The Democratic Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman]

Song to the Winds.

BY CAL REESE

O tell me wild winds that hurry along,
With your shrieks and groans and doleful song,
Are you traveling on to your home and hearth?
Or has't thou a home on this peopled Earth

If thou hast is it on the mountain's brow,
On the broad flat plain or the valley low;
Or far above our sight do ye dwell,
Say wintry winds! I ask do tell

Why is it thou movest sometimes so mild,
And the n again so rough and wild,
Sometimes thou art hush'd in sweet repose,
O why is all that a part I know?

Then art warmly welcomed when day's fiery orb,
Is sending his rays to parch earth's green sod,
It then come at us here so cool and cold,
Put in when thou blow st strong and full

Then travel'st on and tears from the trees,
Dear robes of beautiful colored leaves
Dear the fruits of Autumn scared and dried,
With his blighting breath till they droop'd and died

O ask again for what sphere art thou bound,
And with what co thy l thers expect to be crowned
O, when wilt thou cease and who is thy home,
Or wilt thou for ages and ages roam

MARTHA LORAND PA

Nelly's Mother.

BY BETTY BEDYOKE.

"What's the trouble?" exclaimed my uncle Wise, throwing down a newspaper which he had striven in vain to read

"What has poor Miss Mills done now?—worn hoops four yards around instead of eight or decorated her dress with two flounces instead of three? I declare these laws of fashion and etiquette are becoming so imperative that one might as well live in Shakerdom, where it's a previous offence to step the left foot first upon a threshold"

"Order" laughed one of the young people, and turned an hour glass "The honorable member is talking past his time, as he always does when he takes the stand for Betty Mills Dear uncle, we were not complaining of disregard to etiquette.

"What then?"

"Oh, making merry over some new phase of old, maidishness, that's all"

"Cruel, cruel, wrong: the girl can't help it that she never found a husband to her mind," murmured my uncle, more to himself than to us.

"Oh, but she could, said Nelly Wise, shaking her curls. "It is proverbial that every woman, handsome or homely, sick or well, wise or ignorant, has had at least one opportunity to marry."

"And thus chance, be it good or bad, be it agreeable or repulsive, she must snatch and be thankful for?

"Or else take the consequences," said Nelly, with the air of a judge pronouncing sentence. "But, papa why do you always take up the gauntlet in favor of these deplorable old creatures?"

"Because, Miss Nelly, in my youth I received a good lesson on the subject, on which I should like very much to impart to my child."

"Oh, dear, is it long and prosy? But we'll be good and listen. Turn the glass, Hetty!"

"Mother," so my uncle always called his wife, "mother we've brought this Nell up to be a saucy little sprite: but come you and sit with us, and vouch for the truth of my story."

So there were six in our company Uncle in his easy chair, the picture of prosperous, happy, benevolent old age aunt, bending her handsome intelligent face over a basket of stockings and thread balls, and around the large centre table we younger people, sitting with plates, cups of water, and squares of paper, and bits of cloth, scissors, paint-brushes, par-boiled fingers, and all the other accompaniments of a sea-weed pressing, which had been our recent occupation.

"Turn the glass," said Nelly. "papa is clearing his throat at such a rate I should not be surprised if he were on the point of telling some tender and touching experience of his own: the ghost of some defunct Miss Laura Dalton is rising out of his past, you may be sure; there's nothing like the dust of buried memories for affecting people's throats: you can't cough it away, papa, so begin"

"Ah, Nelly, when your curls have turned as grey as mine, you'll have grown too wise to laugh at buried memories. As for my story, it relates to some one whose name we won't mention, unless you shall happen to guess it for yourselves."

"Was it aunt Wise?"

"Well yes! Would you believe that she was ever one of those dolorous creatures,' an old maid?"

"Impossible, utterly!"

A great many years ago, this good lady with the stocking-basket, Mrs. Wise, was known as Elizabeth Sterns, the maiden sister and aunt in a large, proud, wealthy family.

"He is quizzing us, ain't he, mother?"

"No, he is telling the truth: I spent a number of years with your uncle Frank, and made myself generally useful——"

"That she did! It was Lizzie here and Lizzie there. If a child was fretful it was, 'Do go and play in aunt Lizzie's room:' if sick, it was, 'Perhaps the little love can be persuaded to sleep with aunt Lizzie to-night.' If the family wished to make some journey, it was, 'How fortunate that aunt Lizzie can keep house. If any celebrity were visiting the town, it was, 'Oh, yes, we'll all go—except Lizzie, who has so many resources that she never cares for amusement.'"

"Don't make it too bad, father,' my aunt interposed.

"No, I will not exaggerate. When your uncle's fortune began to dwindle, and for years they lived the weary life of people who struggle to keep up the appearance, aunt Lizzie was more than ever in demand ——"

"But," interrupted Nelly, "this is an exceptional case: we know that mamma was always handsome, agreeable and intellectual; she may have happened to live single a few years after the proper time to marry—but I should never call *her* an old maid."

"Others did: the sweeter, more patient, more self sacrificing her behavior, the more it seemed she was tried: and that my relatives who were truly grateful to her, who could not live without her help."

"How foolish and unreasonable! What did they mean?"

"You should know better than I."

"Then I would'nt say any more about it, dear," observed my aunt, quietly, as she left us to attend to some household matter.

"Yes, that's your mother," he pursued, "always forgiving and patient and self-forgetful: if her temper should change in the transit to another word, it would change for the worse better it could not be. Why, children, I've known your uncle Frank to quiz and heckle her week after week, for no worse sin than the fact that she began, in due time, to grow old; and at last the children took it up, and visitors"

"In what way?"

"It was 'old maid' from morning till night if her room were in order if she contrived little home-made conveniences it was, 'See how old maidish,' she was fond of books, so they called her 'blue-stocking' fond of Biblical literature, as they said 'old maids were always pious:' fond of poetry, and they called it 'sentimental and fantastic.' She did'nt mind walking through the street with a carpet-bag, and they said, 'Behold the maiden lady's badge' She was annoyed if men, young or old, showed undue familiarity"

"I'll be bound!" laughed Nelly.

"If they cast tender glances at her, or pressed her hand, or attempted to kiss her and she resented as any modest woman ought, they said, 'Behold the prudefy of the old maid!'"

"You were prejudiced in her favor, papa: from these hints I can conjecture that her friends had ground for merriment. But to think that I should be the child of an old maid!"

"Yes, and, Nell, of an old bachelor too, since uncle is older than aunt."

"True I am three years older, and some how notwithstanding this fact, I was only twenty six years of age on my wedding day."

"And my mother was not only a forlorn old maid, but a second wife? Oh, horrible" gasped Nelly

"Well, for that first marriage I never had the heart to blame her as her friends did in truth, my own was as far from the straight line of prudence and your dear etiquette."

"Pray tell us all about it, your 'lesson is not half so dull as I anticipated."

"Your grandfather Stearns, rest his ashes! was a proud old man; and fretful and imperious enough to drive some women to despair after worrying his wife into the grave, and losing nearly all of a large property by his own perverse mismanagement, he devoted the remainder of his existence to bewailing these misfortunes A pleasant life your mother led with him!"

"I can understand how, being a little set and still, and so forth, she found it had to yield to an imperious will? It is rather suspicious that she should always have been a victim some people are so thin skinned that it does'nt take much teazing to annoy them."

"No one thought your mother a victim, except God, and one heart that loved her.—She gave pleasant words for petulant ones, and redoubled kindness for ingratitude."

"And this heart?"

"Belonged to a neighbor boy whom her father engaged to read the papers to him, and to play interminable games of chess.—The youth wondered first at your mother's gentle patience, and then pitied, and then loved her."

"As my grandfather might have foreseen."

"He did not. It was his own proposal that Lizzie should recompense the boy for his services, by lessons in French or German. She had curls, Nelly, like your own I've seen the young man bending over his exercises, and these curls falling against her forehead, and that little hand of hers—it is small now—putting his aside to correct what he had written. And after the lessons was over, I've seen her go to the door with him and look like an angel—as she was—in the *moonlight*, while she bade him farewell."

"How happened you to see so much? I should not suspect my father of eaves-dropping."

"Oh, I was a boy then as well as he; near his age, lived near him, went to the same school. I was in his confidence, but never heard him say a word about loving Lizzie Stearns, until a week before their marriage. The truth was, Lizzie thought only of her duties; and he thought only of certain ambitious plans of leaving his father's farm, and going to India for a fortune, or traveling through the world with knapsack and staff in search of information."

"What put the thought of love in their innocent hearts? Let me see—how old were they when they had never once thought of it?" said Nelly, looking wise.

"No matter how old. It happened at the house once when the lover had been abusing Lizzie according to his wont: and for once her sweet lips trembled with emotion as she greeted her pupil with one word, and hurried out of the room"

"And he hurried after her, I suppose, that's the way they do in novels."

"Yes, and you may look in novels to find what followed in a week they were man and wife."

"And what said papa to that?"

"He never knew it: I only had a glance between them one day, he drove the young man out of his house with curses, and made Lizzie promise not to think of loving any other. He could'nt have made a request with which it would have been easier to comply!"

"Why did she not act courageously, I will follow my husband, father me if you can?"

"Because it was her way to yield, to pity him who suffered, for children were taught a sacred obedience to parents, an awe in their presence which is quite unknown to Young America."

"I dare say the old gentleman had too, a small property left which his daughter was got unwilling to inherit."

"Nelly, Nelly, don't you believe in such a thing as disinterested goodness? The boy was ambitious, as I have said, yet mother was not without her share of pride, and they agreed to keep the marriage a secret until after the young husband should have mastered his profession. In a few years your grandfather died, and Lizzie went to live with your uncle Frank"

"How old was she then?"

"Twenty three"

"What you don't mean that you were the farmer's boy?"

"Yes but I do; and all the years aunt Lizzie was ridiculed for her old maidishness, that she was a married woman, and the 'maiden' pensiveness was a saving to send in secret to her husband; and the prudish behavior was faithfulness to one whom she loved with all her holy heart."

"There! I knew that by my mother was not that dolorous thing I felt an instinct in my very bones"

Take the moral to your heart my child."

What moral? The truth that instinct is more to be relied upon than even the counsel of a man of Eld!"

"No, you piece of misshapen and perversity your grandfather's own girl the moral that built this ado about old maids is a mere popgun, and that the other half is balloon grounds which will for pity, sympathy, charity anything but ridicule and abuse. A single woman, unless she have great talent, energy or independence, unless he have gifts which can hold in awe such people as love to harass the weak, a single woman leads a weary, miserable life."

"All her own fault"

"Hush, Nelly! It is not her fault. It is noble and Lizzie is proud worthy in a woman to refuse the man whom she does not love; and having ventured so far, it is no light trial to live an estray in the world, a wall-flower, a third person, slighted, unjustly criticised, and positively persecuted."

The Newbury (Vt.) Reformer says: Mr. J. B. King, of Shelburne Falls, Mass. arrived in Windsor last Saturday, in a sleigh drawn by four large Newfoundland dogs. These animals are perfectly trained, and are able to draw a load of five or six hundred pounds weight, besides sleigh and driver, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, if the roads are in good order. The dogs are fed on meat twice a day: the balance of the time they are fed on corn meal, wet up with water—They consume about five quarts of meal per day. Mr. King is an agent for the sale of cutlery, bits, &c. Being a paralytic in his lower limbs, he has adopted this mode of traveling as being cheap and expeditious.

THE LEVIATHAN. The Leviathan may now be considered as launched, for on the 16th of January there were thirteen feet seven inches of water under her, and if it had been thought necessary or desirable, she might have been floated with the aid of a couple of steam tugs. It was, however, decided that it would be more advantageous to allow her to remain in her present position until the next spring tides, which will take place on Saturday, January 30. A very large amount of work has yet to be done in the fittings of the interior, the flooring of the decks, and other matters.

There is a lake two hundred miles long, between Corpus Christi and brazos Santiago, so salt that a skiff cannot proceed but about forty miles from the latter place, because of large solidified cakes extending clear across the passage—so says a writer in the Plaquemine Sentinel, who has visited it. The same writer adds that on the side of the main land, crystalized salt is to be seen piled up in blocks, one upon another, and shining in the sun like glaciers.

A New York Punster challenged a sick man's vote on the ground that he was an *ill legal* voter.

Probably it was the same person who challenged a squint-eyed voter, because he was not *natural eyes-ed*.

Senators Douglas and Davis.

A chatty female correspondent of the Boston Post has the following lively description of Messrs Douglas and Davis, of the Senate:

"Judge Douglas is a man one cannot avoid noticing on such occasions. When not in debate he looks, as it seems to me, fairer and plumper than before his marriage. I did not recognize him without my lorgnette. But in the excitement of controversy, shaking his heavy head for emphasis, with a large plume of bushy hair waving and nodding over his forehead, rapidly cutting and twisting his hand, working himself to a perspiration, and his eyes flashing, the old Douglas of the Nebraska bill reappears. He is a very restless man. He comes in, drops into his seat, pulls a paper out of his pocket, reads three lines, forgets his last cigar on Cuba, which is going out in smoke, crosses over to Benjamin and gets another from him, which he twists in his mouth and chews, offers his right hand to Hale and his left to Pugh, leans familiarly on Jones' shoulder, and strokes that sexagenerian Senator's beard, with a gentle witticism, drops into the lobby a moment, and returns in time to read three more lines of another newspaper.

"Jefferson Davis has a strange fascination in his tone. He is a slender man, somewhat stooping, and not personally prepossessing Yet everybody listens to him. If a sweet voice is a beautiful thing in a woman, I know that to us there are few charms like a mild firm, gently modulated voice in a man. Such is Mr Davis' He speaks rapidly, pointedly, and with that precision of enunciation which marks a scholar. With nothing in his mien of namby-pamby or affected, you see that he is a refined gentleman They say he is a fire-eater. If so, I know he eats it *a la mode*, with a fork and napkin."

Sheriff Rowe, of Lancaster county, on Monday, received from Governor Packer the death-warrants of Alexander Anderson and Henry Richards, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Garber and Mr. Ream, in December last. He proceeded to the prison about ten o'clock, to read the same to the unfortunate men. The warrant was read to Anderson first. When the sheriff concluded, Anderson remarked, in a somewhat husky voice, "I am prepared for death." In reply to a remark from ex-Sheriff Martin, to the effect that his days were now numbered Anderson again said, "Well gentlemen, I will be prepared to die." The party then silently left his cell for that of Richards on the opposite side of the corridor Richards was standing up in his cell, hopped by one foot, and greeted the party as they entered with his usual good humored smirk The warrant for his execution was in the same words as that of Anderson, (except the name,) and when the reading was finished he remarked in somewhat faltering tones, "I hope I will be prepared" When asked if he remembered, from hearing the paper read what day he was to be executed, he said, in April, but did not remember the day It was repeated, and the prisoners were left alone with their own reflections. Anderson is now engaged in writing a complete history of his somewhat eventful career, to which he will cause to be appended a true confession of all the facts connected with the Manheim tragedy. The prisoners are to be hung on the 9th of next April, in the jail yard.

Reflections on Death.

Heavens! what a moment that must be, when the last flutter expires on our lips!

What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne? What new being do we receive? Whither has that spark unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it to range, perhaps, through illimitable space to receive new capacities of delight—new powers of perception—new glories of beatitude! The thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery revolves all doubts—which removes all contradictions and destroys error—Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst on the departed soul! The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions—the pure existence of etherial beings—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged, the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future, strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty may then disclose themselves, bursting on the delighted senses, and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous, as the departure of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled; while hope and charity whisper to the bleeding heart that *there*, where all mercy is, there too will be forgiveness!

"A well known political economist, says: "we pay best, first those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us—authors, schoolmasters and editors."

Spicy Correspondence.

We are assured by a friend, say the Boston Post, who is personally cognizant of what he states, that the following piquant correspondence is genuine. A gentleman whose business calls him a good deal from home, is accustomed to give the correspondence to his wife, an intelligent lady who, in obedience to instructions, opens all letters that come in her husband's absence, answers such of them as she can like a confidential clerk, and forwards the rest to her liege lord, at such places as he may designate at departure. During a recent absence of her husband the following (omitting names, dates and places) is a true copy.

My Dear sir:—I saw a line picture of you yesterday, and fell in love with it, as I did with the original in W——ton winter when I saw you more than an hour, though I suppose you did not see me among so many. I fear you will think it forward in me thus addressing you, but I trust you are not so conventional as not to appreciate sincere and brilliant Perhaps you would like to know something about your correspondent adorer? Well I am not very good at description, but I will say I am not married (though you are I am told.) My friends tell me I have *not* a pretty face, but only a good figure. I am rather *petite*, have black eyes, black hair and a dark complexion that is, I am what is called a "brunette" I am stopping for a few weeks with my brother-in-law and sister in this town, and I wish you would meet me there before I return to W——. At any rate do not fail to write me at least a few words, to tell me whether I shall ever see you again, and to know your more intimately. Forgive my boldness and believe me,

Your friend, ——.

To this letter the wife, who by the bye, had not the least knowledge of the person to whom she was writing made the following answer

Mademoiselle—Your letter of the —inst, addressed to Mr ——, was duly received. Mr. ——, who is my husband directed me when he left home, some days ago, to open all his letters, and to answer all of them that I conveniently could. As you seem to be rather impatient, I will answer your letter myself. I do not think your description of yourself will please Mr —— I happen to know that he dislikes black eyes, and hates brunetts most decidedly. It is quite true (as you seem to suppose) that he judges of women as he does of horses: but I do not think your 'inventory of your 'points' is complete enough to be satisfactory to him. You omit to mention your height, weight, wind, speed (and here the word is illegible) Taking your charms at your own estimate I doubt whether they will prove sufficiently attractive to draw him so far as B—— merely for the satisfaction of comparing them with the schedule. You say you trust my husband is 'unsuspecting' I think that is his nature, but yet he is used to drawing inferences, which are sometimes as unkind as suspicious. You say you are unmarried My advice to you is that you marry as soon as possible. In most cases, I would not recommend haste; but in yours I am convinced there is truth in the proverb which speaks of the danger of delay Should you be so fortunate as to get a husband, (which may God mercifully grant!) my opinion is, that you would consider any woman, who should write him such a letter as this of yours, impertinent and perhaps unmodest

I will deliver your note to Mr. —— when he returns, and also a copy of my reply, which I am sure he will approve I am with as much respect as you permit Mrs ——

This was the end of the Correspondence

Moral Young ladies who write affectionate letters to married men, should be careful that the precious missives do not fall into the hands of their spouses, or the amorous writers may chance to get 'more cuffs than kisses'

The Slandered.

A venerable old man says "let the slandered take comfort it is only at fruit trees that thieves throw stones."

The old man is right Who ever saw thieves throw stones at the birch, maple, or elm tree? The more fruit the tree bears, and the richer it is, the more it is likely to attract the attention of the thief.

No man that tries to do his duty to his fellows, and endeavors to live to bear the fruits of true religion in his daily conduct, can for a moment suppose that he will pass along through life without being slandered more or less. Such a man will of necessity have some enemies; and these enemies will try in every way to injure him, and, among others, they will not be slow in stirring up the polluted waters of defamation and slander.

A man who has no enemies is merely a milk-and-water nothing. We would not give three figs for such a man.

He who is anything, who makes his mark in the world, who does good, will have enemies; and, if he have them, he will be sure to be slandered.

A Boston paper, noticing some irritating remarks of Senator Wilson, of Mass., in the United States Senate, in regard to the slavery question, implores Southern Congressman not for all the world to strike that gentleman, as it will certainly insure his re-election. Should they not strike him, or inflict some other indignity, the same journal, looks upon his re election as utterly hopeless.

Driesbach and his Tiger.

In December, 1850, Herr Driesbach, the celebrated lion-tamer, being at, Zanesville, Ohio, received a telegraphic despatch to come to Cincinnati, and bring with him his pet—the great Brazilian tiger, one of the most ferocious animals ever tamed Herr, as ordinarily took a double berth on board the steamer "John Dean," putting down the names on the clerk's book, Herr Driesbach first berth, Col. Alexander, (the name Herr gave the old tiger) second berth. Herr remarked that the Colonel was a queer fellow, accustomed to sleeping out, and had withal peculiar fancy he would sleep on nothing but straw! The chambermaid took away the bed and replaced it with a full supply of that article Business and preparations to start went on. Just before the last bell, Herr and the tiger made their appearance on the cabin, opposite the state room. The clerk, hearing an unusual noise in the cabin opened his office door and Herr Driesbach paced the glarin cat lady of his service Royal Majesty! He recognized Herr Driesbach, but did not relish the appearance of Col Alexander! Still he did not feel like ordering the party ashore. He felt repugnance to that undertaking, and concluded to allow things to take their course. Herr unlocked his state room door and his Majesty, of a bound, was on his throne in it. After a little time spent in arranging his state-room, Herr satisfied the clerk and others that his pet was entirely under his command and intimated to the bar-keeper that a bottle of brandy would be relished by his Royal Majesty, (or himself) which was brought into the state-room by the trembling waiter who had forgotten to bring with the liquor the requisite accompaniments—pure water.—As a punishment, Herr told the tiger to "take the corner," which he did, and stepping quickly out, Herr locked the astonished boatman in, while he went for water! The man was so frightened that he spoke not, neither did he move, until Herr returned and stated that he need have no fears, as the tiger would keep his place until he ordered him to rise When night came, Driesbach locked his state-room, bid his Majesty good night and went to bed in the upper berth, and the "happy couple" had a good and peaceful night's rest. On arriving at the warf, Col Alexander showed his approbation of the beast by giving two or three growls interpreted as *approbatory by Herr*, and the party sought a hack, which, when found, happened to be driven by a son of the Emerald Isle. At first sight the driver refused to take the "baste," but was perfectly willing that Driesbach should be accommodated.—His fears were allayed, however, by the tiger jumping inside, and he drove to the Dennison House But Dennison resolutely refused to allow his Royal Majesty to take rooms at his hotel, and Driesbach was obliged to take rooms for his friend at Wood's Museum, while he returned to Dennison's, the nearest and best place he could find—We presume that such an instance of travel has never before been recorded.

A distressing casualty, says the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald of Saturday, occurred this week in the western part of this State.—Gannung's menagerie is wintering two miles west of Paulding, Paulding county. Among the other animals was a hyena said to be the largest in the United States. The animal was very ferocious, and had twice bitten his keeper Early Wednesday morning last the hyena escaped Search was instantly made, and later in the morning he was discovered in the grave-yard, having dug up and partly devoured two or three dead bodies. Several of the citizens rushed in to take it, when it turned on its assailants, striking down a German day laborer, named *Jacob Pollenberg*, and crushed the head of the unfortunate man in its jaws, killing him instantly—The brute then made its escape, after tearing the flesh from the right arm and chest of a lad, who is not expected to recover. The animal succeeded in making good its escape The citizens are much excited. Parties are scouring the woods, and the menagerie men have been notified by some of the citizens to remove their establishment at once.

THE LATE GENERAL HAVELOCK.—This General, whose decease in India has been so much lamented, was not only a soldier, but a preacher. He was a member of the Baptist church in Calcutta, and is said by the missionary Kincaid, who knew him well, to be a devoted Christian. He was accustomed to carry with him a preaching tent, in which to exercise his personal gifts as a preacher of the gospel. His influence was great and good in the army. Lord Gough used to rely upon his brigade for the most difficult and dangerous work; and at one time when required to send forward a force on a particularly perilous and important enterprise, calling for great care as well as courage, is said to have exclaimed, "Turn out the saints: Havelock never blunders, and his men never get drunk."—*Boston Journal*.

An English paper has the following.—Among the presents made to the Princess Royal of England, on her late wedding day, was a riding whip, the butt of which is formed from a piece of the hoof of a favorite horse, set in gold. It is said that the shoe of this golden hoof is formed of diamonds, the nails being represented by fourteen beautiful rubies; the whole of the bottom of the foot is a mass of small diamonds; the handle of the whip is formed from one of the horse's bones, most highly polished, around which is twined a serpent in brilliants.