# THE ERIE OBSERVER. B. F. SLOAN, Editor. FONWARD.E

## VOLUME 20

## SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

## Select Boetry. THD AROHITDOTS.

BY MENRY W. LONGFELLOW. All are Architects of Fate, Working in these walls of Times Some with massive decds and great,

Some with ornaments of rhymo

Nothing useless is or low; Each thing in its place is best. And what seems but idle show?

Strengthens and supports the rest. For the structure that we raise. Time is with material filled Our to days and vesterdays

Are the blocks with which we build Truly shape and fashion these; Leave no yawning gaps between;

Think not, because no man sees, Buch things will remain unscen

In the elder days of Art, Builders wrought with greatest care Each minute an unseen part; For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well. Joth the unseen and the seen; Make the house where gods may dwell , Beautifal, entire and clean,

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of Time, Broken stair ways, where the feet Stumble as they seck to climb.

B tild to-day, then strong and sure, With a firm and ample base: And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain To those turrets, where the eye Sees the world as one vast plain. And one boundless reach of sky.

# Choice Miscellany. CANTATRICE.

### A TALE OF THE CREVASSE.

From the New York Times. The coast, as it has always been called since the settlement of Louisiana, is that part of the rich bottom of the Mississippi which commences with the first farm from the Beline-say forty miles below Now Orleansand extends above the city one hundred and fifty. This | er that gazed on the scone with a grim look of horror belt of matchless soil is secured through out, its whole as if the happiness of others were a species of implied length by a Levee, or artificial embankment of solid insult to him. earth thrown up at immense cost and labor. The Levee is from six to eight feat high, and sufficiently broad to in such a place as this. I am distracted to harbor a hope furnish a beautiful way, where, in fine weather, the carriages of the opulent planters may be seen rolling swiftly as he threaded his way, painfully, through the press along, as if in some gay procession. Were this protective wall removed, the river, even in ordinary floods, would cover the coast everywhere to the depth of from two to ton feet, while in many instances it would be far a vision of the most extruordinary and dezzling beauty deeper, as the bottom uniformly slopes back, descending gradually from the bank like a glacis. This alluvial belt, by common consent deemed the most fertile on the globe, crimson zone around her bosom, secured by a massive has long been converted into a gardon, white with cot- clasp of gold that lay opposite her heart like a star. Her ton, green with sugar cane, and gleaning bright with head was bare, or only covered with its own veil of ring- so call me." the golden apples of countless groves of orange. The lets, softer than silk and black as midnight. Her comeat chain which has been forged by human art to defend it, nor does that strong defence at all eu tint left there by the wind and the sun beam-thismighty river-loath to be robbed of so fair a prey-mus- sights. ters all his forces, and comes roaring, mad with the wrath | Poter Ellis was so unaccountably fascinated by the of torrents from a hundred mountains, to re-assert his first sight, that he did not remark for more than a minancient reign. He assaults its chain of bastions with uto the companion in attendance on his angel, elf, or the thunder of all his waves. If the open attack be repelled, he sets to work his insiduous under-currents-a | her the instant her image flashed like lightning into his host of miners and sappers-that gnaw away into his soul. At last, however, he was forced to perceive that heart. Then, perhaps, suddenly the wall topples down she had a companion and such a companion as filled him, -a breech is effected - a crevasse, or "gap," occursand the headlong stream pours through with the hearse, , triumphant shout of a cataract, bearing a deluge of destruction to the blossoming fields for two or three hundred miles below.

forest rather than a park.

Although it was scarcely nine in the forenoon when Peter Ellis reached the Green, it was already quite supplied with dancers, and their sport progressed with infinite spirit. The scene was such as to defy all attempts at description, by either pen or pencil. A huge negro, taller, and blacker, and uglier, than any other in the immense concourse, had been chosen general director of the day. He was called, indifferently, "King of Congo." or "King of the Wake," and bore on his head, as a crown, a great pyramid of printed paper boxes, fastened together, which had the effect of nearly doubling his natural height. This monarch and all his subjects were

tricked out in a manner so inconceivably grotesque that it was impossible to behold them without laughter .--Here was one furnished with hoofs. There went another brandishing enormous horns. A third clapped his wings, crowing like chanticleer. A fourth strutted majestically, spreading behind him the plumes of a peacock; while a fifth displayed the tail of a monkey. Their sable features were decked with all the colors of the rainbow; and their necks, waists, arms, ancles, literally bristled with innumerable little bells, that jingled and chimed as they moved, like millions of fairy tongues. The dancers initated the different cries of every animal described in natural history. They crowded, barked, bellowed, neighed, hooted, bleated, squalled and howled, while, without ceasing, the little bells jingled and chimed. And, as if this deafening din were not sufficient to keep pace with the whirlwind of their passionate excitement, they called in the aid of all sorts of musical and un-musical instruments. The fiddle uttered its silvery laugh; the drum thundered; the trumpet roared; the fife squealed: while the boatman's bugle, like an angel of gladness, flung its winding notes into the sky; and still the little bells jingled and chimed. They increased the clamor by thumping pans, kettles, tubs, and empty barrels. They shuffled, waltzed, and flew the polks, but yet, over all the new evolution, the genuine Congo dance maintained its undisputed pre-eminence. It was the saturnalia of animal passion-the jubilee of joyous insinct. Every eve gleamed with rapture; every countenance was radient with wild light. The whole burning heaving mass of vitality was worked up to a

height of feeling, intense as the emotions of madness.-Even many of the spectators caught the contageous fury and joi red in the savage glee; but there was one behold

"I must have been distracted to think of finding HER of finding her at all!" murmered Peter Ellis to himself. whispern g malisons against Congo Green.

At length the misauthrope gained the iron gate to wards the north, and was in the act of going out, when arrested his attention and chained his very feet to the sod. This was a young girl habited in white, with a

"They now call me Cantatrice, but my mother did no

"What did your mother call you?"

the basin, was set apart by an ordinance of the city for | The girl returned to her station in the human ring, BUNGARIAN INDEPENDENCE. | gold is not more profitable than other branches of industhe Sunday amusements of the Africans exclusively .- | and again glanced an imploring look at the old hunch-It is suclosed in strong iron railings, has a gate of the back. He scowled as before and waived another angry same metal on each of the four sides, and is adorned gesture. She then took from the folds of her dress two with many beautiful trees, scattered here and there at small gilt cantinetts, poised them an instant above her irregular intervals, which gave it the appearance of a head, then whirled them around her with a motion gracefully rapid as the flight of wings, starting away in a dance so airy, buoyant and incredibly swift, that she actually seemed to flost like a sylph in pure sunshine. But at that moment an event occurred to interrupt the

general enjoyment. A dull, booming noise was heardthe rush of a torrent of water; and a loud scream of terro arose:---"The crevasse! The crevasse! The levee of the Basin has broken! We shall all be drowned!"

The King of Congo tore off his crown, and king an ubjects alike attempted a grand charge towards the gates The flood came roaring after them, and in three of four minuetes overspread the green, but, fortunately, as yet to no considerable debth.

There were two persons only in the crowd who did not fly-Peter Ellis and the poor singer. The former approached the girl with a feeling of strange interest "Why do you not fly, my pretty one?" he asked. 'Are you not afraid you will be drowned?"

Oh! God, I wish that I were!" she rejoined, with ook of such hopeless sorrow that it thrilled through his nmost heart in a pang keen as the wound of a dagger. "Then it seems you do not like your present profession?" Ellis inquired.

"Like it!" the girl exclaimed, in a tone wich proved he very question itself to be torture.

"Why, then do you not leave it?"

"Monsieur, I have no other." She uttered the answer in a voice indescredibly mournful, folded her hand on her the most degraded community; for it is no answer to my osom, and up to heaven "Has no one proffered assistance to enable you to rise

bove your degraded condition?"

"Many, very many," she replied, sadly. "Why, then, did you not accept such benevolent aid?" "Because Monsieur," faltered the girl, blushing deeply and letting her dark eyes fall to the ground, "I would

love. "His harted? The hunch-back, you mean?"

"Yes," "Is he not your father?"

"No, Monsieur, he brought me up over since I was ittle child, but he is not my father." "Where is the hunch-back now?"

"Gone to his pawn-broker shop, beyond the basin.-He fears it is overflowed." "Have you no mother?"

"None in this world!" And again the darkeyed girl planced through her tear towards heaven. "Do you remember your parents!"

"I remember my mother. I have at least a fain mage of her. She had black eyes, such as mine, and a smile like an angel, it was so much sweeter than any starlight."

Poter Ellis started as if to rush forward and soize the girl but immediately checked himself, murmuring-"No. cannot be!" and proceeded with his interogations. "Do you recollect your mother's name!" He put the aestion in a tone grasping with dreadful earnestness, "No, Monsieur, I knew her only as mother." "What is your own name!"

plexion was dark, it is true, but it was the beautiful gold Mary. Poter Ellis started as if he had been shot in the heart, times avail: for once every year its old enemy, the kissing her with fire, and that cooling the fire-with but once more calmed himself and continued-"Have you any recollection of your father?" "No, Monsieur; but I have a memory of my home ere they brought me to the city." "Can you describe it?" "Oh! yes," she answered, clasping her small hands tightly across her forehead, as if to press the feeble images from their old dark niches in the brain. Then she added-The pictures are dim, Monsieur, very dim and very beautiful-like deep dreams. There, I see it ell This was an old man, hideously bunch-backed, with in the sunny air now-the tall white house, with the so properly denounced to-day, when they tell them that tong is it since we heard of the Russian invasion of Hun-snow-white hair, piercing grey eyes, and a dirty shrivell- stone chimney at each end-the two great trees in the any government in this country can possibly lend its aid yard, with the big red painted gate before them; the blue lake beyond the gate; I can never forget it for I slipped into it once, and was drawn out half dead, by an old oneeved nogro. The face of Peter Ellis was pallid as that of a corpse, as he put the last question, in a voice hoarse as the rattle in a dying man's throat:

GREAT SPEECH OF MR. COBDEN AT A MEETING HELD IN THE CITY OF LONDON, ON THE 234 OF JULY LAST, FOR THE PURPOSE OF SYMPATHSING WITH THE NOBLE STRUGGLES OF THE HUNGARIANS. iry. The Rumian government derives a revenue of £700,000 from these mines, while they raise ten times as much upon the excise duties upon spirite, consumed We could not give our readers more acceptable readby its wretched and degraded population. After the gold ing than the speech of WILLIAM COBDER, the celebrated mine delusion is expelled, they tell you that the Emperor English economist. Portraying, as it does, the true state of Russia has a great amount of specie in the vaults of of the resources and physical abilities of Russia, it will the fortress of St. Petersburgh. Yes, there is a reserve of dissipate the idea, so prevalent in this country, of the exspecie in the Bank of St. Petersburgh; but it is a reserve of aggerated and stupendous military and financial condi-£14,000,000 to meet a paper circulation of £40,000,000 tion of that empire. This speech has attracted the notice or £50,000,000; and bear in mind that the present paper of the hired press of Europe who seek to disparage the money of Russia was issued to redeem other paper moviews therein set forth; and nothing, that has yet been ney, which had been depreciated one-third, or one-fourth clated paper at 101d, paying off its notes at 3s. 4d., but

said in regard to the great struggle for liberty in the old in value, the government having withdrawn the deprevorld, has received more attention: Mr. Cospan, was received with great cheering. He said-Mr. Obserman and gentlemen, I think, after this demonstration to-day, no paper will have the audacity to deny that the inhabitants of this great city are indifferent to the fate of Hungary, or favorable to the despots who are trying to fetter her independence. I appear to-day,

auxious to add my mite of sympathy to that which you

under a solemn pledge that there should be a reserve of

specie in St. Petersburgh to pay these notes on demand,

when they are presented. Now the diplomatists and

minions of Russia have spread this 'report among the

ensy credulous, that because the Bank of Russia has

£15,000,000 of specie on hand, the Russian nation is a

wealthy one. If it comes to a war, Russia must either

peror takes that money, he takes what no more belongs

o him, and what he has no more right to take, than if

the Chancellor of the Exchequer came down to Thread-

cedle street, and took the reserve out of the vaults there.

there are men hero present who know I am speaking

the truth. I know it, because I have been on the spot,

should never have spoken thus of the poverty of Russia

to further and uphold. Well, these are my moral means,

by which I invite the peace party to put down this system

of leaning. Now will any one in the city of London dare

o be a party to a loan to Russia, either directly or open-

ly, or by agency and copartnership with any house in

before the citizens of this free country and avow that he

has lent his money for the purpose of cutting the throats

other. I do not speak of fighting the Hungarians, but

merely of the difficulty of getting through the country

for every one knows that the diffculty that the Russians

have to encountre is the difficulty of carrying supplies.

What stops them is the want of a commissariat, the want

of honesty on the part of those who are intrusted with it.

the difficulty of the rouds, and the danger of attack by a

hostile population, and all this I trace to the undoubted

poverty of the Russian government. The Russian gov-

ernment have been for the last four years or five engag-

ed in making a railroad from Moscow to St. Petersburgh.

to have an interest. Therefore it is that I proclaim these

facts, and I dare the Russian agents to contradict them

I say again; "stop the supplies," and do so not only in

the interest of the Hungarians, but in the interest of the

deepning their rivers, in making railroads, in draining

their morasses, and in elevating the condition of the peo

upon a criminal crusade with an unoffending people, who

Amsterdam or Paris? Will any one dare, I say, come

are prepared to express for the interests of Hungary, and I think it right to explain exactly what my sympathics are, and what my objects are in coming here. If I have one principle more than another firmly implanted in my mind, and which I think it is for the interest of this country, and of all other countries, to recognize, it is, that seperate and independent countries should be allowed to regulate their own affairs in the way that seems best to them, without the interference of any other foreign power whatever. I make no exception to this rule. l include in it the right of the Romans. I include within the benefit of that principle, the poorest, the humblest, principles to tell me, that certain countries are not in a condition to govern, themselves properly. The fact that a country is unable to govern itself properly, is no reason why you should go and govern it according to your own notions to what is proper. I come now to the question before us,-the oause of Hungarian independence. If this had been a question simply between Hungary and rather suffer his cruel harted than endure their wicked Austria, would it have been necessary for us to have appeared here to-day? So long as the Hungarians were left to sottle their affairs with the government of Vienna, they were perfectly competent to do it, without the interference of the citizens of London. They have, I believe twice driven the Austrian armies from their territories, and to all intents and purposes, therefore, they stand now in the position of an independent nation. So far, they have proved their power to maintain their independence against Austria. My object in coming here to-day is to protest against an armed intervention, as unjust, as ini-

quitous, and as infamous as was ever perpetrated. I come here to protest against the Russian horde's pour-Theiss at all. I have seen with some astonishment-for Russian resources. It is the poorest and most beggarly I was not in my place in the House of Commons on Sapany your Lord Mayor in a pleasant excursion up the river-that Lord Palmersten defended himself against some ridiculous and unjust attacks made upon him in the House of Lords, but that is big mode up the

of the innocent people of Hungary? I have heard such a project talked of. But let it only assume a shape, and American sailors who were boating logwood off to their promse you that we, the peace party, will have such a vessel. The captain said nothing for a few days; but meeting as has not yet been held in London, for the purone fine morning, coaxed the king on board his vessel, pose of denouncing the blood stained project-for the under promise of some grog, tied him up in the rigging. surpose of pointing the finger of scorn at the house of the gave him twenty-five lashes, well laid on, and a bit of individuals who would employ their money in such a advice as to his future course in the treatment of Amerimanner-for the purpose of fixing an indelible atigma of can sailors. Such is the great king of the Mosquitoes, infamy upon the men who would lend their money to whom the British have set up as Lord Paramount in Nisuch a vile, unchristian and barbarous purpose. That caragua, and through whose autherity they claim jurisis my moral force. As for Austria, no one, I suppose, diction over the territory which the State of Nicaragua would ever think of lending hor money. Why, she has has solemnly guarranteed to a company of Americans, been a bankrupt twice within the last forty years, and over which to construct a canal to unite the two oceans. ing down upon the plains of Hungary, and I do it upon now her paper money is at a discount of 15 to 16 per cent. John Bull is wide awake in looking out for Important the principle that I have already laid down, and as 1 Surely, then, no one woud think of lending her money. points. He has now got Aden, Gibraltar, and the Bethe principle that I have already fait down, and the series of the principle that I have already fait down, and the principle that I have already for the principle that I have aline th CHARACTER. country in Europe. It has not not a farthing. Last year There are weak-minded and feeble-bodied individuals who are never well, and who never would be if they could. The doctor must call, the draught must be taken, some ridiculous and unjust attacks made upon him in er? Why, there is not so gigantic a political impostare and every friend must tell them on pain of serious dis-the House of Lords, but that in his speech there is not a in all Europe. They talk sometimes as if Eugland and pleasure, that they look ill, and must take great care of the House of Lords, but that in his speech there is not a word of comment, or of grave rebuke, or the most mod-erate disapprobation expressed upon the conduct of the Russians. But that is the whole question before us-Russian interference. I have told you that I am not for Russian interference. I have told you that I am not for allowing the government to send Englishmen to fight the battles of Hungary against the Austrians, and I come here to protest against Russia going to the assistance of the assistance of the sent again of the sen here to protost against Russia going to the assistance of Austria. We may be asked why we do not follow out this meeting by some measure for actively aiding the Hangarians. We come here, in the first place, to ex-press our opinions, which will at all events show to the despots of the north, that so far as the weight of these free opinions go, we throw them into the scale, and tell them that they may reckon on our bestility and tell them that they may reckon on our bestility and tell the table table has a provide the seale and tell the table table has a provide the seale and tell the table table has a provide table table table table table table the the table table table table table table table to the seale and tell the table tab them that they may rechon on our hostility, and let There are passionate persons, so hot and peppery, so truly combastible, that a word will throw them in a blaze. Whether the offence be small or great, intended or acciany government in this country can possibly lend its aid gary-since we were told that the hoards of Russians to the cause of despotism. I belong to the peace party, were coming down like an avalanche of men upon the dental, it is all one; they are like loaded guns; they go off when the least thing thouches the trigger. Of such a one as this it was aptly said;ago, and where are they now? What progress have

SI 50 A TDAR, in Advance.

## NUMBER 16.

### THE TWO OCEANS.

A company at New York having taken the initiatory steps towards uniting the Atlantic and Pacific by canalization, via the river San Juan and Lake of Nicaragus, the British Consul at New York has given them notice that his government claims, in behalf of the king of Mosquito, the land granted them by Nicaragua, and also the navigation of the river. This claim, of course our government will take no notice of. The history of this British claim is as follows, and is of a piece with British presumtion every where. That government, seeing that a canal must sconer or later be made between the two oceans, and that San Juan was the proper point at which to commence the work, instigated some British merchants at Kingston, Jamaica, to fit out an expidition to that coast, to see what could be done to get possession of the country. The vessel entered the harbor of San Juan, and in a few days inveigled some of the stupid negroes and Indians on board, under promise of a few pounds of glass beads and a blow-out on grog. One of this company, a big, burly negro, being apparently more stupid come for a foreign loan, or rob the bank; and if the Emthan any of his companions, was told by the merchants and claim the sovereignty of a part of the State of Nicaragua. They put a pair of red trowsers on him,-an article of wearing apparel that he never dreamed of before,-gave him an old coat with a pair of epaulettes, and placed an iron keg-hoop upon his head,-not much resembling the iron crown of Lombardy,---as an insignia and mude it my business to understand these things. I of his authority. They then re-christened the mud city of San Juan, calling it Grey Town, promised their neif she had not violated a principle which every man who gro mosquite pleaty of grog if he would swear to all the admires Hungarian fortitude and courage, and feels an lies they chose to put into his mouth, and set sail for interest in the cause of liberty and patriotism, is bound Kingston. The king of the Mosquitoes can neither write nor read, nor can he tell his right leg from his left one, unless he chalks it. Ile don't know who his father is, and his father don't know who he is, and don't wish to. And if the English should try to find him again, of course they couldn't, for his trowsers are all worn out by this time, and they have no other mark to tell him by .-This king of the Mosquitoes, soon after this English hocus-pocusing, considering himself a gallinipper at least while his ram holds out, undertook to impose upon some

Such calamities have frequently happened, but the history of the coast has preserved none more horrible than that of May, in the present year-submerging, as it did, a large section of the island of New Orleans, and monacing the city of the Crescent itself with wreck and ruin. \_\_\_\_\_

It was Sunday, not many years ago, when a stranger, whom we shall call Peter Ellis, wandered forth from the St. Charles to witness, with his own oyes, the approaches of that inundation, which then formed the staple of discussion among all classes. He had another object in strolling from his hotel, at the early hour of eight in the morning, as will very soon appear. Poter Ellis was about forty years of age, a noble figure, but proud, gloomy face, with a fore-head seamed by many and deep wrinkles, as if Fate had some time dealt him sharp blows, the wounds of which had healed over, leaving, however, on his visage those enduring scars. His dress was rich. after the fashion of the southern aristocracy, but worn negligent, and somewhat soiled with the stains of recent travel; for he had, in truth, arrived only the previous evening.

The stranger passed groups of people, gathered on every corner, all engaged in earnest conversation; and sull here in the streets, as back yonder at the tavern, the crovasse, the crovasse, spoken in English, French, Spanish [ Italian, an patois-was the topic that seemed to monopolize every thought. He had almost reached the old basid, where the water was said to be rising with fearful rapidity, when his cars were assniled by an indescribable noise which issued from a point a few squares to the

"What infernal din is that? Is pandemonium let loose?" asked Peter Ellis, interrogating a little Frenchman, who chanced to be gliding by with a delicious smirk at his holiday finery.

"Monsieur is a stranger in the city?" said the Frenchman, bowing to the very knees. "Yes."

"Has heard of the Sunday dance on Congo' Green?" "Yes."

"Never had the pleasure to see it?" "No 22

"Then Monsieur will be delighted, charmed, enchanted with the spectacle," exclaimed the volatile son of Paris, enthusiastically; adding, with another deep bow. "but I beg Monsieur's pardon-for the remark-he will be careful to respect the Africans. The Green belongs to them-is their theatre, I might say-and the simusement is under the strict surreillance of the police.11 "Does any body else go there besides negroes?" inquired Ellis, abstractedly.

"Oh! yes: every body attends some time or other, and their character, go always."

as if darkened with the gloom of a thunder cloud. The it was a gold eagle. last answer of the Frenchman appeared to call up the Fery muscle of his frame, and with a scowl at his as- face.

the pd interlocutor, he burried onwards and entered "No-keep it," he answered, in a choking voice, and when we look in the quiet enjoyment of their own hapcondunt for and one of the state of the stat · dozon acres, situated not far from | ed as scarlet-for the last drop was a tear of fire. ting, we are bound to get "spliced" forthwith.

fairy, as his intoxicated fancy had spontaneously named not with jealousy, but with fear!

ed face that wore the double expression of theft and murder. He was muttering angry words in a low voice, while the girl's dark eyes were swimming in tears. "Oh! spare me that shame!" Ellis heard her entreat, "for heaven's sake spare me! I cannot go there." "Do as I bid you, this moment," replied the old hunch back, in a whisper at once sharp and hollow as if emitting from the burn ing throat of a devil. "Go, or to-night -," the sentence was completed by a gesture that made the very marrow creep in the spectator's bones. "I will go," answered the girl, shuddering and turning deadly pale; and she opened the gate, and hurried

on towards the centre of the sable crowd-the old monster following and eyeing her at a distance with his fiendish smile, while Peter Ellis, in spite of his pride vanity, and the warning voice of reason, felt himself borne by an irresistable impulse in the same direction. Presently the fascinated man heard, above all the impeat of tumult, the voice of a singer; but whether human or angelic he could not decide even in thought It was loud, sweet singing, and yet mild and wondrously varied, sweeping more octaves than that of the night-

ingale, sounding clearer and souring higher than the sky-larks, while its music was rich and beautiful as a glimmering doubt, the sure explanation-the question dream! The effect on the mad dancers was like magic .-Horn, drum, bugle and violin, were instantly silent .----The vast throng swayed to and fro, as a sea tossed by as the sun; when the arms of the two wero entwined the storm, and then gathered in a great circle around the more gently, as if no longer afraid of losing each other.

"La Cautatrice! The singer! The beautiful!" "It seems she is well known among the Africans of New Orleans," said Peter Ellis with a shudder, but still thrice happy are all the poor girls of the great city who he could not forbear pressing forwards till he gained a can say as much. But alas ! for the many orphans withpoint in the circle of black faces whence he could again out a father, and a darker woe for the wretches that see the dazzling apparition.

She sang, with the accompaniment of most appropriat a funeral. In truth, she could not have selected a more impressible audience; for the southern negroes selves almost continually.

At length she paused, and turning very pale, glanced beseechingly at the old hunch-back, who frowned and deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the waved a fierce imperious gesture. She then drew from she came near Ellis, she glanced up in his face with her one so elegantly attired as he in such campany. She to the depth of sixty-three feet: The wrinkles on the brow of Peter Ellis grew black, started with surprise as he dropped a piece in her palm;

"Monsieur had made a mistake," she said, in her which is the medern definition of marriages, as soon as he thost of some horrid memory that had power to shake soft, silvery tone, holding up the glittering coin near his gets ableas the following will show:

"Have you any relic-a handerchief-a bit of clothing-anything left by your mother!" "I have her miniature, Monsieur."

"Where? Where?"

"Here, in my bosom, close beside my heart." "Let me see it!' cried Peter Ellis, leaping forth wildv, and grasping the girl by the arm.

She raised the miniature by the slight silver chain an held it up before his gleaming eyes.

"It is she!-it is she!" he shouted, and then caught the young girl to his bosom, murmuring "Mury, oh! cry of "question.") That must be a Russian agent or Mary-my daughter!"

Let a half hour of the scene pass. It never should be profaned by so poor a pen as mine! And yet I cannot end without recording one closing incident.

When the first outburst of excitement was over-the solved by the caress, and the gush of feeling that sweetened and illuminated everything; when a sacred calm followed, deep as the sea, stable as the earth, and bright voice, while one shout shook the Green like thunder- then the girl said, in a seraph-like whisper-"Thank God! I have now two fathers-one here and another yonder!" and she pointed her fingure to the sky. And show them no pity!

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH .- At the city of Modens, ato gestures, a merry bacchanal song, and the listeners in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever it is cheered with shouts of laughter. At a signal from the dug, whenever the workmen arriv; at the distance of old hunch-back, she took up a martial lyric, and every sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they eye gleamed with the red light of battle. Then she bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw trilled a mournful dirge-a wail of love and death; and from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its a thousand ebon checks were wet with tears as with extraction, the water burst up from the apperature with summer rain, while sobs and even shricks resounded as great violence, and quickly fills this new made well, which continues full, and is affected by neither rains nor droughts. At the depth of fourteen feel are found the have an insatiable passion for music, and sing them- ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and pieces of masaic. Under this is found a soft cory earth, made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six fpet

walnut sticking ou the stam, and their leaves and branchher bosom a large open-mouth purse, and passing around es in perfect preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a the dusky circle, held out her hand for pennies, which soft chalk is found, mixed with a wast quantity of shells, were showefed down with extreme liberality. When and this bed is eleven fest deep. Under these, vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees the ladies who have had the serious misfortune to lose wild black eyes, wondering no doubt at the presence of

> MADE HIS NIND UP .- The editor of the Syracuse Ro weille has determined on paving some lady's board-Jupiter! How we do envy our young married frinds,

them not believe those organs of the press who have been chost without a farthing in it. Why, gentlemen, how though I cannot claim for myself the views which my Hungarians, to exterminate them? It is four months friend who preceded me has expressed. I am afraid, however, if we test his views by the New Testament, they made! I say nothing of the ultimate consequences that he is right and 1 am wrong. What I am here to-day of the Russian invasion. I do not shut my eyes to the for, is to rouse the feelings of the peace party in this peril that awaits the Hungarians. But if Russia had been country against the aggressions of Russia. We may be that awaits the Hungarians. But if Russia had been the foreign with its and with the asked, how can you bring moral force to . bear on these armed despots? I will tell you. We can stop the supplies. Why, Russia can't carry on two campaigns beyond her own frontiers without coming to western Europe

for a loan. She never has done so, without being either subsidized by England, or borrowing money from Amsterdam. I tell you I have paid a visit there, and I assert that they cannot carry on two campaigns in Hungary without either borrowing money in western Europe or robbing the bank of St. Petersburgh. (A laugh, and a spy, for this is a question. I know that the Russian party here and abroad, would rather that I should send against them a squadron, of cavalry and a battery of ca- The country is as level as this table. I do not believe it

non, than that I should fire off the facts that I am about is finished at this time, and they were obliged to gu to a to tell you. I say, then, that Russia, cannot carry on banker's quarterly to get the money to go on with it. two campaigns without a loan. In 1829, Russia was Russia a strong, a powerful and a rich country! Don't engaged in a war with Turkey; but after one compaign, believe any one who tells you so in future. Refer them she was obliged to go to Hope, of Amsterdam, and borrow 40,000,000 florins to carry on a war of two years of gr countries, or to make a crusade against foreign duration. (Some interruption here arose from the same finances, until they have violated the principles of neuvoice, and a loud cry of "turn him out" ensued.) Per- trality and the rights of independence, in which we claim haps, if the gentleman remains, we may be able to convert him to our principles. I have told you that in 1829. Turkey being then prostrate, and having lost her fleet at Navarino, Russia was obliged to borrow 40,000,000 florins to carry on a two years war with Turkey. In 1931. Russians themselves. Keep them at home; they have when the Poles rose in insurrection against Russia, if it had not been for the assistance of Hope, of Amsterdam, Russia, could not have carried on that nine months' war. The loan, I understand, was called in England the Pole murdering loan; Well, now, I want to know, can't we as a peace party, do something to prevent Russia or Aus-

are their neighbors. It is, therefore, in the interests of tria raising a loan in western Europe again! The whole contest depends upon that. I have told you they cannot carry on a war, without either robbing the Bank of St. Petersburgh or borrowing money abroad, There is no one in their own country from whom they can borrow; there is not a citizen who can lend them a farthing. The young lady who has "high notions" of what constitutes

rumurs of the wealth of Russia exists because their direspectability, expressed astonishment to her mother that plomatists, who are clever cunning mon, invent falsenoods which no one who knows the real condition of the a young lady of their acquaintance, of considerable country would believe for a moment. They tell us that wealth, should receive the attentions of a young carpenthe Emperer has gold mines in Siberia, from which he ter aud joiner. can draw any possible amount of gold, and that it is a story which is beleved even by some honorable genilemen in Threadneedle street. Now, I have been there, and I know what is the value of these mines. The Rus sian government does not work those mines itself. (In terroption, and much confusion, with a cry of "turn him out") If our friends will only be quiet, it will be im-

possible for any single individual to make a disturbance. I am anxions to bring out facts, not only for the present meeting, but facts which will be listened to far elsewhere

"He carries in his brest a spark of fire That any fool may fan into a flame."

There are thoughtful men who remain at home and grow wise, and there are thoughtless wanderers who go abroad and come back ignorant. It is not what the eye like England, with its resources of wealth, and with the sees, but what the mind reflects upon, that supplies us commissariat such as awaited English armies, they with wisdom. would have gone through Hungary from one end to the

There are persons who, acting from sudden impulse. make use of such strong expressions upon trifling occasions, that they find no suitable words for occurences of importance. They know nothing of the positive and compariative, but always make use of the superlative.-The squeaking of a mouse and the fall of a church spire would call forth the same ejaculation.

There are busybodies whose own business seems not to be of half so much importance to them as to the occupation of them; these sift trifling matters to the bottom; make much of little things, and do a plentiful deal of mischief to all arround them, but every one dislikes them. There narrow-minded mon, oy, and women too, who have humanity enough to abstain from upbraiding the receiver of it.

There are grateful spirits, that, come good or ill, are always "singing of mercy." To them the heavans doclare the glory of God, and the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. A spirit, of this kind is worth a sea full of sapphires."-Old Humphreys.

ARGUMENT AGAINST EARLY MARRIAGES.

A writer in the National Intelligencer notices a communication from the Richmond Republican, signed "W. W. Y.?' in which early marriages were advocated, and abundant scope for their labor in their own country, in presents "the other side of the picture," as follows:---

"Says W. W. Y., 'All know, or should know, the opinion of the good and wise Franklin upon this subject, who was a warm advocate in its favor." Perhaps Frank-lin was Philosophically right in his opinion, but facts go to prove that he was practically terong. For instance, gentlemen "all know, or should know,' that the children of very young parents are generally deficient in strength i body and mind, and commonly die young. "All civilization, numanity and peace, that we meet here to-day. (The honorable member resumed his seat amid prolonged cheering. REFUBLICANISM.—Not many years since, in a some manyion not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, a some mansion not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, a his father, he inherited his eminent talents. Pitt, For, and Burke, were each the youngest child of their re-spective families. Daniel Webster is the youngest by a second marringe: so also was Lord Bactor, whose father was fifty, and his mother thirty-two years of ago at his birth. Judge Story's mother was forty-four at his birth; Benjamin West was the tenth child of his parents; and Dr. Doddridge was the teentich child by one father and mother. It is a proverb that 'the yongest children are the smartest.' And wby? evidently because the parents the smartest.' And why? evidently became the parants are mature in mind and bedy, and consequently transmit a higher order and mentality to their offipping. Does the intelligent farmer expect a healthy and invariant crop when he seeds with dwarfish green corn or unripe pota-toes? And why not bring in requisition as much sciences and common sense to propogate 'the buman form diving' as 'potatoes and cabhago?' Grant that early marriages would obvists. 'much of the vice and wickadness which is now almost unavoidable,' is not the remedy worse than the disease if it be the means of bringing into ar-istance a rate of pusy, ill-formed children, a majority of whom dis before they arrive at maturity? But the avil resources of this power. Russia does not work an ounce of gold herse M, but receives a per centage upon the work ing of these mines by others. And the rateine of this plunder.

"He is an upright and intelligent young man. I can ses no objections," replied the mother. "I don't care," returned the daughter, "I would not be seen on the street with him." "Would you be ashamed to he seen with your father on the street?" inquired the mother. "Why do you ask that mother?" "Because, I can well remember when he pushed plane," was the mother's reply. She had her these. The "Pleasures of Hope" can be found in hoping that