian Ministers, that the law of April, 1848, signed by himself on the 11th day of that month, was illegal, because the signatures of the Austrian Ministry had not been affixed to it, and because its provisions—granting a Hungarian Ministry, civil equality, etc.—were in violation of the *Pragmatic Sanction* of 1723! And another insult, still more indicative of the feelings of the Crown, was a demand that the Ban of Croatia, Baron Jellachich, should be recognised by the Diet, and that it should enter into communication with him!

I know not on what grounds we can palliate so gross a violation of all promises, of all public and private faith, as this; nor where a parallel case may be found. I am strongly reminded of the description given by Edmund Burke of the subjects of the Nabob of Arcot, "men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty or no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself." Nothing more than this was necessary to kindle a flame, for which fuel had been preparing for a century. Notwithstanding the success which had everywhere attended the Austrian arms, the Hungarians resolved to protect their country at any cost; nor was their determination shaken, when the King, four days after, reinstated Jellachich by decree in all his former dignities. The Diet now called for the *insurrection* or levy of all the noblemen of the kingdom, and instantly numbers flocked to their standard from every part of the country. So great was the enthusiasm, that a Countess equipped a company, and her sister commanded it, whilst women are frequently to be found serving in the lines! This, however, has taken place more particularly of late, since the recent successes of the Hungarians.

The war began by the invasion of the Ban. Rapidly advancing, he had passed along the road leading from Agram in Croatia to the capital of Hungary, by the side of the Plathen See or Balaton, and through Stuhlweissenburg, till he arrived within a few miles of Buda, without having encountered any opposition. Terror now began to reign in Pesth, lest it might fall into the hands of the enemy; but in a battle fought on the 29th of September, at the distance of four or five leagues from the city, Jellachich was repulsed, and compelled to flee with the remnant of his army into Croatia. There elapsed but a week from this event, until the revolution of the 6th of October broke out in Vienna, and the King was obliged to seek a refuge at Olmutz in Moravia, whilst the whole attention of the Government was drawn to the means of bringing back the capital to subjection. Some of the Viennese attribute the origin of this revolt to the endeavors of Kossuth, who wished to make a diversion, in order that Hungary might at least gain time to prepare for the contest which had now become inevitable. One thing is certain, and that is, that the Hungarians sent an army to the relief of Vienna, numbering, according to some accounts, eighteen thousand men, whilst others state it at thirty thousand. Whatever may have been its numbers, it was repulsed and driven across the boundary; the city of Vienna, in consequence, could hold out no longer, and, on the 31st of October, fell into the hands of a licentious and barbarous soldiery.

Being freed, in this manner, from all dread of a domestic foe, the whole attention of Government was paid to the subjugation of Hungary; and, flushed with their recent successes, they confidently expected this. A winter season much milder than any other within the recollection of men now living, favored the invasion of the country, which, on account of the bad condition of the roads, would have been difficult, if not impossible, under ordinary circumstances. The army was under the direction of Prince Windischgratz and Baron Jellachich, though General Welden was the Commander-in-Chief. It was not long before the Austrians advanced to the gates of Presburg, and the garrison left there by the Hungarians, finding the inhabitants, who are for the most part Germans, unwilling to endure a siege, was obliged to retire. In rapid succession the towns of Raab, Gran, etc., along the Northern Danube, fell into the hands of the invaders, the only place that baffled all their endeavors, being the impregnable castle and town of Komorn, situated at the junction of the Danube and the Waag. Leaving a force to besiege this stronghold, the main body pushed forward, and in a short time, by the fall of Pesth, gained almost undisputed command over the whole of the Danube. At the same time, if we may credit the bulletin of General Welden, the Magyar forces under Bem in Transylvania were repulsed and driven back to Klausenburg and Stolzenburg, whilst the fortress of Arad in Southern Hungary was likewise reported to be captured. The Hungarians were shut up in the plains around Debreczen, and along the Carpathian Mountains. That this retreat was the consequence of ill-success is improbable; it is more likely that it was a part of a regular plan of Kossuth. It is reported, indeed, that before the invasion of the Austrians, he remarked,—"If we cannot defeat them at the frontier, we shall at Raab, if not at Raab at Komorn, if not at Komorn at Pesth, if not at Pesth at the Theiss, if not even at the Theiss, we shall notwithstanding that defeat them." However this may be, the accounts from the seat of war became more and more vague and incomprehensible, and it was soon evident that the invaders were making but little progress in the subjection of the country.

The campaign had now lasted about four months, when success began to desert the Imperial side; and in the month of March, the Austrian and Russian troops sustained three considerable defeats; the first two in a northeastern direction from Pesth, at *Holnok* and *Lasonez*, in which the Austrians are said to have lost nearly three thousand men in killed. In the third the Austrians and a few corps of Russians were routed by the Magyars under *Bem*, and 21,000 of them were driven into Wallachia. At the same time the fortress of Arad was re-captured by Duchatel. These events occurred between the 5th and 10th of March.

Immediately after these defeats, the Austrian army advanced to *Gyongyas* and *Hatvan*, a few miles northeast of Pesth, and the Hungarians under *Dembinski*, the commander-in-chief, opposed themselves to it. The line of the former extended between the places just named, and on the 2nd of April was vigorously attacked and repulsed by the Magyars, who are said to have amounted to 80,000 men. The reports of the Magyar General states their own loss in killed and wounded to be 2000, that of the enemy 6000. The unavoidable consequence of this defeat, was the evacuation of Pesth, from which the Austrian garrison crossed to Buda or Ofen. After taking possession of the Capital, the Magyars, advanced to Waitzen, which fell into their hands. Thence they pushed forward their army, and captured Gran and several other towns along the banks of the Upper Danube, compelling the Austrians to desert Buda, whose capture by the patriots, the recent intelligence confirms. Of the movements of the Russians, as your readers know, we have no recent account. Such was the state of the war at our last advices.

Let me now call to your notice a few of the men, who have become better known in this country, since the commencement of the present struggle. We must, of course, begin with *Kossuth*, who stands first among the patriots of Hungary. He is, perhaps, the most remarkable man in Europe at the present moment, and, besides the reputation he has acquired by the skill and prudence, which he has manifested in the

conduct of public affairs, and the love he has displayed for his country, he possesses the additional honor of having obtained it solely by his own merits. He was originally of a poor noble family of the Northern part of Hungary, whose condition strikingly illustrates what I stated in speaking of the nobility of that country; that the noble is not envied on account of his rank, his title or his riches, but solely because of the substantial privileges he enjoys. Louis Kossuth's father held a subordinate situation in another nobleman's family, occupying the place of steward, I believe. Kossuth himself was born in 1806, and is, consequently, only in the forty-fourth year of his age; he is, therefore, much younger than the generality of public men. After having by his own endeavors supported himself during his course at the University of Pesth, he engaged in the practice of law in that city. When the Diet was assembled at Presburg, in 1835, he was elected a member from one of the counties, and soon attracted general attention by his eloquence, his energy, and tact. Indeed, travelers who visited the country and were present at sessions of the Diet, were struck with him, and pronounced him one of the most promising members of that body. The manner in which he came into public notice was this: The Austrian Government, always jealous of the diffusion of knowledge, declared it illegal for any one to print minutes of the sessions of the Diet. In order to avoid all difficulty, Kossuth engaged many secretaries to transcribe the minutes of the debates of the Diet from his own notes, and sent copies to all the counties in the country. This movement drew upon Kossuth the great displeasure of the Government, and he was, in 1836, involved with Baron Wesselenyi in accusations illegally brought against him, and was for some time imprisoned together with him. Many of the tales told about his confinement are mere fables, such as his having been spirited away with Wesselenyi and four others, and having as mysteriously re-appeared! Baron Wessellenyi, it is well known, was on trial from 1835 to 1838, when he was condemned, a fact which proves the absurdity of all such reports. After the failure of Wessellenyi's health, Kossuth became the acknowledged leader of the opposition, at one time editing a Hungarian newspaper, the Pesti Hirlap,—at another, standing at the head of the patriotic party in the Diet. When the legislature met, in November, 1847, Kossuth was elected a member by the county of Pesth, which he has since represented. During the whole of the difficulties with Austria he headed the Hungarians, and when war broke out, he held, in some sense, the dictatorship. Being himself no General, he has taken no part in the field, but remaining at Dubreczen with the Diet, he has consulted actively for the best interests of the country. On the 14th of April last, we are told, at a great meeting of the Government and citizens in the large Reformed church at that city, he read the decree declaring the independence of Hungary, and the deposition of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The last article of this document decided that, for the time, a president and a ministry nominated by him should form the executive department, and Kossuth was unanimously named President of the Government.

Time will not allow me to say more than a word or two about the other distinguished men of Hungary. Baron *Wesselenyi*, the former leader of the opposition, was eloquent, energetic, but not sufficiently prudent. Being a native of Transylvania, he exerted a vast influence over the politics of that country for years, as well as over those of Hungary; but his course of usefulness was terminated in 1835, when he was prosecuted by Government, and finally, in 1838, found guilty of *mitigated high treason*.

Another distinguished man, who has perhaps contributed more than any one else to the material prosperity of his country, is Count *Szechenyi*. Having at first turned his attention to politics, and shown a tendency to liberalism, he was appointed by government, Commissioner for improving the navigation of the Lower Danube, to withdraw him from them. Everywhere in Hungary we see marks of his enterprising and patriotic spirit; he first introduced steam navigation into that country, planned the Pesth suspension bridge, and introduced the *casinos* or clubs for the purpose of promoting social intercourse among the people.

General *Bem*, so well known for his victory in Transylvania, is a Pole from Galicia. He served with honor in Napoleon's Russian campaign, then became a professor in a military school, and fought again in the Warsaw revolution of 1830. After the capture of that city he sojourned in various countries of Europe, till the outbreak of the Vienna revolution of October, 1848, when he took part with the citizens, and only fled when all hope of success had vanished. He afterwards became a general in the Hungarian service, and had command of the troops in Transylvania.

But I must leave this subject. In what way the war in Hungary will end, whether in her independence or her subjugation, is beyond our ken. The eyes of all Europe are fixed upon that noble nation as it contends in so unequal a conflict; the whole civilized world is in breathless suspense. But if the result is doubtful, the future will certainly develope how little the House of Hapsburg has gained by her violation of the most sacred treaties and engagements.

B.

For the Journal of Commerce.

REVIEW OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR—Its Origin and Consequences.

As the Hungarian war assumes now the character of a European revolution, encouraging the Liberal party throughout the world, and casting down the mind of tyranny everywhere, we will give a brief and comprehensive view of the development of this gigantic movement.

It is well known that, in the Fall of 1847, (half a year before the outbreak of the French Revolution of February,) a set of revolutionary resolutions for reform were adopted by the Hungarian Congress at *Presburg*, which removed all the burdens of feudalism, and brought it to an end. Afterwards they granted to the tenants the right to sell their real estate, and to remove where they pleased. To the Jews a complete emancipation was extended; to the different Sclavonic tribes, the use of their own language in all their interior affairs. The nobles yielded to equal taxes and burdens with the other classes. The creation of a separate responsible Ministry was consummated, and so the first step was taken towards separation from Austria.

The French Revolution broke out, and paralyzed the strong opposition of the despotic Austrian Government. All demands of the Hungarian nation were acceded to, and so Hungary's union with Austria became a personal one, as the Emperor of Austria was King of Hungary. Revolutionary reform in Hungary then assumed a more positive character. General suffrage was introduced, every political prerogative was abolished, the tithe (unpaid labor) abrogated, the union with Transylvania completed, the appointment of Kossuth as Minister, and the removal of Jellaschich as Ban of Croatia, enforced.

Meanwhile the Austrian Government recovered from its panic, the Camarilla and Court of Inspruck (Tyrol) became more resolute, supported by the victories of the imperial army in Italy, and by the national eagerness, stubborness and stupidity of the Czechs, Croats, Servians and Ruthenens, (all Slavonic tribes in the Austrian empire). On the 17th of June 1848, instigated by the Camarilla, an insurrection of the Servians in Banat and Baska (provinces in South Hungary) against the Hungarians, broke out. The Emperor re-appointed Jellaschich as Ban of Croatia (province in South Hungary). After having returned to Croatia, the Ban declared his determination not to obey the Hungarian Ministry, and on the 25th of August, this champion of the Camarilla commenced a war with Hungary. The perfidiousnes of the Camarilla of Hapsburg Lorrain was now evident, although the Hungarians made one more effort to obtain from it an acknowledgment of their constitution. A deputation of two hundred of their Representatives arrived at Vienna. The Emperor received

them coldly, and afterwards answered their demands with all the reservation possible. The deputation returned to Hungary, and the excitement of the nation rose to a high pitch. The treacherous Hungarian Ministers sitting at Pesth, were dismissed, and Kossuth was elected President. Four days afterward, viz., on the 24th September, the Palatine Stephen, representative of the Emperor in Hungary, escaped from Pesth to Vienna, and on the 26th Sept. the notorious manifesto of the Emperor was published at Vienna, deposing the new Hungarian Ministers, and nominating the despised Ban of Croatia, Jellaschich, (the favorite of the princess Sophia) to be Governor of Hungary.

This Manifesto, not countersigned by any of the Hungarian Ministers, was declared by Kossuth null and void. Jellaschich, who commenced the war, advanced to Stuhlweissenburg, and was there defeated by the Hungarians, although the officers in the Hungarian army were mostly of the old imperial party, and treacherous to the Hungarian cause. The brave Hungarians pursued Jellaschich, who fled before them, to the Austrian territories. Some days before he entered Austria, the Emperor, and the old traitor Latour, resolved to send assistance to Jellaschich, and to reconquer Hungary by Slavonic and German troops; but this project was defeated by the Vienna revolution of 6th October. The sympathy of the people of Vienna for the Hungarian nation stopped the imperial projects. The treacherous irresolution of the Imperial Austrian Diet at Vienna, prevented the union of the Hungarians with the Austrian people, and the disorganization of the irregular troops of Kossuth and the faithlessness of their officers retarded the attack of the Hungarians upon the Austrian army before Vienna, till it became too late, and Vienna fell into the hands of Windischgratz and his brutal bands.

Six weeks then elapsed in preparations for the next onset, between Austria and Hungary. Both parties exerted themselves to the utmost. At the same time the Camarilla at Olmutz achieved a *coup* which had long been pre-meditated. The Emperor Ferdinand, the Idiot, who was compromised by the concessions which he made to the revolution, was forced by the Camarilla to abdicate, and their tool, a boy of 18 years, Francis Joseph, son of the princess Sophia, was placed upon the throne. The Hungarian Congress, relying upon their Constitution, rejected this change.

In the middle of December 1848, the war commenced in full vigor. The imperial Austrian troops at this time surrounded Hungary on all sides. The main army, consisting of three corps numbering at least 90,000 men, advanced from Austria under the command of General Windischgratz. Another corps marched from Styria, in number of 25,000 to 30,000 men, under the command of General Nugent. (This was the army from the West.) From the South, General Dahlen advanced with 10,000 men through Croatia; and in the Banat itself, in the South, regiments of the Turkish boundaries, the garrison of Temeswar the Servian Landsturm, and the assistant corps of Kneacin, all together 40,000 men, under the command of Teodorovich and of Rukavina, joined in the war. (This was the army from the South.) General Puchner occupied Transylvania with 30,000 men, and General Malkowsky came through the Bukovina with 15,000 men. (This was the army from the East.) From Gallicia, north, penetrated General Schlick with not less than 25,000 men. Altogether the imperial army amounted to 230,000 or 240,000 men, regular troops, mostly accustomed to war, without counting the Sclavonic Rumenen and Saxonian Landsturm and National Guards, who in the South and Transylvania participated in the war. To this tremendous force Hungary had only to oppose 80,000 to 90,000 men, raw recruits, and 24,000 regulars, ex-imperial troops, and 40,000 unorganized Honveds; an army mostly commanded by officers as unfaithful as those who were sent to prison by Kossuth in the affair on the Leitha. But meanwhile, in oppressed Austria, no more soldiers could be furnished, and the Austrian finances were ruined. To the Hungarians great resources were opened. The enthusiasm for liberty, sustained by nationality, increased every day, and offered to Kossuth an immense number of warlike men. The Hungarian issue of bank notes was an inexhaustible source of money. Every Hungarian took these national assignats the same as silver money. Manufactories of guns and cannons were in full activity. The army wanted nothing but arms and exercise and good officers. All these were created in a few months.

The main point was to gain time; to entice the imperialists into the interior of the country, where they would be incessantly troubled by the guerillas; to weaken their army by the necessity of leaving behind them strong garrisons and detachments.

The plan of the Hungarians was to fall back slowly,—to exercise the recruits by constant attacks upon the enemy,—and to defend in the extremest need the line of the river Theiss,—a natural entrenchment surrounded by inaccessible swamps. By all calculation the Hungarians ought in this way, to be able to resist the overwhelming military force of Austria, two or three months; *but an extraordinary cold winter* covered all the rivers with thick ice, and the heavy cannons could be brought over—and this circumstance deprived the Hungarians of every favorable position for defence. All the entrenchments which were made, became useless, and passable by the invaders. The Hungarian army was consequently obliged to retire, in less than twenty days, from Oedenburg to Raab, from Raab to Moor, and from Moor to Pesth. Finally they were obliged to leave Pesth too, and to retire behind the river Theiss.

While this was happening to the main body of the army, it was not better with the other corps. In the South the Generals Nugent and Dahlen advanced to Esseg (a fortress in possession of the Hungarians), and united with the Servians in the line of the river Maros. In Transylvania, Puchner and Malkowsky also formed a junction near Warshahelly. In the north of Hungary, Genl. Schlick advanced through the Carpates (mountains) to the river Theiss, and approached to the army under Windischgratz near Miskolz. At this time it seemed that the Austrians were to put an end to the Magyar revolution. Two thirds of Hungary, and three quarters of Transylvania, were already in their possession. The Hungarians were defeated in front and on both flanks. The imperialists were advancing from all sides, in order to press to death, like a Boa Constrictor, the Hungarian revolution.

Now it became a commanding necessity to make impassable entrenchments in front of the Theiss, and to get a free movement on one or both flanks. The latter was achieved, by an unparalleled military consummation, on both flanks.

General Gorgey, now the successor of Masoros as Minister of War,—Gorgey, a young Hungarian military genius like Napoleon, undertook this affair, of such high importance in the Slovakey, (toward the north west, where the main army of the invaders entered; and the celebrated old General Bem, a German born in Gallicia, was entrusted with a similar mission and authority in Transylvania. Both achieved their task in a manner which showed that they are among the greatest Generals of our time. On the 29th of December, Bem arrived at Klausenburg, the only point of Transylvania which was still in possession of the Hungarians. There he united the remnants of the Magyars and Szeckler troops with the forces which he brought, and suddenly fell on the Austrians under Malkowsky, near Maros Wachahelly, defeated them, and drove them back through the Bukavina to the city of Stanislaus, in Gallicia. He then returned to Transylvania, attacked Puchner, defeated him too, and pursued him to Hermanstadt. He was victorious in some other battles, and was in possession of all Transylvania, except Hermanstadt and Cronstadt. Ten thousand Russians then entered Transylvania, to assist the Austrians. Bem retired into the Szecklerland. There he organized an insurrection of the Szecklers, and as soon as he succeeded in so doing, he began to take the offensive. Puchner was already in Schasburg. Bem turned this position, approached Hermanstadt, defeated there the Russians, drove them out of the country, defeated afterwards Puchner, (who followed the Russians,) and entered the city of Cronstadt. In this way Transylvania was re-conquered, and the Hungarian army freed from the enemy in his rear, where a row of mountains forms a natural barrier.

At the same time General Gorgey was achieving his triumphs in the North and West of Hungary. From Pesth he moved to the Slovakey, kept in check the Austrian main army two months, and as the corps of General Goetz, Gen. Chorich, and Gen. Simonich, had been so reinforced, that against such overwhelming numbers he could no longer make a stand, he re-

tired through the Carpates to Eperies and Kaschau. Here he defeated Gen. Schlick, who was then obliged to give up his position, so important for uniting with Windischgratz. Gorgey then marched down the Theiss and united with the Hungarian army under Gens. Dembinsky, Klapka and Vetter. The main Hungarian army then passed the Theiss, defeated the enemy at all points, and advanced to Hatwan, six miles from Pesth. The Austrians being here in superior numbers, the Hungarian army retired, defending Kopolna, Maklar and Porozlo (all these places are on the river Theis). As Gorgey arrived on the banks of the Theis, and had united with the Hungarian main army, the signal for a great advance was given. Strengthened by the recruits, now well exercised, the campaign presented a new feature. A German and Polish Legion had been organized, the skill of the Generals had been developed by experience, and instead of an unorganized mass without leaders, as the Hungarians were in December, a brave and well disciplined army headed by skilful officers, at once turned the current swollen by victories, to a mighty, irresistible stream, which has already become the fear and sorrow of the Russian despot.

Now the main army under the command of Dembinsky, Gorgey and Vetter, advanced to the Theiss, and afterwards to the Danube. The right wing under Gen. Gorgey marched again northwards towards Eperies, attacking the left wing of the enemy, and defeating him, driving him backwards to his centre. This centre being beaten near Elau, Gyongyas, Gadolle and Hatwan—retired suddenly from Pesth, as Gorgey threatened to cut him off.

The left wing of the Hungarians, under the command of Gen. Vetter, attacked the right wing of the enemy under Jellaschich, and drove him from Kechkemet to Szolnock and Czegled, defeated him near Fash Barany, and pursued him to Pesth. Here the Austrians were posted, their lines extending to Waitzen, along the Danube, surrounded by the Hungarians in half a circle. As the Hungarians were not willing to expose Pesth to a bombardment from (Ofen) Buda, they resorted to a well-contrived expedient.

They drove the Austrians out of their position, more by maneuvres than by an attack from the front. General Gorgey took Waitzen, driving back the Austrians to Gran,—then defeated the corps of Wolgemuth between Gran and Neutra, and relieved the fortress Comorn from the siege of the Austrians.

The Imperialists, threatened as above mentioned, were obliged to hasten their retreat. Welden, the new commander-in-chief, in place of Windischgratz, returned to Raab and Presburg, and Jellaschich with his discontented Croats, hurried down the Danube to Sclavonia.

On the retreat of the Austrian army, which resembled a wild flight, the corps of Welden, Schlick and Jellachich, suffered a great deal; and meanwhile the corps of the latter could retire but slowly through the comitats of Tolna and Barany. Welden tried to gather the remnants of the whole army near Presburg,—remnants which were not able to make any serious resistance to the Hungarians.

In the South of Hungary, the Magyar army was not less successful. There the bold, irresistible Hungarian General, Morritz Perczel, approached the fortress of Peterwardein, relieved it from seige, reconquered the Baska country, passed through the Banat as a hero, and united with General Bem, who advanced from Transylvania. Bem is already in possession of the fortress of Temeswar and Arad. Perezel is in Werschats on the Turkish boundaries. The Szecklers are over-watching the encampments of Transylvania; the Hungarian (Landsturm) National Guards, that of the mountain passes towards Poland; and Gorgey is on the Yablunka pass, near the Moravian and Silesian Boundaries, after having taken the fortress of Buda.

In short, the Austrian Army is totally ruined,—the Austrian Monarchy broken down. Assistance of Russia will cause her the loss of Poland, if it do not even drive her out of Europe to her Asiatic territories. The Prussian Government is exposed to dissolution, as soon as Poland is united, and Silesia becomes independent under Hungarian influence. South Germany, encouraged by the wonderful heroism of the Magyars, is progressing in its republican attainments.

So, after bloody struggles, Hungary, Germany, Poland, and Italy, will become great republics, in spite of reactionary France, hypocritical England, and despotic Russia, however a venal press may try to make the world believe the contrary.

L. R. BREISACH, *Hungarian by Birth.*

For the Journal of Commerce.

FIELD MARSHAL ARTHUR GORGEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUNGARIAN ARMY, AND MINISTER OF WAR.

It is but a brief biography which we are able to give of this young military genius, whose glory as a General is to be compared with that of Napoleon.—All we know of him is since the beginning of the gigantic Hungarian war, in which he takes a most preeminent part; and we possess but a few particulars respecting his earlier life. He was born in the year 1819, in the Zips, (Northern Hungarian county) on the declivity of the Carpathian Mountains, not far from the Hungarian-German city Kasmark, where the young boy Gorgey attended school. His family is an old Hungarian one, who had a manor on the romantic River Hernath, on which was the property of his uncle. His education was more that of a German than of a Magyar, as the whole county of Zips is inhabited by a German population; although he learned the Magyar language as a boy, at the country seat of his uncle. For the continuation of his studies he was sent by his uncle to Presburg. In that city he devoted himself assiduously to his favorite sciences, Mineralogy, Botany and Natural Philosophy. His teachers and professors admired his great talents, and called him "vir ingenio præditus." In this same city of Presburg the first impressions of political pursuits were made upon him, as the Hungarian Congress had its sittings there.

Young Gorgey early found opportunity to become acquainted with Kossuth, whose tendencies he admired and approved. But he was unsatisfied with the licentious life of a Jurat (student of Law,) and left Presburg. By the influence of his uncle he was admitted into the military institution of Tuln near Vienna, where he soon became highly distinguished for his progress in mathematics and chemistry. Warmly recommended by his professors, and cherished by his fellow students, he left the Institution and went to Vienna, where he was appointed Lieutenant of the Hungarian Hussar Regiment "Vacquant," which regiment belongs now to the Hungarian army: but his active and energetic mind, and high capacities, could not bear to be restrained within the capital, in a sphere so limited. He accordingly laid down the sword, and returned to his scientifical pursuits, particularly Natural Philosophy. Alternately he traveled through the different countries of Europe, and was active for another period in some scientific investigations. At Prague he was known by his friends as "the genius of Hungary." He there devoted all his time to chemistry, and made in this science some valuable discoveries. He was often seen in his shirt-sleeves at the Laboratory, working like a mechanic at the fire, with the baloon, retort, or other tools, in his hand. He became afterwards manager of a chemical factory; but he soon relinquished it, and continued his travels, which he extended into Asia. Returning from there, he married, in the year 1844, a fine young lady, who was teacher in the Imperial Female Academy, and took possession of the manor of his uncle, who has since died.

In the March revolution, he was among the chief leaders at Pesth, and therefore connected with Kossuth; but his extraordinary activity commenced, and his military genius was developed, in the war which followed. Prince Stephen, the representative of the Emperor in Hungary, with whom he became acquainted at Prague, made him captain, in which capacity he soon distinguished himself by his personal courage and strategy, in skirmishes with the rapacious Serbes and Raitzen. He advanced therefore, under Massaros, to the rank of a Colonel, and as the Hungarian army retired beyond the Theiss, he was named General by Massaros, the Minister of War, who with the consent of Kossuth, entrusted him with the glorious mission to the Slovakey, where his wonderful, unparalleled strategy secured to the Hungarian army the success of the whole campaign. His manœuvres, battles and victories, are known. He at length besieged and took Waitzen, and threatened to cut off the Austrian army, which caused the evacuation of the Hungarian capital, Pesth, by the Austrians. He afterwards besieged the strong fortress of Buda, and took it.

The surrender of Buda is considered by all tacticians as of equal importance to a victory in a pitched battle. He informed Kossuth by telegraph of the surrender of this fortress, in a very laconic style, viz: "Hurrah! Buda! Gorgey!" The degree of field

marshal was bestowed upon him by Kossuth and the Congress, for this highly important action, and Kossuth answered him in the same style, viz: "The thanks of the republic to the *Field Marshal* Gorgey!"

Some days afterwards the great patriot, the very old and highly respected General Massaros, being no longer able to endure the arduous efforts of a Minister of War, wished to retire, and upon Gorgey was conferred this high office.

By the last news from Hungary, we are informed that Gorgey has entirely defeated the combined Austrian and Russian army of 300,000 men; a victory which will probably change the whole face of European affairs, in the same manner as did the battles of Leipzig, Marengo, and Austerlitz, or of Waterloo; and the name of Gorgey will then become the second watchword of liberty throughout Europe,—Kossuth being the first.

L. R. BREISACH,
Hungarian by Birth.

Why don't you take the Papers?

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're "the life of my delight;"
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest four-fold paid.

Go then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pray delay;
And my word, it is inferred
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
Whilst he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force:
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Racked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was, at her word,
Divested of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

"Here, Jessie, take these 'silver wheels,'
Go pay the printer now!"
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's:
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While strolling through a wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him "werry good."

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

BIBLE ANECDOTE.—The following is published in French newspapers:—

A poor shepherd of the environs of Yvetot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with very great difficulty, purchased last summer from a dealer in old clothes, furniture, &c., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings during the present winter. Sunday evening, as he was turning over the leaves, he noticed that several of them were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves, with great care; but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man, when he found thus carefully inclosed a bank bill of five hundred francs, ($100.) On the margin of one of the pages were written these words:

"I gathered together this money with very great difficulty; but having none as natural heirs but those who have absolutely need of nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir."

Death of Ex-President Polk.

A telegraphic despatch from Nashville reached us last night, announcing the death of Ex-President Polk. It is in the words following:

"NASHVILLE, June 16, 1849.

"Ex-President James K. Polk is no more. He died last evening of chronic diarrhœa."

It was previously known that Mr. Polk was suffering from a severe attack of disease, but we were not prepared for the sad intelligence which has now reached us.

James Knox Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, was born on the 2nd of November 1795. Consequently, he died at the age of fifty-four years, seven months and thirteen days. No other, President or Ex-President of the United States died so young, as will be seen by the following schedule:

	Born.	Died.	Age.
George Washington,	22nd Feb, 1732.	14th Dec., 1799.	68
John Adams,	30th Oct., 1735.	4th July, 1826.	91
Thomas Jefferson,	13th April, 1743.	4th July, 1826.	83
James Madison,	16th March, 1751.	28th June, 1836.	85
James Monroe,	2nd April, 1759.	4th July, 1831.	72
John Quincy Adams,	11th July, 1767.	23rd Feb.. 1848.	81
Andrew Jackson,	15th March, 1767.	8th June, 1845.	78
Martin VanBuren,	5th Dec., 1782.	Still living.	
Wm. Henry Harrison,	9th Feb., 1773	4th April, 1841.	68
John Tyler,	29th March, 1790.	Still living.	
James Knox Polk,	2nd Nov., 1795.	15th June, 1849.	54
Zachary Taylor,		Still living.	

Of all the twelve Presidents of the United States, only three survive, including the present incumbent.

Of the nine who have deceased, none, except Mr. Polk, were under about 68 years of age. The oldest was John Adams, who was nearly 91.

In 1806, when Ex-President Polk was eleven years old, the family removed to Tennessee.

In 1815 he entered the University of North Carolina, where he distinguished himself by punctuality, good scholarship, and other desirable qualities. At each semi-annual examination he bore away the first honor, and finally graduated with the highest distinction of his class.

In 1819 he returned to Tennessee, and commenced the study of law in the office of the late Hon. Felix Grundy, and was admitted to the bar in 1820. After two or three years exclusive application to his profession, he was elected to a seat in the State Legislature, and in 1825 to the Congress of the United States. He soon made his influence felt in that body and continued a member of it for a great number of years. In 1835 he was elected Speaker of the House and again in 1837. In leaving the chair at the close of that Congress, (which terminated its existence in 1839,) Mr. Polk addressed the House at considerable length, in the course of which he said:

"But five members who were here with me fourteen years ago, continue to be members of this body. My service here has been constant and arduous. I can perhaps say what but few others, if any, can, that I have not failed to attend the daily sittings of this House a single day since I have been a member of it, save on a single occasion, when prevented for a short time by indisposition. * * * * *

The high office of Speaker, to which it has been twice the pleasure of this House to elevate me, has been at all times one of labor and responsibility. It has been made my duty to decide more questions of parliamentary law and order, many of them of a complex and difficult character, arising often in the midst of high excitement, in the course of our proceedings, than has been decided it is believed, by all

my predecessors, from the foundation of the Government. This House has uniformly sustained me, without distinction of the political parties of which it has been composed. I return them my thanks," &c. In 1839 Mr. Polk declined a re-election to Congress, and was thereupon elected Governor of Tennessee, which office he held for two years. From the expiration of this period he remained in private life (although twice an unsuccessful candidate for Governor) until May 1844, when, most unexpectedly to himself and to the nation, he was nominated by the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, for the Presidency of the United States. To this high office he was elected in the fall of the same year. His administration is too fresh in the memories of our readers, to require to be particularly delineated. It was, however, a bold and successful one. Every thing which he attempted, he achieved. Whatever may have been the merits of the war with Mexico, none can deny that it was carried on with energy, ability, and wonderful success. None, either, can justly deny to Mr. Polk the credit of honesty and integrity of purpose, and a sincere desire to promote the honor and interests of his country. He always manifested a great respect for religion, and added his influence to that of his excellent lady, in its favor. But he has gone. His administration and life are ended, and are henceforth matters of history.

Within how short a period have we been called to chronicle the departure of three of our most distinguished citizens! WORTH, GAINES, POLK, all of whom had filled bright pages on the roll of fame, are among the dead. While we honor their memories, and endeavor to imitate their virtues, let us remember that the highest distinction on earth, is, to be truly good.

EXPEDITION TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—The expedition for a Trigonometrical and Nautical Survey of the Great Salt and Utah Lakes and the surrounding country, lying in the northern portion of Upper California, was organized by Colonel J. J. Abert, of the Topographical Bureau, and the command given to Captain Howard Stansbury, assisted by Lieutenant J. W. Gunnison, of the Topographical Engineers.

Letters have been received in this city from the above Expedition, which was to set out from Jefferson Barracks about the 1st instant.

We understand that, after exploring the great Salt Lake and the entire surrounding region, the party will probably proceed to examine a new route thence to the head waters of the Gila river, to unite with the present southern route to California about Santa Fe. The whole country through which they will pass, south of Fort Hall, has as yet been very partially explored, and our knowledge of it is quite imperfect.

Captain Stansbury gives an appalling account of the prevalence of the cholera along the Missouri. In ascending the river they found the small villages on its banks deserted in dismay. On board one of the steamboats which had gone up a part of the way there were seventy eight deaths, and so great was the panic of the surviving passengers and crew that they had fastened the boat to the shore and abandoned her. At Independence boats were hailed from the houses, and ordered off, a nine-pounder being planted at the landing places to prevent their approach. The alarm through the region surrounding the Fort was so great that the country people would not enter, and the officers had to send to the mouth of the Platte before they could procure drivers for the wagons. He says that the imprudence and total improvidence of some of the emigrants were beyond belief, many of them setting out in utter ignorance of what they had to encounter, and wholly unprovided for such a journey. The roads are covered with them, and numbers would inevitably perish on the plains.

The exploring expedition will probably be absent some eighteen months or two years. Success attend them!—*Nat. Intel., Saturday.*

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1, 1849.

Having observed with considerable attention the ecclesiastical movements in this city during the month of May, in which the religious world is so busy, I take the liberty of writing down my thoughts in a plain way, knowing that you have many readers, who feel much interest in these matters.

The recent convocation of the Baptists in Sansom street church (founded by the late Dr. Staughton, one of their old eloquent preachers,) was of a more spiritual character than the meetings of the Presbyterians, the principal object of which was to transact ecclesiastical business. Gov. Briggs of Massachusetts presided, and entered with much zest on the labors of his station. Nothing in the shape of a moral cause seems to awaken a profounder emotion, or a more determined resolution in the breasts of the friends of missions assembled to promote the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom in distant lands, than the facts which have been created on heathen ground. A man stands up before the ministers and representatives of the churches, who has traversed those remote Asiatic regions through which the Irawaddy flows in beauty to the magnificent Bay of Bengal, to behold on every side the reign and the ravages of idolatry, and he tells us deliberately—with an air of great candor and veritableness—what he has seen, and how he was affected by what he saw. His narrative of the splendor of heathen temples, and the costliness of the idolatrous ceremonies, surprises and astonishes you. He describes a single temple, in which from base to dome, the ordinary ornaments are silver and gold; an edifice, which has cost as much as all the christian churches in the city of Philadelphia! Aye, and the temple is "paid for" too. In it may be seen the statues of five hundred marble gods, larger than life, supposing a god to be invested with the human form. How strong must be the attachment to a system for which a people are willing to make so many sacrifices! Yet the gospel can sunder even the tie that binds the idolater to the objects of his worship. The simple gospel, the weapons of whose warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God, to the pulling down of strong holds, can produce an entire revolution, nay more, a regeneration that reaches all the springs of human action. Ten thousand idolaters in Burmah, have embraced the religon of Jesus. Fifty christian churches have been constituted in that land of Pagan darkness. "Behold these trophies of the grace of God," he exclaims; and there stand forth two Assamese, in their simple dark robes, corresponding to the deep complexion of that Asiatic clime, and adorned with the straight black hair that distinguishes them from the African tribes. They seem to be of a gentle race, remarkable more for little and graceful, than for robust and massive forms, while amiableness and intelligence are depicted in their countenances. They relate the simple story of their conversion to God, and it touches every heart. The tear of emotion cannot be repressed. The mind is especially filled with wonder, when it contemplates them as the representatives of thousands in their own land, who have bowed to the sceptre of the Prince of Peace, and formed themselves into the vanguard of that sacramental army which is to possess all India, not with fire and sword, but with the salvation of Heaven. The missionary, Rev. Mr. Kincaid, was once confronted with one of their learned men, who propounded to him some difficult interrogatories, among which was this:—"Why, if Christians have had Christianity more than 1800 years, and it be the only true religion, have they withheld it from us till the present time?" The missionary felt the force of the objection, and the blush of shame leaped to his cheek. But *he* had done *his* duty. He stood there, however, as the representative of the Christian world, and what could he say for the justification of the Church?

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

CALDWELL, HEAD OF LAKE GEORGE, June 9, 1849.

Laying aside my fishing rod and tackle, I seat myself on the protruding root of a tree, and pencil you from the site of old Fort William Henry. It is now green and grassy, covered with luxurious tall grown pines, and, much elevated above, it commands a beautiful view of the lake, the mountains close to the water's edge on the right, and those on the left, distanced about one mile, by a belt of richly cultivated fields, extending some ten miles in full view. To the North, directly in front, are the matchless little Isles of the Lake, very many of which are in view. And now imagine every thing, except the sweet note of a bird, quiet and still; the surface of the waters smooth as the face of the mirror, reflecting all the grandeur and beauty quite as truthfully, and you have some idea of the beauty of Lake George from one spot. The beauty and *possession* of this Lake was the pride of the rival courtiers of Europe for more than one hundred and seventy years, while republicans only were peacefully to possess it, and by the improvements incident to their freedom, render it accessible from the commercial metropolis of their nation in eighteen hours.

Leaving the details which gave to this spot so much melancholy interest, for another letter, I briefly remark, that it affords the most undeniable evidence that its soil has been literally enriched by the blood and bones of fallen heroes. The gigantic trees grown from the ashes of the dead since 1757, and its annual rich grass, plainly speak it. But I leave here for a trip down the Lake in the steamer William Caldwell, Capt. Fred. Farlin, which has commenced her regular summer trips. It is 7 o'clock Monday, 11th.—The steamer is the perfection of neatness, Capt. F. a gentleman, the county Treasurer, and well posted on the historical incidents connected with the country. He is withal communicative, and answers the multiplied inquiries of the highly entertained passengers.

Passing French Mountain, famed for the herd of deer which proceeded down its lofty summit, (the army of Dieskau,) we near Tea Island, and 8 miles further on the East side, pass near the remarkable landing place of Montcalm, "where," says the fearless Maj. Rogers in his journal, Dec. 18, 1757, "he landed his troops when he captured Wm. Henry. Here we discovered a large quantity of common balls and shells which had on that occasion been concealed by the French, and made a mark to enable us to find them again." Rogers and his scouts did afterward find them, for he knew every cliff and pass of these mountains.

The Lake is 36 miles long, and averages about 2 miles broad; so that you have in the near distance on either side, the most distinct and pleasing views, and feel unwilling at any moment to look indifferently on the scenery in any direction. Arriving in three hours from the head of the Lake, we land at the first plains of Ticonderoga, the landing place of Abercrombie and Lord Howe, near a century ago, on the occasion of the ever memorable expedition and bloody siege of the Fort with sixteen thousand men. A short ride takes us across the plains to the gray old Fort. Its high walls yet standing, its strange rooms well arched and cemented, with its extensive grounds, beautiful and commanding view, may intensely interest the visitor for hours. The garden grounds of the accomplished and brave Genl. Montcalm are now the site of the Pavilion Hotel, an excellent house kept by Mr. Wilcox, and which commands a view of the Lake, and the mountains of Vermont, and has extensive grounds, groves and walks. One walk leads directly to the water's edge,—the identical landing place of Ethan Allen when he captured the Fort on the morning of May 10 1775, the history of which is so familiar to all.

Returning by the steamer Wm. Caldwell, we arrive at the Lake House just as the sun is retiring behind these high mountains. On one side of the house, the inclined hill extending far up, is richly cultivated; we see the sleek cattle, cows, sheep and their young luxuriating in the sweet grass. This place gives every promise of being one of immense resort the present season—the pure spring waters of the Lake, the extensive accommodations of the establishment with metropolitan luxury, its perfection and neatness, but perhaps above all, its wild, romantic and rural tone, give it a matchless charm. It is easy of access by the Troy steamers, allowing a delicious breakfast at the Troy House, in sight of your valise on the Railroad car, (D. never carries anything more,) which you join presently, and arrive in Saratoga, and onward arrive at Fort Edward by the *Saratoga and Whitehall Rail Road;* then after 50 or 60 minutes on a merry *plank road* with fleet horses, you are at the rural quiet place. "A word to the wise is sufficient"—who wouldn't see Lake George? But more of its historical reminiscences hereafter. D.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—Professor Nichol, of Glasgow University, delivered a lecture before the Whittington Club, London, and closed it with the following extraodinary language:

"The planets are retained in their orbits because two opposite forces exactly balance each other. But modern astronomy has proved that there is a power at work destroying their balance. From observations made on the retarded return of Encke's comet, and its gradual approximation to the sun, we learn the existence of a fluid, an ether, which, however subtile, tends to diminish the centrifugal force and add to the attraction of the sun. However slowly it may approach, we may yet contemplate the day when this present system shall pass away; not, however, into a vast ruin, but in its own beautiful and majestic order, just like a flower, which, having adorned the earth, lets drop its leaves when its work is done, and falls back obediently upon its mother's bosom."

Dr. Wall, once at a dinner table, very unwisely persisted in playing with a cork, in such a manner as displayed a hand long divorced from the sanatory.—One guest happened to express his surprise to another, and, in too loud a whisper, exclaimed, "Heavens, what a dirty hand!" The doctor overheard, and turning short round, said, "Sir, I'll bet you a guinea there is a dirtier one in the company." "Done," replied the first, sure of winning. The guineas were staked, and the doctor showed his other hand. He was judged to have won without one dissenting voice.

The Claremont (N. H.) Eagle says that it is a fact not generally known, that there are two parts in a potato, and if separated and planted at the same time, one will produce tubers fit for the table eight or ten days sooner than the other. The small end of the potato, which is generally full of eyes, will yield the earlier; the middle or body of the potato produces a larger kind and much later.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP;

OR, THE

SCHOOLMASTER-WHIPPING COMMITTEE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

'The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang oft agly.'—BURNS.

Messrs. Tarbox, Tanner and Twiggs were very promising young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two; very valiant, very ambitious, and very strong. They had never done anything remarkable except at school, and their mighty achievements there did not consist in spelling hard words in the back part of the spelling-book, parsing intricate sentences, or beating their master cipher-ing.

However, although the above-named gentlemen despised such low pursuits as learning to read and write, their fame was great at school. The truth of the matter is, they had,

jointly and severally, from time immemorial, as it were, belonged to the schoolmaster-whipping committee; and each of them, it is said, could boast of having conquered more pedagogues than some of their fellow-pupils had ever seen. Every winter these three gentlemen had been in the habit of amusing themselves and their constituents by such innocent practices as taking the rod out of the teacher's hand and applying it to his own back, rolling him in the snow, and of putting him under the benches while they dismissed the school.

One winter, however, they found their match. Mr. Cyrus Wilkins was a stern, powerful man, and not one to be trifled with, with impunity. Messrs. Tarbox, Tanner and Twiggs had attempted on various occasions to create a rebellion and break down his authority, but Wilkins was firmly seated on his throne, and never hesitated to crush conspiracies with an iron hand.

Fearing a resort to open arms, and having a mortal dread of the legitimate sovereign's forces in a pitched battle, the gentlemen of the schoolmaster-whipping committee resolved to have recourse to stratagem.

The school-room was in the second story of a new brick building, which served the double purpose of a school and meeting-house. The lower apartment, which was occupied on the Sabbath, was kept scrupulously locked on all other days, to prevent unruly pupils from committing depredations therein; and there was a strong lock on the outer door as well as on the door of the school-room. Having made these remarks that the plot of the conspirators might be fully understood and appreciated, I now proceed in my endeavors to do something like justice to my narrative.

One afternoon, as Mr. Wilkins was arranging his books and papers after the exercises of the day were over, no one else happening to be in the school-room at the time, Tarbox, the leader of the conspirators, made a display of his valor in boldly locking the outer door and putting the key in his pocket. This courageous feat performed, Tarbox retired with his companions to a short distance from the house, where they waited in high glee to enjoy the perplexity of their teacher when he should discover the trick and make a signal of distress from a window.

The three waited long and patiently, but Wilkins remained perfectly quiet. They watched the windows closely on all sides of the house, but still they saw nothing of the schoolmaster.

'Lord! boys, what's that?' exclaimed Tanner, suddenly, pointing at a bright light that glimmered through one of the upper windows of the house!

'Fire!' replied Tarbox with a start.

'Fire, by thunder!' added Twiggs.

'It is!' corroborated the first speaker.—'Wilkins has set the house a fire for vengeance!'

Tarbox, who felt that he had been the cause of the calamity, turned pale with alarm.

'What's to be done?' he cried. 'I darsn't go and unlock the door, for Wilkins would give me jessy, I know.'

'There's a ladder,' suggested Tanner.

'We can put that up to the window,' added Twiggs, 'and you can go up and look in and see if the house is really on fire.'

'A good idee,' said Tarbox, 'I'll do that.—Come on, boys, and help carry the ladder!'

The ladder was soon placed against the side of the house; the summit just reached to the windows of the school-room.

Tarbox mounted timidly, while his com panions held the foot of the ladder. Arrived at the window he could once more see the blazing fire within, and he threw it open hastily. There was but little smoke in the room, for the blaze was occasioned by the burning of some dry hickory sticks piled carefully on the *top of the stove!*

Discovering the trick, Tarbox was about to make great haste in descending to his companions, but before he could close the window Wilkins sprang to it and caught him by the collar. Tarbox feared his enemy would tumble him headlong to the ground, endangering his life and limbs, but he misjudged the man. Wilkins was merciful; Wilkins was cool and cautious. Instead of pitching Tarbox from the top of the ladder where he stood, he seized him firmly and resolutely, and dragged him by main strength through the window.

'If you make the least resistance, Mr. Tarbox,' muttered the pedagogue, 'I'll flog you within an inch of your life!'

If Tarbox had any idea at first of putting Mr. Wilkins to the trouble of carrying his bloody threat into execution, he immediately changed his mind when he lifted up his eyes in agony and saw the savage features of his master directly over him. He accordingly surrendered himself at once, and quietly fol-

lowed the pedagogue into a small closet near by, where he suffered himself to be deliberately locked up.

Having thus easily disposed of Tarbox, Wilkins returned in haste to the window. He was just in time to seize Tanner, who was boldly mounting to the assistance of his companion. Wilkins dragged him in, and threatened Twiggs, who was already half way up the ladder, to tumble him down if he did not immediately descend. Twiggs scampered to the ground without waiting for another invitation, and the schoolmaster hastened to dispose of his second victim.

Tanner was not so easily conquered as Tarbox; but after being put to the trouble of picking himself up three several times, he concluded not to tempt the fist of the powerful schoolmaster again, and quietly submitted. Wilkins led him to the entry, pitched him down the stairs, and locking the door behind him to prevent his return, went back to the school-room.

He found Twiggs on the ladder, he having mounted to see in what manner his companions had so mysteriously disappeared. Seeing Wilkins, he began to descend, but thought fit to pause, when he heard the terrific threat that if he proceeded another foot the ladder would be thrown over upon him. Next, Wilkins ordered him to ascend. His hand was on the top-round of the ladder as he spoke, and Twigs dared not disobey. He slowly climbed up and had the pleasure his companion had enjoyed before him, of being dragged through the window.

'You are the last, but not the least,' observed the schoolmaster, with a smile, as he led his submissive pupil across the room, 'and I'm bothered to know what to do with you. Tarbox is in the closet there, and Tanner is trying to make through the outside door, which one of you had the goodness to lock, in order to keep me in. I mustn't put you with either of them, and I have an equally strong dislike to letting you run at large. Ah, I have it! I will tie you up!'

This said, Mr. Wilkins produced a strong cord from the table-drawer, tied his unresisting pupil's hands behind his back, and bound him to one of the benches.

'Now, be so good as to inform me which of you locked the outside door?' said Wilkins.

'Tarbox; and I didn't have nothin' to do with it,' replied Twiggs.

'And Tarbox took the key?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Thank you, I will speak with Mr. Tarbox on the subject.'

Wilkins proceeded to the closet. He found Tarbox sitting on the floor like a Turk. He looked up with a silly grin when his teacher entered, but he immediately looked down again.

'Have you the key?' demanded Wilkins.

Upon which, without saying a word, Mr. Tarbox took the required article from his pocket. The schoolmaster thanked him, wished him good evening, and retired.

Tarbox was once more locked up in the closet.

Mr. Wilkins then begged of Mr. Twiggs not to make himself uncomfortable by tugging at the cords which confined his hands, but to remain as quiet as possible; and wishing him a pleasant night's rest, disappeared through the window, which he closed after him, and descended to the ground. This done, he considerately removed the ladder, that the prisoners might not put their lives in danger attempting to escape by it, provided they broke loose into the school-room, and proceeded to his boarding-place as if nothing of any note had happened.

Mr. Wilkins slept very soundly that night, and got up early next morning to proceed about the duties of the day. It is said that on his arrival at the school-room, he found three of his pupils there, who had lodged somewhere about the premises, and looked as if they had enjoyed but little sleep.

It is needless to say that the three gentlemen of the schoolmaster-whipping committee did not soon hear the last of taking lodgings in a school-house, nor need the reader be told that they never after made an attempt on the sacred person of Mr. Cyrus Wilkins.

For the Journal of Commerce.

Mr. Editor.—The other day seeing some boys teasing some cats, the following little ode suggested itself to my memory, and which I venture to send to you, in hopes it may restrain the "rising generation" from such bad practices.

"*Original.*"

Oh why, gentle youths, would you trouble a cat,
Who, just like yourself, is no friend to the rat.
And not rather join with grimalkin and make
These pests of your household to shiver and shake.
At night, I'm the constant and only safe-guard,
The living "rats-bane" of your outhouse and yard,
And all that I ask is, to give me fair play,
With a few "crumbs of comfort" to spin out the day.
But perhaps you may think I can well spare a life,
Since "nine" are allotted in this world of strife
To ea[illegible]t,—but believe me I care not to test
This [illegible] old proverb,—so pray give me rest.

BESOM.

From the Picayune.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

A young sprig of the London press happened, some six months ago, to be travelling in a stagecoach, in which vehicle a raw Vermont youth was also a passenger. The young boy was not one of your "rale cute" fellows, but a shy, diffident, stripling, travelling from a distant school to spend his vacation at home. To the Londoner he was an object of great curiosity, being the first sample he had seen, and he pestered the boy with questions touching his mode of life, habits, studies, employment, &c., thinking to amuse himself, gather items for his Journal, and, at the same time, impress the other passengers with a proper idea of his vast importance. The boy, although evidently annoyed, answered politely, and displayed some of the usual characteristics of the Green Mountain youths; so the Englishman could boast as he pleased with impunity. He told the passengers that he had heard much of Yankee shrewdness, but, "for his part, he had never seen any thing in them that he could call clever, and indeed he wished very much to be made the subject of one of their tricks, for if they could fool *him*, he could then believe in what he had heard of their character."

This hint was not thrown away upon young Jonathan. He thought he would set his wits to work, for the honor of "down East," and soon hit upon a scheme. He had heard the Englishman inquire the direction from the town where the coach was to stop, to a residence some five miles distant. This direction happened to be the very path the boy was to take home, but he said nothing.

The coach stopped. Little Jonathan trotted off towards home, and Johnny Bull after having deposited his luggage in the tavern, soon followed. There was a lunatic asylum near the town we have mentioned. Jonathan told every soul he met, that one of the madmen had escaped, and was coming along the road, and that they would know him by his perpetually inquiring for the residence of Mr. Brown. Not content with this, he turned aside to every farm house, and told the inmates, in great alarm, that a madman had escaped from the asylum and to be on their guard against a man who would inquire for the residence of Mr. Brown. The thing succeeded to a miracle.—Johnny Bull had not advanced far on his way, before he perceived a man plant himself on one side of the road, brandishing a thick cudgel, and assuming the attitude of one who expects danger, and was resolved to defend himself to the last. Johnny thought it was singular, but nevertheless put the question,—

"Sir, can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, I thought you was the man. Now look here, stranger, you just conduct yourself respectfully, and keep your own side of the road. For if you come near me, I swan to man, I'll smash you.

Johnney's eyes opened, and his mouth too. "My dear friend, I dont want to approach you. I only vish to know vere Mr. Brown lives."

"Well now, you just follow your nose, and don't mislest nobody, you tarnal varmint.—You'd better go home, and get on your waistcoat."

The man who seemed in a hurry, passed on. Johnny gazed on him an instant, quite confounded, and then proceeded on his way, saying to himself, "Vell upon my word, that person's conduct was werry singular!" He turned off to a farm house. A woman was sitting at the door sewing. When she perceived him, she started from her seat, and darting in the door, held it for an instant, while she turned to gaze on the stranger.

"Madam vil you be so kind as to inform me vether I am in the right road to Mr. Brown's house?"

"I thought so!" exclaimed the woman, slamming the door fast, and bolting it, and the next moment she was seen peeping suspiciously from an upper window.

"Vot is the matter madam? I merely want to know ——"

"Oh! go away you unfortunate wretch!—Don't you attempt to cut any of your tantrums here. Go away, now, do—there's a good fellow!"

The woman disappeared, and Johnny paused an instant to ascertain if there was any thing frightful about him. He then proceeded, and encountered a good humored countryman, coming whistling along the road.

"Pray, sir," said Johnny, "can you direct me to Mr. Brown's?"

The thoughtless countryman had forgotten little Jonathan's warning, but the instant he heard the question, it recurred to him, and without saying a word, he took to his heels in such a hurry, that he tumbled over a log; but picking himself up again,' he took into the woods, and was out of sight in an instant.

"Vell," said Johnny to himself, "this is certainly werry hextraordinary!" He began to feel strange sensations, and walked on for a half a mile, ruminating awfully upon the unaccountable treatment he had received. Here he met another traveller and with very doubtful feelings about getting an answer, propounded his question.

The stranger paused right before Johnny, and his hat seemed to be rising off his head. To judge from his looks, his feelings must have been like those of a bird, when fascinated by a rattle snake. Johnny noticed the frightful appearance of the stranger, and terror now took possession of him. He imagined something dreadful was going to occur, and forthwith took to his heels into the woods.

"—— bless my art," he exclaimed aloud, "vot can be the matter with the people?—Vot kind of a country av I got into? Vy, these inhabitants are vild! They are Walentines and Horsens!—Hourang houtangs! Regular vild men of the voods!"

He was now completely lost in a thick wood. When he found the road again, he was afraid to ask any more questions, and finally got back to the town, where the next day our young hero visited him, and addressed him with,—"Look here, stranger, Mr. Brown's house is just where it was yesterday. When you see him, tell him what you think of Yankee tricks?"

From a Glasgow paper.

AWFUL COLLISION BETWEEN THE EUROPA AND AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

By the obliging kindness of a friend, we are enabled to present our readers with the following most interesting letter, written by a Glasgow Merchant, who was on board the Europa. The letter seems to have been written on board ship last Friday or Saturday, and was received this morning by the gentleman who has so kindly forwarded it to us:—

On board the Europa, Wednesday, the 27th June.—About half-past 7 A. M., I turned up on deck. The weather was moderate, but very foggy. All was going on well. About noon the fog cleared off, so as to enable Captain Lott to obtain an observation, which gave him lat. 50.50, long. 30.56, course being 83 east. Soon after this the weather again became more foggy and continued getting denser and more dense. At half past 3 P. M., or thereby, the officers and look-out of the watch, and several of the Europa's passengers, perceived, looming through the mist, a sail not over 200 yards distant, and bearing down on us. We were then steering S. E. by E., quarter E., the discovered vessel's course being about N. W. by W. As we were running 12 knots an hour, the distance above mensioned only gave us *one-half* minute to clear. "Port and stop her," was sung out by the look-out and proper officers; but, of course, too late to prevent collision. The vessel, now seen to be a barque, had also ported her helm, which kept her away. At the first cry of "Port," I had rushed from the Europa's deck to the termination of the railing in front of the larboard paddle-box, and was just in time to see, from this position, all of the collision that could be seen from the Europa.

We struck the bark before the mizen chains with our cutwater and stem, cutting her down far below the water's edge; all on board of her that could, sprang to the ropes and chains under our bows, and laid hold on every rope that was thrown out for the purpose of enabling them to escape. On the deck of the barque, between the main and mizen masts, were perhaps about fifty persons—men, women and poor children, who could do nothing but scream imploringly for the help that could not be afforded to them. About as many must have been below in the space allotted to them in the 'tween decks. It is estimated that about thirty persons were crushed to death during the time the steamer kept pressing on the barque It was an awful spectacle to see the poor creatures imploring for aid. One woman, in particular, was conspicuous. She stood on the top-gallant forecastle, her arms stretched out, her look now directed to the Europa, now to heaven. A little boy was at her feet. The steamer kept going into the bark, whose side-planks and timbers she splintered and broke, as the hand of a strong man would crush a wafer box, while the planks of the barque's decks were riven up, raised and piled on each other, as if they were destitute of strength and weight and never had been fastened together.

Thus cut far below water-mark, and heavily laden with lead, iron and chalk, the ill-fated vessel filled fast, and sank with fearful rapidity. The water first rippled, and then rushed over her decks—the unhappy beings on them gave one look to their feet—I stooped eagerly for a rope, but none was at hand—then hastily raised myself, and saw with horror the water close over them. Then masts and spars disappeared with incredible quickness, and their rigging being foul of the Europa's, carried with them her foretop-mast. So rapid was the whole occurrence that in *five minutes* or *less*, from the time the barque was first discerned, no trace of her was left, save a few floating spars and splintered pieces of wood. In the short time that elapsed between the collision and the sinking of the barque, 42 persons were saved, consisting of 30 men and one woman, passengers; the captain, Wm. Bartlett, the second mate, 7 men and two negroes; the last came tumbling on board like monkeys. Of these 34 saved themselves, by climbing into the Europa, and 8 were saved by the boats, in which captain Forbes, a citizen of the United States, was conspicous for his exertions. About 4 persons were drowned, struggling in the water, plainly to be seen, but impossible to be got at. The remaining 30 persons were part of them taken down in the vessel, and part of them sucked down in the vortex she made while sinking, thus meeting a watery grave in a smooth sea and in moderate weather. It was awful to see the poor creatures—while either stupified with danger, or wildly imploring for help—go down with the sinking wreck. But is was even far more appalling to see the few who floated, struggle with death in the water. One little girl, about five years old, and neatly dressed, gave her last convulsive gasp, and one woman, cleanly attired, ceased to struggle. While I looked on, unable to render the smallest assistance amidst this scene of horror, one poor fellow appeared in such a manner as in other circumstances would have caused a smile—he had caught hold of an empty floating barrel, but preferring a yard about three fathoms from him, he abandoned the barrel, and swam for the yard, which he succeeded in reaching; he grasped it tight with both his arms, but his feet cocked up from under the yard, and he was evidently far from comfortable—his evident satisfaction that he had gained his object, and his manifest anxiety to get on board the Europa, at the same time giving to his features a very ludicrous expression. As he was saved, I may be pardoned this remark. Another man, who floated to windward under the starboard bow caused much anxiety to several who saw him. He was clinging to a piece of wood that had been broken from the wreck; but from his being no swimmer he could not manage himself in the water, and the piece of wood often slipped from his grasp, but he contrived always to grasp it again, so long as the dense fog admitted of his being seen from the steamer. A Hollander who was saved is a most distressing spectacle of grief. He cannot speak English, and his language is known only to a few on board. His wife and three children—his father and mother—his sister, her husband and children, together with nearly £800 sterling, belonging to him, all perished in the wreck. Only conceive this man's calamity, and his consequent distress. Thus deprived of the dearest objects of his affections, and reduced to poverty in an instant. Of those picked up by the boats, one man was dead when brought on board; another was pulseless—cramped in the feet and legs, and in the hands and arms, with white sensationless parts on his body. This was the man we lost sight of in the fog, as he floated to windward. The boats were also hid from view while pulling about among the fragments of the wreck. But while in this position, and so occupied, the crew of one of the boats espied this man about six feet below the surface, and Captain Forbes promptly caught him with a boat hook. "Strip him and rub him," cried the doctor; so half a dozen willing fellows stripped him instantly, and fell to rubbing him with towels, as hard as they could; and they rubbed and rubbed until the poor fellow was nearly skinned; others kept hot water going to his feet; inflation of the lungs was also resorted to; he yawned; 'he's coming, rub away, boys,' and rub away they did. Another yawn. "Rub and bring brandy," and rubbing and brandy he got. At length his body and limbs assumed their natural color; then feeble breathing began. Hot brandy was now given him in spoonsful, and bottles of hot water kept to his feet, until breathing was established. He is doing well, and is expected soon to be able to walk about. The officers and crew of the Europa merit all approbation for their intrepid exertions to rescue all they could, and for their kindness and attention to those they rescued; also for their generosity in making up the sum of £42 15s. for distribution among them. The passengerrs on board the steamer also contriuted £309 10s. for the same purpose.

The vessel run down proved to be the Charles Bartlett of Plymouth, Masaschusetts. She cleared from London for Boston on the 10th of June, and met with the accident, in lat. 50.48., long., 29½.

Now it is over, it was a dreadful scene, the like of which I hope may never happen again. The Europa escaped with slight damage, and none on board of her was hurt.

AN EAGLE SHOT BY A WOMAN.—A correspondent states that, a few days since, in a newly settled part of Milo, in Piscataquis county, a large grey eagle, measuring seven feet across his extended wings, was shot by Mrs. Bagley, under the following circumstances:—Her husband was away from home, and while her child was at play in the garden with a hoe, she saw this eagle pouncing down upon her child, and immediately seized a gun and ran to his rescue. The little fellow raised his hoe and screamed to keep off the eagle, and he alighted in a tree. Mrs. Bagly fired and brought the "proud Bird of the Mountain" to the ground.—*Bangor Whig* 11*th*

Correspondence of the Flag.

BY THE INDIAN CHIEF, KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

LETTER III.

MOUNT VERNON, May, 1849.

SIR:

To-day for the first time I had the good fortune to find time to visit this place; the final resting-spot of the greatest of modern men.

Mayor Seaton of Washington gave us a note to the present occupant, Mr. Washington---and after a ride of sixteen miles by land, in company with my friend Mr. John S. Adams of Boston, we came in view of the spot. On our way to the tomb we were obliged to travel a most disagreeable road, ditches, rivulets, narrow passes, tangled woods, and other evils obstructed our way. We drove up to the gate and 'uncle' somebody came hobbling along to open it. In these diggins, habituate yourself in calling every negro you meet, who is half a minute older than yourself, 'uncle,' and you will pass anywhere.

He opened the gate and we entered, looking upon the old dilapidated brick walls on our right hand, and going up to the door, delivered my note, and was soon requested to walk in the passage.

'Dah,' said a curly-headed urchin, 'walk round and see what you can see.'

'But where is Mr. Washington?' I inquired.

'He is in dat room dah, sir.'

'What, is he sick?'

'No sair—but you will look round de room and see what you can see.'

We strolled about the parlor, sitting-room, and passage, and used all the exertion we could to 'see what we could see.' We looked about us in vain for some person to conduct us to the tomb. When I asked the colored boy the location of it, he struck out his long arms in a horizontal position, and pointing to a long brick wall, said, 'Dah!'

I went to the front of the once elegant mansion, and stood on the brow of a hill under the branches of a tall tree. The Potomac lay below and not a ripple was to be seen. The air was sultry and still. O, how still. Two magnolia trees in front of the house were seemingly drooping into decay, but the cool air of the evening was only needed to revive them.

The house was in a very neglected, time-worn condition; the oak trees seemed to flourish better than anything else, and the windows corresponded with other parts of the house, except two of them, which seemed to have more attention bestowed on them than did the others, being adorned with superb curtain hangings.

Seeing no white man, we availed ourselves of the guidance of an old negro. He began to speak of the greatness of George Washington, and between each word would escape a sigh.

'There,' said he, 'is the place where massa Washington sleeps.'

Here at the gate, I stood, and when I gazed on the marble coffin which contained his body, an indescribable feeling filled my soul—of pleasure and regret. Here rests the remains of a man whose fame is as boundless as the ocean—whose honor towers above the skies—whose virtues are sung in other lands, and will be a lesson to the children of generations yet to come—a model for heroes—a model for Christians. Here rests the man in whose breast burned the true flame of patriotism; the man whose voice was heard above the din of battle—whose counsels piloted the ship of freedom through tempestuous seas, and who hoisted the stars and stripes, beneath which American commerce now floats in security. It was he who fed the young eagles in their defenceless homes, in their hour of peril, till they became strong, till the hour of peril was past, and they were let loose to bear over the world the charter of freedom which Washington marked out for it. They go from east to west, and soon all shall be free, this earth a paradise, and men and angels one.

Who of all the ambitious Cæsars of the Old World could be compared with George Washington? When we speak of Napoleon, the heart is sickened with the thought of blood. But around the memory of Washington, the light of an unclouded sun is seen. The one led on his warriors with an iron sceptre—the other governed them with a smile. Both died. One soothed by the hands of an angel, the other pressed down by the thoughts of the anguish he had caused. The grave of one was where the ocean looked in fury, the grave of the other in quiet, watered by the tears of grateful millions of freemen.

Absorbed with thoughts like these, for the first time my inflexible nature gave way to its *feelings*. I could not help it.

I am sorry that they do not keep it better. It should be a marble castle in which the angel of light might watch his dust till the morn of the resurrection.

I turned from the tomb, and on the tree there sat a moaning dove. It seemed to be conscious that we came there to weep. Warble on, little bird! When we are blest with a home in paradise, I will feed thee with fruits immortal.

The sun is sinking in a blaze of glory. The skies are of a crimson hue, and the foliage of the trees throws its shadow upon our path. The tame deer are sporting around us, and with many pleasures and regrets we leave.

It is now nearly 7 o'clock, P. M., and we have eighteen miles to go; so for the present, farewell. KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

WONDERS OF CULTIVATION.—There is scarcely a vegetable which we now cultivate, that can be found to grow naturally. Buffon has stated that our wheat is a fictitious production, raised to its present condition by the art of agriculture. Rye, rice, barley, or even oats, are not to be found wild, that is to say, growing natural in any part of the earth, but have been altered by the industry of mankind from plants not now resembling them, even in such a degree as to enable us to recognize their relations. The acrid and disagreeable *opium graveolens*, has been transformed into delicious celery, and the *colewort*, a plant of scanty leaves, not weighing altogether half an ounce, has been improved into cabbage, whose leaves alone weigh many pounds, or into the cauliflower of considerable dimensions, being only the embryo of a few buds, which in their natural state would not have weighed as many grains. The potato again, whose introduction has added millions to our population, derives its origin from a small bitter root which grows wild in Chili and Monte Video.

N. E. Farmer.

A few days ago, a butcher in this neighborhood, who has always been considered "wide awake," lost a shoulder of mutton: and having ascertained that it had been stolen by a dog belonging to a certain attorney, he lost no time in repairing to its owner, and accosted him as follows;—"Pray, sir, if a dog comes to my shop and runs away with a joint of meat, cannot I make the owner pay for it?" "Certainly," replied the attorney. "Then I will thank you for 3s. 9d., which is the price of a shoulder of mutton your pointer has just stolen from me." The lawyer paid the money, and the knight of the cleaver thanking him and wishing him good morning, was leaving the office; but the solicitor said "Stay sir, I must trouble you for my fee. You came to consult me, I gave you my opinion, and the charge is 6s. 3d." The butcher looked exceedingly "sheepish," but instantly paid the amount, and returned home with the loss of his mutton, and an additional 2s. 11d.

English paper.

From the National Era.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart, are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song—
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailing blends not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there! the light, which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollection have to weep;
No bed of death enduring Love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread,
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread!

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal Day?

THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. E C. KINNEY.

Where'er earth's soil is by the feet
Of unseen angels trod,
The joyous flowers spring up to greet,
These visitants of God.

They on celestial errands move
Earth noiselessly to bless,
Oft stooping down in balmy love,
The flowerets to caress.

And thus, their breath its fragrance leaves
Among the woodland blooms,
And breathing sense through flowers receives
Angelical perfumes.

The scarlet or the crimson tips
That flowery petals wear,
May be the vermeil from the lips
Of angels painted there.

While spirit-whispers safely lie
Within each chalice hid,
That mutely speak to Sorrow's eye,
And lift its drooping lid.

And ah, that crystal, glistening clear
Upon the tinted leaf,
May be an angel's holy tear,
Dropt there for human grief.

For ever hallowed then, as fair,
Are all the blessed flowers,
That scent with Heaven's ambrosial air
These fading earthly bowers.

Through flowers I

A Curious Work of Nature.—One of the most remarkable curiosities in the vicinity of Mobile, is what is called the "Thundering Spring," about twelve miles from the city. The country is considerably elevated above the level of the river, and is mainly of a sandy formation. The spring, or rather its embouchure, is apparently about three or four feet in diameter, and the fluid has an uncertain motion, like the ebulitions on the surface of boiling water—throwing up with it a pure white sand. The remarkable characteristics of it are a low, rumbling, irregular noise, exactly like distant thunder, and a tremulous or nervous motion of the earth, which is also irregular. The ground for many yards in the vicinity of the spring is constantly shaking in this way, leaving an impression of insecurity and extensive hollows beneath the surface. The water issues from the side of the declivity, which presents the appearance for some distance, of having sunk several feet below the original surface. The vloume of water that issues from it is not so great as one would suppose, without examining the stream as it runs off. This deception originates in the paroxysms of the spring, which casts up huge bubbles mixed with sand, that fall back into the basin, without being carried off.—*Mobile (Ala.) Herald, July 7.*

Lusus Naturæ.—We have to record a *lusus naturæ*, of which, in modern times, the Sicilian twins Ritta and Christina, and the Siam brothers were the most memorable instances. At Eerneghem, a village three leagues from the town of Bruges, formerly near the central point between Bruges, Thourout, and Ostend, were born on the 28th ult., two children of the female sex compactly united to each other. The two bodies join at the sides; the ligature union beginning a little below the right of one and the left of the other, and continuing as far as the navel, so that the children do not look each other in the face, but are turned one towards the other, in an oblique position. Their heads, arms, thighs, and legs are perfectly free, and they have the proper use of all their limbs, and their position is such as to permit their mother to nurse them both at the same time without difficulty. The curate of the parish baptized them the day of their birth in the names of Marie and Sophie. The parents are poor servants, working and residing on a small farm held by an old bachelor. The husband's name is Tanghe; his wife, aged about 38 years, has four children.—*Brussels Herald.*

The Alumni meeting was concluded by singing the following fine Hymn, anonymous, but written for the occasion:

HYMN.

Beneath these sacred shades,
Long-severed hearts unite:
The tempting Future fades,
The Past alone seems bright.
O'er sultry clime
And stormy zone
Rings clear the tone
Of Mem'ry's chime.

We come to tread once more
The paths of earlier days,
To count our blessings o'er,
And mingle prayer and praise;
For Mercy's hand,
From skies of blue,
Hath linked anew
Each broken band.

We come, ere Life departs,
Ere winging Death appears,
To throng our joyous hearts,
With dreams of sunnier years:
To meet once more
Where Pleasure sprang,
And arches rang
With songs of yore.

Not all, not *all* are here:
Some sleep 'neath funeral flowers,
Where falls the mourner's tear,
And weep the evening showers.
Yet, thankfully,
Let every heart
Its love impart
To him on high.

...ODRIDGE & ... 10 Broadway, cor Beaver st.

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously—and all
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave!
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow—
Dear mother—'Tis thy emblem—dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears!

Ay—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered shore,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stay to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn—Religion's holiest shrine—
Oh give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE MURDERER*.

The murderer slept, in the stillness of night,
But his sleep was not quiet, his dreams were not light;
A strange, wild sound, through the portal came,
And the watchlight changed to a dim blue flame,
And a ghostly form, all dripping with gore,
Stole in, and stood on the chamber floor;
And pressed its red hand with an icy chill,
And the murderer's heart grew cold and still.

The murderer walked in the light of day,
In the busy haunts where the many stray;
His form was as noble, his words were as fair,
His step was as stately as any there.
None pierced through the veil of his proud disdain—
None saw on his brow the impress of Cain;
But the ghostly form stole on in the rear,
And hissed a word in the murderer's ear.

The murderer fled, in the dead of night,
To hide from the power of the ghastly sprite;
The tottering cliff was high and steep,
And the waves below were all dark and deep.
He stood, and behold! it onward came,—
He saw the red hand, and the dim blue flame;
A frantic leap through the murky air,
And the pale ghost followed the murderer there.

INLETTE.

* By a young lady, 15 years of age.

For the Journal of Commerce.

A VOICE FROM THE GARRET.

I'm very poor, yet I possess
A freeman's pride;
God's image in the meanest dress,
Though thrust aside,
Is on a level with the great:
Why then should I deplore my fate?

Riches I scorn not, for they can
Be well applied
In succouring the helpless man
To want allied:
But the mere selfish use of wealth
Gives neither happiness nor wealth.

My fare is scant—toil makes it sweet;
My drink's divine—
Pure water, free from the fierce heat
Of hurtful wine;
And my brief rest is calm and deep,
For health and labor bring me sleep.

My garb is threadbare, but is warm;
My lodging mean,
Yet 'tis a refuge from the storm;
And oft a beam
From the bright sun a visit pays,
Inspiring songs and cheerful lays.

Nature's fair charms to all are free—
Green fields, blue skies,
The crested billows of the sea—
I feast my eyes
On these great glories, and rejoice—
In gladness lifting up my voice.

I've books, coarse paper, pens and ink,
(Thank God, they're cheap!)
And when I've time, I read and think,
And oft from sleep
Rob hours which I in rhyming spend,
For midnight is the poet's friend.

I can be generous, bestow
My little mite
On him who wanteth, and when woe
Doth meet my sight,
Refreshing words of kindness use,
And hope in care-worn hearts infuse.

Why then repine when thus so blest
With peace of mind;
With health, a home, bright dreams, sweet rest,
And thoughts resigned?
Hear this, O man of slender purse,
Thy poverty is *not* a curse!

G. M. R.

July 18.

War among the Birds.—A large owl was captured by Mr. William King, of this city, on Wednesday evening, in a most singular manner. The window of one of the rooms of his house was open, and a small child was in bed alone in the room, just before dark. The child beginning to cry, some one went into the room to quiet it, and discovered the owl standing on one of the bed-posts; and in and near the window were a considerable number of robins and other small birds, which had evidently driven his owlship into his present confinement, and were guarding the window to prevent the escape of their enemy. Mr. King was called, and having shut the window, went into the room and caaght and caged the bird, which he still has in his possession.—*Rochester American.*

Burying Alive.—Mr. Mansfield of the Cincinnati Atlas, writing from Xenia, under date of July 26, says:

"I cannot doubt that there have been many cases of too *hasty burials*, in cases of Cholera. I saw a young man to-day, who was reported all one-day to be dead, and was actually in a state of collapse. He said that he heard the persons at the bedside say 'he is dead,' and the same time, he was perfectly conscious, and in full possession of his senses! He said that he was in dread that they would bury him alive!"

From the Boston Post.

SOLEMN VOICES.

BY T. B. READ, ESQ.

I heard from out the dreary realms of Sorrow
The various tongues of Woe;—
One said, "Is there a hope in the to-morrow?"
And many answered, "No?"

And they arose and mingled their loud voices,
And cried in bitter breath,
"In all our joys the Past alone rejoices,—
There is no joy but Death.

"Oh, dreadful Past, beyond thy midnight portal
Thou hast usurped our peace;
"And if the angel Memory be immortal,
When shall this anguish cease?"

And suddenly within the darkened distance
The solemn Past replied,
"In my domains your joys have no existence,—
Your hopes, they have not died!

"Nought comes to me except those ghosts detested,
Phantoms of Wrong and Pain;
But whatsoe'er Affection hath invested,
Th' eternal years retain.

"Then stand no more with looks and souls dejected,
To woo and win despair;
The joys ye mourn the Future hath collected,
Your hopes are gathered there.

"And as the dew which leaves the morning flowers
Augments the after rain,—
And as the blooms which fall from summer bowers
Are multiplied again—

"So shall the joys the Future holds in keeping
Augment your future peace,
So shall your hopes which now are only sleeping
Return with large increase."

Boston, July 31.

DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE PRISONER.

Long years I've lived in this damp cave,
I'm pale and wan and cold,
My hair is gray, my back is bent—
I'm old, I'm very old.

Yet seems it but a day since I.
All young and bold and free,
Sat gaily at the festive board,
And sang of Liberty.

Rude voices broke our joyous songs,
Rude hands bore me away;
Since then I've heard no friendly sound,
Nor seen the light of day.

Yon little straggling ray that beams
At noon through that small chink,
Is all that ever breaks my gloom—
It bids my heart not sink.

It speaks of happy worlds that lie
Far, far beyond the skies,
And bids me hope my soul shall soon
To those bright regions rise.

Paris. A. B.

JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.—The sheep was doomed to suffer much from all the animals. She came to Jupiter and prayed him to lighten her misery. Jupiter appeared willing, and said to the sheep, "I see, indeed, my good creature, I have made thee too defenceless. Now choose in what way I may best remedy this defect. Shall I furnish thy mouth with terrible, teeth, and thy feet with claws?"

"Ah! no." said the sheep, "I do not wish to have any thing in common with the beasts of prey."

"Or," continued Jupiter, "shall I infuse poison into thy spittle?"

"Alas!" replied the sheep, "the poisonous serpents are so hated."

"What then shall I do? I will plant horns in thy forehead, and give strenth te thy neck."

"Not so, kind father! I might be disposed to butt like the he-goat,"

"And yet," said Jupiter, "thou must thyself be able to injure others, if others are to be aware of injuring thee."

"Must I?" sighed the sheep; "O, then, kind father, let me be as I am. For the ability to injure will excite, I fear, the desire. And it is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

Jupiter blessed the good sheep, and from that time forth, she forgot to complain.—*Lessing's Fables.*

"Perpetual complaints," to use the simile of an old writer, "are like unto a new cart, which creaks and cries, even while it has no burden but its own wheels; whereas, that which is long used, and well oiled, goes silently away with a heavy load,"

GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.—A series of experiments has recently been concluded at the Birmingham Water Works, relative to the strength of gutta-percha tubing, with a view to its applicability for the conveyance of water. The experiments were made under the direction of Mr. H. Rofe, engineer, upon tubes of three quarters of an inch diameter, and one eighth thick of gutta percha. These were attached to the iron main, and subjected for two months to a pressure of 200 feet head of water, without being in the slightest degree deteriorated. In order to ascertain, if possible, the maximum strength of the tubes, they were connected with the water company's hydraulic proofing pump, the regular load of which is 250lbs. on the square inch. At this point they were unaffected; and the pump was worked up to 337lbs.—but to the astonishment of every one the tubes still remained perfect. It was then proposed to work the pump up to 500, but it was found that the lever of the valve would bear no more weight. The utmost power of the hydraulic pump, therefore, could not burst the tubes. The gutta percha being slightly elastic allowed the tubes to become a little expanded by the extraordinary pressure which was applied, but on its withdrawal they resumed their former size.—*London Athenæum.*

TO PREVENT MILK SOURING DURING THUNDER STORMS.—We have heard great complaints from dairy women, about their milk getting sour during a thunder storm, although perfectly sweet a short time previous. The following plans, suggested by a correspondent, will prevent this in a great degree. All the pans containing the milk ought to be placed upon non-conductors of electricity, such as blocks of baked wood, pieces of glass, or wood that has been well painted and varnished. The named articles are most easily provided; beeswax, feathers and woolen cloth are also non-conductors, but incovenient to be used. All these articles will insulate the pans and prevent the electric fluid from entering, which is the cause of acidity; or is, in fact, the principle of acidity itself.—If glass basins were substituted for tin pans, the plan would be better still, and there would then be no necessity for the practice suggested above.—The glass would preserve the milk much longer sweet than pans, and the acid would have no effect upon it. We are not aware of any acid that has the least impression on glass, except the fluoric acid. All iron vessels, compounded of iron, as tin pans, attract the heat very readily, and of course sour the milk; and such is the affinity of iron for an acid that we doubt much if it is ever washed out entirely. Iron vessels, we are confident, are the very worst that could be used for the purpose; they are even inferior to wood.—*American Agriculturist.*

He who betrays another's secrets becaus he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of *friend*; a breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.—*Channin*

VENEZUELA.—Letters from several sources confirm the intelligence of the defeat and capture of General Paez, by the Government forces under Monagas. This, for the present, will put an end to the revolutionary movements in that country. Paez was justly indignant at the assassination of members of Congress in their own hall, a year or two ago, and attributing it to the secret agency of Monagas, although other hands were used, felt himself called upon to come out from his retirement, and put down the tyrant. But contrary to his expectation, the people did not generally sustain the movement, and after several partial defeats, he found himself obliged to return to the Island of Curacoa. Maracaibo still held out for him-or at least its fortress, and he collected a small squadron, which he hoped would be able to overpower that of Monagas; but it was itself defeated and captured in the Lake of Maracaibo, or the adjacent waters. The fortress of Maracaibo at length surrendered, and so far as we know, there remained no organised opposition to Monagas throughout the Republic.

Thus affairs remained until near the close of July last, when Paez again landed in Venezuela, in the Province of Coro, and collecting a small force, (represented prior to the defeat, at 1,000 to 1,500 men,) marched into the interior, hoping to add to his numbers by new recruits. The result is told in the advices which have just come to hand. After two engagements, in which he was partially defeated, he found himself, on the 15th of August, surrounded by Monagas' troops, and surrendered at discretion. This affair took place at or near Carabobo, some 40 miles back of Porto Cabello. What will be the fate of Paez and his principal officers, among whom are Palacios, and Macero, remains to be seen. Paez is decidedly the most distinguished man in Venezuela. He is identified with its history; is the most eminent of its Ex-Presidents, and has a strong hold upon the affections of its people. These considerations and some others personal to Monagas, may possibly save Paez from being shot; but, if so, imprisonment or banishment await him. The course pursued towards him by Monagas, will have much to do with the question whether the latter will be permitted to serve out the remainder of his term in peace.

For the Journal of Commerce.

An Interesting Movement in the Heavens.

The largest opening of the ring of Saturn will be visible by telescope during the coming nights, which fact will not again occur till 1856. Saturn is now to be found in the laces of the Fishes in the Zodiac.

It has a diameter of 79,400 miles, nearly ten times as large as our planet Earth: but the density of it is only one-tenth that of the Earth. The falling velocity of bodies on Saturn's depending from the mass of a planet, is nearly as here on the Earth.

The distance of the ring from the planet is between 63,500 and 91,000 miles; that of Saturn itself from the sun, 865,000,000.

The time of the periodical revolution of Saturn around the sun is 10,759 days; while that of the Earth is only 365 days. The daily rotation around its axis occupies 10 hours; that of the Earth, as every one knows, is 24.

Astronomers think that the planet Saturn is surrounded by a fluid mass which is subjected to a periodical ebb and flow.

Since the commencement of this year, the opening between Saturn and its ring has been enlarging, and the greatest diameter of it, is now visible, viz.: The diameter of the ring taken as one, the opening amounts to an eighth part of it; or, more exactly the proportion of the diameter to the opening is as 430 to 51.

We hope some astronomers, having the requisite instruments, and the Ephemerides, etc., will furnish us with more particulars on this subject, and favor the public with the benefits of their telescopes.

L. R. BREISACH.

THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.—On East 30th street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues, has been about two years in operation, and has found itself adequate to the accomplishment of at least as much good as could have been anticipated by its projectors, in providing for, and affording protection to destitute females of good moral character. During the prevalence of the cholera, very many children, left parentless and helpless by the scourge, have found "a home" within its walls, till now, about 70 are there collected, including 7 or 8 entire families of from 2 to 6 each. Besides these, there are 20 adults. As the children are for the most part descended from upright but unfortunate parents, it is not unfrequently the case that they are taken into the families of those who have no children, and adopted by them as their own. This oftentimes results to the children in very striking changes of condition. For instance, a young girl who was taken into the institution from the street, where she was accustomed to sell loco foco matches, was received as a daughter by a wealthy gentleman residing in North Stonington, Conn., and will be the heir of a large property. Another, a mere lad, who had recently arrived in this country from Ireland, where he was employed in the coal mines, is now with a wealthy farmer in New Jersey, and promises to be a respectable and useful man. A third, who was found in circumstances of great misery, lying on a filthy coat, beside the body of its dead mother, in a low hovel, is now the adopted daughter of a Mrs. Elliott, of Williamsburg, and is very highly esteemed by all of a large circle of relatives. These are a few of almost numberless instances, where children have been raised from degradation to respectability, and put in the way of becoming valuable members of the community, who, but for the existence of this Society, would, in all probability, have become vagrants. It is a commendable object of charity.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph appears in the Boston Post. Having never seen it in print before, we give it as a very complete specimen of that orator's wit:

During his Congressional term, a death occurred in the Virginia delegation, and among other candidates for the vacant honors was a gentleman, a lawyer by profession, who, among his friends, was quite celebrated for his wit. He was a man of fine talents, and was opposed in his political opinions to Randolph. During the canvass preceding the election, this gentleman frequently boasted that, should he be elected, he would soon give Randolph a lesson, and, despite his dreaded powers, teach him his place. He was elected, and in due time found himself seated among the assembled wisdom of the land. True to his promise, embracing almost the first opportunity, he was out upon the floor, and down upon old John in a speech of some two hours in length, seemingly with the intention of annihilating that innocent individual. Singular temerity and hardihood.

A new member, who was not expected to say one word during his first term, breaking his shell in this manner, and assaulting the man that scarce one of them dared to raise a peep against. *Pro di gious!* sure, the man would never survive. But days passed on, and yet old John showed not the least consciousness of having been attacked; perhaps he was not intending to notice the matter at all. At length, after the lapse of considerable time, Randolph rose to address the house on a motion then before it. He never wanted an audience. During his remarks he took occasion to allude to "the death of his lamented friend, *whose seat was now vacant*," and, turning round, he pointed with his long skinny finger to the miserable unfortunate occupying said seat. Perhaps you can imagine the effect.

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HUNGARIAN HUSSARS, (CAVALRY,) AND A STRANGE PRAYER OF A VETERAN HUSSAR.

The great battle of Solnok, on the Theiss, in the month of March last, was one of the bloodiest on record. We remember that a brigade of Croats, in number about 10,000 men, were entirely cut to pieces. Windischgratz, as usual, claimed to be victorious, but he secretly declared to his intimate friends that another such victory would bring the Hungarians to the gates of Vienna.

Windischgratz commanded at this battle the centre, Jellachich the left wing, and Schlick the right wing. Georgey was the commander-in-chief of the Hungarians. To him the position of the Austrians was very well known, but the bravery of his hussars too. Having laid his plan for the battle, he reviewed the army, and finally arrived before a division of his hussars. "Brothers," said he to them, "where is your commander?" A veteran Sergeant, with silver white hairs, appeared before him, (all the officers having fallen in a previous skirmish.)—"Brother Hussar!" said the young General Georgey, "look at that hill covered with trees. You will remark there the glittering bayonets of the Austrians, and their awkward riders, and their cannons directed against us. They will soon vomit fire and balls. Brother! that hill must be taken by your division. In this attack many of you will fall: perhaps one half; perhaps more; perhaps only a few of you will remain. But you are destined by God to save your fatherland. You will therefore do your duty.—God be with you!"

The veteran Sergeant saluted his young General, and turning himself to his comrades, he repeated what was commanded him, and casting his eyes to Heaven, he uttered loudly the following prayer:—"Creator, Father of mankind, Father of the Hungarians: I pray now but for one grace: not that Thou wilt assist us in our task, but only that Thou wilt not assist the Austrians. Look at us; and I solemnly promise, Thou wilt enjoy how the Hussars do their duty." Having finished this prayer, he gave the first sign for the attack. The Hussars put their saddles in order. He gave the second sign; the swords were drawn from the scabbards. The third, and in a wild fury the horses galloped into the midst of the thundering cannon and flying balls.

The swords glitter, and clouds of powder smoke, and while hellish fire surround the hussars, they storm the hill. The Austrian yagers and artillerists could not stand before their fierce attack, and precipitated their retreat, pursued by the hussars. The cannon at once became silent, and the victory was decided for the Hungarians.

Kossuth, who was at the battle, pressed Georgey to his bosom, and loudly he exclaimed: "Hungary can not succumb; we have an army far superior to the Austrians." The veteran Sergeant had fallen, and half the number of his comrades. Thus fight the Hungarian hussars.

The above is taken in substance from a German paper. L. R. BREISACH, a Hungarian.

LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.—We understand from the Talladega Reporter that Dr. Henry McKenzie of that village, has entered a tract of land in Talladega county, which contains a bed of Lithographic Stone of the very best quality. All the lithographic stone heretofore used in the United States has been brought from Germany, the only place it has hitherto been discovered.

There has been found in Talladega abundance of Tripoli, as good, we understand, as any in use. Tripoli is an article used by jewellers for polishing metals, precious stones, &c., and it is called Tripoli because it was first brought from the country of that name.—*Montgomery State Gazette.*

MOUNT TOBY.—The Senior Class of Amherst College on Friday last, turned out *en masse*, "armed to the teeth" with saws, axes, hoes, hammers and scythes, and made a foot-path to the South end of the highest part of Mount Toby, in Sunderland. The view from the point which they reached, is represented to be one of great magnificence. This mountain, the class proposes on the 14th, to name with a new name by appropriate ceremonies. The ascent is said to be less difficult and fatiguing, than that of Mt. Holyoke.—*Springfield Rep., 11th.*

For the Journal of Commerce.

HUMAN LIFE.

Glides gaily, through a flowery mead,
A circumambient stream.
The shadows o'er its surface flit,
Like fancies in a dream;
And, as o'er sand or neath the sedge,
Its wanton current flows,
The sunlight, in a changeful mood,
Alternate, comes and goes.

Now, glances from each wavelet's crest
The meadow's brilliant hue,
Now, gleams upon its glassy breast
Celestial tinge of blue;
As, hurrying on, its ripples leap
Exultingly on high;
Or, lingering, they fall asleep
In silence, neath the sky.

As, swift or slow, the eddies glide,
A glad or plaintive strain
Comes swelling from their mazy depths,
And circles o'er the plain.
But ever, whether swift or slow
The eddies glide along,
They murmur musically forth
The very soul of song.

The drooping flowers upon the bank,
And willows hanging near,
Incline their leaflets thitherward,
As if inclined to hear.
And I have often cast me down
Upon the sward near by,
That I might also listen to
That dream-like melody.

And I have thought, as there reclined,
I watched the eddies play,—
Repeating in my careless mind,
The words they seemed to say—
I've thought—Perhaps the brook may be
A book—as Shakspeare said—
Perhaps, a brief epitome
Of life, may there be read!

C. F. S.

Hudson River Rail Road.—The second annual report of the Directors of this Company has come to hand. The interesting fact that forty-two miles of the Road will be opened for travel in the course of this month, is communicated—the track being laid for that distance, with the exception of about four miles. Between Peekskill and Fishkill, the grading was completed on the first of September, with the exception of 1½ miles, and between Fishkill and Poughkeepsie only 4 miles then remained to be finished. The small amount of work thus required to be done to Poughkeepsie, the late Chief Engineer, now Consulting Engineer, expects will be completed in November. It embraces the turnout at New Hamburgh, and the clay cut near Fishkill.

We learn also from the report, that on the line which has been located from Poughkeepsie to Albany, the purchase of the right of way has been progressing rapidly, at the comparatively moderate cost of $31,283 for 11¼ miles.

The engine and cars for operating the road are now being delivered, and the extensive and substantial depot houses at 32d street are nearly completed.

The track in our streets is in process of being laid to Canal street, and the city will be much disappointed if the Board of Assistants do not speedily concur with the Board of Aldermen in granting permission to extend it to Chambers street.

The experience of the Board in constructing the work on the river, enables them now to present with confidence an estimate of its cost to Albany, which is stated on the revised estimates of Mr. Jervis, to be $7,865,330. "Expense" (say the Directors) "might have been spared, by sacrificing something in the mode of construction; by raising the grade through the rock cuttings; by extending the pile-bridging across the bays; by less attention to drainage—and by a less careful selection of materials for the road-bed;"—but it was wisely determined to make the road solid and durable. The road from Albany to Boston cost over $13,000,000, and yet pays a good dividend on its cost, on a route not equal to that from New York to Albany.

For the Journal of Commerce.

THE CAUSE OF CHOLERA.

Though its existence has not yet been demonstrated, there is, it is highly probable, a class of causes in an unexplored part of the animal kingdom from which all epidemic and endemic diseases arise. To this class, no doubt, the cause of cholera belongs.

It has been thought by many that certain diseases may spring from animalculæ; and this is not only a modern notion, but is found also, in the writings of ancient authors.

"According to a report published in the last number of the *Gazette Medicale*, a new epidemic of a most formidable kind has manifested itself in the mountainous district of Guipuscoa, in Spain. It destroys life so rapidly that the name *Clignotte* (from clin d'œil) has been given to it.

Its first attack is indicated by the appearance of greenish yellow pustules in the ham, forearm, and nape of the neck. In a few hours these tumours ulcerate, and discharge an acrid matter, containing myriads of microscopic animacules; this matter irritates every part of the skin over which it flows. In three or four hours the body becomes swollen like a bladder; the sufferings of the patient are of the most severe description; violent fever sets in, and this is speedily followed by death, Putrefaction takes place in a few hours, so that it becomes absolutely necessary to bury the body as soon as possible."—*Medical Gazette, April* 1849.

If the opinion advanced in this article be correct, it may be found that the animaculæ which are the cause of cholera, after they have been formed in a medium as above suggested, attach themselves to various articles of food, and that with these they enter the human stomach and produce that intense inflammation of the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal which is the main feature in the pathological condition of the first stage of the disease. Any satisfactory detail of illustration and argument in support of this theory would occupy too much space for a newspaper article. The following extract may however help to arrest attention for it.

Miraculous Blood-spots on Human Food.—Under the influence of certain circumstances, of which it is difficult if not impossible, now to form any precise idea, there has appeared upon bread, and food of other kinds, spots of a vivid red color, closely resembling drops of blood. During the siege of Tyre, Alexander was alarmed by the appearance of bloody spots upon the soldiers' bread. At a period nearer our own age, in 1510, similar stains were seen upon the consecrated wafers, and thirty-eight unfortunate Jews were accused of having caused, by their sorceries, this phenomenon, and suffered death by burning for their supposed sacrilege. In 1819, similar kinds of red spots appeared amongst the inhabitants of Padua and its environs. At the commencement of the month of August in that year, a farmer of Segnaro, named Pittarello, was frightened by seeing drops of blood sprinkled upon his porridge, made of the maize which grew in the neighborhood of his village. His alarm was greatly increased, when, for many days following, he saw the same red spots appear on all his food—new bread, rice, veal, fish, and boiled and roast fowls. The *cure* was appealed to, that he might exercise his sacred functions to expel the evil spirit which produced these alarming appearances; but prayers were ineffectual, and the neighbors of the unfortunate Pittarello supposed that he was under a celestial malediction. Incited by curiosity, a large number of persons went to Segnaro, and a commission was eventually named, to investigate the nature and causes of this phenomenon. M. Sette was appointed to this task. On examining under the microscope these miraculous red spots, he discovered that they were formed by myriads of small bodies, which appeared to be *microscopic fungi*, and to which he gave the name of *zaogalactina imetropha*. He succeeded in propagating these minute organic productions, and in a memoir published at

Venice in 1824, he gives a detailed history of them. During the year 1648, the same phenomenon appeared at Berlin, and fixed the attention of M. Ehrenberg. This celebrated micrographer has closely studied these red spots, and he believes them to be, not as M. Sette supposes, microscopic fungi, but animalculæ of inferior degree, a monade to which he has given the name of *monasprodigiosa*, on account of their extreme smallness. These little beings appear as corpuscles, almost round of one-three thousandth to one-eight thousandth of a line in length; transparent when separately examined, but in a mass of the color of blood. M. Ehrenberg calculates that in the space of a cubic inch there are from 46,656,000,000,000 to 884,736,000,000,000 of these monades."

The theory advanced in this article would be a good guide to investigations; for though they might fail to establish its truth, they would, it is very likely, lead to important discovery.

W. MURRAY LEIGHTON, M. D.

FREMONT AND HIS MEN.—The following description is extracted from a new work entitled, "Four years in the Pacific, in her Majesty's ship Collingwood, by Lieut. the Hon. Frederick Walpole, R. N."

"During our stay [at Monterey, California,] Captain Fremont and his party arrived, preceded by another troop of American horse. It was a party of seamen mounted, who were used to scour the country to keep off marauders. Their efficacy as sailors, they being nearly all English, we will not question. As cavalry they would probably have been singularly destructive to each other. Their leader, however, was a fine fellow, and one of the best rifle-shots in the States. Fremont's party naturally excited curiosity. Here were true trappers, the class that produced the heroes of Fennimore Cooper's best works. These men had passed years in the wilds, living on their own resources: they were a curious set. A vast cloud of dust appeared first, and thence in long file emerged this wildest wild party. Fremont rode ahead, a spare active-looking man, with such an eye! He was dressed in a blouse and leggings, and wore a felt hat. After him came five Delaware Indians, who were his body-guard, and have been with him through all his wanderings: they had charge of two baggage-horses. The rest, many of them blacker than the Indians, rode two and two, the rifle held by one hand across the pommel of the saddle. Thirty-nine of them are his regular men, the rest are loafers picked up lately: his original men are principally backwoodsmen from the State of Tennessee, and the banks of the upper waters of the Missouri. He has one or two with him who enjoy high reputations in the Prairies. Kit Carson is as well known there as the Duke is in Europe. The dress of these men was principally a long loose coat of deer-skin, tied with thongs in front; trousers of the same, of their own manufacture, which, when wet through, they take off, scrape well inside with a knife, and put on as soon as dry; the saddles were of various fashions, though these and a large drove of horses, and a brass field-gun, were things they had picked up about California. The rest of the gang were a rough set; and perhaps their private, public, and moral characters, had better not be too closely examined. They are allowed no liquor, tea and sugar only: this, no doubt, has much to do with their good conduct, and the discipline too is very strict. They were marched up to an open space on the hills near the town, under some large firs, and there took up their quarters in messes of six or seven in the open air. The Indians lay beside their leader. One man, a doctor, six foot six high, was an odd-looking fellow: may I never come under his hands!

"The party, after settling themselves, strolled into the town, and in less than two days passed in drunkenness and debauchery, three or four were missing.

'Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke,
And sorely would the Yankee foeman rue
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloak,
Could blunt the sabre's edge or clear the cannon's smoke.'

They were accordingly marched away into those wilds of which they seemed much better citizens. In justice, however, to the Americans, I must say they seemed to treat the natives well, and their authorities extended every protection to them. One of the gang was very uncivil to us, and threw on us the withering imputation of being Britishers, with an intensity of scorn that must have been painful to himself: on inquiry, he was found to be a deserter from the Marines. In fact, the most violently Yankee were discovered to be English fellows, of high principles, of course."

The Reasonig Schoolmaster.

A REAL CHARACTER.—BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

The master of our school was an eccentric pedagogue, very learned, as we thought, very formal as we saw, very severe as we felt; and among his eccentricities there was none more laughable and cryable than his manner of inflicting punishment. It was a maxim with him that justice should not only be done, but acknowledged; and thus such scenes as the following were of frequent occurrence.

Pedagogue. John Smith!

John. Here, sir!

Ped. Come from your "here" hither. [John moves slowly and reluctantly up to the rostrum.]—John Smith, you have been guilty of throwing stones, which I forbade. [John hangs his head disconsolately.] John Smith, it is of no use looking sorrowfully now you should have thought of sorrow before you committed the offence [reaches down the cane.] You are aware, John Smith, that those who do evil must be punished; and you, John, must therefore be punished. Is it not so?

John. Oh, sir, I will never do it again.

Ped. I hope you will not, John; but as you forgot the prohibition when left to your unassisted memory, the smart of the remembrance now to be administered will be the more likely to prevent any relapse in future. Hold out your hand. [*Whack.*]

John. Oh, sir! I will never do it again.

Ped. I hope not: hold out your hand again. [*Whack, and a screech from John.*] Now, John, you begin to perceive the consequences of disobedience?

John. Oh, yes, sir—enough, sir, enough, sir!

Ped. By no means, John. You are somewhat convinced of your error, but not yet sensible of the justice of your punishment, and the quantum due to you. Hold out your other hand [*whack and scream.*]

John. Never, sir, I will never—[*blubbering.*]

Ped. It is all for your good, John; hold out your left hand again. Even-handed justice! Why don't you do as you're bid, sir, eh? [*A slash across the shoulders.*]

John. Oh! oh;

Ped. That's a good boy! [*Whack on the hand.*] That's a good boy! [*Whack.*] Now, John, you feel that it is all for your good?

John. Oh, no, sir—oh, no! it is very bad, sir, very sore.

Ped. Dear me, John. Hold out again, sir. I must convince you that it is justice, and all for your good. [A rain of stripes on hands and back, John bellowing all the while.] You must feel it is for your good, my boy!

John. Oh, yes, sir—ah, yes-s-s-s.

Ped. That's a good lad; you're right again.

John. It is all for my good, sir; it *is all* for my good.

Ped. Indeed it is, my dear. There? [*Whack, whack,*] Now thank me, John. [*John hesitates—whack, whack.*]

John. Ah, ah! Thank you, sir; thank you very much. I will never do it; thank you, sir. Oh, sir, tha-a-a-nks.

Ped. That's a dear good boy. Now you may go to your place, and sit down and cry as much as you wish, but without making a noise. And then you must learn your lesson, And, John, you will not forget my orders again. You will be grateful for the instruction I have bestowed upon you. You will feel that justice is a great and certain principle. You will feel it, John. You may see, also, how much your companions may be benefitted by your example. Go and sit down; there's a good boy. John, there are punishments in this school more disgraceful and severe than that you have just undergone.

John, bowing. Yes sir—thank ye, sir.

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE."

"Early to bed and early to rise"—
Aye, note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas! too often break them;
We mock at the wings of the King of Kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower?
Is it not safer to make Life's hay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark, [breast
When the spangles of light on Earth's green
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate,
To sum up our figures, or plough up our ground,
And weave out the threads of Fate.
The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When, ready and brave, he chains Time as his slave
By the help of the early hour.

ELIZA COOK.

A GOOD ONE.—There is an anecdote told of William Ladd, the Apostle of Peace, which he relates with infinite gusto. When the temperance movement first came into notice, Mr. Ladd, though an ardent "reformer," was not quite prepared to go the entire pledge. He was willing to eschew rum, gin, brandy, "sour cider," and all that, but he couldn't go the abandonment of his wine, his rich, mellow, heart-warming wine! In fact he had grave doubts about the possibility of getting "sawed" upon the generous fluid. His wine cellar was getting low; but every body was signing the pledge, and it must be replenished in a shady way, or not at all. Being at Portland about this time, he bought a barrel of fine old wine, and employed "Uncle 'Siah," a well-known teamster, to haul it to Minot, saying:

"Here, take this barrel of "*oil*" with the other articles."

He reached home first, and after seeing the "oil" carefully deposited in the cellar, he came to the door to settle for the hauling.

"Well, Uncle 'Siah," said the Captain, rubbing his hands, "I really wish I had something for you to drink; but the temperance folks are making such a confounded noise, we a—a —have to banish it entirely from our houses."

But "Uncle 'Siah" had already a bit of brick in his hat, and was holding himself rather unsteadily by the wheel.

"Its n-n-no m-m-matter, Cappen," he hiccupped, "n-n-not the least kuc-kuc-conse-hic-sequence conce! I d-don't need any—I w-w-was dry, b-but I took a g-g-good swig out of your cac-cask. Its ca-hap-apital *oil*, Cappen! Pure w-w-winter strained, no-mmistake!" The Captain came out a rank tee-totaller at the next temperance meeting.

For the Journal of Commerce.

NEW JERSEY ZINC.

Refering to an article in your columns, a day or two since, respecting the Sussex Zinc Co., and the important discovery made in Sussex Co., New Jersey, I understand that the vein of red oxide crops out for three-eighths of a mile on the Company's lands; that its pitch is what is termed by miners perpendicular, varying on the surface from 8 to 10 feet wide, and at a depth of 10 feet, increasing to 16 feet in width, and widening. Its outcrapings extend along the summit of the hill, the western face of which lies within a few feet of the vein of ore. The vein lies between walls of secondary limestone, and may be drained to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet without the use of steam power. This mine is near Hamburgh, about 50 miles from this city; 20 miles from Dover, the present terminus of the Morris and Essex Railroad; 22 miles from Chester, on the Erie Railroad, and 10 miles from Woodsport. The latter place is situated at the head of one of the Morris Canal feeders.

An article, deemed of great value, as a substitute for white lead, is made by this Company directly from the ore, and of superior quality, being free from sulphur and arsenic—of a pure white, and blends harmoniously with oils. It appears that it is used to some extent in France, where it was first introduced by Mr. Le Claire, a house painter in Paris, who, having witnessed the ravages which white lead made among the workmen, was induced to devote his time to the discovery of a substitute. His researches resulted in the introduction of the "White Oxide of Zinc,—an article which has none of the poisonous properties of lead, being whiter than lead, reflecting the light instead of absorbing it, and retaining its purity for many years. It is not subject to the action of sulphuric gases.

A HOPEFUL FAMILY.—A French paper, mentioning the arrest of a female, Fillette Nathan, notorious for her tact and industry in thieving, says, "It is a curious, and at the same time a sad history, that of Fillette. This woman, of distinguished manners, always elegantly dressed, has never had any other means of providing for her wants than that of stealing, and such is her address that, without untying her purse, she has always succeeded in satisfying her tastes, her passions, and even her smallest fancies. We need not say that her existence has often been troubled by the police and by justice, which could never accommodate themselves to this sort of life."

"Never, surely, did a family occupy so large a page in judiciary annals as the Nathan family, comprising 18 members, the father and mother, the six daughters, their husbands and children; all, without exception, have been the object of numerous criminal and correctional prosecutions, and fifteen of them have suffered condemnations which, united, present a total of 209 years and 10 months, comprising 100 years of forced labor, 35 years of close confinement, and 74 years 10 months in jail. In short, the judiciary summaries have been filled with notes concerning each of the members of this family. We ought to add that half of the members have disappeared from our soil at the present moment, having fled to escape the condemnations they have incurred, into England and the United States, whither they have carried their culpable industry. The greater part of the others are expiating crimes in the penitentiaries and jails."

TO CURE THE CHOLERA.—*Boston Recipe.*—Take two ounces of hen's milk, put in a hog's horn, and stir it up with a cat's feather; then divide the mass into pills as big as a piece of chalk, about as long as a stick, and swallow them crosswise—*frequently.*—*Boston Post.*

Flora MacDonald.

The name of Flora MacDonald has been always remembered for the part she took in assisiting Charles Edward, the Pretender, to baffle the pursuit of his enemies. We extract the following account of her from the January number of the North American Review :

In this extremity, a young girl, of about his age, whose heart had been touched by the melancholy tale of his perils and sufferings, undertook to become his guide. Her name was Flora MacDonald. She was the daughter of a petty laird of South Uist, who had been dead several years, and her mother was now married to another MacDonald, of the isle of Skye. Her education had been that of a simple country girl of good family, but her beauty and her strong natural sense, accompanied by deep feeling and heart-sprung enthusiasm, had made her a favorite of the Clanranalds, and other noble families of the neighborhood, in which she was a frequent and welcome visiter.

When Flora took this adventurous resolution, she had never seen the prince, and knew him only by the songs which recorded his early triumphs, and the tales which were whispered from mouth to mouth of his subsequent disasters and dangers, O'Neil and MacEachen accompanied her to the first interview, for they alone knew the secret of his hiding-place. She found him in a little cavern formed by a crevice in the rocks, his garments soiled, his cheeks pale, his eyes hollow and sunken, his hands covered with a cutaneous disorder which he had contracted in shifting about from hovel to hovel and cavern to cavern, and his whole aspect so care-worn and haggard, that she burst into tears at the sight. But his cheerfulness soon dried her tears, and the gaiety with which he spoke of his own situation, made her laugh in despite of her melancholy. After staying as long as she dared, she gave him a basket of provisions and a change of linen, which she had brought for his use, and took her leave, with the promise of a speedy return. If before this she had felt disposed to make an effort in his behalf, she was now resolved to save him at every hazard. Her mother was at the isle of Skye, which would afford a sufficient pretext for a journey thither; and as she was frequently in the habit of making these little excursions, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a single attendant, there was every reason to hope that this also might pass off without attracting attention. The chief difficulty lay in framing a suitable disguise for the prince, for at this moment every person was closely watched, and there was no such thing as travelling in security without a passsport that covered the whole party. The habits of the country suggested an expedient. Mrs. McDonald was a thrifty housewife, and would be glad io have an able-bodied maid to assist her in her spinning. This would be a sufficient reason for introducing another name upon the passport, and, the first step made sure, fortune would decide the rest. The prince was informed of the character that he was to assume, and Lady Clanranald and Lady Macdonald assisted Flora in preparing his disguise.

While these preparations were going on, she continued from time to time to visit the prince in his cavern, sometimes with Lady Clanranald, and sometimes with MacEachen, but always at intervals, and with the utmost precaution, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by being seen to go too often in the same direction. This was the sole relief that Charles Edward enjoyed from the monotony and anxiety of his situation; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four days passed away without a visit from Flora, it was with difficulty that he could curb his impatience. And well may his impatience be excused, for it would be hard to conceive of a situation more trying. The spot in which he had taken shelter was rather a crevice in the rocks than a cavern. With every shower—and in that climate there are many—the water penetrated through the fissures, dropping upon his head, and collecting in the folds of the tartan with which he vainly endeavored to protect himself. All that his companion, a hardy islander, could do to assist him was to shake out the water when the folds were filled To complete his misery, the flies gathered around him in swarms, biting him on the hands and in the face, with a sharpness that sometimes, with all his self-control, wrung from him a shriek of agony. His food was brought to him by a milk-girl, who always stood on the watch to keep him informed of the movements of the soldiery. At length, after many a day of anxious expectation, and many a hair-breadth escape, the preparations were all completed; and on the evening of the 28th of June, after one more narrow escape from a party of soldiers that were prowling along the coast, he embarked with Flora and MacEachen in an open boat for the isle of Skye.

They had hardly been abroad an hour, when the wind began to rise, and the sea with it. The oarsmen shook their heads ominously as they gazed at the rising billows, for their frail bark was but ill fitted to stand the shock of a tempest. To distract their attention from the danger, Charles Edward sang them the songs which he had learned around the Highland watch-fires, and rehearsed those wild legends of the olden time, which have such a charm in that land of mist and storm. Calm returned with daylight, and, after wandering for a while at venture, they found themselves near the western point of the isle of Skye. As they were rowing along under the shore, a platoon of soldiers suddenly appeared on the rocks and ordered them to land. They were within gunshot, and before the boatmen could put about the soldiers fired. Flora would not consent to stoop her head until the prince did so too, and the balls fell around them without doing any harm.

At last they landed at the north end of the island, and Charles Edward remained with MacEachen, while Flora went forward to MacDonald Castle to consult about their future movements. She found the castle full of officers and soldiers. It was decided that the Prince should take refuge in the little island of Raasay. Lady Macdonald sent Kingsbury, her steward, to attend him and conduct him to his own house, where he was to pass the night. Flora rejoined them on the road. It was long after nightfall when they reached the house, and all the family were abed. Mrs. Kingsbury hastened down to receive her husband and guests, and was not a little terrified upon saluting the supposed Betty to feel the impression of a rough beard upon her cheeks. "It is an outlaw, then, that you have brought home with you!" said she to her husband. "It is the Prince, himself," replied Kingsbury. "The Prince? alas, then we are all undone!" "We can die but once!" said the faithful islander, "and where could we find a nobler cause to die in? But make haste, and get some supper for his Royal Highness; give us some eggs, and butter, and cheese." "Eggs, butter and cheese for a prince's supper!" cried the good woman, in astonishment. "If you knew what kind of suppers he has been living upon of late you would call that a feast. Besides, if you were to make any unusual preparations it might excite suspicion, so make haste, and come and take your place at table." "At table with a prince!" "To be sure; he would not eat without you, and his gracious manners and affability will soon put you at your ease." The supper was indeed a feast for Charles Edward, and when the ladies had retired, he remained at table, to keep his host company, as gay and apparently as unconcerned as though he had never seen a day of sorrow. It was only in his slumbers that he betrayed the real state of his mind, and then no selfish complain, no lament for his own sufferings, were ever heard to escape him; but, "Alas, my poor Scotland!" was the exclamation that broke from his lips.

Next morning he was again on his way, but not till after a hearty breakfast, and leaving a lock of his hair for Flora and his hostess, which, with the worn-out shoes that he had exchanged for a new pair of Kingsbury's, and the sheets in which he had slept, were carefully treasured up as precious relics of those days of trial. A circuitous route brought them down to the shore, where he was to embark for Raasay. The blood gushed from his nostrils in a copious stream as he bade adieu to Kingsbury and to the noble-hearted Flora, who were soon to atone by a long captivity for this act of self-devotion.

Extract of a Letter, dated

CARLSBAD IN BOHEMIA, 14th Aug., 1849.

It is near thirty years since I first visited this place and the *great* benefit my health *then* and since has received by using these waters, with the beauty of its situation, and the surrounding country, and other "agremens," has such attraction for me, that when the spring arrives, I can scarcely keep from it, coming here sometimes for two or three seasons, one after another; seldom of late years letting more than one intervene without so doing, and remaining from four to ten weeks: using the waters latterly more as precaution, than from *necessity*, as is the case this time, and to pass the latter agreeably. It is visited by people of all ranks, and almost all nations; now and then a crowned head; frequently a reigning prince—at prrsent two; and a great many nobility—of the latter, in quiet years, Russian, Polish, and Austrian, predominating; with a number of others, and many military characters of all ranks. It has been well filled this season, which is from the 1st of May to 15th September,—so far, about 6 to 7000 persons (exclusive of passers through for a few days), staying from four to six weeks; but in consequence of the war with Hungary, and his Majesty of Russia *strictly* prohibiting his subjects from leaving his Empire, there is scarcely a Russian, but a few Poles, and none of the higher order of Austrian nobility,—of English, there are at present about 50 persons:—in quiet years, at times, 2 to 3 hundred—and I am the only American. No gambling or other material vices going on; the first being *strictly* prohibited by the Austrian Government. Walking, driving out, concert and other music, are the principal amusements and recreation. Nine-tenths of the parties using the waters are at the springs between the hours of 4 and 8 in the morning; mixed up pell-mell, the Prince and the most humble individual, all in plain clothes, and without being pointed out, scarcely to be distinguished one from the other.

This place is situated in a narrow valley, many miles long, running into the chain of mountains forming the South East side of the valley of the River Egier; on a small stream called the Tepel, the latter flowing into the former just out of the town. The valley nearly throughout, is not more than a pistol shot in width; winding along, and where the town is situated forming an S.; its width at the widest part is not more than 60 to 70 yards; the Tepel running in the middle, and about 40*a*50 feet wide. In the middle of the town, are the springs; four of them on the level, at the edge of the river, one about 30, and the other near a hundred feet high, on the side of the hill. The principal, called the "Sprudel," you have at the head of this sheet a vignette of. It is boiling hot, spouts up about three feet high in a column, and confined to the diameter of about 12 to 18 inches; running out under the end of the bridge into the Tepel, and, not 10 feet from the latter. On the left you see the vent, coming out of a convex covering of oblong stones of about 2 feet; fastened together with iron clamps. The vent is *always* in some measure left open, and spouting out, to keep the column in the artificial bowl from springing too high, and to prevent the water *forcing* its way out in any other direction. It is not known what the depth is of the cauldron under the covering. To the left, under the arches, is another spring, called "Hygea," pouring quietly out of an artificial tube. *Immediately* behind the gallery with glass, the tower rises, with a three-fourths round wall behind it, of about 200 feet high and a quarter of a mile in diameter; under which, it is probable, the kettle of this great phenomenon of nature is boiling When the great earthquake at Lisbon took place, these springs all ceased flowing for a short time. The Sprudel is, no doubt, the parent of all the springs. I do not this time drink of it, but of one rather more than luke-warm, called the Mill Spring, about two hundred yards from it. They are all aperient.

The foreign journals mention the death in Paris of ANNE JEAN MARIE RENE SAVARY, by a cancer on the tongue. He was styled the Duke of Rovigo; was one of the personal staff of Napoleon; the successor of Fouche in the Police Department; once Minister at the Russian Court, and also to Spain. It is incorrectly stated that he was a distinguished Marshall under Bonaparte. He served in a military capacity with some distinction, but was neither a Marshal or a General of Division. He was born April 26, 1774, and although he had scarcely completed his studies when the revolution commenced, he immediately joined the army He served successfully under Houche, Pichegru and Moreau, and in the expedition to Egypt was Aid-de-Camp to General Desaix. Having returned from thence he joined Napoleon in Italy, and at Marengo he was still an aid to Desaix, and was near that distinguished General when he fell.

He appears to have been a willing instrument of Napoleon, and was entrusted with secret missions, and made to be a spy over the spies. He superintended the foul murder of the Duke d'Enghein, and seems never to have recovered from the odium attached to his name in consequence of that transaction. He was appointed to command the French forces in Spain just previous to the ascending the throne of that country by Joseph Bonaparte, but never directed the military movements—and at length fled to France disguised as a postilion, so hateful had the French name become among the Spaniards. He accompanied the French Emperor in the Austrian campaign of 1809, and served with a good degree of success. In 1814, after the abdication of Bonaparte, Savary retired to his estates at Nainville, but after the return of his master from Elba had a seat in the Chamber of Peers. In 1815, after the reverses of the French at Waterloo, he attended Napoleon to Rochefort, in order to accompany him, but was arrested, and carried prisoner to Malta. He made his escape the year following, and went to Smyrna; but not there finding the repose he desired, left in 1819, and landed in England—where, he remarked, every man's house is his castle. At length he passed over to France, and reached Paris undiscovered.

The deceased, in 1824, published a pamphlet, in which he endeavored to exculpate himself from all blame for the part he took in the execution of the Duke d'Enghein. His object was to throw the responsibility upon the shoulders of others.

We collect the above from that interesting volume of "Harpers' Family Library," the Court and Camp of Bonaparte—and glean from the same source the following memoranda of the twenty-eight celebrated military men who make up the whole list of those serving under Napoleon, either as Marshals of France or Generals of Division.

Augerau died 12th June, 1816, of dropsy in the chest: Berthier threw himself from a window of his house as the army of the allies was passing it on the 19th May, 1815, and died instantly; Bessieres was killed by a musket ball at Lutzen; Davoust died of a pulmonary complaint, June, 1823; Desaix was killed instantly at Marengo, by a cannon ball; Besauharnais died of apoplexy at Munich, Jan. 21, 1824; St. Cyr in March, 1830; Junot, in a fit of insanity threw himself from a window of his father's house at Montbard, breaking a thigh, which resulted in his death, June, 1813; Kleber was assassinated at Cairo, Egypt, (on the same day that Desaix

was killed at Marengo) by the hand of a youth of 18, who secreted himself in a garden, and on the approach of his victim went and presented him with a bit of paper folded like a letter, and while Kleber was opening it the assassin drew from beneath his cloak a dagger, and inflicted a wound causing immediate dissolution.

He stated that he left Damascus on foot, by order of the grand vizier, who entrusted him with the mission of repairing to the French army, to take Bonaparte's life. Lannes expired from the effects of a cannon shot which carried away his right leg, and the foot and ancle of the left, at Essling, 22d May, 1809; Lefebvre died in Paris, Sept. 1820; Loison at Liege, in 1816; Massena expired on the 4th of April, 1817; Moreau fell when near the Emperor Alexander, (being in the Russian service) at Dresden, in August, 1813. A cannon ball from the French artillery carried away his right leg, and passing through his horse, took off a portion of the left. The remaining portion of the left leg was cut off by a surgeon—and during amputation and dressing the brave officer smoked a cigar—scarcely moving a muscle of his face during the painful operation. He lingered till the 2d of September. Murat was condemned to death at Naples in 1815, and shot—looking steadfastly at the soldiers, and desiring them to aim at his heart and save his face. The fate of Ney—"the bravest of the brave"—is familiar to all. "He who had fought five hundred battles for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor," being in the 45th year of his age. Pichegru was found dead in a dungeon, with a black silk handkerchief twisted tight around his neck, and a stick thrust through the knot, whether by his own hand or the hand of others, seems to be undecided; Suchet expired at Marseilles, Jan. 1826—making 18 of the 28, who no longer survive.

Of the remaining ten, Bernadotte we suppose is King of Sweden; Grouchy left France for this country after the second abdication; no mention is made in the work before us of the death of Moncey; and Jourdan, Macdonald, Marmont, Mortier, Oudinot, Soult and Victor severally gave in their adhesion to Louis Phillipe in August, 1830; and for aught we know are still living. Soult, is Minister of War, and Jourdan, we believe it is, who is at the head of a noble institution in Paris—the hospital of the invalids.—*N. H. Statesman.*

LIGHT FROM FLOWERS.—The Cincinnati Commercial mentioned the fact some time since, of a remarkable phenomenon in natural history, as related by a Swedish lecturer, being nothing less than light from flowers. By experiment it was found that the marigolds of an orange or flame color, emitted, at intervals of several minutes, two or three flashes of light, in quick succession, and when several flowers in the same place emitted their light together, it could be seen a considerable distance. This phenomenon was observed in July and august, when the sky was clear, about sunset. Monk's hood, orange lily and Indian pink, emit flashes, but less vivid than the marigold. The light has been observed by others, and is now supposed to be electrical, and to proceed from the petals only. The matter is certainly worthy of the attention of the curious, and will interest the philosopher and botanist.

HUMORIST.—The Duke of Montague was a great humorist. Among other original modes in which he contrived to minister to his own amusement, he had a defective looking glass suspended in his drawing-room, so that all the noble guests who chanced to dine at Montague House were induced, on passing the treacherous mirror, to adjust their wigs awry. In that day a full-dressed wig was as essential as a full-dressed coat; and his grace's dinner table commonly presented an assemblage of noble lords with their perukes dragged down into the right eye, each wondering at his neighbor's disorderly appearance, and congratulating himself that in settling his own wig in the drawing-room, he had escaped from the absurdity disfiguring the rest of the company.

From the Bridgeton Chronicle.

I. O. of O. F.—Woman's Curiosity.

Week before last, the brethren of the Lodge of Odd Fellows at Woodstock, N. J., determined to have their hall swept and cleaned, and it was unanimously resolved that Mrs. Keep Secret, should be called upon to do the job.

After the meeting had adjourned, the lamp lighter, who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. Keep Secret, went and procured a monstrous Billy Goat, and placed it in the closet which is kept as a reservoir for all secret things. He then proceeded to the domicil of the good lady, and informed her, that the Lodge had determined to give her the job of cleaning and sweeping their Hall, and requested her to come early the next morning, as he would not be at leisure to show her what was and what was NOT to be done.

The moruing came, and with it Madam Keep Secret appeared, according to promise, with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, &c., prepared and armed for the job, and found Mr. Doorkeeper in waiting for her.

'Now madam,' says the mischievous doorkeeper, 'I will tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. One of the brethren said, 'it would be difficult to get any body to do the job, who would not be meddling with our SECRETS, in that closet, because we have lost the key, and hain't locked it.' I assured him that you could be trusted, and so they ordered me to call upon you, as I knew you could be depended upon.'

'Depended upon,' says Madam, 'I guess I can; my poor dead and gone husband, who belonged to the Free Masons, or Anti-Masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the consarn, and when he showed the marks the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a livin' soul to this day, and if nobody troubles the closet, to find out your secrets, till I do, they'll lay there till they rot, that they will.

'I thought so,' said the doorkeeper, 'and I want you to commence at that corner,' pointing with his finger to a place where some undignified and indecent brother had thrown out quids of tobacco, 'and give the whole room a decent cleansing, and as I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity to promises--don't go in that closet,' and then left our lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet upon the last step of the stairs, than she exclaimed, 'that closet; what on earth can be there; I'll warrant there's a gridiron, or some such nonsense. Just like the Anti-Masons for all the world, I'll be bound. I'll just take a peep in, and nobody'll be the wiser but me, and I can keep it to myself.'

Suiting the action to the word, she stepped softly to the door of the forbidden closet—turned the button—which was no sooner done, than Baha, ha, ha, went billy with a spring to regain his liberty, which came nigh upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the doorway, which was filled with her implements of house cleaning, when all was swept clear from their positions to the bottom of the stairs. The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down stairs, drew half the town to witness Mrs. Keep Secret's efforts to get from under the pile of goat, pails, tubs, brooms and scrubbing brushes.

Who would be first on the spot but that rascally doorkeeper, who, after releasing the goat, who was made a cripple for life, and unpiling the other rubbish which bound the good lady to the floor, anxiously inquired if she had been taking the 'Degrees.'

'Taking the Degrees,' exclaimed our lady, 'if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with a tarnal goat to jump upon ye as ye go, taking things by 'Degrees,' I have, and if ye generally frighten folks, as bad as ye have me, and hurt 'em to boot, I'll warrant ye they'll make as much noise as I have.'

'I hope you did not open the closet, Madam,' says the doorkeeper.

'Open the closet! an' sure I did, an' didn't Eve eat the apple when forbidden? If you want a woman to do anything tell her not to, and she'll do it sartain. I couldn't stand the temptation. There was the secret; I wanted to know it, and as I opened the closet, out popped the tarnal goat, right in my face. I thought besure it was the Devil, and I run for the stairs with it at my heels, when I fell over the tubs, and we all arrived at the bottom as you found us, in a heap together.'

'But Madam,' says the doorkeeper, 'you are in possession of the great secret of the Order, and you must go up and be initiated, —sworn and ride the goat in the regular way.'

'Regular way,' exclaimed the old lady, 'and do you suppose I'm going to go near that critter again—and without a bridle or lady's saddle—no, never, I don't want nothing to do with it, or a man that rides it. I'd look nice perched on a goat, wouldn't I? I,ll never go near it again, nor your Hall nother, and if I can prevent it, no lady shall join any of the Odd Fellows. Why I'd sooner be a Free Mason or Anti-Mason, and be broiled on a gridiron, as long as fire could be kept under it, and pulled from garret to cellar with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers, just as my poor dead and gone husband used to tell me they served him, and he lived over it too, but I never could live over such a ride as I took with the goat to-day, and you may rest assured, I shall never see a goat but what I shall think of the Odd Fellows.'

PODDOCK & Co., 98 Broadway, Cor. Beaver St.

THE CONQUEROR.

BY SHIRLEY.

The glories of our mortal state
  Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armor against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings.
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield.
  They tame but one another still.
    Early or late,
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their conquering breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
  See where the victor-victim bleeds!
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb.
ONLY THE ACTIONS OF THE JUST
SMELL SWEET AND BLOSSOM IN THE DUST.

Yankee Perseverance.—An itinerant map seller went into a merchant's counting-room near our office, the other day, and asked the occupant if he wished to purchase a map. "No," was the tart reply. "Will you look at one?" "No, I have more of my own now than I have time to examine." "Will you allow me to look at your's, then?" "Yes, there they hang." "Well, while I am looking at your's, I'll just unroll mine—that, you know, won't hurt any body." So the map vender displayed several of his best at full length upon the counter, and then quietly commenced looking at the merchant's which hung against the wall. After making a few observations about some curious water falls, caves, &c., at places which he traced out upon the map before him, he managed to engage the merchant's attention, and at last referred to his own map, lying on the counter, for a more perfect illustration of his descriptions, and finally so much interested the auditor that he bought three different maps, at six dollars each, of the pedlar, and very politely asked him to call again when he got out a new edition!—Boston Post.

From the Philadelphia City Item.

JENKS AND HOUSE CLEANING.

How a Married Man was sold. "My dear," said Mrs. Jenks to her husband as they sat at breakfast one morning—"my dear the season has arrived for house cleaning."

"Well, and suppose it has arrived," replied Jenks, "what have we to fear? Surely we have no occasion to clean house as you call it."

"Why not we as well as other folks?"

"For the simple reason that we have been at house-keeping only eight months, our house was new when we entered it, our family is small, and as everything is clean already, we need not put ourselves to the knock-down-and-drag-out annoyance of house-cleaning."

"Well, I never—"

"Nor I either," interrupted Jenks.

"In all my life," resumed the wife. "How little you know of house matters. The house not want cleaning?—to be sure it does, and a thorough cleaning, too—a real search warrant sort of cleaning."

"You are not in earnest, surely?" inquired Jenks, in unfeigned amazement.

"But I am though. Why everybody cleans house."

"None but dirty people, my dear." "My mother is not unnecessarily dirty, I'd have you to know, Mr. Jenks, and she cleans house twice every year—spring and fall—and—"

"Where's the use of it? Who thanks you for it? Who cares? I hate the smell of lime—scrubbing is offensive to me."—"Now stop, Mr. Jenks—there is no use in going on in that way. The house *must* be cleaned—the windows want washing—the carpets must be taken up—there must be scrubbing and white-washing—there must be—"

"I am opposed to it," exclaimed Jenks, pushing back his chair—"I'm opposed to it in toto. I never would have got married, if I had thought you were given to house cleaning. Never!"

"Why, what's your objection, pray?"

"Objection! A hundred—a thousand, if you will hear them! I hate noise and fuss; I abominate disorder; I don't like damp floors! In a word, madame, the very thought of house-cleaning stifles, stuns, wets, soils, shocks, unnerves, almost ruins me. There, now you have it!" "Well, if you are not the strangest of mortals."

"No, my dear," expostulated Jenks, who thought he detected a disposition to yield in his wife, "I am not the strangest of mortals. When it becomes necessary to go to so much trouble to accomplish so little good, I shall not object; but we are nicely fixed—everything is new—we are as snug as a 'bug in a rug,' and our house does not want cleaning."

"You are mistaken, my dear. The house is sadly out of order, and we should be the town's talk if we should neglect cleaning; and mother says there's economy in taking up carpets twice a year. She says the dust is ruinous to them. And only the other day I saw a cobweb in one corner of our front parlor."

"Well, I tell you that much harm is done to carpets and to furniture by house-cleaning. My books will be ruined—my papers scattered—my clothes spoiled. I know that nothing but vexation will come of it."

"What are we to do then?"

"Let matters remain as they are."

"But the kitchen must be cleaned."

"Oh, you may scrub and white wash the kitchen inside out if you please; so that you don't come up stairs with your pails and your brooms and brushes, I shall not complain."

Having effected a compromise, as he tho't Jenks took his hat and walked down town, congratulating himself upon having effectually banished the house-cleaning spirit that troubled his wife. After the departure of her husband, Mrs. Jenks issued her orders for white washing and scrubbing the kitchen, but to her astonishment, Biddy, who did not relish hard work, said that she was too sick to undertake the job without assistance.—It's the truth, I'm telling ye, ma'am, said she—I've an onnatural pain in my right shoulder—and I aint closed me eyes wid a wink of slape for the last three nights." "Then we will hire assistance," said Mrs. Jenks, and another woman was called in to help them.

"Now," again spoke Mrs. Jenks, "as we are well prepared, we may as well go thro' the house. Begin at once—before Mr. Jenks comes home, and we can almost or quite make a finish of the job."

At it they went with brushes and brooms, and tubs and pails, hot and cold water, noise and bustle, hard and soft soap, and a variety of other utensils and appliances. About two o'clock, a couple of gentlemen from another city called upon our friend Jenks, who in the kindness of his heart, pressed them to dine with him. "Come," he urged, "I would like to take you to my quiet little home. Mrs. Jenks will be quite prepared and very glad to see you, and we shall have a nice, cozy, agreeable little dinner, all to ourselves, with nobody to interrupt us."—"Well," replied the friends, "we will go, and thank you for the relief from the 'noise and confusion' of a hotel.'" "Thank you, gentlemen," exclaimed Jenks, "and now let us walk towards my house."

When they arrived at our friend's dwelling, a stream of water that would have done credit to a well-manned fire engine, was being dashed against the windows, serving as a dripping warning to all to stand from under. We would rather not record the first exclamation of poor Jenks, as he stood water bound, with his friends at the distance of fifteen paces from his house. His second exclamation was understood to be—"Heavens and earth—what does all this mean?" The noise made by a tremendous volume of water falling from the second and third stories to the earth, drowned the reply of his friends. At this moment one of them inquired—

"Is this your house Jenks?"

"No," replied our bewildered friend, "that is to say, yes—it is my house—or rather, it was, before they made a fountain of it.—How are we to approach?"

"Hail them from the opposite side," replied one.

"A good thought, exclaimed Jenks, and running to the other side of the street, he shouted—"Halloo—up there—halloo!"

In an instant all the windows in the neighborhood were thrown up, and every description of heads thrust out.

"What's the matter?"

"Is the house on fire?"

"Where are the engines?"

"Why don't the bells ring?"

Were the questions asked on all sides, as Jenks and his friends effected an entrance. And now the full beauty stared them in the face. Chairs piled upon one another—carpets gathered in a heap—the floor wet and dirty—in a word, everything in disorder.

"Biddy," gasped Jenks, "where's your mistress?"

"Sure she's up stairs, sir."

"Ask her to step down. No—stop. On second thought, just say we called to pay our respects, and will not be home to dinner to-day. We'll dine at a hotel."

And so they did—Jenks paying the bill like a brave fellow. Need we tell the reader how Jenks trembled in his Congress Boots all the afternoon at the thought of going home. When the time came he walked

towards the house, but could not summon sufficient courage to enter. After a long and earnest look, turned quickly on his heel and took the opposite direction. They are not through yet, said he to himself, with a shiver; "I'll give them until twelve."

About midnight he stole noiselessly into the house. All was quiet. Even the mice made no noise, so thoroughly had they been frightened by the hubbub of house-cleaning. On reaching his bed-room, he found his wife still up, and waiting for his return.

"My dear," she exclaimed.

"Stop a minute," said Jenks—"is it all over."

"Yes, my dear."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly."

"Then we'll never allude to the subject of house-cleaning again."

REVLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

The number of venerable men who have survived the Revolution long enough to witness the beneficial results of the hazardous struggle which secured our Independence, is daily becoming less. The most notable death which has taken place of late, is that of Nathan Beman, who was Ethan Allen's guide in the taking of Ticonderoga. A short time prior to his death, Mr. Beman, in a communication to a country paper, made the following interesting statements:—

"I well recollect all the circumstances attending the transactions above stated. I was then 18 years old, and resided with my father, Samuel Beman, in the town of Shoreham, Vermont, nearly opposite the fort. I had been in the habit of visiting the fort very frequently, being well acquainted with Captain De Laplace's family, and other young people residing there. On the day preceding the capture, my father and mother dined, by invitation, with Capt. De Laplace. I was of the party, and spent the day in and about the fort. On our return to Shoreham in the evening, and just as we were landing, we discovered troops approaching, whom we soon ascertained to be Allen and his party. To my father—with whom he had been long acquainted—Allen stated his object, and the proper measures were at once concerted for accomplishing it.

It was agreed that I should act as guide, and I believe the above statement of the manner of the capture to be substantially correct. There is, however, one error of very considerable importance. *Arnold did not accompany us as a volunteer, or in any other charter. He was not present at the capture of the fort.* According to my recollection of the facts, as stated and believed at the time, Arnold wished to assume the command at Castleton, but the troops would not consent to serve under him, and he did not accompany them to Shoreham. It was some days after the capture of the fort, before Arnold arrived at Ticonderoga.

Before the arrival of Arnold, we had thrown a floating bridge across the narrow part of the lake, from Ticonderoga to Mount Independence on the Vermont side. Arnold and Allen first met, after the capture, on this bridge. I was present at the meeting. Arnold handed to Allen a paper, understood to be an authority for him to supersede Allen, and take the command. I well recollect the laced jacket, ruffles and cockade hat of Arnold, and that in the dispute which arose on the occasion, Allen struck off the hat of Arnold from his head, into the water, where it sank from the weight of the tinsel with which it was adorned, and was lost."

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I mention these facts only in the hope of showing that there is pleasure in studying the sciences, and when we once come to natural history we shall find the study of that still more amusing. The animal and vegetable worlds are well worthy of observation. Probably you all know what is meant by a *cycloid.*—If we make a spot in the periphery of a wheel travelling on a plain, the figure which that spot describes is a cycloid. Now there is no figure in which a body can be moved with so much velocity and such regularity of speed not even the straight line. Mathematicans discovered this not many years ago; but Nature's God taught it to the eagle before mathematics were invented; and when the eagle pounces on his prey, he describes the figure of a cycloid.

A globe placed in water, or in air meets with resistance, and its velocity will be retarded. If you alter the globe to the form of an egg there will be less resistance. And then there is a form called the *solid of least resistance*, which mathematicians studied many years to discover; and when they had discovered it, they found they had the form of a fiish's head! Nature had "rigged out" the fish with just such a figure.

The feathers of birds and each particular part of them, are arranged at such an angle as to be most efficient in assisting flight. The human eye has a mirror on which objects are reflected, and a nerve by which these reflections are conveyed to the brain, and thus we are enabled to take an interest in the objects which pass before our eye. Now, when the eye is too convex, we use one kind of glasses to correct the fault, and if it be not convex enough or if we wish to look at objects at a different distance, we use glasses of entirely another description.

But, as birds cannot get spectacles, providence has given them a method of supplying the deficiency. They have the power of contracting the eye, of making it more convex, so as to see the specks which float in the atmosphere, and catch their food; and also of flattening the eye, to see a great distance, and to observe

whether any vulture or other enemy is threatening to destroy them. In addition to this they have a film or coating which can suddenly be thrown down over the eye to protect it; because at the velocity at which they fly, and with delicate texture of their eye, the least speck of dust would act upon it as a pen-knife thrust into the human eye. This film is to protect the eye, and the same thing exists in the eye of the horse. The horse has a large eye, very liable to take dust. This coating in the horse's eye, is called the haw, or third eyelid, and if you will watch closely, you may see it descend and return with electric velocity. It clears away the dust and protects the eye from injury. If the eye should catch cold, the haw hardens and projects, and ignorant persons cut it off, and thus dertroy this safeguard.

You all know, if you take a pound of iron and make of it a rod a foot long, what weight it will support. But if it be a hollow rod, it will support a weight many times greater than before. Nature seems to have taken advantage of this also, long before mathematicians had discovered it, that all the bones of animals are hollow. The bones of a bird are large, because they must be strong to move their large wings with such velocity; but they must also be light in order to float easily on the air.—Birds also strikingly illustrate another fact in natural philosophy. If you take a bag, make it air tight, and put it under water, it will support a large weight, say a hundred pounds.—But twist it or diminish the air in it, and it will support no such weight. Now a bird has just such an air bag. When he wishes to descend, he compresses it, and falls rapidly; when he would rise he would increase it, and floats with ease. He also has the power of forcing air into hollow parts of the body, and thus to assist his flight.

If they wish to rise they increase; if they wish to sink they compress it, and down they go. Sometimes the fish in sinking makes too strong an effort to compress his air bag, and bursts it; then he goes to the bottom, and there remains for the rest of his life. Flounders and soms other fish have no air bag, and so they are never found swimming on the surface, but must always be caught on the bottom.

In this way are the principles of science applied to almost everything. You wish to know how to pack the greatest amount of bulk in the smallest space. The forms of cylinders leave large spaces between them. Mathematicians labored a long time to find out what figure could be used so as to lose no space; and at last found that it was the six-sided figure, and also that three planes ending in a point form the strongest roof or floor. The honey bee discovered the same things a good while ago Honey comb is made up of six-sided figures, and the roof is built with three plane surface coming to a point.

If a flexible vessel be emptied of air, its sides will be almost crushed together by the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere.—And if the tube partly filled with fluid be emptied of its air, the fluid will raise to the top.—The bee understands this; and when he comes to the cup of the small honey-suckle, and finds that he cannot reach the sweet matter at its bottom, he thrusts in his body, shuts up the flower, and then exhausts the air, and so possesses himself of the dust and honey of the flower. The feet of flies and lizards are constructed on a similar principle, and thus they walk with ease on glass or a ceiling. Their feet are made so as to create the vacuum beneath them, and so they have the pressure of the atmosphere, fifteen pounds to the square inch, to enable them to hold on. The cat has the same power to a less extent.

Plants require the sunlight, and some flowers turn themselvey toward the sun as it travels from east to west. The sun flower does this and so does a field of clover. These facts, though we have not yet got at the reason of them, are still extremely interesting.

You all know that if a hollow ball be filled with a gas, lighter than air, it will rise and float away. This fact is beautifully carried out by nature. The farina, or impregnating dust of plants, are light balls, extremely thin, and filled with light gas. They are blown off from the male plant and by falling upon the female plant, impregnates it. This impregnation often takes place many yards distant. In raising Indian corn you must have noticed that a single hill of red corn will be scatered a long distance through the whole.

The Virginia creeper throws out tendrils in the form of a foot, with five toes; each toe has a large number of hairs or spine, which entering the small openings of brick or lime, swell and hold on; but when decaying, they shrink and the plant falls off. The vanilla plant of the West Indies exhibits a similar construction, except that it winds itself around other objects.

Epigram on Cam. University.—By a Cantab.

No wonder "Old Harvard" is famous for knowledge!
The reason is plain as the day—
For the students all bring a little to college,
And few carry any away! [*Boston Post.*

ROWLAND HILL.—It was Mr. Hill's habit to ride to church in an old family carriage, a practice too aristocratic in the judgment of one of his flock, who determined to rebuke it. It was customary in his chapel for notes to be sent to the pulpit, requesting prayers for various objects. One Sabbath Mr. Hill was proceeding with the reading of these requests as usual when he found one to the following purport:—"Prayers are requested for the Rev. Mr. Hill, that he may be more humble, and like his divine Master, who, instead of riding in a carriage was contented to be borne on an ass." Having read the notice, he lifted his spectacles to his forehead, and looking around, observed that it was true, he had been guilty of the fault alleged; but if the writer would step around to the vestry door after the service, saddled and bridled, he would have no objection to try to ride home, after his Master's example.

ANCIENT RACES OF AMERICA.

The Journal of Commerce has an abstract of a discourse delivered before the New York Historical meeting by J. R. Bartlett, from which we take the following:

"It appears that the careful and extensive examinations of Mr. Davis and Mr. Squire, of the ancient "Forts," (as they have been called) and tumuli in the Western states, and of Dr. Dickerson in the South West, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida and Texas, much light has been thrown upon the origin of these works, and evidence found that their authors were nearly related to the aborigines of Mexico.—Of the enclosures or fort in the Western States, Messrs. Davis and Squire examined and took accurate measurements of more than ninety, while they excavated one hundred and fifteen tumuli or mounds. Of the first class of works, (says Mr. Bartlett,) it has been sufficiently demonstrated that a small portion were intended for works of defence; that another portion were sacred places, or in some connected with religious or superstitious rites, while a third and much the larger number are inexplicable under our present information."

The tumuli appear to have been for different objects, which are probably marked in the aggregate, though they are individual instances of an anamolous character. There are,

1st. Tumuli or sepulture, containing a single skeleton, each enclosed in a rude sarcophagus of timber, or an envelope of bark or matting, and occurring in isolated or detached groups.

2d. Tumuli of sacrifice, containing symmetrical altars of stone or burned clay, occurring within or in the immediate vicinity of enclosures always stratified.

3d. Places of observation, or the elevated sites of temples or structures, occurring upon elevated or commanding positions.

Within these monuments have been found implements and ornaments of silver, copper, lead, stone, ivory, and pottery, fashioned into a thousand forms, and evincing a skill in the art to which the existing race of Indians at the time of the discovery could not approach. Marine shells, mica from the primitive regions, native copper from the shores of Lake Superior, galena from the upper Mississippi, cetaceous teeth, pearls and instruments, show the extent of communication and intercourse had by the authors of these ancient works.

One of the largest mounds opened by Dr. Dickerson was a vast cemetery, and contained many thousand human skeletons, besides innumerable stone instruments, ornaments, and other objects of interest. Dr. Dickerson has discovered from 15,000 to 20,000 articles, very various and curious and among them 150 perfect vases, some of them equal to the Etruscan or Grecian. He has also some sixty crania of the ancient mould builders, which may prove of great value in Ethnological researches.

It is stated that the inscription on the tablet found in the Grave Creek Mound, Virginia, is pronounced by Mr. Jombard, of the French Institute, to be of the same character with that on the Lybian monument at Thugga; and our own countryman, Mr. Hodgson, who has studied with success the dialect of of Northern Africa, had previously expressed the same opinion. It is said by Mr. Berthelot, a learned traveller, that there exists a striking affirmity between the names of places and of men in the ancient languages of the Canaries and certain Carib words, and that the Lybian language may have been easily introduced into the Canaries from Africa. and thus as Mr. Bartlett suggests, a new field of inquiry is opened to philologists, which may finally conduct to a solution of the question in regard to the plantation on this continent of the American race.

Some important information has recently been obtained in regard to two Indian tribes in Sonora, (New Mexico) the Mauchies (or Mawkies) about 800 in number, and in feature and complexion strongly resembling Europeans, and the Navahoes—both exhibiting great ingenuity, and no inconsiderable share of civilization, and a bold spirit of Independence. Humboldt regards these tribes as of the races found by the Spaniards at the time of their conquests.

Mr. Hibbert, who has been engaged in a journey through Panama, with a view of ascertaining the practicableness of opening a canal or railroad, made known as a most antivenemous plant (the Guaco a species of the crane) and which being rubbed on the hands, enables the person to handle scorpions and other venomous insects with impunity.

Mr. Bartlett has presented in a lucid and condensed form many most interesting facts, reported by the French expidition under Count Castledau, now in South America. This expedition has already discovered people hitherto unknown to Geographers. Rivers that appear on our maps are found not to exist, while other rivers and large bodies of water have been discovered. Great pains have been taken to ascertain the various productions of the country, for the purpose of introducing them into Algeria. It is stated that the English are fitting out an expedition under the command of Lord Ranelagh to explore the great rivers of South America.

An Ice Mountain in Oregon.—Father de Sinet, one of those pioneer missionaries of the cross, who has spent and is spending a portion of his life in doing good among the scattered people of Oregon, has written a series of interesting letters from that wild region to the Freeman's Journal. He thus speaks of the valley de la Fouiche de Trou. He says:

"As we approached the high lands the snow became much deeper. On the first of May we reached the great Bature which has all the

appearance of a lake just drained from its waters. Here we pitched our tents to await the arrival of the people of Columbia, who always pass by this route on their way to Canada and York Factory. Not far from the place of our encampment we found a new object of surprise and admiration. An immense mountain of pure ice, 1,000 feet high, enclosed between two enormous rocks. So great is the transparency of this beautiful ice, that we can easily distinguish objects in it to the depth of more than six feet. One would say, by its appearance, that in some sudden and extraordinary swell in the river, immense icebergs had been formed between these rocks, and had there piled themselves on one another, so as to form this magnificent glacier. What gives some color of probability to this conjecture is, that on the other side of the glacier, there is a lake of considerable elevation. From the base of this gigantic iceberg, the river Trout takes its rise."

THE WILD GIRLS.

In the year 1731, as a nobleman was shooting at Sougi, near Chalons, in Champagne, he saw something at a distance in the water which he took for a couple of birds, and at which he fired. The supposed birds avoided the shot by diving instantly in the water, and rising at another place they made to the shore, when it appeared that they were two children about nine or ten years of age. They took ashore with them several fish which they tore in peices with their fore teeth, and swallowed without chewing. As they were going from the shore, one of them found a rose, probably dropped by some traveller, at which she testified great joy, screaming and jumping about. In order to keep it to herself, she covered it with her hand; but her companion, who perceived this, gave her such a blow upon the hand with a sort of a club, that she could not move it. With her other hand, she struck her companion in return such a blow upon her head with a small club, as brought her to the ground with a loud shriek. The victor made herself a bracelet with the rosary, but she still had so much pity on her companion, that she covered her wound with the skin of a fish which she stripped off, and bound it up with the slip of the bark of a tree. They then parted.

The girl that had been wounded returned to the river, and was never after seen; the other went to the village of Songi. The ignorant people were frightenened at her singular appearance, for her color was black, and she had on a scanty covering of rags and skins of animals. They set a great dog on her, but she waited his attack without stirring from her place, and as soon as he was within reach, gave him such a blow on his head with her club as laid him dead on the spot. Unable to gain admission into any house, for every door was shut against her, she returned into the fields, climbed up a tree, and there took her repose. The Viscount d'Ephinoy, who was then at his seat at Songi, offered a reward to any one who would catch this wild girl. As it was supposed she was thirsty, a bucket of water was placed under the tree to entice her down. On awaking she looked cautiously around, came down and drank, but immediately ascended to the summit of the tree, as if she thought herself not otherwise secure.—At length she was allured to come down by a woman, who walked under the tree with a child in her arms, and offered her fish and roots. When she had descended, some persons lying in wait seized her and conveyed her to the Viscount's seat. At first she was taken into the kitchen, where she fell upon some wild fowl and ate them up before the cook missed them. A rabbit being offered she immediately stripped off the skin and devoured the flesh.

An opportunity of observing her with more ease was now obtained, and it was found that the black color of her skin was accidental, for after she had repeatedly washed, her naturally fair complexion appeared. Her hands upon the whole were well formed, only the fingers and the thumb in particular, were uncommonly strong, which was undoubtedly ascribable to her frequently climbing trees, as she would swing herself from one to another like a squirrel. The Viscount d'Epinoy delivered her to the care of a shepherd, recommending him to be extremely attentive to her, under a promise of paying him well for his trouble. On account of her wildness she was commonly known as the shepherd's beast. It cost a great deal of trouble to render her a little tame. She was very dexterous at making holes in the walls or roof, and would creep through an aperture so small that an eye witness could not conceive how it was possible. Once she eloped in a severe frost during a heavy fall of snow, and after a long search, was found sitting on a tree in the open field. Nothing was more astonishing than the swiftness and agility with which she ran. Though latterly, long illness and want of exercise diminished her speed, it wa always surprising.

Several years after she had been caught, she was capable of outstripping the wild animals, as she proved to the Queen of Poland, in 1737, for being taken out on a hunting party, she ran after rabbits and hares that were started, caught them presently, and brought them to the Queen. The quickness of her eye was equally astonishing; in a moment she could look every way around her with scarcely turning her head, which was very necessary for her security, and procuring her food in a wild state. Both the girls used to spend their nights on trees. They laid down on a bough, held themselves fast with one hand, and rested their heads on the other. In this situation according to our maiden's account, they slept very soundly.

In her savage state she had no language, but a sort of a wild scream, which sounded frightfully when she was in anger, and particularly when a stranger attemped to take hold of her. Long afterwards, her speech had something wild, abrupt and childish; but when she was a little civilized, she appeared to be a quick lively girl.

There was nothing from which she was more difficult to be weaned, than eating flesh and vegetables raw. Her stomach could not bear dressed victuals, so that she fell into one disease after another, though raw food was allowed her occasionally. Perhaps the change was attempted with too little caution. At first she was led by this propensity to play some laughable tricks. Once the Viscount had a great deal of company, and she sat at the table with them.

None of the thorough dressed and high-seasoned dishes being to her taste, she started up, vanished like lightning, filled her apron with large frogs from the nearest pool, hastened back, and bestowed them among the guests with a liberal hand, joyfully exclaiming as she distributed her agreeable present, "here, here, take some." It is easy to imagine how the company was delighted with the frogs, hopping all over the plates and dishes, while the little girl, astonished at the slight estimation in which they seemed to hold their delicious morsels, busied herself in catching the frogs that leaped upon the floor, and replaced them on the table.

In the year 1732, this remarkable maiden was babtized in the name of Maria le Blance. On account of the change in her mode of life she was often ill, and after the death of her patron, spent the remainder of her days in a convent.

How this child came in that wild state, and in what country she was born, were circumstances which could never be known with certainty. It was conjectured however that she was by birth an Esquimaux, and brought to Europe in some ship; for when she had learned to talk, she said she had twice crossed to sea; gave a description of boats resembling those of the Esquimaux; and once when she was shown a series of delineations of people of different countries, she seemed agreeably surprised on coming to that in which the Esquimaux were represented.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

It is to be observed that but a small portion of the area of these Islands is fit either for cultivation or pasturage, the principal part being extremely broken, and mountainous. The quantity of arable land in all the Islands, is estimated at about 600,000 acres, of which one third is adapted to the cultivation of coffee, one third to the sugar cane, and the remainder to such fruits and vegetables as are common in tropical countries. Horned cattle could be raised in great numbers, and with scarcely any labor or attention, provided the prospect of a market should afford any encouragement.

Poetry.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE OLD EARTH.

"The Earth gives signs of age, disease and fickleness.—It yields its increase grudgingly, and demands an exhorbitant fee beforehand, in toil and sweat from the husbandman. It has ill turns or paroxisms, when it rouses the ocean into a tempest, and makes sport of navies, strewing the ocean with wrecks and carcases of men. It rocks a continent, or sinks an island, shaking massive cities into countless fragments, burying its wretched inhabitants in indiscriminate ruin; anon it writhes and groans in mortal agony, and finds relief only by disgorging its fiery bowels, burying cities and villages in burning graves. The Earth is old and feeble, and must needs groan on until it renews its prime."—*Miseries and Liabilities of the Present Life.*

Old Mother Earth is wan and pale,
Her face is wrinkled sore;
Her locks are blanched, her heart is cold,
Her garments stiff with gore;
With furrowed brow, and dim sad eyes,
With trembling steps and slow,
She marks the course that first she trod,
Six thousand years ago!

The Earth is old, the Earth is cold,
She shivers and complains;
How many winters, fierce and chill,
Have racked her limbs with pains!
Drear tempests, lightning, flood and flame
Have scarred her visage so,
That scarce we deem she shone so fair,
Six thousand years ago!

Yet comely was the youthful Earth,
And lightly tripped along,
To music from a starry choir,
Whose sweet celestial song
Through Nature's temple echoed wide,
And soft as streamlets flow,
While sister spheres rejoiced with her
Six thousand years ago!

Alas! those children of the Earth
With hate began to burn,
And Murder stained her beauteous robe,
And bade the young Earth mourn!
And ages, heavy ages still,
Have bowed with gathering wo,
The form of her whose life was joy
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth, drear Earth! thy tender heart
Bewails thy chosen ones;
Thou look'st upon the myriad graves
That hide their gathered bones;
For then, by day and night thy tears
Unceasingly must flow;
Death chilled the fountain head of life!
Six thousand years ago!

Old Earth! Old Earth! above thy head
The heavens are dark and chill,
The sun looks coldly on thee now,
The stars shine pale and still;
No more the heavenly symphonies
Through list'ning ether flow,
Which swelled upon Creation's ear,
Six thousand years ago!

Weep not in bitter grief, O Earth,
Weep not in hopelessness!
From out the heavens a "still small voice"
Whispers returning peace;
Thy tears are precious in the sight
Of one who marks their flow,
Who purposes of mercy formed
Six thousand years ago!

Thy days of grief are numbered all,
Their sum will soon be told!
The joy of youth, the smile of God,
Shall bless thee as of old!
Shall shed a purer, holier light,
Upon thy peaceful brow,
Than beamed upon thy morning hour,
Six thousand years ago!

Thy chosen ones shall live again,
A countless, tearless throng,
To wake Creation's voice anew,
And swell the choral song.
Go, Earth! go wipe thy falling tears,
Forget thy heavy wo!
Hope died not with thy first born souls,
Six thousand years ago!

[From the Persian.]

GEM.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain,
Fell trembling on the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty.

"What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me!
Sure it were better that I die
In this immensity!"

But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to its breast.

And nourished there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise.

Miscellaneous.

THE DOG WHO WAS TOO FAITHFUL FOR HIS MASTER.

In the bleakest and most barren portion of the county of Derbyshire, England, there lived a long time ago, a man and his wife of the name of Pollard. The former was the keeper of the Turnpike gate, and he had only been married some three months, when the circumstance occurred of which we are about to write. The small toll house in which he lived, was situated at a point where three roads met, and in a place where the scenery was singularly wild and dreary. It stood in a deep hollow formed by two chains of high hills, whose sides were covered with naught but a continuous surface of dark brown heath, or occasional bushes of gorse. Not another house was to be seen for miles, and the only evidence of life were in a few flocks of sheep, which were browsing here and there along the mountain's sides; or the mail coach, and a few carrier's wagons, which at wide intervals passed along the road. The only person who ever paid a visit to the Toll House was a butcher named Gonfrey, who called on each Saturday for the purpose of supplying the Pollards with fresh meats.

Mr. Pollard had lived in his present abode during several years previous to his marriage; and being of a very courageous disposition, and having become accustomed to the loneliness of his place of residence, he was not much affected thereby; but his wife, who had ever been accustomed to living in a populous town, and being withal of a very timid nature, she now lived in a constant state of alarm and dread; more particularly whenever her husband paid a visit to the neighboring town for such necessaries as they required. And what tended to increase this feeling of alarm to a still greater extent, that part of the country was at that time infested by a band of lawless men, who almost nightly robbed and murdered some unfortunate traveler, or broke into and plundered some lone farm-house, nor could the utmost vigilance of the authorities succeed in detecting them. Of these men she lived in daily dread, lest they, discovering that her husband was possessed of a large sum of money—the saving of former years—should seize an opportunity when he was from home and murder her to obtain it. She frequently pressed her husband to give up his situation, and remove to some safer place of abode; but he invariably laughed at her fears; assuring her that there was not the least danger, as none but themselves were aware of the fact of their possessing the money in question. One day in December he received a letter informing him that his father was lying at the point of death, and who earnestly wished to see him before that event took place. This letter gave him great uneasiness; for, apart from the grief it occasioned at his father's situation, if he went he could not possibly return before the following day, as his parents resided more than thirty miles distant, and his wife would be obliged to stay and take care of the "gate." He must go, however—he could not refuse his dying father's request. When he imparted his intentions to his wife, she was seized with the utmost terror, earnestly beseeching him to forego his resolution; nor was it until after a long time, during which he had used the most strenuous endeavors to sooth her and calm her fears, that he would venture to proceed on his journey.

It was Saturday morning when he started, and one of the dreariest days of the season. The snow lay thick on the ground, and still continued to fall heavily, causing the face of the surrounding scene to look more wild and dreary than ever. As Mrs. Pollard sat in the small, front apartment of the house her fears gradually increased more and more, as her imagination conjured up a thousand dread forebodings, & almost fancied that each sound of the wind whistling thro' the valley, was some one even now about to break into the place. Time sped, when at length, as Gonfrey the butcher ap-

proached, her terror had attained to such a height that she determined to ask him to stay in the house with her, until her husband's return.

This Gonfrey was a tall, powerfully built man, about forty-five or fifty years of age, and with a rough countenance by no means prepossessing. He resided in a house some five or six miles distant, which was at least that distance from any other. He had occupied it for years, following his present business, and disposed of his meat by taking it in his wagon to the different families in the vicinity. Mrs. Pollard had been unacquainted with him until the time of her marriage; but the familiarity arising from his weekly visits to her house, and the cordiality which her husband invariably received him with, inspired her with more confidence towards him, than from his looks she would otherwise have done.

"I am glad you have come!" said Mrs. Pollard, as the butcher entered her dwelling. "John has gone to see his father, who is not expected to live, and will not return until to-morrow; and I am nearly frightened to death; for we have got more than a hundred sovereigns in the house, and if any of those robbers were to come they would murder me. Won't you stay and keep me company until John comes back?"

During the first part of this address, Gonfrey did not appear to listen with much apparent interest; but the moment Mrs. Pollard mentioned the money his face assumed an expression of singular import, and his grey eyes flashed quick glances from beneath his pert and shaggy brows, as though something had very suddenly moved him.

"I am very sorry," he replied, and speaking in a slow and deliberate tone—"but I cannot positively stay—I've got to call at two or three more places with meat yet, and before I could return it would be past midnight. But I tell you what I will do—there's Dash—and a better dog never lived—I'll leave him with you; and I'll agree to forfeit my head if he lets any one enter the house while he's there."

With many thanks Mrs. Pollard accepted his offer; for she had often heard her husband speak of the courage and sagacity of the animal in question.

"Stay here," said Gonfrey, now, as he looked at his dog, and pointed within the room with his finger, "and see that you don't let any one come near."

The dog, which was a very large one, and of the breed called "Mastiff," answered this command of his master by wagging his tail two or three times, and looking up into his face with an intelligent expression; and the next moment crouching down by the side of Mrs. Pollard, stretched himself at full length on the hearth, as though at home.

When the butcher had departed, Mrs. Pollard began to caress the dog, and for a long time endeavored to attract his notice; but in vain; he continued to lie mute and motionless, as though devoid of life. The circumstance raised her fears anew; for she began to think that if the dog lay thus passive now, he would do so if any one chanced to come to the place. Again she renewed her caresses and finally offered him a peice of meat; but still with the same success; the dog would neither appear to recognise her presence, nor would he touch the meat.

The Toll House consisted of two rooms, with only one door of entrance, and which was at the front. The back apartment was used as a bed room, and was lighted by a small window at the front of the bed.—The front one had two windows; a tolerably large one near the door, and a small lattice whose diamond shaped squares of glass were encased with thin plates of lead. To none of the windows were there any shutters, with the exception of the one in the bedroom.

At the usual hour, Mrs. Pollard retired to rest, but in vain endeavored to sleep; the dog still remaining in the same immovable position as when his master left him.

The night was more chilly and dreary than had been the day. The falling of snow had given place to a heavy storm of commingling sleet and rain, which the wind now blew against the casement with terrible force—almost appearing as though it would raise the house from its very foundation.—It seemed a fitting night for deeds of blood! Mrs. Pollard lay in her bed trembling as her terror at each repetition of the keen blast increased. Stories of robbery and bloodshed which she had heard years ago, now rushed through her mind with vivid distinctness; and her imagination increased their enormity a thousand fold.

She lay thus unable to sleep, until, as near as she could guess, about midnight, when she thought she heard the sound of a single footstep outside the door. She partially raised herself, and bending forward, listened for a continuance of the sound with eager intentness. She soon heard the step again, and this time distinctly. They now appeared to be quite near. She now listened for the dog's raising some alarm—but not the slightest movement did he seem to make. Her terror suddenly raised to a great extent, at the animal's not taking notice of the noise outside. Another moment and she heard a sound as one removing glass out of the small casement in the other room, immediately followed by the sharp click of the handle which fastened it on the inside, turning round. Still the dog gave forth no sound or indicatiou of what was going on.

Mrs. Pollard was now almost frantic with excess of fear, feeling assured that she must

undoubtedly in a few moments be murdered. The perspiration streamed from her in large cold drops, and her tongue seemed powerless to utter a single cry.

As we said, the dog had as yet given forth no sign of recognition; but when, a moment after the noise of the handle's turning round was heard, some one appeared to be forcing their way through the aperture, he gave a low growl followed by a sudden spring. A shrill cry of agony immediately echoed through the house, so keen and startling as almost to chill the blood in Mrs. Pollard's veins. The cry was followed by the sound of fierce struggling, mingled with sharp cries, which each moment became weaker and weaker, as a human being in the very extremest of mortal pain and anguish; and the deep-mouthed baying of the dog. At length the struggle ceased and all became still as death.

When daylight appeared, Mrs. Pollard rose and dressed, with as much speed as the weakness the terrors of the night had occasioned would permit. She then sat down by the widdow, to await the appearance of the first person who might pass, for she could not summon sufficient courage to enter the room alone. In a short time a teamster approached, whom she hailed; and as soon as he had stepped near to where she was seated, told him the story of the previous night's adventure.

He instantly ran round to the side on which was the lattice casement, and the next moment returned, with horror depicted on his countenance as he exclaimed—

"My God! what a sight I have seen!"

He then got in by the window at which Mrs. Pollard had been seated, and led the way to the other room.

And what an object was then presented to their view? Hanging on the sill of the casement with the head and shoulders protruding through the interior, was the body of a man whose throat was literally torn to pieces! It was the body of Gonfrey the butcher! In his right hand he held a large knife, the blade of which was covered with blood; for he had stabbed the dog several times during the struggle. And fierce that struggle must have been, for in his left hand was a quantity of hair which he had torn from the neck of the dog. The latter, at the moment when they entered the room, was sitting erect on his haunches, gazing with a fixed look upon him; and the blood was still flowing from the stabs he had received.

Gonfrey had formed the resolution of robbing and murdering Mrs. Pollard, and had left his dog with her as a means of warding off all suspicion from attaching to himself; never for a moment doubting but that his dog would permit him to enter the house unmolested. The faithfulness and intelligence of the animal, was thus the instrument of punishment on his master for the enormity of the crime he had intended to commit. The teamster dressed the wounds of Dash, and then pursued his journey.—Nor did Mrs. Pollard now feel any further fear of staying alone, until the return of her husband, after such a proof of the courage and sagacity of her brute protector.

Dash recovered from his wounds, and was ever after kept by them with as much care as though he had been their child, nor could any amount of money which might have been offered for his possession have tempted them to part with him.

From the Boston Merchant's Advertiser.

THE NEWSPAPER.

BY M. T. H.

The old farm house wore a quiet, pleasant look, as the setting sun guilded its small window, over which the luxuriant grape vines were carefully trained. In the open door sat the farmer, with a little moroco covered book in his hand, on which his attention had been fixed for the last half hour. He was a man of method and order—old Richard Heath—and aside from his regular account marks, which were kept with scrupulous care, he always set down in his little book, in the simplest manner possible, all his expenses, (no complicated account, by the way,) and all he received during the year, "in the trade."

The last account he had just reckoned up—and the account was highly satisfactory, if one might judge from the pleasant expression of his face, as he turned to his wife and addressed her by her pretty, old fashioned name—

"Millicent," said he, "this has been a lucky year. How little we thought when we moved on to this place, 'twenty-five years ago, that we should ever get five hundred a year out of the rocky, barren farm.'

"It does pay for a good deal of hard work to see how different things look from what they did then."

"Now I am going to figure up how much we have spent; don't make a noise with your knitting needlss, because it puts me out."

His wife laid down her knitting with perfect good humor, and gazed out over the broad, rich fields of waving grain, which grew so tall around the ladened apple trees that they looked like massive piles of foliage. Hearing her name thus kindly spoken led her thoughts far back to the past; for, after the lapse of twenty-five years, the simple sound of the name she bore in youth, means more to a wife than all the puling epithets of "dearest," "love," and "darling," so lavishly uttered in a long past courtship.

Very pleasant was this retrospect to Millicent Heath. The picture of the past had on it some rough places, and some hard trials, but no domestic strife or discontentment marred its sunny aspect. There were smiling faces on it—happy children's faces, without which no life-picture is beautiful. Soft blue eyes shone with unclouded gladness, and wavy hair floated carelessly over unwrinkled foreheads. She forgot for a moment how they were changed and almost fancied herself again the young mother, and tiny hands stole lovingly over her bosom, and the young heads nestled there as of old. The illusion vanished quickly, and she sighed as she thought of her youngest born, the reckless boy who had left her, three years before, for a home on the sea. Only once had tidings reached her of the wanderer. The letter spoke of hardships and homesickness, in that light and careless way that reaches the mother's heart more surely than repinings and complaint. To know that he suffered with a strong heart, with noble, unyielding resolution, gave her a feeling of pleasure not unmixed with some pride.

"He will surely come back," murmered the affectionate mother to herself, "and I read the paper so carefully every week to see if it said anything about the ship Alfred's sailing in I shall——"

"Mrs. Heath," said her husband interrupting her meditations somewhat rudely, "we've spent thirty dollars more than usual this year—where can it have gone to?"

"The new harness. That don't come every year, you know," suggested Mrs. Heath.

"Well, that is twenty dollars accounted for."

"We had a carriage fixed up when you bought the harness, didn't you?" said Mrs. Heath.

"Well that was eight dollars; that's twenty-eight that we don't spend every year—but the other two, where can they have gone?" Glancing his eye hastily over the pages of the memorandum book, he continued—

"I'll tell you what it is, the newspaper costs just two dollars, and we can do without it. It aint nothing to eat, drink or wear. I do not do anything with it, and you lay it up stairs. It may as well be left out as not, and I'll go and stop my subscription right away."

"Oh, you don't know how much I set by the paper," said his wife. "I always have a sort of feeling when I see you take it out of your hat and lay it on the kitchen mantlepiece, just as I do when some of the children come home. And when I'm tired, I sit down with my knitting work and read. I can knit just as fast. I feel so contented, I don't believe Queen Victoria takes more solid comfort than I do, sitting at the east window, of a summer afternoon, reading my paper."

"But, you would be just as well off without it," answered her husband, for want of something wiser to say.

"I never neglect any thing else for my reading," said Mrs. Heath.

"I don't know as you do," answered her husband, "but it seems to me an extra, like. *I shall* stop it," he added, in a tone that showed plainly enough that he wished to stop the conversation too.

"I shall take the paper," remarked his wife, "even if I am obliged to go out a washing to pay for it."

This was not spoken angrily, but so firmly that Mr. Heath noticed it, though by no means remarkable for discernment in most matters. It sounded so different from her quiet "as you think best," that he actually stopped a moment to consider whether it was as likely she would do as she said. Mr. Heath was a kind husband, as that indefinite description is generally understood; that is, he did not beat his wife and always gave her enough to eat. More than this, he had a certain regard for her happiness which already made him feel half ashamed of his decision, but like many other men who have more obstinacy than wisdom, he could not bear to retract any thing, and above all, to be convinced that he was wrong by a woman.

However, with a commendable wish to remove the unhappiness he had caused, he suggested that as the papers were carefully filed, and as she had found them interesting, she should read them all over again, beginning at January, and taking a week clear through the year, they would just come out even, he concluded, as if it were a singular fact that they should.

Notwithstanding this admirable proposition he still felt some uneasiness. It followed him as he walked up the pleasant lane to the pasture, and it made him speak more sharply than he was wont, if the cows stopped while he was driving them home, to crop the grass where it looked greenest and sweetest on the sunny slope. It troubled him till he heard his wife call him to supper, in such a cheerful tone that he concluded that she did'nt care such a wonderful sight about the newspaper after all.

About a week after this, as Mr. Heath was mowing one morning, he was surprised to see his wife come out, dressed as if for a visit.

"I am going to spend the day with Mrs. Brown; I've left plenty for you to eat," said she; and so saying she walked rapidly down the road.

Mr. Heath thought about it just long enough to say to himself, "she didn't go a visiting to stay all day once a year, hardly, and it is strange that she should go in hay-

time."

Very long the day seemed to him; to go in for luncheon, dinner, and supper, and nobody to speak to, and everything so still. The old clock ticked stiller than usual, he thought—the brood of pretty white chickens that was almost always round the door, had wandered off somewhere, and left it stiller yet; he even missed the busy clink of the knitting needles, that were so very apt to put him out, when he was busy doing any figuring.

"I am glad that Millicent don't go a visiting all the time, as some women do," he said to himself, as he began to look down the road at sunset. "There, I believe she is just coming."

"How tired you look," said he to her, as she came up to the house, "why did'nt you speak about it, and I'd harnessed up and come after you."

"I'm not very tired," she answered; but her looks belied her; indeed, her husband declared she looked tired like for a day or two after.

What was his amazement so see her go away the next Tuesday in the same manner as before, without saying much about it before she started.

To his great dissatisfaction, everything seemed that day to partake of his wife's new propensity of going away from home. "A man don't want cold feed in hay time," he grumbled, as he sat down to dinner alone. In the same grumbling mood he reccunted the various mishaps of the morning, which seems to have been much after the manner set forth in a certain legend of old time, for he embellished his recital by a despairing allusion to

"The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn,"

adding that they wouldn't have been there if Mrs. Heath had been at home, because she'd seen them before they got across the river, and saved him the trouble of bringing them back. But after tracing all these untoward events to her absence, he said to himself, consolingly, "I guess she won't go any more, for she was always a home body."

Mrs. Heath did go again, though, and the day she went the fourth time, her husband took counsel with himself to see what he should have to do to stop her gadding. Seated on the door step, in the shade of the old trees, he spent an hour or two in devising ways and measures, talking aloud all the time, and having the satisfaction of hearing no one dispute him.

"It's hard to think of her getting a visiting woman," said he, "and it's clear it ain't right. 'Keep her at home,' I've read in the Bible, (Old Richard's Bible knowledge was somewhat confused, and his quotation varied slightly from the scriptural phrase, 'keep her at home,') but it says too," he added, with the true science of a sincere man, "that husbands must set great store by their wives, and treat them well. I won't scold Millicent; I'll harness up and go after her to night, and coming home, I'll talk it over with her; and tell her how bad it makes me feel, and if that don't do, I'll try something else."

In accordance with this praiseworthy resolution, he might have been seen about sunset, hitching his horse at Mr. Brown's door; for, strangely though, Mrs. Heath's visits had all been made to the same place. Going to the door, he stopped in amazement at seeing his wife in the kitchen, just taking off a great woolen wash apron, and putting down her sleeves, which had been rolled up as if for washing. He listened and heard her say—

"It won't be so that I can do your washing again."

"It has been a great favor to have you do it while I have been so poorly," said Mrs. Brown; "and I am willing to pay you for it. This makes four times, and here's two dollars. It is just as well that you can't come again, for I think I shall be well enough to do it myself."

"Two dollars, just the price of a newspaper!" exclaimed Mr. Heath, as the truth flashed upon him.

Rather a silent ride home they had. At last he said—

"I never was so ashamed."

"Of what?" asked his wife.

"To have you go out a washing. I ain't so poor as that comes to."

"Well, I don't know," replied his wife; —when a man is too poor to take a newspaper, his wife ought not to feel above going out a washing."

Nothing more was said on the snbject at that time, though some ill feeling lingered in the hearts of each. The "making up, was no mawkish scene of kissing, embracing, crying, such as some romance writer build their useless fabrics with, but as Mr. Heath was finishing her household duties for the night, she said quietly—

"I don't think I did quite right, Richard."

"I don't think I did either," responded the husband; and so the spark was quenched which might have become a scathing flame, blighting all domestic peace under their humble roof.

At last the voyage is nearly ended, and the sailors talk only of home now. They wonder whether the young sailor, Alfred Heath, who lies sick, will ever see his home again, and with their rough tones subdued almost to gentleness, they speak of his anxiety to see his mother.

He is so hopelessly ill that his heart is now where the worn spirit ever turns in its hour of bitterest sorrow, or its approach to the unseen land—to God and his mother.

Faintly as his heart beats, it still throbs with earnest desire for life. Dim as his eye has become, he fancies it would brighten once more at the sight of his mother, and his failing mind be cleared could he lean on her breast.

With folded hands the young sailor prays; his words are confused and indistinct to those who listen, but all clear, all earnest and plain are they to the Great Listener above. And when the stately ship has reached her destined port, and mingling voices are all around the sick sailor, his comrades bear him carefully to a home—a miserable home—but better to him than a rocking vessel in a sounding sea. "Now if I could see mother," he murmured to the strangers around him.

She is sitting in the vine-covered window patiently reading the shipping journal, and thinking meanwhile of her absent boy; thinking it is time for him to return, and hoping he will never go to sea again. How quick the words catch her eye—Arrived, ship Banner, Lovell.

"And it is a week ago; he could have been at home by this time; he will come to night," she said joyfully, as she went to communicate the good news to her husband.

They watched for him in vain that night, and then Mrs. Heath suggested what no mother ever failed to suggest when the prolonged absence of a child was unaccounted for—"he must be sick;" and when night after night passed away, and they neither saw nor heard any thing of Alfred, her anxiety would let her rest no longer. "We will go to him, or at least go where we may hear of him," and Mr. Heath, now as anxious as herself, readily assented. Their simple preparations for the journey were very soon made, and with heavy hearts they proceeded in search of their son, with little hope of obtaining any thing more satisfactory than definite intelligence of his death.

It was a dark and rainy evening when they entered the city, and after an hour spent in fruitless enquiries, they found the place to which Alfred had been carried.—Little care had he received in the crowded boarding house. There was none of the neatness and order that shows better in the sick room than any where else. Rough hands had roughly tended him, and pale and deathlike as he looked, it seemed as if it mattered not what care he had now. In the agony with which the parents bent over the unconscious sleeper, and marked the sunken sheeks and wasted form, there was but one ray of comfort; they could watch over him—they should not hear of his death with the sad thought that none but strangers had soothed his dying pillow.

The sufferer awoke from a troubled dream to find his aching head supported by his father, and see his mother's eye resting on him with a look of unutterable tenderness. So faint was the smile of recognition with which he greeted them, that only a parent's eye could have caught the expression.

"Can't live, can't live," said the doctor, with professional carelessness, as he entered the house the next morning.

"But his mother has come," said the landlady in reply.

"That altars the case; he may get up again," answered the doctor, than whom none knew better how much a mother could do.

But how frail seemed the thread that held that promising young life. For days it trembled and quivered with the lightest breath, and the mother tearfully prayed that it might not be broken. As gentle care and kindly watching as ever blessed a sick bed, had young Alfred Heath, and not in vain; gradually he grew better, and asked them how they chanced to come to him in that hour of need.

"It was the newspaper," said Mr Heath; just three words in the paper told us your ship had arrived. You did'nt come home, and so we came to see if you were sick.—You'll soon be well enough to get home my boy. God be thanked," he added reverently, "for sending us to take care of you."

At length Alfred was pronounced well enough to ride, and in a few days the pleasant old homestead gladdened his sight.—How beautiful it looked as the sun shone on the vines in which it was embowered, with their wealth of grapes just purpling in the autumn sunshine.

No one seemed so joyful as Mr. Heath, who, after being gladdened by hearing Alfred say he would never go to sea again, expressed his opinion of newspapers in general, and his newspaper in particular, in this wise:—

"I'm so glad, Millicent, that you took that paper, for I count a newspaper just the most necessary thing in a family. We should never have had our boy here strong and well if it had'nt been for it. It is an excellent thing, and I shall subscribe for it as long as I live."

Fearful Adventure with a Whale.

The mate was determined, if possible, to strike the leader of the troop of whales.—He was of prodigious size, and worth any two of the others; but he was wary and watchful, and led his pursuer a tiresome chase, far away from his mates; and then, by a circuitous route, he came back again to his scattered convoy. Still did the baffled mate return to the charge, and endeavor to head his antagonist as he should rise to blow.

At last, the bubbling ripple from below indicated the approach of the animal to the surface, and a few vigorous pulls brought the boat to the spot where it was judged he would rise to its side. The oars were eased, and the word given to the harpooner to "stand up." The bow was turned to the spot—the oarsmen rested on their oars, ready to back off—and young Starbuck stood erect, cleared his line, and balanced his iron. He placed himself in a posture for striking, and was bracing his knees to the bow, when the bump of the monster emerged from the water. It was a moment of indescribable anxiety—but to no one more than the harpooner. But what was the consternation of all, when the head of the animal turned suddenly over! It is a motion made by the sperm whale, preparatory to using his teeth upon an object floating upon the surface of the water. His huge under jaw armed with immense ivory tusks, parted with the rapidity of thought. The bow of the boat struck suddenly against his jaw, and poor Starbuck, in the act of launching his harpoon, lost foothold, and pitched headlong into a living tomb!—the jaws of the monster closed upon his body, leaving the legs of the victim projecting from the mouth!

The frightened mate lost his presence of mind, and omitted to give the word to back off. He held his steering oar without the power of motion. But one of the crew seeing the opportunity to be avenged for the loss of his companion, seized the sharp lance of the mate, and plunged it to the hilt in the body of the whale, as he turned to escape. In an instant the boat and the crew were driven into the air, by a stroke of the animal's tail. The frail bark was shivered into a thousand pieces, and the men, bruised and lacerated, fell into the broad ocean.

All that had thus transpired was seen from the ships; and boats were despatched forthwith to the relief of the wounded crew. Some had seized upon fragments of the boat; while others sustained themselves with pieces of broken oars, supported beneath by the strong saline buoyancy so eminently peculiar to the unfathomable depths of the ocean.

The unfortunate crew were rescued in time to witness the last agonies of the desperate whale, which, like Sampson crushing the temple in his might, dealt death and destruction on all sides, while he himself was overwhelmed in the general ruin.

The animal, blind with rage, and feeling the sting of the death-wound in his heart, whirled round the ships in regular circles for a long time, and then descended. The crews lay upon their oars, watching where he would next appear, while the ships were hove to, to await the result.

Suddenly a mighty mass emerged from the water, and shot up perpendicularly, with inconceivable velocity, into the air. It was the whale, and the effort was his last expiring throe! He fell dead, but in his descent he pitched headlong across the bows of the ship "Grampus," and in one fell swoop carried away the entire fore part of the vessel.

The crew escaped by throwing themselves into the boats alongside, and rowing quickly off. The gallant ship instantly filled with water, and settled from their sight.

Mechanical Ingenuity.

The smallest steam engine ever made to work by steam, was exhibited a short time ago in England. It was made by a young man named Jonathan Blankley, engineer at Victoria Foundry, Leeds, and is the most remarkable specimen of minute accuracy and ingenious skill ever beheld. Though so diminutive that the whole machinery, flying wheel included, might be placed upon a four-penny piece, and might be entirely covered by a child's thimble, yet so exact is its workmanship, and yet so skilfully contrived in all its parts, down to the smallest valve, that it works with the same regularity and certainty as a steam engine of ten horse power. We scarcely need say that a boiler is not included in the above dimensions; but there is every other essential part of the steam engine itself.

Sufferings of Animals.

The frog will sit apparently unconcerned for several hours after having its bowels torn out. Cut the polypus into many parts, and each separate portion will form a perfect polypus. The tortoise walks about with indifference after losing its head, and lives for several weeks. The animaculæ that subsist by devouring each other, are undoubtedly insensible to the least pain, so that it is as much pleasure for them to be eaten as it is to eat. This law is no less wise than humane, for it serves as a protection and recompense to the numerous tribes of inferior animals that are unavoidably exposed to frequent destruction.

The Advantage of having a Trunk.—In reference to the overloading of animals, Sir Charles Napier gives an anecdote of an elephant, which really goes far to justify Pope's epithet of "half-reasoning," as applied to it: "Here I cannot refrain from telling a story of one of the Scinde elephants. He belongs to the baggage corps, and has been attached to a regiment marching up to Mooltan. My letter tells me that Kubader Moll allows them to load him as much as they like, and then, deliberately with his trunk, takes all off again beyond the quantity he thinks fair to put on his back. They dare not put anything on him again."

THE HEART.

Oh! could we read the human heart,
Its strange, mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore!

Safe from the world's distrustful eye,
What deep and burning feelings play,
Which e'en stern Reason's power defy,
And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow,
To always find a joyous heart;
For Wit's bright glow, and Reason's flow,
Too often hide a cankering dart.

The bird with bruised and broken wing,
Oft tries to mount the air again,
Among its mates to gaily sing
Its last melodious dying strain.

The fire that lights a flashing eye,
May by a burning heart be fed,
Which in its anguish yearns to die,
While yet it seems to pleasure wed.

Oh, do not harshly judge the heart,
Though cold and vain it seems to be;
Nor rudely seek the veil to part,
That hides its deep, deep mystery.

AWFUL DISCOVERY.

One serene evening, in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warrens, the master of the Greenland, whaleship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side and within a mile of his vessel, these were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow colored peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warren found, to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warrens from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motioulees.

Capt. Warrens' curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the mainchains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made everything indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls.—He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, and the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—"Nov. 14, 1762.—We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief—"

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was a corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could

be discovered any where; but Capt. Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England, he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and, by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of discovering her among the ice.—*Westminster Review.*

The baptismal admonition of the Hindoos is as impressive as it is beautiful: "Little babe, thou enteredest the world weeping, while all around smiled; contrive so to live, that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

Fuss at Fires-A Good Hit.

An exchange contains the following directions to people who make themselves 'generally useful' at fires.

The moment you hear an alarm, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way except the right way, for the farthest way round is always the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on top of a wood pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view 'break' for it immediately—but be sure you don't jump into a bow window.—Keep yelling all the time; and if you can't make night hideous enough yourself kick all the dogs yon come across, and set them yelling. —'Twill help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a 'powerful auxiliary.' When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or if you can't do that, throw salt on a rat's tail and make him run up. The effect will be about the same. If both be found impracticable, a few buckets of water, judiciously applied, will answer almost as well. Perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump handle and pound down the chimney.—Don't forget to yell all the time as it has a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest and make any man 'smoke' that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow chains. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive and kicking—and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast.—Ditto for the hogs—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it.

When the roof begins to burn, get a crowbar and pry away the stone steps, or if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next cut away the washboards in the basement story—and if that don't stop the flames, let the chair boards on the first floor share a similar fate.—Should the devouring element still pursue the even tenor of its way, you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, tumble out the tumblers. Yell all the time! If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way, but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket.—Then draw out the bureau drawers and empty them out of the back window, telling somebody below to upset the slop barrel and the rainwater hogshead at the same time. Of course you will attend to the mirror.—The farther it can be thrown the more pieces will be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head. Keep yelling! Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story—the fall might break its legs and render the poor thing a cripple for life; set it straddle of your shoulders and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed clothes on the floor, and show the spectators that you can 'beat the bugs' at knocking a beadstead apart and chopping up the pieces. By the time you have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested or the building burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed, and of course you need no further directions.

College Colloquy.—A class which graduated not a thousand years ago, embraced among its members, one Tom Elliot, an incorrigible wag; but who was not known for any particular and pointed attention to his studies. Mathematics was an especial of Tom's disregard; and this caused him an occasional *jeu de 'sprit* with the dry professor of conics. On one occasion, the professor, during the usual recitation, asked Tom to explain the method of ascertaining the horizontal parallax of the sun. Tom replied:

"I don't know."

"But," said the Professor, "suppose you were appointed by the government to ascertain it—what would you do?"

"I'd resign!" gravely responded Tom—amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the Professor actually perpetrated a grin.

An Excellent Story.

We find the following story going the rounds of the press. We must copy it because it is well told—the only thing that takes away from its genuineness is the very *immaterial* fact that Mr. Jenifer does not live on the Eastern Shore, which it is very necessary he should do, in order to make him a party to the story: but no matter for that, it is a very good story and will be laughed at by our Eastern Shore friends the same as if it were true:—

CORWIN VS. JENIFER.—Daring a former session of Congress, Messrs. Corwin of Ohio, and Jenifer of Maryland, were very intimate. The latter, like all Marylanders, believes the "Eastern Shore" is the Paradise of the world, and he was in the habit as often as opportunities offered, of "poking fun" at Corwin about the "Buckeye" and the State of Ohio generally. Corwin bore this persecution patiently for a while, usually, however, returning shot for shot; until one day while dining at the President's Jenifer came down upon him so hard, that Corwin resolved to silence him forever; so rising from his seat, he remarked, that he was not in the vein for story telling, but he would relate an incident that occurred during the early part of his professional career, in a Court House in the interior of the State of Ohio.

He said that the Judge had just taken his seat upon the bench, and a cause was about to be commenced, when a white-haired old gentleman came tottering into the court room, upon a cane in either hand. The old man was a soldier of the revolution, and had come in to procure a lawyer to prepare his papers, that he might get his semi-annual payment. This service was always of course rendered gratis.

The papers, continued Mr. Corwin, were handed over to him, and after asking some of the other necessary questions, he enquired the age of the pensioner.

In a tremulous, shrill voice, the old man answered "F-o-r-t-y f-i-v-e."

"You do not understand me, old gentleman," said Mr. C. "I wish to know how old you are?"

"I am f-o-r-t-y fi-v-e, young sir."

"My dear sir, I do not wish to know how old you were when you left the service or when you entered it—but I want to know how old you are now."

"I told ye, forty-five."

Mr. Corwin then looked up to the Judge, (who was himself getting out of patience,) in despair, and his honor taking the matter in hand, in a peremptory manner remarked to the old gentleman—"The Court cannot be detained in this way—the counsel is endeavoring to render you a gratuitous service, and you must not trifle with his time. Answer his question directly—Now, sir, how old are you?"

"I am forty-five, Judge," again spoke out the old soldier.

"I will not bear this contempt any longer," said the Judge. "If you do not answer the question the next time it is put, you shall be committed, aged as you are. Now, sir, again I ask, how old are you?"

"I am forty-five!" the old man provokingly repeated.

"Mr. Sheriff, take him to jail, the Court will see whether that will do him any good."

The old gentleman was led away, but just as he was going out of the door, he raised up his hand, and partly turning around on his sticks, towards the Court, said:—

"Judge, the first thirty-seven years of my life, I lived on the Eastern shore of Maryland! You surely don't think God will count *them* against me!"

Mr. Jenifer has not been heard to say "Ohio" since.

The greatest of all faults is to believe we have none.

Some reproaches are a commendation, and some praises detraction.

DANDIES OF OLDEN TIMES—*More Polite than at the present day.*—Old fashions they say, come new every seven years; some how or other, knee breeches don't come round any more. They say when Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops of Massachusetts, in 1785, he was dressed in a grey wig, cocked hat, a white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

In 1782, Gov. HANCOCK received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge the edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1773, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet; and in summer, black silk gowns; gentlemen wore coats of every variety of color, generally the cape and collar of velvet of a different color from the coat.

In 1780, Gen. WASHINGTON arrived in New York from Mt. Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, soon after, he wore the old continental uniform, except on the Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

JOHN ADAMS, when Vice President, wore a sword and walked the streets with his hat under his arm. At his levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair was powdered, and gathered behind in a silk bag; yellow gloves; knee and shoe buckles; he held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep with black feathers, a long sword in a white scabbard, with a polished steel hilt hung at his hip.

Chateaubriand says: 'In new colonies the Spaniard, begin by building a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern.'

☞It's all very well to say, 'Know thyself;' but suppose you never found yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction?

A SMART BOY.—'Father, what does the Printer live on?' 'Why child?' 'Because you said you had'nt paid him for four years, and you still take the papers.' 'Wife, spank that child.'

Horn, the New-York punster, challenged a sick man's vote at the recent municipal election, on the ground that he was an *ill-legal voter.*

A JOKE FOR BOOKBINDERS.—A gentleman entered a bookbinder's shop in Dublin, with a valuable work which he said was to be bound in a superior style.

"And how will you have it done?" said the bookbinder, "in Russia?"

"In Russia! Certainly not!" was the reply.

"In Morocco, then?" continued the shopkeeper.

"No! neither in Russia nor Morocco!" rejoined the patriot,—"if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the bookbinder over the way!"

DEFINITION OF NOWHERE.—A place where no Yankee ever has been, and never will be.

A true picture of dispair, is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond its reach.

A bachelor having advertised for a wife to share his lot, an "anxious inquirer" solicited information as to the size of that *lot!*

Let your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: the use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest.—*Steele.*

From the Wild Sports of the West.

THE COLONEL'S STORY—THE NIGHT ATTACK.

'It is thirty five years, this very month since I was quartered with my regiment in ———ford; I recollect the time particularly, for I got my company in the Thirty seventh, on the same day that I received an invitation from Mr. Morden, with whom I had formed a mail coach acquaintance, to spend a week with him and join his nephew in patridge shooting. This gentleman's house was three miles distant from the town, and situated in a very retired part of the country. It was a wild but beautiful residence, placed upon the extremity of a peninsula, which jutted into an extensive lake. To a sportsman it offered

'Mr. Morden was a clever and respectable man; he was land agent to several large estates—noted for plain and unpretended hospitality, punctuality in business, and a character of unusual determination.

'The old gentleman received me with friendly sincerity, and his handsome daughter added a warm welcome. They apologized for not having company to meet me, but 'two families had been detained by some unforeseen occurrences at home. Dinner was shortly after served. Like the host, it was excellent without display—the wines were superior—and when the ladies left us, the claret went round the table merrily.

''We are in trouble here,' said Mr. Morden, addressing me, 'and you have come to a house of mourning. We have just suffered a serious, I may say, irreparable loss, in the sudden death of two favorite dogs. They were of the genuine breed of Newfoundland, and for size, courage, and sagacity, were unequalled. Poor Emily has cried incessantly since the accident.'

''Were they stolen?'

''Oh no! I wish they were, for that would afford a hope that chance or money might recover them. No, sir, they would not follow a stranger; alas! they died yesterday by poison. We unfortunately laid arsenic in a meal loft to destroy rats; and yet, how the poor animals could have got to it is a mystery! the steward declares the key never left his possession I would give a hundred guineas the meal had been in the bottom of the lake. By Jove! no loss short of the death of a friend, could have given us all so much uneasiness. They were my daughter's companions by day and my protectors at night. Heigh, ho! come sir, pass the wine.' Tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes as he spoke of his unhappy favorites, and from the valuable properties of the lost dogs it was not surprising that their death occasioned so much regret to the family.

'We joined the ladies in the drawing room. After tea Mr. Morden took a bedroom candle and apologized for retiring. 'Old habits best suit old people, captain; but I leave you with the ladies who will sit up till cock crow, if you please,' and bidding us a good night he departed.

''Emily,' said young Morden, 'you are still thinking of your favorites: well, I will ride the country over till I find you a handsome dog. Julia, hand me that violin from the piano, and Captain Dwyer will dance a reel with you and Emily.'

''Heavens! who is at the window?' exclaimed Miss Morden, suddenly: 'it looked like that nasty beggarman who has been haunting the house and grounds these three days. Ah, Wolf and Sailor; had you been living, that vagabond would not have ventured here at this late hour.' Henry Morden had left the room on her exclamation, but soon returned assuring the lady that the beggar was a creature of her imagination; he had searched the shrubbery and flower garden, and no mendicant was to be found in either.

'The alarm was speedily forgotten, and we danced reels till supper was announced. The doors were locked, the windows fastened, the ladies wished us good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

'Henry and I remained for some time in the eating room; the clock struck twelve, and young Morden conducted me to my apartment, and took his leave.

'I felt a strange disinclination to going to bed, and would have given anything for a book. For temporary employment I unlocked my gun case, put my fowling piece together, and examined whether my servant had sent all necessary apparatus along with me. I opened the window curtains. The moon—a full, bright harvest moon, was shining gloriously on the lawn and lake; I gazed on the sparkling surface of the waters till I felt the chill of the night breeze; then closing the shutters, reluctantly prepared to undress.

'I had thrown my coat and vest aside, when a distant crash was heard, and a fearful noise with oaths and screams succeeded. I rushed into the corridor, and encountered a terror stricken maid servant running from the extremity of the passage. Miss Morden next appeared; she was in complete dishabille, and had hastily thrown on a dressing-gown 'Good God! Captain Dwyer, what has occurred?' A volley from without prevented my reply, and the crashing of the windows, as the glass was splintered by the bullets, made it unnecessary. 'The house is attacked,' she said, and then with amazing self possession, added, 'there are always loaded guns above the kitchen fireplace.' We both ran down the corridor, she to alarm her father, and I to procure a weapon; young Morden, armed with a sword, met us. 'The attack is upon our kitchen,' he said, hastily, it is our weakest point; this way, captain,' and we both entered it together.

'There was a bright fire burning on the hearth. The large window was shattered to pieces; and the idiot I had noticed on the lawn was standing beside the ruined casement armed with a spit, making momentary passes at the breach and swearing and bellowing frightfully. I leaped upon a table to seize two muskets which were suspended in the place Miss Morden had described. I handed one to Henry, when the fire blazed out suddenly, and discovered me to the banditti without. Instantly three or four shots were discharged. I heard a bullet whistle past my head, and felt something strike my shoulders like a sharp cut from a whip, but having secured the gun I jumped from the table uninjured. We heard Mr. Morden in the passage; his manner was calm and collected as he ordered the servant men to the front of the house, and despatched his daughter for amunition.

'Meanwhile a dropping fire continued from without; from within no shot had been returned, as the robbers sheltered themselves effectually behind the angles of the offices and the piers of the gates. From some hurried words we had overheard, they were arranging a determined attack.

'"They will make a rush immediately," said the elder Morden coolly, 'and here comes Emily in good time; don't come in, love?' and he took some forty or fifty cartridges, which she had brought in the skirt of her dressing gown. Notwithstanding the peril of our situation, I could not but gaze a moment on the white and statue looking limbs of this brave and beautiful girl.

tell John to bring the captain's gun case from his chamber; and do you, Emily, watch from the end window, and if you perceive any movement that side apprize us of it here. Now, my boys, be cool; I'll give my best horse to him who shoots the first man. You have a good supply of amunition, if we could but coax the scoundrels from their shelter, and I'll try a *ruse*.' The old gentleman took the idiot's spit, placed a coat upon it, while Henry and I chose a position at either side of the broken window. Mr. Morden raised the garment to the breach: it was indistinctly seen from without: three bullets perforated it, and it fell. 'He's down, by ——!' roared a robber, exultingly. 'Now Murphy, now's your time; smash in the door with the sledge!' Instantly a huge ruffian sprang from behind a gable; his rush was so sudden that he struck twice with shattering force. We heard the hinges give—we saw the door yielding—and, at that critical moment, young Morden's gun missed fire!

he caught up an axe, and placed himself determinately before the door, which we expected to be momentarily driven in. Murphy perceiving the tremendous effects of his blows called to his comrades to '*be ready*.' He stood about five yards from me; the sledge was raised above his head—that blow would have shivered the door to atoms—I drew the trigger—the charge, a heavy one of duck shot, passed like a six pound bullet through the ruffian's body, and he dropped a dead man upon the threshold. 'Captain Dwyer,' said Mr. Morden calmly, 'the horse is yours!'

'I had now received my own double gun, and gave the musket I had used so successfully to Henry Morden. The death of the ruffian with the sledge brought on a heavy fire from his comrades. Between the volleys they summoned us to surrender, with fearful denunciations of vengeance if we resisted longer. We were within a few yards of each other, and during the intervals of the firing they poured out threats, and we sent back defiance.—'Morden, you old scoundrel!' exclaimed the captain of the gang, 'in five minutes we'll have your heart's blood.'—'No,' was the calm reply, 'I'll live to se you arrayed in cap and halter.'—Surrender, or we'll give no quarter.'—'Cowardly scoundrel! come and try your hand at the sledge!' said the old gentleman, with a cold and sarcastic smile, as he turned his eye on me, where I was watching the door, with the confidence a man feels who has his own trustworthy weapon to depend upon.

'"Morden! we'll burn the house about ye.' 'Will you put the coal in the thatch, Bulger?' 'Morden, you have a daughter!' and the ruffian pronounced a horrid threat. The old man shuddered, then in a low voice tremulous with rage, he muttered—'Bulger, I'll spare five hundred pounds to hang you, and travel five hundred miles to see the sight!'

'"The coal! the coal!' shouted several voices, and unfortunately, the scoundrels had procured one in the laundry. 'By heaven! they will burn us out,' said Henry, in alarm. 'Never fear replied his cooler uncle; 'the firing must have been heard across the lake, and we'll soon have aid sufficient.'—But a circumstance occurred almost miraculously that averted the threatened danger. The moon became suddenly overcast—heavy rain drops fell, and in an instant an overwhelming torrent burst from the clouds, rendering every attempt the robbers made to ignite the thatch abortive. 'Who dare doubt an over ruling Providence?' said the old gentleman with enthusiasm; 'Surely, God is with us!'

'The storm which came to our relief appeared to dispirit our assailants, and their parley recommenced. 'Morden,' said the captain of the banditti, 'you have Lord ——'s rent in the house; give us a thousand pounds and we'll go off and leave you.'

'"All I promise I'll perform,' said the old gentleman, coldly. 'Bulger, for this night's work you have earned a halter, and I'll attend and see you hanged.'—'Dash in the door, exclaimed the robber in a fury; 'we'll have the old rogue's heart out!' A volley of stones rattled against the door, but produced no effect, and again the robber parleyed. 'Will you give us a hundred, Morden?'—'Not a sixpence,' was the laconic answer; once more stones were thrown, shots discharged, and threats of vengeance fulminated by the exasperated villains. At last the demand was reduced to 'twelve guineas, a guinea for each man.'—'They'll be off immediately,' said the old gentleman; 'they know assistance is at hand: would that we could amuse them for a little longer.' But the ruffians were already moving, and Miss Morden presently announced that they were embarking twelve in number in a boat. 'Now for a parting shot or two,' said Henry Morden. We picked up a dozen cartridges, and sallied from the house as the banditti were pulling hard across the lake. We opened a quick and well directed fire, which they feebly and without effect, replied to. While a musket ball would reach them, we plied them liberally with shot; and, as we learned afterward, mortally wounded one man and slightly injured two others. As we returned to the house, we met some fifty countrymen, armed with all sorts of rustic weapons, coming to our relief.—Without a moment's delay we launched boats and set off to scour the country; and at noon so prompt and vigorous had been the pursuit that six of the gang, including the wounded robbers were secured.

'We reached *the Wilderness* completely exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and the fatigue of the preceding night. We refreshed ourselves and went to bed, but previous to returning to my room, I visited the scene of action. Another blow even a very slight one, must have driven in the door; and in the rush of twelve desperate ruffians the chances would have been fearfully against us. Murphy lay upon his back; he was a disgusting object. The charge of heavy shot made as large a wound as a cannon bullet would occasion. He was the strongest brute I ever saw; not more than five feet eight

inches in height, but his limbs, body, and arms were a giant's; he was a blacksmith,—a man of infamous character, and of a most sanguinary disposition.

'Our escape from robbery was fortunate indeed; Mr. Morden had seven thousand pounds that night in the lodge, for he had just received the rents of two estates. It was almost entirely paid in specie. This was of course known, and two desperate bands, who had kept the adjoining counties in alarm since the rebellion was suppressed, united, for the purpose of robbing 'the Wilderness,' and securing the immense booty.

'The body of the smith was sent away—and having brought the battle to a close, I shall explain some matters connected with this daring outrage.

'A man named Mitchell originated the intended robbery, and arranged the method of attack. He was a slight, low sized person, but his activity was amazing, and no attempt was too hazardous for his desperate courage to undertake. On the morning of his execution—(he with the three others, was hanged at the subsequent assizes)—he gave us a cool detail of his plans.

'The dogs were to be destroyed, and the premises reconnoitred. In the disguise of a beggar he effected both; laid meat, prepared with arsenic, for the poor animals; then made his way into the kitchen, and ascertained that the fastenings of the back door were defective. He purposed surprising the family at supper, or forcing an entrance when they were asleep. The first attempt he made at the drawing room, but quickly perceiving that he had been observed by Miss Morden he retired hastily. A council was held by the robbers, and it was fortunately determined to postpone the attack until the family had gone to rest.

'Nothing could be bolder or more likely to succeed, than Mitchell's desperate resolution. It was to leap feet foremost through the window, armed with a dagger, and open the back door for his associates. He made the attempt, and providential circumstances alone prevented its being successful. That very morning, a small iron bar had been placed across the window, it caught the robber in his leap, threw him back with violence, and the noise, attended with the outcry of the idiot, alarmed the family instantly.

'Circumstances, they say, will often make men courageous. In this case it had the same effect on two beings of a very different description—a lovely girl and an idiot boy.—Mrs Morden throughout the trying scene displayed the coolest courage—and the poor simpleton, who commonly would avoid the appearance of a gun, armed with his spit defended the breach like a hero.

'I was on parade some mornings after I rejoined the regiment, when a horse, splendidly accoutred with a superb tiger skin, holsters, saddle, and every housing fit for a field officer, was led into the barrack yard by a groom. The animal was a perfect picture of symmetry and strength; a dark chesnut, sixteen hands high, and worth at least two hundred guineas. The groom presented me a letter,—it was from Mr. Morden—the horse was a present.

'Emily and her cousin married most happily, and we have often met since. They treat me as sisters would a brother, and we frequently talk of the night attack upon 'the Wilderness.'

'Three years passed away; the gang had been incessantly followed by Mr. Morden, and were extirpated, with the solitary exception of Captain Bulger. Dreading the sleepless vengence of that determined old man, this ruffian fled the country, and established himself in a disaffected district of the South.

'In the interim I got a majority in the Seventieth,' then quartered in Cork. Soon after I joined I happened to be field officer of the day on which a notorious criminal was doomed to suffer. The regiment had given a guard, and curiosity induced me to attend the execution.

'I entered the press room. In a few minutes the malefactor appeared in white grave clothes, attended by two priests. It was 'mine ancient enemy,' Bulger! Suddenly the sheriff was called out, and after a short absence returned, accompanied by a plain vigorous country gentleman, enveloped in a huge driving coat, and apparently like one who had travelled a considerable distance.

'I looked at the criminal; he was the ruin of a powerful man, and the worst visaged scoundrel imaginable. He was perfectly unmoved, and preserved a callous sort of *haediesse*, and as the priests hurried over their Latin prayers, made a careless response whenever they directed him. The door leading to the drop was open; the felon looked out upon the crowd most earnestly.—*He is not there*,' he murmured;' *'he caused my apprehension, but he will not see me die!'* and added, with a grim smile—'*Morden you neither kept your word nor proved your prophesy!*'—The muffled stranger stood suddenly forward—'*I am here. Bulger! I paid for your apprehension, and have come some hundred miles to witness your execution.*'

''Morden!' said the dying felon, solemnly, 'if a ghost can come back again. *I'll visit you!*'

'The person addressed smiled coldly.—'I found you unable to execute your threats while living, and, believe me, I apprehend nothing from you when dead.'

'The clock struck—the sheriff gave the signal—Bulger advanced to the scaffold—the drop fell—and in two minutes he was a corpse.'

For the Journal of Commerce.

CHURCHYARD RECOLLECTIONS.

I sat beside the graves of those
Who once were friends,—dear, dear old friends,—
And from their tombs a voice arose
That bows my soul, my spirit bends.

No words were said, no voice was heard,
And yet with friends by-gone I held
Communion, such as none may hold
Save those who've lost friends loved as well.

And is this all to us that's left?
The grassy mound, the speaking stone,
To tell of those of whom bereft,
Of those who've left us all alone?

As Angels, do they not forget,
Amid the joys of heaven above,
Those whom they left with fond regret?
Ah! can they ever cease to love.

Forget? Oh no, they never can;
Although the body coldly lies,
Memory can live beyond the grave,
And love rejoins it in the skies

T. T.

I WAS A PEASANT BORN.

"BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW."

BY C. SUYDAM VANDERHOFF.

Boast not of to-morrow, remember, to-day
Is the time for poor mortals to love and obey;
To-morrow the sun may illumine the dew,
But its light and its warmth bring not comfort to you.

Boast not of to-morrow; the leaf on the bough
Is a thing not more tender and fragile than thou;
Every breath that you draw. and every moment that flies,
Are mercies direct from the throne in the skies.

Boast not of to-morrow; the sun may go down
On a king with his sceptre and cohorts and crown,
But the light of the morning may find him alone,
A monarch bereft of his subjects and throne.

Boast not of to-morrow; to-day you have health;
The smiles of affection, and friendship and wealth,
But the wave of to-morrow may bear them away
From a heart left in sadness to weep and to pray.

Boast not of to-morrow; though poor you may be,
To-day has its smiles and its comforts for thee;
Then sigh not for riches too often they bring
With their sweets and their pleasnres a poison and sting.

Boast not of to-morrow; remember, to-day
Is the time for poor mortals to love and obey;
To-morrow the sun may illumine the dew,
But its light and its warmth bring not comfort to you.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

From Harper's Magazine, November No.

It was two hours after midnight. There was a moment of dreadful suspense and of perfect silence. All three stood at the window, looking out into the rayless night.

Suddenly through the still air the ponderous tones of the alarm-bell fell upon the ear, and rolled the knell of death over the city. Its vibration awakened the demon in ten thousand hearts. It was the morning of the Sabbath, August 24, 1572—the anniversary of a festival consecrated by the Church to the memory of St. Bartholomew.

The first stroke of the bell had not ceased to vibrate upon the ear when the uproar of the carnage commenced. The sound, which seemed to rouse Catharine to frenzy, almost froze the blood of the young monarch. Trembling in every nerve, he shouted for the massacre to be stopped.

It was too late. The train was fired. Beacon-fires and alarm-bells sent the signal, with the rapidity of light and of sound, through entire France. The awful roar of human passion, the cracking of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and of the dying blended in appalling tumult throughout the whole metropolis.

Old men, terrified maidens, helpless infants, venerable matrons were alike smitten down mercilessly, to the fanatic cry, "*Vive Die et le Rio!*" —"Live God and the King!"

Coligni, faint and wounded, was lying upon his bed, surrounded by a few faithful friends, as the demoniac clamor rolled in upon their ears. The Duke of Guise, with three hundred followers, hastened to the lodgings of the Admiral, stabbed the sentinels, and dashed down the gates.

A wounded servant rushed to the chamber, exclaiming, "The house is forced, and there is no means of resisting."

"I have long," said the heroic Admiral to his friends, "prepared myself to die. Save yourselves. You can not defend me. I commend my soul to God."

The murderers were now rushing up the stairs. They pursued, shot, stabbed, and cut down the flying friends of Coligni. The Admiral thus for a moment left alone, rose from his bed, and being unable to stand, leaned against the wall, and in fervent prayer surrendered himself to the will of God. The assassins burst into the room. They saw a venerable man in his night-robe, with bandaged wounds, engaged in his devotions.

"Art thou the Admiral?" demanded one with brandished sword.

"I am," replied Coligni; and thou, young man, shouldest respect my gray hairs. Nevertheless, thou canst abridge my life but a little."

The wretch plunged his sword into the bosom of Coligni, and then, withdrawing it dripping with blood cut him down. The Admiral fell, calmly saying,

"If I could but die by the hand of a gentleman, instead of by the hand of such a knave as this!"

The rest of the assassins immediately fell upon him, each emulous to bury his dagger in the bosom of his victim.

The Duke of Guise, ashamed, as an assassin, to meet the eye of the noble Coligni, whom he had often met in friendly intercourse, remained impatiently in the court-yard below.

"Breme," he shouted to one of his followers, looking up at the window, "have you done it?"

"Yes," exclaimed Breme, "he is done for."

"Let us see, though," replied the Duke.—"Throw him out of the window."

The mangled corpse fell upon the pavement. The Duke wiped the blood from his face and carefully scrutinized the features.

"It is he," said he, "I recognize the man." Then ed; and struggles of desperate violence were witnessed, as the murderers attempted to throw their bleeding, dying victims from windows and attics upon the pavements.

The shouts of the assailants, the shrieks of the wounded, as blow after blow fell upon them, the incessant reports of muskets, and of pistols, the tramp of soldiers, and the peals of the alarm-bell, all combined to create a scene of terror such as human eyes have seldom witnessed.

In the midst of ten thousand perils the young man crept along, protected by his priestly garb, while he frequently saw his fellow-Christians shot and stabbed at his side. In turning a corner he fell into the midst of a band of the body-guard of the King. They seized him roughly, but seeing the prayer-book, they regarded it as a passport, and permitted him to go on. Twice again he was seized, and each time extricated in the same way.

At length he arrived at the College. It was a Catholic college. The porter knew him, and refused him admittance. The murderers began to multiply around him, and to assail him with fierce questions. By means of a bible he at length got a message to the president of the college, who, an enlightened and a humane man, was exceedingly attached to his Protestant pupil. He received Maximilian kindly. Two priests in the room with the president insisted upon immediately cutting Maximilian down, declaring that the King had commanded that not a single Protestant should be spared—not even the infant at the breast. The good old man, however, firmly protected his young friend, and conducting him to a private chamber for refuge, locked him up. Here Maximilian remained three days, apprehensive every hour that the assassins would break in upon him. He was thus saved, and afterward, as a Duke of Sully, became one of the most illustrious ministers of whom any government can boast.

While these scenes were transpiring a body of soldiers entered the chamber of Henry of Navarre, and conveyed him to the presence of the King. The imbecile monarch, with blasphemous oaths, and a countenance inflamed with fury ordered him to abandon Protestantism, or prepare to die. Charles allowed Henry three days to decide, declaring that if at the end of that time he did not accept the Catholic faith he should be strangled.

Henry, to save his life, ingloriously yielded; and even carried his compliance so far as to send an edict to his own dominions, prohibiting the exercise of any religion excepting that of Rome.

When the darkness of the night had passed away, and the morning of Sabbath dawned upon Paris, a spectacle was witnessed such as even that blood-renowned metropolis has seldom presented. The city still resounded with tumult. The pavemen s were gory and covered with the dead. Men, women, and children were still flying in every direction, wounded and bleeding, pursued by merciless assassins, rioteus with demoniac laughter, and drunk with blood. The reports of guns and pistols, and of continued volleys of musketry from all parts of the city, proved the universality of the massacre. Miserable wretches smeared with blood, swaggered along with ribald jests and fiend like howlings, hunting for the Protestants. Bodies torn and gory were hanging from the windows; and diservered heads were spurned like foot-balls along the pavements. Priests in sacerdotal robes, and with elevated crucifixes, urged their emissaries not to grow weary in the work of exterminating God's enemies. The most distinguished nobles of the court and of the camp rode through the streets with gorgeous retinue encouraging the massacre.

"Let not," the King proclaimed, "one single Protestant be spared to reproach me hereafter

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