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Select Poetry.

THE GROVE OF MAPLES.

BY FRANK CAREY.
Where the ripples ripple by me,
And the birds about me sing,
In the light of early morning
In the freshness of the spring;
Where the young leaves of the maple
On my face their shadows cast
Quiet though bright, but so happy,
I am dreaming of the past.
Calling up the friends that with me
Have talked of hopes and fears,
In this pleasant vale of beauty,
Since the springtime of my years.
O, this thick old grove of maple,
To hear its shadows dance,
For the light of pleasant faces
That have looked upon me here.
When the black woods of the winter
Saw my footprints in the snow,
When the first faint leaves of springtime
Threw their trembling shade below;
When the morning heat of summer
Made these heavy shadows sweet,
Or the red leaves of the autumn
Brightly drifted to my feet.
Talking hopeful of the future
Here, what hours have been beguiled,
Ever since these woods beheld me,
But a little sinner child.
Yet I am not sad or homesick,
Though of friends that I have known,
Some are changed and parted from me,
Some I loved are dead and gone;
Passed from life's dim shore for ever,
O, I cannot weep their loss,
On the heavenly side of Jordan,
Are the groves that willier not,
And the living, since so cherished,
Cut no shadow on my heart,
Had they treads, they had not left me,
Better than to live apart.—Home Journal.

Choice Miscellany.

JOHN MENEFEE, THE FIGHTING DOCTOR.

The hero of the following short sketch was a native of Kentucky. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, living a few miles from Louisville, who managed by great labor and scrupulous economy, to give his favorite and first born son an excellent education, embracing the degree of a doctor of medicine. Young Menefee was remarkable from the earliest period of his intellectual development for an intense and burning ambition, such as could brook no rival in whatever he undertook, while the glorious gifts of a magnificent brain and mighty physical constitution seemed to furnish the surest guarantees for the ultimate reality of his every hope. By prodigious exertions day and night, he stood foremost in all his classes at college, and graduated with an eulogium that obtained the fame of all competitors, so that had the rising star of genius met with no adverse shock to hurl it away from its appropriate and radiant orbit, imagination can scarcely assign a limit to the splendor it might have attained. But, unfortunately, a hostile collision occurred, at the very commencement of his career, to arouse the sleeping volcano of his darkest passions, and project the course of his ambition at a dangerous tangent from the circle of a peaceful life.

He had a young and beautiful sister, who was seduced and betrayed by a fashionable villain from Louisville, James Murray, a lawyer, and universally regarded as the most desparately brave duelist that Kentucky—the land so prodigal for heroes—ever produced.

When the father and mother of the ruined girl were weeping tears of despair, John, then only twenty years, armed himself and proceeded in search of his enemy. He found him in the court house, immediately after an adjournment, and without uttering a word, attacked and belabored him dreadfully with a cowhide. Murray, on his part, fought like a fiend, but in vain; for the fiery desperation of fierce and concentrated wrath appeared to have given young Menefee the strength of a dozen. He blinded his antagonist with quick and countless blows, dashed from his hand every pistol the other succeeded in drawing from his pocket, and flagellated him till he was literally covered with blood.

A challenge was the consequence. Menefee accepted on these conditions: That the meeting should take place on a certain spot the ensuing morning directly after sunrise. Three pistols were to be loaded—each foe should take one and fire by turns at a mark ten paces distant. Whoever hit nearest the centre should have the remaining pistol, and shoot at his adversary's head. If he missed, the other should be entitled to a shot, and so on by alternation till one of them should fall dead. These ferocious terms were mutually settled, and the principals and seconds met accordingly on the banks of the Ohio River, six miles below the falls.

The seconds measured off ten paces, and then made a black spot with moistened gunpowder, about as high as a man's head, on a slender oak tree. They then loaded the three pistols, handed one to each principal, and retained the third to be given to the successful marksmen. The antagonists then cut a pack of cards for the first shot. Murray drew the queen of diamonds, Menefee the ace of spades, and so won the first fire. He immediately took his stand, turned his right side to the tree, let the hand which grasped the weapon, now at full cock, fall until the muzzle reached below his knee, fixed his flashing blue eyes steadily a moment on the mark, and then, swift as thought, raised and pulled the trigger. Unfortunately, the pistol hung fire, as it is called in the backwood—that is, the flash in the pan was seen first, and then the explosion of the load in the barrel, sounding loud like a double report. Under such circumstances most persons would have missed the tree; but as it was, Menefee's bullet barely cut the upper edge of the mark. An excellent shot!

Murray now took his position. He was a famous level shooter, having previously slain three men in as many duels, sending his ball directly through their brains. He raised slowly, poised a deliberate aim, stood motionless as the tree at which the muzzle of his pistol was pointed, and fired. The crack was short and sharp as the peal of a bell; and when the blue wreaths of the curling smoke cleared away, the black spot on the oak was not to be seen—the white bullet-hole bored into the splintered wood occupied its place.

The seconds then gave Murray the third pistol, and he stationed himself ten steps from his unarmed adversary, who in the meantime seemed calm and fearless, as if an unconcerned spectator, without the slightest symptom of either alarm or surprise. According to the terms stipulated, Murray might choose his own time, after the elevation of his weapon, to fire; and the thought appeared to cross his soul to torture his antagonist by a cruel and unnecessary delay. He raised his right hand gradually, and fixed a mortal aim at Menefee's head, in which posture he continued for more than two minutes. But Menefee still betrayed no motion. Not a nerve shook—his face paled not a shade. A bitter smile of scorn written on his purple lip, and his gleaming blue eyes, gazing fiercely into that of his deadly foe, seemed to the wondering seconds like a ball of fire, so intense and venomous was its glare. At length he called out, in a voice piercing and shrill as the shriek of a trumpet—

"Murray, you d—d coward, why don't you shoot? Are you afraid to shoot?"

And whether it was that the position of Murray's arm, so long extended affected the nerve, or that he became excited by the mocking taunt, or was surprised at the terrible tones of his enemy's voice, or quailed with preternatural dread before the lightning of his burning blue eyes, it is impossible to say; but at least, whatever might be the cause, a remarkable change passed over his features.—His cheek grew pallid—his pale lip quivered—his hand shook. He fired!—The ball merely grazed Menefee's left temple without injury.

Then the seconds reloaded the pistol and placed it in the hands of Menefee, and the parties again assumed their proper stations. The youthful avenger of a sister's shame waited not an instant. He was to win or to die, and he was to die in a moment. Quick as the flash of a sunbeam, he elevated his weapon and fired. With the roar of the explosion, without a sigh or a groan, Murray dropped dead in his tracks. His left eye had been shot out!

Menefee fled the country, and settled in Conway county, Arkansas. Thenceforth the whole current of his thoughts and passions appeared to be changed. The earthquake of moral wrath which burst upon him from the profound abysses of his soul, had ploughed out a new passage for the march of ambition—a passage stained with ineffaceable blood! Before, his heart had burned with unquenchable enthusiasm to excel in knowledge, in variety, depth, and extent of attainments; but he now coveted superiority only in desperate deeds—the bloody achievements of brute bravery. Nor to say the truth, could he have selected a more appropriate field in the wide world, for beligerent purposes than Arkansas then afforded. Political strife raged with incredible fury. No man could be a leader either in the parties of the state, or in those of a county, unless he stood ready at all times to defend his principles at the point of the bowie knife and muzzle of the pistol. To enumerate all the duels fought by opposing chiefs of the different factions during that sanguinary era would stagger belief. A faint idea of this barbarous state of things may be conceived from the astonishing fact that Arkansas has never to this day had a senator or representative in the councils of the nation, who has not once, if no more periled his life on the so-called "field of honor." Honorable duels, however, formed scarcely a titling of the combats waged. Riots, affrays, and deadly rencounters by chance medley, were weekly and sometimes daily occurrences. Doctor Menefee took a hand in all, and yet he escaped from each without a scar, his very name grew to be a thing of terror, the sound of which even brave men trembled. He had reached the summit of his new, fabled, and almost fatal ambition. As a "famous fighter," he was universally acknowledged to be without an equal and without a second, and that, too, in a country abounding with bold spirits from every part of the Union. The Rectors, the Deans, Wilson, Conway—the most redoubtable heroes dreaded him. Fint Noland himself feared the glare of his ferocious blue eye.

It would have been a curious inquiry to analyze the motives and feelings of the terrible duelist of this period. He does not seem to have been actuated by sheer and absolute cruelty. He did not wield the bowie-knife for the sake of inflicting pain; it was only the sharp instrument with which he cleaved his way to notoriety. He fought, not so much to avenge insults as to achieve popularity. To excel, ascend, culminate, formed the goal of all his thoughts and wishes; and to do this in his present sphere but a single path lay open—the path marked by fire and blood. He became a monomaniac, hopelessly diseased in the organ of destructiveness. He lived on in a sort of ecstatic dream of bravery—a dream overflowing with the consciousness of surpassing power—the power to make all eyes quail and all hearts tremble.

He devised extraordinary methods of displaying his courage and contempt of death. He was known, on several occasions, without uttering a word, to approach and spit in the faces of notorious bullies, with whom he had no cause of quarrel, and for the sole purpose of provoking a fight. One personal advantage however, resulted from this excessive desperation. No other physician could be found hardy enough to settle in Conway, where such a foe reigned, and as a matter of course Menefee got all the practice. He even attended on his own wounded—would cut a man open with his bowie-knife in the morning, and, if called on, sew him up with his needle in the evening. He realized a handsome fortune by his professional exertions, and deservedly too, for he was a skillful and attentive doctor. In perilous cases he was sublime, for his bravery urged him always to take the responsibility of a lofty daring in the promptitude and power of his remedies.

The old proverb says, "There must be an end to every thing," and an end came at last to the reign of "The Fighting Doctor," as he was christened in blood throughout Arkansas. He had a neighbor named Phillips, a peaceful inoffensive man, who had never previously been engaged in a difficulty with any human being, and hence in that region was generally deemed a coward. From some cause which never publicly transpired, feelings of hostility arose between the two, and Menefee sought an early opportunity to cowhide the other in the streets of Lewisburg. Phillips bore his chastisement without an effort of resistance. Indeed, at the moment he had no other alternative, for he was altogether unarmed, while his enemy held a pistol cocked at his breast.

Immediately afterwards, however, Phillips went and literally loaded himself with murderous weapons, and returned to face his foe on more equal terms. They encountered in the public square while court was in session; never did the sun of heaven shine on a more obstinate combat. They first of all fired two rounds with pistols and at the second round Phillips was wounded in the loins. But this, instead of checking his furious ardor, only tended to inflame and madden him the more. He unsheathed his knife and bounded upon his enemy, who received his thrusts with a like deadly blade. With clenched teeth, foam on their livid lips, panting, chest, and blazing eyes, they fought like maniacs, till both were bathed in sweat and blood. At length Phillips ventured on a desperate maneuver. He dropped his own knife, and seizing the naked blade of his antagonist, snapped it in two by main strength, cutting at the same time his own fingers to the bone! He then drew from beneath his vest another knife, and made a fierce plunge at Menefee's heart; but Menefee, in turn, caught the sharp blade in his hands and broke off the point—when lo! Phillips produced a third bowie-knife, much larger than the others, and plunged it up to the hilt in his enemy's side, who fell to rise no more. Menefee lay on the gory ground, looked up in the victor's face with a sweet smile, and gasped in a dying voice—

"Phillips, you are the king of Conway now, for you have killed 'The Fighting Doctor.'"

FOR WHAT IS A MOTHER RESPONSIBLE?—She is responsible for the rearing of her progeny, for their physical constitution and growth, their exercise and proper sustenance in life. A child left to grow up deformed or meagre, is an object of maternal negligence. She is responsible for a child's habits, including cleanliness, order, conversation, eating, sleeping and general propriety and behavior. A child deficient or untaught in these particulars, will prove a living monument of parental disregard; because, generally speaking, a mother can, if she will, greatly control her children in these matters.

She is responsible for their department—She can make them modest or impudent, clownish or polite. The germ of all these things is in childhood, and a mother can suppress or bring them forth.

She is responsible for the principles which her children entertain in early life. For her it is to say whether those who go forth from her fireside shall be imbued with sentiment, as virtue, truth, honor, honesty, temperance, industry, benevolence, morality, or those of a contrary character, vice, fraud, drunkenness, idleness, covetousness. These will be found to be the most natural growth—but on her is involved the daily, the hourly task of weeding her little garden, of eradicating those odious productions, and planting the human heart with the lily, the rose and the amaranth, that fadeless flower, the emblem of truth.

She is to a very considerable extent, responsible for the temper and disposition of her children. Constitutionally they may be violent, irritable, revengeful; but for the regulation and correction of these passions, a mother is responsible, and for the intellectual acquirements of her children; that is, she is bound to do what she can for this object. Schools, academies and colleges open their portals throughout the land; and every mother is under heavy responsibilities to know that her sons and daughters have all the benefits which these can afford, and which these circumstances permit them to enjoy.

She is responsible for their religious education. The beginning of all wisdom is the fear of God; and this every mother is capable, to a greater or less degree, of infusing into the minds of her offspring.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.
We extract the following from an eloquent address recently delivered at Cambridge, Mass. by Dr. George W. Bethune:

"Suppose, for one melancholy moment, this beautiful economy of exchange were broken up; that the Western valley were shut out from the sea by adverse Government; that those on the coast were hemmed into their narrow limits by hostile forces along the mountain ridges; that between the North and the South there were neither commercial nor moral sympathy; that at every State line passports were demanded and a tariff set—who must not shrink from describing the terrible consequences; the stagnation of trade; the silence of brotherly counsel; the constant feuds; the multiplication of armies, the Cainlike exterminating wars; the overthrow of law by military dictators; the utter ruin of all that makes us prosperous at home and respected abroad; the sure catastrophe, moral and national death! O! that those who for any reason talk lightly of dissolving this Union, would consider the immensely greater evils such a rupture would inevitably cause, the awful guilt it would bring upon themselves. Whatever may be cant of words, no lover of law could ever kindle the torch of such incendiaryism, no lover of peace provoke such fratricidal slaughter, no lover of freedom plot for such general slavery, no lover of God and man undermine the watch-tower whose light is now shedding over the world such bright promise of a universal brotherhood. Were it possible that an American womb could be so nursed as to bring forth so diabolical a monster, the malignant Erostratus could be successful, a loud, bitter, heaven compelling cry would go up from all the earth, swelled by generation until the final fires shall have swept to hell all trace of human crimes: 'Anathema! Anathema! Marantha!'"

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—A few thousand, when accompanied with a pretty face and other accomplishments, possess an attraction which few men can look upon, notwithstanding the numberless warnings we have, both as living examples and written testimony. "A man who marries for wealth, weeds himself to unhappiness and shame, if not to discord. Bulwer's advice is: 'Fly from a lead upon the heart, on the genius; the energy, the pride, and spirits, which no man can bear fly from the curse of owing every thing to a wife! It is a reversal of all natural position; it is a blow to all manhood within us. You know not what it is; I do. My wife's fortune came not until after my marriage. So far so well. It saved my reputation from the charge of fortune-hunting. But I tell you fairly, that if it had never come at all, I should be a prouder, a greater, and a happier man than I have ever been, or ever can be, with all its advantages.' It has been a mill-stone round my neck; and yet Eliza has never breathed a word that would wound my pride."

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.
That a gradual, but very perceptible change is yearly taking place in the climate of Upper Canada, must be apparent to all who notice such things. This is the first day of November. Not only is the day as mild and warm as the same day would be in England, but up to the present hour not the slightest approach of winter has been visible. All the steamships are in full motion, all the Canals are open, and there is no talk of the former stopping, or the latter shutting up. Only twenty years ago, the 1st of November was in the midst of a Canadian winter. No steamer presumed to run after the 1st of the month, seldom indeed after the 20th of October; and winter vehicles were in constant run upon the roads. At that time the Rideau Canal was about being finished, and among other arguments of its expected usefulness, it was stated, "that water communication would be kept open until November."—Now, a full month might be added to the prognostication. This gradual change in the climate of Canada is an important fact, deserving of better notice than we have given it.—Kingston Whig.

A few days ago, there appeared in the Newark Daily Advertiser, an interesting article, setting forth the softening effects on our climate, of the annexation of Canada. It was taken for granted that the population of Canada would greatly increase after her entrance into our Union, and that her country would be more rapidly put under cultivation. In the extract from the Kingston Whig which we publish above, we have given us, as if in proof of the conjectures of the scientific Jerseyman, the remarkable change from rigor to serenity in the climate, a partial settlement of our northern neighbor has already wrought. And when the Canadas are fully peopled and their resources more thoroughly developed, the winds which sweep from thence to us, will lose that biting chilliness which hidden ice and snow impart.

In our own country, owing to its rapid settlement the change is even more perceptible. Our springs are earlier, our falls later, our winters are shorter, than when our fathers took up their sojourn in the wilderness. And though we may appear from time to time to be going backward rather than forward in this particular, though for few days in winter our air may sting like the cold of the Arctic, yet year by year, the severity of our climate lessens.

There is at this time a marked difference between the same latitudes on the eastern and Western continents. The salt air of the ocean which surrounds her, keeps England in a sort of foggy equality, but over the continent of Europe and far remote from the sea, the climate is much milder and less changeable than in similar or lower latitudes. Cincinnati and Naples are in nearly the same parallel, yet consumptive from the one get healing for their lungs in the balmy air of the other. New Orleans and Jerusalem are equidistant from the equator, yet over the gutters of the one ice frequently forms in winter, while Saracen who defended the other, denied the existence of snow. New York is not much higher on the map than the southern extremity of Spain, while the inhabitants of our metropolis sit with closed doors and double windows, and gather around cold fires, while with bare necks and uncovered heads the January air is braved by the "dark eyed girls of Cadix."

This great difference is partially owing to the prevalence of westerly winds; but far more to the newness of the country. Gibbon tells us that 1800 years ago the Roman legions passed on the ice of the Danube with their baggage wagons & ammunition of war, and that battles were fought upon its bosom. The lapse of so many centuries has redeemed Germany from barbarism, and given the soil to the seed of the sower. The forests have been cut down and the light and heat let in upon the earth, morasses have been drained and the chillness arising from dampness destroyed. At the time when Gibbon wrote some seventy years ago, so great had been the change that the climate which once rivalled that of Quebec in sternness, was not able to cover the calm waters of the Danube with a film.

What has been wrought there will by like causes be wrought here. And the time must come, when our climate shall be one of the most delightful under the sun. But our children's children will be in their grave ere that blessed day.—Utica Morn. Herald.

FAMILY NEWSPAPERS.—Few persons have any just conception of the extent of their indebtedness to the papers for the information they possess, and the moral sentiments they cherish. Compared with any past age of the world, this is a remarkable enlightened period. A large portion of the people have a considerable share of correct information on all most topics of any real importance. Religion, geography, history, the political condition of the world, astronomy, the important practical features of national philosophy, something of geology, chemistry as applied to agriculture and the mechanical arts, and many other objects, are familiarized to the popular mind. Most persons can talk intelligently about them without pretending to learning or research.

But how did they come by their knowledge? Not at school, nor from books—generally speaking—but by picking up, here a little, and there a little, from the family newspaper in imperceptibly small instalments. Let any one ask himself where he obtained his knowledge of any particular fact. He is probably unable to tell, because it came silently, unperceptibly, in the newspaper.

The same is true in regard to our best moral impressions and sentiments. They have been suggested, reiterated and fastened on the mind by the daily press. The pulpit does much; parental instruction in many cases does much; but the press more than either, often more than both. Let any reader of a well-conducted family paper open its pages, and consider thoughtfully its contents.

There are in a single number sometimes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred separate and distinct articles, each one conveying an idea, a fact or a sentiment. And stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect, in enlarging the readers' store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to thought, feeling or action. Must not all this have its influence, and in the aggregate a mighty influence upon the reader? We think so.

No reflecting man can fail to see that the fifty-two visits in a year of a carefully conducted paper, intelligent, correct, elevated in moral tone, and withal interesting in its contents, must exert a great and blessed influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such influences, are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could possibly have been without it.

A PEEP INTO FUTURITY.
BY BUNAG.
"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and with a whistle, and a jerk we were again on our way, and soon the trees and meadows, brooks and hills, seemed whizzing by, and the dust and cinders flew thick and fast. But amid the roaring and jolting of the cars, sleep like a ministering angel, came to my relief. Gradually the noise was hushed, and the speed at which I rode inspired dreams of a lofty character.

It was a wide rotunda, from which led two halls on either side. Many tall Corinthian columns rose about me, hewn from the whitest marble, and their gilded capitals were lighted from a stained glass dome. The ceilings were adorned with carved words, images, and paintings; and in a short the masterpieces of the Grecian sculptors, and of modern artists seemed to adorn and decorate the walls' niches. But scarcely had I begun to gaze upon the beauties of the pile of splendor when a roar like that of many oceans burst upon my ear, and I concluded. I was in the temple of the gods at mount Olympus, until a mass of polished steel, and brass and silver, rushed into one of the long halls, and passed out at the extremity of the other, followed by a train of what I called some thirty pagan temples, all glittering with carved wood and iron, gilded eagles, pinacles and spires. No sooner than the train stopped out stepped a Yankee (I knew him by his voice), and shouted "Hartford!" at the windows of each of the cars. A throng of gentlemen, ladies and children poured from the opening doors and stood within the rotunda. Being very anxious to view the interior of the cars or temples, and see the motive power I entered one, and had hardly recovered from the shock which the dazzling magnificence reflected, when the train, which had been set in motion again, stopped in a rotunda of the same size and splendor with the first, and the Yankee captain cried "Springfield!" I staggered to a seat in utter unconsciousness, and as I endeavored to locate myself on what appeared to be a picture of New York, I sank in my seat in a delicious sofa, which again restored my senses. The towns and cities, lakes and mountains once more stood in confusion by, as the conductor hurriedly tapped me on the shoulder and whispered "Hick!"

"Where are you bound?" said I.

"Boston. Be there in twenty minutes—Fare from Springfield, one dime—from New York, three dimes. I handed him a shilling.

"Behind the times," said he; "no such coin in circulation."

I had the good luck to carry a gold dollar as a pocket piece, which I drew out, and paid my fare.

"Where art I, captain?" said I involuntarily.

He smiled, and rushed from the car, which had entered the third rotunda, shouted "Worcester!"

"Mister, where am I?" said I to the nearest man.

He eyed me with evident surprise at the moment, though his eyes sparkled as he asked, "Been asleep?"

"Yes sir. Got to New Haven yet, or is this—"

"Tell me the year!" said he.

"It's 1848 of course—are you crazy?" I replied.

He tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "You've slept a hundred years—it's 1949!—Several have slept over. This is the air-line railroad from New York to Boston—half-line there is, that are no curves, and but three corners, which we turn in an instant by machinery. All sorts of new improvements, now-a-days. Why, man! it'll take you all your life-time to look at all the patented labor-saving machinery New England. We do everything but sleep and eat by some no hanged invention or other? We—"

"Good! it must be so. Yankee nation! What cannot Yankees and steam accomplish!" said I.

"Steam! Nonsense, man—it's out of date on railroads. This is Fuzgum's electro magnetic patent, eight day, twelve foot driver, 800 horse power battery, silver plated, self propeller—cost \$25,000—this thing which draws us now. This road cost some 20 millions, and has paid for itself twice, and will be completed three years, they use the patent suspension bridge, Vulcan rail, which is laid on a solid bed of stone seven feet apart. We go at the rate five miles and three quarters per minute, and—why, sir—you are behind the times, indeed. What'll you give me to show you the levitation, (not elephant) 'three weeks'?"

"Anything in my possession. I am a great hand for new things. I'll see the levitation and ride!—Hurrah! hur—"

"Stop! here's Boston. Keep close to me, and we'll get a seat in the first elevated omnibus, for the ocean Hotel—best house in the city. Come, we do things so quick we seldom carry baggage."

I made fast to his coat tail, and my Yankee guide rushed through crowds, and temples and galleries, till we found ourselves at last in the flying, elevated electro something omnibus, which was an open car some 20 feet long, on a railroad, elevated about thirty feet above the street. A double track was laid all the way, and we met several cars and omnibuses, rushing down, propelled by little electric engines.—Below the street was thronged with trucks, goods, merchants, and carriers. On either side broad sidewalks were filled with people, and above, the houses rose from eight to ten stories, all constructed from iron, gilded and painted in the most costly and beautiful manner.

At last when we had come about ten miles in five minutes as fast up hill as down, we arrived at what I should have supposed to be Solomon's temple, restored; but no, it was the Ocean Hotel. Of our entry into this place, the furniture, the carving, the gilding and the painting, we will not speak. After visiting a fashionable tailor shop, to take a rest preparatory to seeing the elephant!—not the levitation, and to make the tour of the State.

"What has happened Mr. Jonathan, since 1849?" said I to a Yankee, who was gazing at the sea of roofs. He nearly fainted at the question and said he could merely mention a few of the principal changes and inventions.

"Gen. Taylor," said he, "was President in 1849, wasn't he? Yes, he was, and we've had plenty quantity since. We're a republic now, and the United States extend from the Arctic Ocean to the Terra del Fuego and, in short comprises all America. England's a republic, and a Yankee is their president. There was but one Kingdom in the world six days ago; but the telegraphic telegraph was then out of order. We haven't had for almost a week from 'other side, and here! see that flying car up there, see it. It's going to San Francisco, the largest city in America; or the United States, all the same. It's out of eight

but the great Aerial Electric Navigation Company are building a car that will beat that—it's manufacturing in that machine shop yonder," said he, as he pointed to a building fourteen stories and a half high.

"There's generally," continued he, "universal peace on earth, and the last despatches from the moon said that the revolution had been brought to a close, and that bloodshed had ceased to stain that paradise, and while we speak of it, there's a fellow from the moon, who came down on a flying car; yesterday, but their air is so different from ours, he can't stay long; and he pointed to a very pretty, little man, about three feet high, 'But we'll go up to the moon by next car, and look—(here I had recourse to the camphor bottle)—about town. Yes, we will—hem, there's some angels there—some gals, and they think everything of us Yankees. Hurrah! there's the California, the last steamer from Liverpool. She started day before yesterday. She is made of iron, gutta percha and durum. Duros is a metal recently discovered in Greenland and small quantities are found in Patagonia—a metal which won't bend, break, or receive any impression, except when the greatest degree of heat possible to be obtained, is applied to it. She ran through an iceberg, on her last trip, but it did not stop, and you can't break her to pieces or sink her, no, you can't. She's seven hundred feet long, and twenty-five broad; is covered with gutta percha, made transparent all over, and runs under water half the time in a storm.

There's the evening train of flying cars for New Orleans—pretty good load; the electric train carries more though, this weather. More competition on this route than any other in America; except the New York and Rio Janeiro evening lines; they run for four dimes. See that building there! At one end they drive in a flock of sheep and this door is a mutton market, and the other is a ready made clothing store.—There is a printing office in the building, and here is a machine in it which will make a spelling book out of a shirt in seven minutes; but they'll have to give it up, as there's one in the very next house which will make a spelling book from cotton batting in six minutes. Fact, sir!

I applied camphor, to my temples and nose.

"I tell you the truth; but the crack invention of the day is gumbuggum gas. Goes ahead of Chloroform, altogether. Why, last night my brother-in-law New Orleans was smashed to a pulp by the falling of a stone weighing twelve tons, but we immediately applied the extract of gold water, and gumbuggum, and when I left at two o'clock, he was comfortably well. We don't die at all now, if we can manage to get hold of the extract of water and gumbuggum gas before heat leaves the body. If all the warmth has left the body, life has left it; but if not, life is perfectly safe. Now tea is ready; come let us get tea and then we'll have a ride."

At thoughts of supper I awoke, and we had just got to New Haven. What slow, good for nothing cars and steamboats we have—can't go but a mile a minute! We are behind the times.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.
There is good sense and profitable instruction in the following extract from the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"A correspondent in the interior of the State, informs us that he has a son who is very anxious to become a merchant, a lawyer, or a member of some other polished and elevated profession. But, (adds the father) my boy while quite as intelligent as I am, is not remarkably so; and, inasmuch as I have but one son, and I am in a fair business myself—a country store-keeper—hesitate as to submit him to the temptation of metropolitan life. My own judgment is, that he had better follow in the footsteps of his father, become a useful member of society in the circle in which he now moves and mingle, and not, by false pride or a mistaken ambition, wander from his true sphere, and perhaps become a victim to some habit of vice to which he is now a stranger. Am I right? Can you give me any advice upon the subject? In our judgment, our correspondent is perfectly correct. If his son, in addition to his ambition, had manifested extraordinary talents, it would have been the duty of his father to afford him a full opportunity for their development and cultivation. But, inasmuch as his intellectual faculties are but ordinary, he should not be tempted beyond his proper sphere, or induced by a fatal vanity to venture into the arena for the fearful struggle of which he is not suited. Trades in this country are too much neglected. It is another mistake in parents, to suppose that a boy, in becoming a mechanic, unites himself for some higher, or perhaps we should say, more intellectual pursuit.—This is not the case. Talent, like water, will find its level. Some of the most distinguished men of the country—statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists—started as humble mechanics, artisans, traders, or farmers. This can be readily ascertained on turning to the early histories of many of the most eminent in our land. What a boy most requires, is, first, a proper moral basis—second, habits of industry. Give him these, with a fair education, and his character will develop itself, whether he be a 'mill-boy' in Virginia, or a 'wagoner' in Ohio; whether born in one extremity of the Union or the other. Our me of enterprize are, in no cases out of ten, the children of poverty—compelled by the force of circumstances to depend upon their own resources, and to struggle against all the anxieties, difficulties and perils which beset the upward path of fame. 'The boy,' it should be remembered, is father to the man; in more senses than one—and therefore it is that early training, proper habits in youth, an active, buoyant, determined spirit, are all important. It is said of the late age of Quincy, that his last words to his son were, 'a stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.' This doctrine covers the whole ground. And yet parents are apt to make fearful mistakes with regard to proper pursuits for their children. The careful and thoughtful selection of a calling or profession, is one of the most responsible duties of life. We thus at once direct, in some sense, the future existence of being over whom we have the greatest control, and who naturally look upon us with respect and confidence. How careful should we be not to commit a mistake! not to sacrifice a son's happiness upon the altar of false pride! Who can't point out intelligent citizens in this community who have taught their sons to despise labor, to regard honest industry as a reproach? Alas! what a false, what a criminal error—an error that may involve unhappiness for years—poverty, dissipation, misery, and their fearful attendants."