THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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THE OBSERVER

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April 21, 1847. 49

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THE best assortment of Band Boxes in the county for sale by H. COOK.
Jan. 1.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

All's for the best—be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise:
All's for the best—if a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best—set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
A wayweary swallow, or heart-stricken dove;
All's for the best—be a man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail barque of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily; all for the best.

All's for the best—then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foe in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers & errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man;
All's for the best—unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that All's for the best.

THE BROTHER'S REVENGE.

A LEGEND OF FORT LEE.

From Holden's Magazine.

Night had dropped her sable curtain down, and "pinned it with a star." The mutual winds swept through the branches of the tall trees, and as it danced and shrieked among the scathed and withered boughs, the seared leaves seemed to take new life, and strange and solemn whisperings came forth from their leafy lungs. Now it died sadly away and floated softly and sweetly on the still air, not disturbing the silence of the night.—Presently it rose louder and louder, and the whole sky was filled with a chorus of voices which seemed to hold earth and heaven enchained with a deathless song. An unearthly peal of music broke forth upon the air, and in the sky, far, far, above the earth, in the azure depths of space, the chaunt of a solitary voice alone was heard, and wept its tears of melody for them, the young and beautiful, wronged and betrayed by worthless wretches who, like huge blotches, fester on the bosom of society.

Within there were stern soldiers sleeping on their arms, and women with their children clasped to their bosoms. The camp fires were lighted up, and "the shrill trump and the spirit-stirring drum" were for a time forgotten.

Away from the hero band, on a little knoll some hundred yards distant, stood an old house,* built in the Dutch style, and from appearances, without a tenant. It had a desolate and time worn look, the porch was fast crumbling away, and the roof seemed scarcely able to support itself, and was then quite overrun with moss: Dreary and desolate looked that old house, and all around the deserted garden, the tottering barn and the scathed and withered trees helped to make up the gloomy picture. Many were the stories told about its strange visitors, of ghosts and goblins, who used to honor it with their presence nightly, and of the dreadful fate which awaited all those who had the temerity to accept it as a residence, or even dared to lodge within its walls a single night. The children for miles around, who had heard of the strange stories connected with it, were never known to "go to bed in the dark," or remain long in their rooms without covering up their heads when the spectral visitants of the haunted house at Fort Lee would in all their frightful habilments appear before them; one antiquated lady in the neighborhood, who was remarkable for "telling fortunes," and also for being blessed with but one eye, (her endeavors to look into futurity it is said blinded the other) was the originator of all the strange and marvellous stories connected with the house, she having had the misfortune to be its first occupant, and the first one who had the pleasure of being introduced to those mysterious individuals who delighted to perform such "fantastic tricks" to the terror of "every body" and whose cognomens "nobody" could ever find out. Mysterious voices, such as the groans of dying men, the gingling of chains, the chattering of skeletons, and a chorus of voices making "night hideous" with their melodies, were heard every night. A tailor, who was notorious for his partiality to "cabbage," one night very mysteriously disappeared, and it was for many years generally believed that he was carried off by the "old scratch" himself, together with all his professional apparatus. The pretty daughter of an old Dutch settler mysteriously disappeared at the same time, and it was believed that some one akin to his Satanic Majesty treated her in the same inhuman manner.—The story was never contradicted, but we have it from one who ought to know, that the name of the tailor, and also that of the old gentleman's daughter, appeared in the census, as taken in a certain section of the country, together with a family of seventeen very small children. The old house was indeed desolate enough to look at, and desolate enough to live in, but if the reader has no particular objections, we will describe one of the apartments and introduce some characters who will act conspicuous in our little drama.

It was a little room—dark and sombre.—The walls were once white, but, for the want of cleaning, were quite of an opposite color. The huge rafters which ornamated the ceiling gave one an idea of the substantial manner in which houses were erected in those days. There was only one window in the room, and from its appearance it was very evident that its former tenants had taken very little pains to render that attractive. The furniture was scanty, and from its looks appeared as if it had been handed down by many generations. No light was there in that lonely room, and, before the broad hearth which contained a few flickering coals, a mother with a babe on her bosom was sitting alone, her up-raised eyes dim with tears.

She was very young and very beautiful; her features were regular, her lips full, red and ripe; her chin round, and varied by a bewitching dimple; but there was a mark on that lovely face—a mark which time cannot make—and which told of crushed and blighted hopes—of a broken heart!

Her eyes, now suffused with tears, were a brilliant black, with long and trembling lashes up-raised to the ceiling; with the babe sleeping on her bosom, she looked like a breathing picture of one of God's most beautiful and fair creations.

But the canker was gnawing at her heart; she had drank of the bitter cup, and life henceforth to her was but as a dream of bitter and untold misery.

The cricket on the hearth began to chirp his little song as a painful sigh came from her lips, and tried his best to make her happy. He had kept her company three long, long weary nights, and the chirpings of its little throat were the only pleasant sounds that broke upon her ear. Another sigh!

The flickering coals on the broad hearth all at once seem to take new life, and snap and sparkle away as if they really could get up a fire, and wanted to show it. Another sigh!

Shadows dance and play upon the wall, right merrily, trying to keep time with the cricket and fire.

The wind comes moaning through the crevices, but goes out again, as if afraid to remain with so much sorrow. Over the hills and through the tall trees, it carries its mournful song, and every echo answers back, in wailing tones, its lamentations.

A smile, a sweet smile, stole over the face of the young babe, as it, waking, raised its bright blue eyes, and dallied its tiny fingers in the tresses of its mother's hair. Whole years of happiness came back with that one look, and for a moment the hours of merry childhood came stealing back; those happy hours, when the future looked so bright and beautiful, and when all things were painted with the glowing colors of innocence and truth. Deep in her heart were those old time memories sealed, and like withered flowers blooming into life, they came back gently to her heart. The old homestead—with its sloping roof and small windows, all fragrant with wild flowers and forest vines—the green glade by the mountain lake, the summer garden, with its perfume of untamed luxuriance, and the sweet scented violets that burst from the moss along the path that leads to the village church—all came back in tenfold beauty. There were faces, too, about that old homestead—kind, familiar faces—and with the memory rose a mother's smile, and the sound of a father's blessing, and a sister's joyous laugh came back as in those happy days. Brighter grew the glow on her cheek as the thoughts of these old time memories, and she pressed her babe closer and closer to her besom. But with those fond associations was one burning, bitter thought, that chilled her warm blood, and reeked her brain to madness. 'Twas of he who had charmed her with the murmuring music of the snake, and bound her to his slightest look or tone. 'Twas of him who had early won her girlish affections, when her soul was free and stainless as the holiest angel around God's throne; and when not a single evil thought or passion throbbed in the pulses of her virgin blood. "Oh! that I were with them in the quiet grave," she faintly murmured, pressing her lips to the young child's cheek. "I did not dream; I never, never thought that it would come to this. Would to God that I might be taken to their happy home, for I cannot, cannot endure this age of agony. Father, mother, sister, brother—those words how dear, but how strange to *me!* The deed of shame is written on my brow, and I am an outcast, and a base, vile thing for ever. It seems but yesterday that my mother pressed a warm kiss upon my cheek, and now, to-day, I am the toy of him who will not call me wife!"

There was a fearful look in her countenance, as she spoke—a look of wild despair, mingled with suffering and agony.

The young child gazed sweetly in its mother's face, and with its little fingers touched her softly on the cheek.

Oh, you that have indulged in a mother's smile from the holy hours of infancy, and never knew what pain or sorrow were, how little do you dream of the agony and remorse that thrilled her very soul.

"'Tis but a moment's suffering," she said, looking fondly at her babe, "but one pang, and this troubled bosom, would be at rest forever. 'Tis a fearful thought to die, and yet it is more fearful to live this life of misery in a cold and cruel world—my child—no, no, I cannot leave you."

Her breath came in gasps, and there was a moment of fearful thought.

"No, no, I cannot do a deed like that," she cried "God forgive me for such wickedness."

The words had scarcely died upon her lips before the latch of the oaken door was lifted, and a young man, rudely dressed, stood upon the threshold, gazing upon her with a stare of wonder. His face was very pale, his look haggard, and his lips trembled as if with a convulsive motion."

"Grace!"

The name fell sternly from his lips, and his dark eyes flashed, as he stepped forward to meet her.

She knew the voice, and trembling turned her head to meet his gaze. The little child at her bosom seemed to know it, too, and as she spoke, twined its arms closer about her neck and smiled, as if to gladden its poor mother's heart."

"Walter, dear Walter, how glad I am to see you," she said, kneeling with her infant at his feet.

"Tush, woman," he replied," "this is no time for mere empty, idle talk. We need none of it. I am not in the vein for that to night, but come on business."

She shuddered as he spoke, and rising, placed her child upon the bed, or the apology for one, which was in the apartment.

"You should know me better by this time than to think that I am to be thus pestered by such woman's talk."

"Why so cold," she interrupted, clasping his rough and sinewy hand; "Why so calmly and bitterly cold, Walter?"

Her voice was very soft and very sweet, and its whispering tones rang in his ears with a thrill of terror. She raised her eyes amid her tears, and with her usual and open disposition, spoke at once freely, and to the point.

"There was a home, Walter—do you remember it? The home of a once happy and innocent girl. There was an old man and woman—and children that lived there, too.—Walter—there was blossoming trees and sweet wild flowers, that sent their perfume to heaven. How oft have we walked that lonely path, covered with forest moss, and when the pale moonlight rested on the earth like a silver shroud, how oft did you promise to make me your lawful, honorable bride. I believed all, every word—dear Walter; I believed that I should be your wife. I plighted my faith, and from that faith my soul has never swerved, no, not so much as a hair's breadth; and never will swerve while life quivers in my veins. Nay, do not frown; I must speak now, and may be for the last time. You recollect the old cottage and the village spire as we turned upon them for the last time—and you recollect the bright sunshine that beamed upon my face as you clasped my hand, and told me all would yet be well? Have you not forgotten the faith you pledged me then, the vows you swore, and overcame that love? Pause, I beseech you, pause, and answer truly. I have loved you, served you, and toiled for you, but your love is not the same. My heart yearns towards you, Walter, and would fain be yours, if yours I may be honorably in this life and forever!"

With a coldness that would shame a fiend, he folded his arms and replied.

"Circumstances have changed since then, and I am now a different man. My boyish imagination painted all things bright for the future, and I did not dream that misfortune would cross my path so soon. My prospects then were fair, but now the meanest look on me and call me beggar!"

"I do not ask for wealth, Walter. I ask for nothing but your love. Do not leave me *to a lone sad pilgrimage to travel, unlighted* by a gleam of hope. Make me but your wife, and all will be forgotten, all forgiven!"

"I have told you before to-night, that that connot be. My friends, and what I hope to get will prevent it. You——"

"Have you done?" she exclaimed fiercely, interrupting him. "Have you done?"

"Yes," was the cold reply. She heard it, but as it reached her ears, her very being seemed changed. There was a painful compression of the brow and a quivering of the lip, but she stood erect, and her eyes shone with an intense brightness. Her woman's soul had been rung with anguish, but his last words were like sparks to the fire of her woman's nature, and she no longer thought of degradation, but of her injuries and he who had made her what she was. Her whole mind had been roused into action by the contemptuous treatment she had received from him, who alone, above all others, should have comforted her—he who led her from her quiet home, from parents, and all so loving and true—he who, like a couching fiend, had roused her animal nature into action and worked eternal ruin of her woman's honour—but she was calm, quite calm, and looked at him with a triumphant smile.

His soul quailed in him, and with the dead sickening sensation of conscious guilt, he bowed his head upon his breast.

"You have blighted my young fresh life, Walter; you have left me no hope, no aim, no object. Yet I forgive, I love, and I will pray for you."

"Captain Marshall says that he will—" he half muttered between his teeth, unable to muster courage sufficient to speak aloud.

"Mention not that name again," she indignantly exclaimed, "if you do not wish my curse!"

Her last words were utered with such an air of majesty, that he cowered before her like a whipped cur.

"I see that I am not wanted to-night," he replied, buttoning his threadless coat with his trembling fingers, and pulling his hat still farther over his eyes, as if afraid to gaze upon the woman he had so basely wronged and betrayed.

Exhausted and quite overcome by her feelings, Grace Darrell resumed her chair, and buried her face in her hands and wept.

Goaded by the stings of conscience he rushed from her presence, and left the house with a curse upon his lips. No greater punishment was he receiving than the canker already gnawing at his heart strings, and he went forth to seek that reward which all who trifle with the holy love of woman will sooner or later get.

Who is there possesing the feelings of a man, but does not loath and detest a wretch like Walter Arlington? Yet, even in these days, when learned philosophers and philanthropists prate of the improved condition of society, there are thousands such loathsome worms among us.

Short inarticulate sounds came struggling from her lips as she sat before the broad hearth, with her head buried in her palms, and the burning tears rolling down her cheeks. She had heard the word—she knew her fate, and no longer felt that fearful anxiety which had for weeks been preying upon her mind.—Though betrayed—wronged—outraged—slighted, and scorned and trampled on, she bore it all with patience, and there was a meekness in her sorrow which could not but affect the deepest villain that ever walked the earth. *Wronged, she loved the more*—scorned and slighted, she was still more faithful, for her's was

"A love so strong, so vehement, so pure,
That neither age could change nor art could cure."

Rising from the chair she walked to the bedside, and seeing that her babe had fallen into a gentle slumber, she quietly placed the clothes more securely about his little form, and then imprinting a warm kiss on its rosy lips—a kiss such as a mother only can give; she turned for her bonnet and shawl which were hanging near. But for a moment paused, as if a happy thought was at her heart, and cast another look upon the face of her slumbering child. She stood silent and motionless, with her arms folded across her breast, while her dark hair hung clustering over the fair bosom, now rising into light by the gentle impulse of her breathing. But the eyes of the mother droop as she beholds the infant sleeping there, and she trembles lest some accident may befall it during her absence, for she had a duty to perform that night, a duty to God and her country.

She touched its lips once more, and brushing a tear from her cheek, she turned away. The silence of the room was scarcely broken by the opening of the door, and with a softened footstep she stole gently away. The night wind had ceased its roaring, and the bright stars shone out brilliantly in the clear, cold sky. The murmuring brook and whispering breeze were still, but there was a sound of soft, sweet music in the air which filled her soul with melody.

The journey to the camp was short and she soon stood at the entrance of the tent of Washington.*

Though fast approaching midnight, the Commander-in Chief was still up, and walking backwards and forwards, as if something of great importance was agitating his mind. The name of his visitor was announced, and although unexpected at that time, he received her with that cordiality so characteristic of his nature. There was, however, something in his countenance which both attracted and disturbed her, an air of calm and majestic dignity, with a character of benevolence and goodness breathing out from every feature. As her eye met his, she fancied that there was in it an expression of interest and pity for herself, an expression which she could not comprehend or fathom.

Though Grace Darrell was pale and trembling, she looked very beautiful as she stood before the mighty chieftain.

Her full black eyes, that could at times lighten so brilliantly, were now suffused with a soft languor. Her black luxurient ringlets fell down in a rich maze on either side of her face, and rested gently on her brow.

"The man of whom you informed me last evening," said Washington, presenting her with a seat, "was arrested some twenty minutes ago, and is now in close confinement.—He has himself acknowledged his guilt, and shall receive the reward he so justly merits."

A faint brief flush came over her face as he spoke, and she seemed hardly able to muster courage to make a reply.

"Your conduct in the matter," replied Washington, noticing her embarrassment, "is deserving of the highest commendation, and you may rest assured that such acts will not be forgotten by me."

When he had spoken those few words, in a voice and manner that accorded perfectly with the calm dignity of his demeanor, he handed her a note, the seal of which he bade her not to break until the next day. In a few moments the business which brought her there was finished, and she left his presence more firmly impressed with his greatness and nobleness of character than ever. He had promised on the following day to reveal to her a secret which would make her happy.—He did not give her any clue as to what it was, but sweet smiling hope bade her heart rejoice, and she returned to her desolate home, with a lighter step and a more cheerful mind. She found her little child as she left it, and with a prayer to God for its happiness, she threw herself upon the bed beside it.

The last spark on the broad hearth had faded, the little cricket had ceased his song, and all around was quiet and still.

An hour passed by, but yet she did not sleep; another, and her mind was racked by a strange wild dream. Large beads of sweat started upon her brow, and a murmur of terrible pain would now and then burst from her lips. "No, no," she muttered, "it cannot, cannot be," and then tossing wildly around, would clasp her babe closer to her bosom.—"I am not that guilty wretch; no, no—that is not my written name in blood and letters—no, no, it's nothing but a dream."

A fearful agitation was passing over her soul, and embracing her babe, she extended her hands on either side, clutched vacantly at the air, as though she wrestled with an unseen foe.

* * * * * *

At a very early hour on the following morning, there was an unusual stir in the camp, and it was whispered about among the soldiers that the murderer had been found, and that at noon on that day he was to be executed. The news created considerable excitement, for the murder had been most foul and cruel, and all seemed desirous that the wretch who committed it should suffer the severest penalty of the law for the awful crime. The murdered man was an old sutler who supplied part of the army with provisions, and was found early one morning in the roadside near the "Haunted House," terribly cut and mangled. He had been robbed of all the money in his possession, and near his body was found a dagger, on which were inscribed the initials of a man who had the night before deserted from the United States army for the purpose of joining the British. Grace Darrell overheard the conversation of the two men on the evening of the murder, and knowing by their talk that they contemplated some wicked deed, she went immediately to the commander-in-chief and acquainted him with the facts of the case. Her information led to the arrest of the deserter, who, knowing that he could not escape, made a full confession of the murder.

Crime, sooner or later, receives its merited punishment, and no artifice, however shrewd or bold, can prevent the guilty one from escaping the fearful retribution which always follows.

It was a glorious November morning, and the golden sunshine streamed upon the earth with more than usual splendor. It was a day to lighten the heaviest heart, it was a day of beauty and magnificence.

In her lonely apartment, beside a deal table, that morning sat Grace Darrell, with the note of Washington before her. She had broken the seal and it read as follows:—

"Your brother whom you long since thought dead, is still living, and is now a Major in the American army, to which position he has been promoted for his gallantry since the war commenced. He will see you at ten this morning at my head-quarters.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This welcome intelligence indeed made her feel happy, but she shuddered as she thought of what she had become since they hae last met. Her name was then without a stain, now she had become a base, vile thing: no, no, she could not endure the thought.—The hour of meeting him was fast approaching, but much as she wanted to see him, she dreaded it with terror. She thought first of leaving her babe behind, and hide, if possible, the evidence of her guilt; but something whispered "shame" in her ear, and she resolved to face the worst.

It was a sad yet happy meeting, that of the brother and sister. Prostrate in the soldier's tent lay the form of Grace Darrell at her brother's feet. He took her small white hand—now very cold—within his own, and swept the unbound tresses from her pallid brow.—No sound escaped his lips, but his heaving chest and tearful eye told of the misery working at his heart. He sank silently on his knees, and with eyes upraised to Heaven, exclaimed, "I will avenge thy wrongs, sister, and call God to witness my oath. He shall die by my hand—die like a dog!" He could say no more.

"Don't weep for me, brother, don't weep for me," she cried, twining her arms affectionately about his neck. "I am not worthy of your tears. Oh! God, pity, pity me!"

"Do not speak thus, sister, I—I—"

The words had scarcely issued from his lips, when the seducer, accompanied by two officers and a clergyman, appeared before them. There was a low, choking noise sounding in his throat, a quivering of the lips, as if endeavoring to drown the voice within him, and crush the memory of the past.

Not a word—not a sylable—not a sigh.

The clergyman stepped forward, followed by Arlington, who offered his hand to Grace. She accepted it, and they were married.—With a murmur of delight, Grace clasped his hand, but a single look from her brother made her release it.

"The time is nearly up," he said, motioning to the clergymen and officers, "the time is nearly up." Then as his manly form rose to all its towering height, he shouted, "You shall be revenged, sister—'t will be a merry death—and I will be the executioner. Ha! ha! ha!"

The next instant she was alone with her child.

"What means these strange proceedings," she half whispered: "the marriage, too, at this time—there was something terrible about it—as I came along, I heard them say the murderer would be hung to-day—and that he was to have a wedding before his execution. No, no; the thought is too dreadful, it cannot be—but why did they leave me so strangely—I will see—I will know the worst!" and thus raging, she pressed her babe to her bosom and rushed from the tent.

'Twas but a glance—but that one glance, how terrible!

She saw the gallows and its intended victim—she saw the executioner, and she heard the loud huzzas of the spectators assembled to witness the agony of a fellow being. Her face was that of a maniac. Her dark eyes almost started from their sockets; every feature quivered, and every lineament looked more horrible than death. But on, on she went, until she reached the middle of the throng.

"*I* am her avenger," said her brother, with a ghastly smile. "*I* am her avenger—ha! ha!"

"Curse upon you all," cried Walter Arlington. The words gurgled upward with his death groan, and the gorgon-headed gibbet had done its work.

A cry of horror rent the air; a cry of awful agony, and Grace Darrel fell at the feet of her brother, the warm blood gushing from her mouth. They raised her up, but she was dead, and the cheek of the babe on her bosom was cold.

GOOD AT FIGURES.—A young lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirited for some time, inquired the reason.

"Oh dear! mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age."

"That's true—but he's only thirty-six."

"He's only thirty-six *now*, mamma; but—but when I'm sixty—"

"Well—"

"Oh! dear! then he'll be a *hundred and twenty!*"

*It has long since crumbled into dust. On the ground where once it stood, there is now erected a splendid mansion owned by a wealthy citizen of New York. It is now *haunted by good cheer*, and a large family of rosy cheeked, bright eyed boys and girls.

*After the battle of White Plains, on the 28th of October, 1776 Washington crossed the Hudson into New Jersey, and took post near Fort Lee, situated on the North River, about nine miles from New York. Garrisons had been left here and at Fort Washington, opposite to Fort Lee in order to preserve the command of the Hudson.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

It has already withstood tempest after tempest and outlived successive prophets of ruin. A mere handful of provinces, casually united in resistance to England, and on the point of falling to pieces when necessity for resistance ceased, it required at that critical moment a new constitution which knit the disjointed members firmly together. A second war, undertaken against the will of one third of its component States, appeared to threaten it afresh with dissolution; it ended in strengthening the Union, through a new infusion of national spirit, and by rousing a common sentiment, which absorbed sectional jealousies and passions. Next came the consummation of victory obtained by the Democratic party in their long struggle with the Federalists—a victory which seemed to threaten with speedy destruction the bond which it had been the principle of the latter to vindicate and maintain. But providence overruled this danger also to a contrary issue; for the State authorities which could not long have endured the stricken yoke intended by the Federalists, submitted easily to the modified control which the disciples of Jefferson vested in the central government. The nation overflowed across the bounding Alleghenies, and spread over the wide valley of the Mississippi, and it was pronounced by friends, as well as enemies, that the extension of empire would inevitably lead to disruption. Contrary to all anticipation, this very extension has preserved the unity of the Republic. The growing separation of the North and South, divided in interest, and hostile in feeling, was prevented from coming into direct collision by the introduction of the new Western States.—This third and powerful element kept the others together in compulsory harmony; and in the same manner, every subsequent addition has tended rather to strengthen the fabric than to bring it down.

The wider the dominion of the federation spreads, the greater the number of local interests and populations comprehended within its boundary the less appears to be the probability that any particular local interest can threaten the general weal—that dissentions between particular sections are destined to endanger the security of the Union. It has withstood the shocks of commercial distress and the extravagance of commercial prosperity; it has been enfeebled by the impulse given to party spirit under a long and idle peace; it seems to encounter no material danger from the questionable success of a war of invasion and conquest; for wars waged like those of the Carthagenians, by hired armies and jealousy-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Cæsar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity foresees, the clouds which enveloped the birth of the confederacy, have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesman cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock.—*Ed. Review.*

THE MINES IN MEXICO.

The gold mines known as the Placere are in the chain of mountains east of the Rio Grande and southwest from Santa Fe, the old Placere distant 27 miles, and the new Placere about 40. They have yielded large amounts some years, and are fully as productive now as they have been at any time; in fact there is no telling the riches they contain. The gold mine district is at least 15 miles long, including the old and new Placere, by several in width, the whole of which yields this precious metal. The mineral is procured in different ways, but much the larger portion by washing the dirt in all of which gold is found. It is as rich on the surface as in any place, and they have no where gone more than fifty feet in depth, the soil at that depth being of the same kind. In some places it is found in flint rock, which is pulverized, and the mineral gathered with quicksilver, and at one place this method was adopted with the dirt, the dust being too fine for washing. It is often found in large lumps, the largest yet found, weighing seven and three-quarter pounds; it is common to find 12, 15, 20, or 30 ounces, and considerable silver is mixed with all, and some copper. A vein, or lode, as we say in the States, is here called a *helo*, some of which are deposits, forming strata of sand, gravel, dirt and gold. There is no regularity in mining, the winter season being the time principally devoted to it, on account of the scarcity of water at other seasons of the year.—The number of hands engaged varies very much, seldom exceeding 500, and as low in summer as 40 or 50. The miners receive a certain amount in money or goods for all they procure, and usually leave when their immediate wants are supplied. The town of Placere is a small, dirty, ill-built place, furnishing temporary habitations, principally for the workmen: and a few merchants who are interested in the mines, buy the gold procured, and trade with the washers and workmen.—Besides gold, there is a rich vein of copper in the mountain, which can be traced entirely through, but it has never been worked, though claimed as private property. The road from this place to the town is a good one for wagons, and so is the one to the river, from which the mines are about the same distance they are from here. The mountain is covered with pine timber, some of which is large; and cedar is also abundant. A good road passes by Placere from this to Peralto, Valencia and Toma, on the river, to Albuquerque, where provisions can be procured, and which is the richest and best cultivated part of New Mexico. In the hands of enterprising capitalists they would, no doubt, yield larger profits and amouts; the only difficulty being the scarcity of water for washing, which it is thought can be procured by sinking shafts and using small engines to pump it up.—*Santa Fe Republican.*