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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

From the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A REQUEST.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Sweet mother, I am weary—
My pulse throbs strangely wild;
And voices from the distant sky
Are calling for thy child.

Then lay upon thy bosom,
Mother, my aching head,
And kiss me, ere you close my eyes
And count me with the dead.

I have never looked thro' clouds, mother,
The glorious goal to win.
For, neath the starry sky of love
My path has ever been.
And I have thought it hard, mother,
When bliss so great was mine,
To lay my budding, beauteous hopes
Upon death's icy shrine.

And yet, though tears are flowing fast,
I do not fear to die,
For there is waiting near me now,
A seraph from the sky;
Waiting to take your child, mother,
From out your close embrace,
When death upon her lips and brow
Shall leave its mystic trace.

And mother, when my heart is still,
Then lay me down to rest,
With the emblems of my faded youth
Withering on my breast.
And when the twilight kisses
The dew-drops where I sleep,
O, mother! near your darling
A sacred presence keep.

Now fold me closer, mother,
And kiss me once again.
For love, with magic power,
Will soothe away my pain.
There is a glorious brightness
Unfolding o'er me now,
And lips of airy brightness
Are pressed upon my brow.

The air seems hallowed with the breath
Of heaven's minstrelsy,
And voices whisper me to come,
In tones of melody,
So kiss me, mother, as I pass
From out the parent nest,
And place me in my bridal robes,
And lay me down to rest.

For the Beaver Argus.

COUSIN BECK.

BY LYDIA M. BENO.

"That heart methinks
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherished print,
Of earlier, happier hours."—Hillhouse.

Best Cousin Beck in all the world,—today in wandering through the fragrant fields and woods, I plucked a wild primrose, and folding back its delicate petals, gazed down into its heart. What saw I there, cousin mine?—pistils and stamens, of course, but more, far more. I saw the green and sunny leaves of childhood stretching backward to the past. I saw you and myself, when fewer yards of calico sufficed to make our dresses, and on the flower-crowned hills the tread of our little feet were fresh as though we had been there but yesterday. Long I sat on the green bank and gazed into the primrose. A magic mirror it was to me; and one moment I laughed, and the next wept, at the pictures it revealed. I saw the sunny hill where we went to gather raspberries, and found wild lillies instead. They must have been the first we had seen, for we were fully prepared to coincide with the Scriptural belief that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I saw too the stream where the calamus and blue flags grew. Not as it is now, but just as it was before utilitarianism had frightened the poor little minnows away, and made dusty roads through cool green places that were sacred to the memory of childhood. And, oh, Beck, laugh with me, I saw the very spot in the meadow where we sat and tied grass, and came to the *wise* conclusion that we had studied everything that need be studied except Metaphysics—of which science our combined wisdom could not even arrive at a knowledge of the definition of the word. We are not *quite* so learned in our own estimation now, Beck; but surely we have learned some lessons in life's lore that would have been Greek to us then.

Gazing deeper and more steadily into my primrose mirror, I wept silently, for I saw so many short, green graves scattered here and there all along the pathway, and Memory told me of every little pale-faced slumberer therein, and I thought of the long days in summer time when your youngest darling brother closed his brown eyes wearily, and was with us no more; and when the days grew shorter, and the flowers drooped, the light in my little sister's heaven-blue eyes faded, and a cold shadow chilled her warm child-heart. How bitterly we wept, Beck, as we left them asleep under the wild flowers, and clasping hands went on without them. Happy, thrice happy children, God's eternal peace forever with them—more blessed they than we. Childhood, with its April tears, and careless joys, is over for us cousin Beck. School days, and school lessons are over too, but do you remember the last school we attended together, and do you know that

'The grass grows green o'er the master's grave.'

Aye, Beck you know it, and you know sadly too, that close beside your little brother a longer and wider grave has been made, whose newly cast shadow yet lingers in your heart, and now when you speak the dear name of her whom you once called mother, 'tis low and reverently, as though it were too holy to be breathed aloud. Thus it is Beck, Life's shores are ever crumbling, and the channel of the deep, dark River growing wider and wider must one day wash away the bank where we're all standing. But what matters it. There are clouds here,—clouds and darkness that we cannot see through, and if we only pass

'Out of the shadow into the sun,'

surely Beck, we both know 'tis well—eternally well.

ROCHESTER, PA.

For the Beaver Argus.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31st.

Messrs Editors:—After leaving Rochester *en route* for Boston, (at which place the Dental Profession meets in Convention on Tuesday August 4th,) while in Pittsburgh I decided upon taking the Northern route, by way of Cleveland and Buffalo, with the view to a trip down the St. Lawrence; but on hastening to the depot discovered I was just in time to be *too late*, as the cars had left the station; so, without 'rounding to,' I 'faced about,' 'spread sail,' hoping to 'bail' the first train on the central route, where I embarked and 'set sail' at half past 9 o'clock, July 28th.

You need not marvel at my idea of sailing, for if we were gliding upon the *iron rail* instead of tossed on tempestuous billows, we had an abundance of water, in the form of *drenching rains*, from the time we left Pittsburgh,—gradually increasing until we reached Philadelphia, where it was pouring a perfect torrent, so effectually flooding and washing the streets, that the 'sweepers' will necessarily be out of employment for some considerable time.

All along the road are the evidences of an abundant harvest; crops of every kind are in profusion; the Wheat, Rye and Barley, east of Harrisburg, are safe in barns and stack. Truly, "abundance crowns the year"

It is unnecessary to speak of the romance and picturesque grandeur of this route, as any attempt of mine must be stale and uninteresting, in view of the life like portraits drawn by more artistic hands, but a few reflections crossed my mind while passing through the many thousands of acres of uncultivated lands which lie between Pittsburgh and Harrisburgh, all abounding in minerals, timber, and agricultural advantages, which if improved, would in two hundred acres not only afford a comfortable subsistence to its possessors, but in many instances make them wealthy. For, from the nature and position of our mountains and hills, our valleys with proper cultivation must be getting better, becoming more productive, for the decomposing matter of peaks and mountains, together with those mineral and chemical components so essential to the growth of vegetation, will, by natural process, be constantly flowing down, enriching and fertilizing the soil, an advantage those level and now fertile plains of the West can never possess. Indeed, I apprehend the time when those rich lands *now* so much sought after may become wasted of all their chemical constituents requisite to vegetable life, by their over-taxed excessive growth, and enormous exports to our eastern States, to feed the nations, and enrich our people; so that the time may yet come when the now luxuriant prairie, decked with flowers, or waiving corn, may be comparatively a barren waste, while our mountains and valleys which are now passed by with indifference; may become the chief dependence for fuel and for food.

And in that event, what equal extent of territory will compare with Pennsylvania? Where can her coal fields be equalled, or her forests of choice timber, and her agricultural advantages be surpassed? The more I see and reflect upon her inexhaustible resources of natural wealth, the more I admire, and feel like saying to all her inhabitants—be proud of the 'Keystone State,' be loyal to her, for truly there is none like unto her.'

I will leave for New York this evening, by way of Bristol, and thence to Boston.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3d.

I left Philadelphia at 3 o'clock, P. M. on board one of the beautiful packets that run up the Delaware, where my fancy feasted on the beautiful and magnificent residences, tastefully decorated with shrubbery and every variety of ornamental trees, giving to each an appearance of comfort, combined with elegance.

Burlington is one of the most cooling and refreshing towns I ever saw. It might truly be called a 'Forest city.' Its streets are wide and regular, and decorated with large sycamore and other ornamental trees, with a dense foliage which must make it refreshing to its inhabitants, these hot days with the mercury at 90°, and an upward tendency. Arrived in Bristol at 5 P. M. and after enjoying a social greeting with friends, left for the 'Empire City,' crossed the Delaware at Trenton, passing along the banks of the Delaware and the Raritan Canal, through a low level country, miles of which as you approach New York, are covered with a growth of coarse, luxuriant grass, arriving in New York at 2½ o'clock. On Saturday night I visited Barnum's Museum, but one evening affords but a superficial glance of all that *world* of curiosities, which would require days of examination for any descriptive account.

Yesterday was a 'Sunday in New York,' some observations of which I may give you in my next. Yours, &c.

T. J. CHANDLER.

A Clerical Horse Jockey.—A few days since a minister in Seneca Falls, N. Y. hired a livery horse and wagon to go on a journey. He was absent two days, swapped horses six times, and came back to the stable with the same horse he took out, having made $100 by his operations.

THE LEAVENWORTH TRAGEDY.

We find in the Kansas correspondence of the Boston *Journal* a very long and interesting account of the lynchings at Leavenworth, containing many new facts, and much elaboration of detail. The following account of the speech of Judge Lecompte, before the first execution, is graphic:

After dinner the inflammatory feeling still prevailed, and the crowds increased in size. Judge Lecompte finally appeared upon the balcony of one of the hotels, and addressed the people, endeavoring to dissuade them from violence. Several hundred persons were assembled for a few minutes, and his presence and remarks but added fuel to the flame.

He finally left the citizens to God's name to reflect upon what they proposed to do, and leave the prisoners to be punished in the regular way—through the courts of justice.

A dozen voices responded that there was no legal justice in Kansas—that the courts were a farce—and that no man had ever been punished here for murder.

Judge Lecompte admitted that no murderer had been convicted, but it was not his fault There was no man who loved justice and hated crime more than he—no one who was more anxious to see the guilty punished. (This remark brought out hoots and sneers from every portion of the crowd.) The trials for capital offences in Kansas had hitherto been in connection with political affairs, in which party feeling was involved. But this was not such a case.—The prisoners could be put in the hands of the U. S. Marshal and safely kept. If they were guilty they were the proper parties to be made an example of, and would be punished. If they were not guilty they ought not to suffer. This was the course provided for by the Constitution and Laws of our country, and he trusted that every good citizen would use his influence to let the law take its course.

A Voice—We don't want any more Fugit trials!

Another voice—A prisoner got clear here the other day by paying $3.

Judge Lecompte—Every man of you who aids in the commission of violence, breaks the laws of the land. You will be liable, under the laws of the United States, to indictment for murder.

A voice—Indict and be d——d, then!

By this time the excitement became uncontrolable. Those who favored lynching began to see their strength, and were so exasperated at reproof from "Jeffries Lecompte," that very bitter language was used towards him, and a grand rush was made for the jail.

Within ten minutes two thousand men and boys had gathered around the jail, which is a small stone building, with very strong doors of wood and iron At a short distance from the crowd many women also were lookers on.

Judge Lecompte again attempted to speak, but a perfect tumult of shouts prevented him. Some declared that he had ruled and wronged peaceable citizens too long already. Others said that unless he refrained from speaking, an example would be made of *him*. The Judge very wisely withdrew.

Another speaker sprang upon some elevated object, and urged that no violence should be used. He commanded the peace. He announced that he was the U. S. Marshall, when *his* voice was instantly drowned by such cries as "Down with him."—"He's the greatest scoundrel in the Territory." "Let's hang *him*, he deserves it," etc. The Marshal was greatly frightened, and with good reason. He turned pale, his voice grew husky, and he also disappeared in the crowd.

Clarkson, the postmaster here, and a certain Judge Wood, of Lecompton, both attempted to speak, but were dissuaded by their friends. They are all said to be notorious border ruffians, and very obnoxious to Free State men. The crowd was in such an exasperated condition that a few words from any energetic person would have caused their lives to pay the forfeit, had they presisted in speaking.

It appears that Quales is a native of South Carolina, Pickens district, and Bays of Pointsville, Johnson county, Kentucky. The latter kept a drinking shop in Leavenworth. Both were hardened wretches.—Knighten, who was first arrested, and confessed the whole conspiracy, is a native of Clay county, Indiana, and only 21 years old.

Woods, who appears to have been chief of the gang, was a native of Tennessee.—The counterfeit money was all obtained from him, and he seems to have grown quite rich by robbery and other crimes. These men belong to the swarm of ruffians who have so long terrorized over the Free State men at Leavenworth.

P. S.—It appears that after the men Woods and Knighton had passed from the hands of the citizens of Leavenworth into the custody of the Sheriff, on Sunday night last, a portion of the crowd were determined to gain possession of them for the purpose of lynching. On Monday morning application was made to have them secured at the Fort, which was refused, and they were accordingly locked up in a temporary calaboose at Leavenworth, having the Sheriff and his posse for a guard. The building was a small one, and an upper room was converted into a prison, which was ascended by a flight of rickety wooden stairs. A large company—numbering four or five hundred—consisting principally of Germans, surrounded this building on Monday, and demanded the prisoners of the Sheriff. The demand was refused, and the stairs being narrow and dangerous, they were kept at bay until dark on Monday night, when most of them left the locality.

The Sheriff fearing a recurrence of the scene on Tuesday, disguised the prisoners and took them out. They were marched to the river where the steamer Morning Star had laid up for the night. The yawl of the boat was cut loose and into it the prisoners were placed, and in a short time landed them in Delaware City, where they are now secured under safe keeping. On the following day the Morning Star rounded to and took possession of her yawl.

A GREAT WINDFALL.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Clipper*, from Prince George's County, Md., under date of July 2[illegible] sends the following singular communication. It looks like a hoax, for if the contents was silver, the chest weighed 5,625 lbs, and gold 450 lbs; either would have been a smart haul. But strange things happen now-a-days, and that [illegible] for such things. Here is an extract:

"While [illegible] was hauling a seine, a few days ago, [illegible]'s Landing on the Patuxent river, in Prince George's county of this State, he drew up a chest containing *ninety thousand dollars*, and a small package. The chest was perfectly water tight, and though the package was very mouldy; yet the name of GENERAL WASHINGTON could be easily distinguished in the superscription. Upon opening the package was found a letter to the then Prime Minister of England, Wm. Pitt

The substance of the letter is:—Mr. Pitt says that after he had denounced in the boldest terms, the injustice of this country in imposing taxes on the Colonies, and also the injustice of the war in the House of Commons, he was met, whilst retiring from the House, by a private person, who offered him $60,000 for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the war, on the part of the Colonies. This he accepted, and to which he added $30,000 from his own pocket. He closes by a very eloquent eulogy upon the course of Gen. Washington.

The letter was entrusted to one Captain Taylor for delivery. How, or why, the chest came to where it was is a profound mystery.

The question now arises,—What is to be done with the money? Whether Mr. Johnson is to retain it, or is it to be divided to the nearest relatives of Gen. Washington, or appropriated to the use of the Government? Will some person well skilled in legal knowledge, please inform us through your columns."

Jury Trials in Scotland.—The Scottish system of jury trials differs very materially from the practice in either the American or the English courts. In Scotland a majority of the jury can award a verdict, and they are not required to return a verdict of either guilty or not guilty or not guilty. They can return a verdict of "not proven." It appears to us, (although fully aware that very good arguments can be adduced in favor of the American system,) a change to the Scottish system, at least so far as the power of rendering a verdict is "not proven" is concerned, would be beneficial. It would give the power of rendering a verdict in exact accordance with the testimony, and in case additional testimony could afterwards be produced, the accused could be tried, the established plea of "once in jeopardy" not serving him in this case At present, however strong the grounds of suspicion, if the evidence is not so conclusive as to warrant a verdict of guilty, the accused must be dismissed with a verdict of *not* guilty, though every one may be of opinion that the likelihood is the other way. A verdict of not proven would exactly meet such a case. We should at least like to see this subject agitated, so as to bring out discussion upon the points involved. It strikes us favorably.

Southern Presbyterians.—The Washington *Star* says: "St. Louis. Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., all cities in slaveholding States, will not be represented in the Presbyterian Convention called by the Seceders from the General Assembly to meet in Richmond.

The Presbyteries of Clinton, Miss., Union, Holston, Kingston, Tenn., the District of Columbia, Wilmington, Del., St. Louis, Mo., are either for independency, or for going to the Old School, or for non-action, but almost wholly against the project of a new sectional Assembly. Politics in religious bodies do not meet with favor in this part of the country, and so strong is the Southern opposition to the Richmond meeting that many will be glad to have it abandoned altogether."

The Mormons Moving.—The Boston *Journal* has a letter from a correspondent at Leavenworth, Kansas, giving an account of the arrival at that place of a party of one hundred Mormons, who had fled from the tyrany of Brigham Young, and the degradations of Mormonism at Salt Lake. These people report that nearly a thousand of the "Saints" were preparing to leave Salt Lake when they took their departure, and that four hundred had started for Oregon and the States. These deserters from Mormonism are unsparing in denunciations of its foulness, and report much dissatisfaction in Utah. They also say that there is danger of another famine in Salt Lake Valley, in consequence of the ravages of worms among the wheat. The Mormons are under thorough military discipline, preparing for a conflict with the United States troops.

Kentucky Legislature.—The Louisville *Courier* says that there will probably be a tie in the State Senate. Of the old members of the Senate holding over, 13 are Know Nothing, and 6 are Democrats. Of the new members elected, 13 are Democrats and 5 Know Nothings, with one district (the Fleming) to hear from, in which, we fear, Wat Andrews is elected by close vote.

In case he is elected, the Senate will be a tie, and, as Lieut. Gov. Hardy's death leaves that body without a presiding officer, one will have to be chosen, which in the present condition of affairs, may prove a tedious operation

From the London Times, 29th.

NEWS FROM INDIA AND CHINA

The mail which left Bombay on the 1st of this month, sixteen days after the previous departure, may be considered to report affairs unchanged as they could be in that interval. The mutiny had continued to spread in the Bengal army, which was to be foreseen; but it had evidently not exceeded its original bounds. Delhi had not been captured, but the insurgents had betrayed the weakness of their position by some considerable sorties, and their own want of courage, discipline or generalship by being beaten with great slaughter.

So far as regards the beseigers and besieged, time would be in favor of the former. The peaceful and industrious population of Bengal properly watch the struggle as much as we do, only having much more to lose, and much less to do. However, as a measure of precaution, the native regiments at Calcutta and Barrackpore had been quietly disarmed. At Madras there was an uneasy feeling, but neither there nor at Bombay was there the slightest sign of disaffection. Nothing is reported of the Punjaub. Here, then it is evident that the mutiny is confined to the north west Provinces, far in the interior, and surrounded by a circle of order and loyalty.

On every side our basis of operations is undisturbed, and, at the very worst, it is now little more than one of those local wars with a State or confederacy, such as we have had a dozen times over since the beginning of the century. We have no wish whatever to make the best of the news, but it certainly would cost a little violence to torture more out of it. The worst is told when it is stated that Delhi was still in the hands of the insurgents; but when we know that Gen. Barnard has only three or four thousand Europeans, while the insurgents were much more numerous, and, in addition to a fanatical population, better provided with artillery and ammunition, we can make allowance for the policy of not bringing the struggle to an immediate issue within the ramparts and streets of the city.

The news from China would be very important, if any news could now be important, which did not bear directly on the struggle going on under the walls of Delhi. But here, as in India, the progess of affairs has been much what might have been anticipated. The Chinese fight with increasing pertinacity and discipline, and show themselves not only better soldiers than in the last war, but even more successful.

In two engagements they killed and wounded altogether 83 of our men. They have not, however been able to avert the total destruction of their fleet. Our flotilla of gunboats having done this service, will now be able to visit all the river forts and show themselves at Canton without interruption. As the city is thus actually in power, there seems no substantial reason why mere proof of this should not obtain for us all the objects of this expedition, without further bloodshed or military operations.

Slavery in Minnesota.—The St. Paul *Times* says it is a notorious fact that negro slaves in a considerable number are now owned and worked in Minnesota. A man, and a man of means, too, holds his gangs of slaves over the Minnesota river, which he works upon his farm in open hostilities to public sentiment, but in beautiful harmony with the Dred Scott decision. Men have passed through our city with their slaves several times during the winter, and less than four weeks ago a Southern gentleman took rooms at one of our first class hotels, registering his name as "——— and servants." He had five of the animals. The St. Louis boats have repeatedly and frequently been manned in part by slaves from the St. Louis market, and some such lie at our levee almost every day. And it is generally reported—we know not how truly—that a slave is being held in Stillwater, and will continue to be held in defiance of the Minnesota law, for the avowed purpose of provoking another Dred Scott decision from the five immortal slave-holders of the Supreme Bench.

Death of a Heroine.—The St. Joseph, Mo., *Gazette* announces the death of Madame Cicile Roy, the widow of John Baptiste Roy of St. Joseph. At the time of her death she was seventy years of age.

Her history is intimately connected with that of Missouri. During the war of 1812 her husband and herself made a noble resistance to the attack of the Indians against a block house occupied by them at Cote sans Dessein, in Callaway county. A large number of the Indians attacked them.

Three times were they repulsed, Roy and his wife keeping up an incessant fire on them. Madame Roy not only loaded the guns used for their defence by Roy, but she used the rifle herself, and the Indians, when they did retreat, left thirteen of their warriors dead within the stockade of the Fort.

Gentlemanly Ladies.—In a New England Railroad car recently the seats were all full, except one which was occupied by a rough looking Irishman—and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into a back car—when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure.

'But you will have no seat for yourself,' responded one of the young ladies with a smile—hesitating with true politeness as to accepting it.

'Niver ye mind that!' said the hibernian, 'ye're welcome to't! I'd ride upon the cow catch till New York, at any time, for a smile from two such jintlemanly ladies!' and retreated hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of those who had witnessed the incident.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb;
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out,
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons,
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow,
Who could win and fool you all.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette

LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

Editors Gazette.—The public buildings in the city of Cork do not attract much attention. Queen's College is a somewhat imposing edifice, situated on the high bank overlooking the Lee, and it contains a very respectable library and cabinet. In the latter, I noticed a fine frame of the Irish Elk—an animal now extinct. The church of St Finbar, said to have been founded in the Seventh century—but rebuilt, containing only the arch of the old doorway—is always visited by the tourist. In the graveyard of a Catholic church not far from the ruins of the old abbey, I noticed an inscription, stating that the deceased by his benevolence had made "Heaven a debtor." The steeple of the church of St Anne, contains the celebrated bells, known as the 'bells of Shandon,' and sung of by Mahoney in those verses containing this stanza:

"On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

To me, however, there was nothing peculiarly musical in their tones.

A singular geological arrangement is seen here. On one side of the narrow stream the rock is a red sandstone, and on the other is limestone, and this order, I am told is invariable all along the stream. Along the banks of the river has been constructed a dyke, called the Mordyke, which is now the fashionable promenade in the summer evenings. With its trees and shrubs, it is an inviting place.

The vicinity of Cork contains a number of places of interest. The harbor, formerly called the Cove, but now dignified by the name of Queenstown, well repays the traveller for the time and labor of a visit. The town is small and has no special objects of interest, but the view of the harbor is very fine. At the entrance of the Bay, Spike Island stretches across nearly from point to point so as to protect the harbor from storms and also making it exceedingly safe against a hostile fleet. The bay is so large that a very large navy can find ample shelter, and it is said the entire navy of Great Britain might ride here in safety. It was into this bay that the Atlantic put back for repairs when such intense anxiety was felt for her safety. A little arm of this bay is also pointed out where Drake escaped the pursuit of the Spanish fleet.

A number of small islands add to the beauty of the harbor, while the frowning forts, of which there are a number, admonish a foe of the danger of an attack. For several miles around I noticed a number of small towers, of round form, called Martello towers, and which I was informed were built during the time that a French invasion was feared. Farther down is the place where in 1796 a French fleet was collected by the ill-fated Hoche, for the purpose of entering the bay and attacking the city; but a terrible storm, as in the case of the armada, scattered the vessels and saved the country. These storms, occurring as they did at such critical junctures, seem like a special interposition of Providence to prevent the disasters which must have accrued to the leading Protestant nation of the world

Nor is the scene of beauty confined to the harbor. Along the river, through its whole course of thirteen miles, fine cottages, cultivated grounds, castles and towers, add variety and interest to the view. Among other objects, a tower to Father Matthew, the apostle of Temperance, stands conspicuous. This was the grand theatre of his life and labors Here he toiled to reform the masses of his countrymen; and though a Catholic, I find that he commanded the esteem and affection of the whole community.—Many who were reformed through his instrumentality have returned to their cups again, but many still stand firm, as I had evidence at many places, to the pledge which they took at his hands.

One of the suburbs of Cork, which the stranger must not fail to visit, is the celebrated tower of Blarney, in which is the famous Blarney stone. Adjacent to this are the groves of Blarney, really beautiful, but not so exceedingly so as they are represented in song. The tower stands in a finely arranged estate, and at the base of its crumbling walls a little stream flows over an artificial rocky bed. The tower was very large and strong, and is ascended by a spiral stone stairway. The roof is broken up over most of the rooms, and ivy has climed over the cold, bare walls. But around the top a narrow pathway still remains, over which we carefully stepped to see the famous stone which confers such wondrous powers of eloquence. There is some dispute as to the particular stone. Some say it was a stone of singular shape, which many years since was broken in pieces by a lunatic and carried away. Others aver that it is a stone that projects from the wall some ten feet below the summit, and to which the person must be let down; and others point to a broken stone, now secured by iron supports, and which forms a part of the lower course of the projecting cornice of the tower. Our party could not kiss it; but by stooping down we were able to touch it, which was the next best thing we could do. Many a verse has been written on the virtues of the blarney stone, and it is celebrated wherever the Irish race has gone; yet the castle was built by the M'Carthys only about three hundred years ago But the castle, with all its facinating power, could not prevent its owner from parting with it by a forced sale, and Prout sings—

"O the muse shed a tear
When the cruel auctioneer
With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came,"

Stopping to visit the cottage of the old woman who acts as porter, and whose hovel was kept with great neatness and cleanliness, we had an opportunity to taste the water of an excellent spring. Some of the company inquired if she kept wine, but she averred that for twenty years she had been a disciple of Father Matthew, and had never tasted spirits.

We returned to Cork and looked down again on the waters of the Lee, so celebrated by Spencer in his "Fairie Queene," and said to be so full of fish that an Irish poet sings:

"Of Salmon and grey speckled trout
It holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out
By the multitudes jostled on shore."

I must not say farewell to Cork without recording my obligations to my excellent host, Robert Scott, Esq, one of the city aldermen, and a man of superior intellect, as well as of gentlemanly bearing, to whom and his family I was under many obligations. While in the vicinity a lady kindly sent me some leaves from the Yew tree under which Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh sat and reviewed the pages of the Fairy Queen, and near which Raleigh first smoked the pipe of tobacco on Erin's shores, and planted the potato which has since filled the Island. M. S.

The Eloquence of Action.—When Æschylus, the great poet, was condemned to death, his brother an orator and hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the audience was gazing with intensity of interest to hear what he said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the service of his country, and said not a word. The multitude burst into shouts of applause, and the poet was saved. The dumb eloquence of that limb spoke more powerfully than words that burn.

Discoveries in Kansas.—A valuable spring of petroleum, or rock oil, has been found near Paoli, where several gallons per day can be collected. An extensive lead mine is reported in the same vicinity. Superior marble is discovered in Lykins county. Three large mineral springs have been found fourteen miles from Topeka and the settlement around them has taken the name of Saratoga City, from the supposed resemblance of the waters to those of the famous watering place.

Annexation.—The Canadians are taking initiatory steps to secure the annexation of the Red river Settlement to Canada. The Toronto *Colonist* notices the return of Captain Kennedy, who was sent to the Red River Settlement in January last to test the feeling of the inhabitants of the country on the question of annexation, and intimates that the sentiment is favorable. A detailed report of his journey is soon to be published.

☞ Dr. Franklin, when in England, in the year 1775, was asked by a nobleman what would satisfy the Americans? He answered that it might be easily compromised by a few "Re's," which he immediately wrote on a piece of paper, thus:

Re-call your forces.
Re-store Castle William.
Re-pair the damage done to Boston.
Re-peal your unconstitutional act.
Re-nounce your pretensions to taxes.
Re-fund the duties you have extorted.

After this—

Re-ceive payment for the destroyed tea, with the voluntary grants of the Colonies, and then,
Re-joice in a happy
Re-conciliation.

☞ The Hon. T. J. Rusk, whose death by suicide was announced by telegraph, was a native of S. C. and not more than sixty years of age. He went to Texas while it was a province of Mexico, took an active part in the movements directed towards seperation from that Republic, was one of the signers of the declaration of Independence; served with gallantry in the wars; was chosen Secretary of War, and afterwards President of the Republic. After the anexation to the United States, he was together with Gen. Houston, elected to the Senate, and has since then been twice reelected. His third term would not have been expired till March 4th 1863.

☞ "Will you have a Daily Sun?" Said a newsboy to Mrs. Partington. 'Will I have a Daily Son? Why, you little scapegrace! how dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No, indeed, I guess I wont have a Daily Son. My poor dead man used to complain most awfully when I presented him a yearly son! A daily son indeed. Begone you little upstart imp!' and the old lady took the turkey tail fan to keep from swooning.