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## Poetical.

### The Lonely Heart.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

They tell me I am happy—and
I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favored lot;
My petty griefs all fantasies,
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so: the cup of life
Has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips
Have smiled on while they quaffed.
It may be so; I cannot tell
What others have to bear,
But sorry I should be to give
Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board,
I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry
Are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and there comes
Some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear,
Then turn and smile again.

### The Poor Man's Grave.

BY ELIZA COOK.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illume—
No parting glance, no heavenly tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.

There is not one of kindred clay,
To watch the coffin on its way,
No mortal form, no human breast,
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer;
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.

'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust,
Is all that stands beside his dust.

## Miscellaneous.

### SHE IS DYING.

The following is sublimely beautiful and pathetic, and could only have been dictated by a heart that has experienced all the bitterness that is therein expressed. Who the author is, we know not, but suspect it is an extract from some book. If any body can read it without moisture in the eyes and stones in the throat, they are worthy of marble.

She is Dying.—Hush! she is dying! The sun-light streams through the plate-glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the South-born flowers—large milk-white African lilies—roses a nightingale would stoop to worship; Cape jassamines, and camelias with their large glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the faint, musical tinclo of playing fountains; and the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a hallo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty.

The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the mocking bird raises his clear notes higher and hi her on the perfumed air.

Why do you clench your hands until the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together, and hiss between that one word, hush! It's a beautiful home. I am sure, and that lady with her head upon her bosom, is fair as any dream-vision of the painter.

Surely, nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that, in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it: your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve long golden sunny months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom.

You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine!

No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all noisome things as your earth-worne call care and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in long days of this pleasant June time.

"Hush," you say, but you can't shut the anthem notes of heaven from thoseunsealed ears! Louder, lighter, swell the hymns of the seraphs; brighter grows the smile on your young wife's lips.

She whispers "dearest I'm almost home, and you will come by and by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot hear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the violet eyes.

You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you can't answer, closer—closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow—Carrie is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright; what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad lands—our lands! What is it—now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death? Few people knew her, no vice president must be chosen to fill her place; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours; great God of ours—your all!

No, yours and God's; your year of joy is over and she rests now on his bosom in heaven.

They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh and pray, and ask God if you too may come home! and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause for your guardian angel looks down from heaven, and whispers—"Hush!"

No Imitation.—A Frenchman went into an eating house to warm his hands. The proprietor asked him what he would like to take.

'Anything that you please,' was the reply.

'Would you like to take some roast goose?'

'If you please.'

The Frenchman made a good dinner, and was about to go, when the eating house keeper asked him for his payment.

'What for?' exclaimed the Frenchman: 'I have called for nothing. You asked me if I will take this and if I will take that, and I say if you please. The landlord, pleased with his address, let him off. He told a friend of his good fortune, who tried to come the same game, but with very different success, for he was kicked out of the doors. 'The first man was an original,' said the landlord, 'but you are an imposter.

☞ If you wish to get "teeth inserted," go and steal fruit where they keep a big bull dog!

American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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### KIND WORDS.

Kind words cost but little. Any one but a confirmed cynic ought to be able to dispense them at pleasure. They make nobody the poorer. Like the widow's cruse the stock need not be exhausted even by constant using—yea, better than the widow's cruse, the stock increases the more it is drawn from the fountain. A kind heart, which is the only true source of kind words, is a perennial stream. No winter's cold can freeze it, no summer's drought can dry it up. Through all seasons it pours out its life-giving flood, making glad and green whatever it touches, gurgling and eddying round with inward joy because of its offices of love. One would think that kind words, diffusing gladness, as they do, through the hearts of both donors and receivers, would be the common currency in life's intercourse. Even the employer, who has hundreds at his beck and call, might afford to lay aside his Oriental majesty, sufficient to speak to his underlings a word of recognition: journeymen and apprentices would not render themselves menials jects by putting off their reserved rights attitude, so as to speak to their employer with deference and respect: clerks and salesmen need not consider dumb solemnity or waspish rudeness essential to their calling: and last, but not least, their high mightiness, steamboat and hotel clerks, and railroad conductors, might, perhaps, occasionally, without too much condescention, afford to give a civil answer. We are a great people in this country, certainly. Everybody is so oppressed with a consciousness of his inherent dignity, that he fears to compromise it by the exercise of common courtesy.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere."

### A Happy Home.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no overbearing spirit—there will be no peevishness, no fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time—of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words. The celebrated Mr. Wesley, remarked to this effect, namely that fretting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, or swear or steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves, but to please each other.

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweetness emenating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy. How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother. How the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul of those who are near and dear.

How it hastens the return of the father—lightens the care of the mother—renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation! and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with living hearts to return to the parental roof.

O, that parents would lay this subject to heart, that by untiring efforts they would so far render home happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths.

### Married Flirts.

One of the worst features of modern fashionable society, is a disposition to flirt, existing among married people of both sexes. The wife arrays herself in silks and satins, loads her fingers and ears with jewelry, and rigged in flounces and laces, lays seige to some poor puppet arrayed in broadcloth, who has more money than brains, and very little of either. On the other hand, the husband plays off his tricks in turn, and flirts with the reigning belles until the smell of fresh paint and the exhibitions of maudlin and puerile nonsense sicken him off the track.

In some respects this is quite harmless and beneath notice. In others, it becomes highly important and demands radical and immediate reform. Social life has much to do with our national character and movements. As are the people so will be the nation as a matter of course, and if there is rottenness in so called "high society," it will taint the whole mass.

This is a growing evil. It has increased to that extent, that half the heroes and heroines in our popular novels are representations of this class. One of the characters in Fanny Fern's late book is an offender of this sort, and we have no doubt she has many prototypes in society.

It is a self evident truth that married people have no business to "flirt." This disposition, once indulged, the green-eyed monster takes advantage of open doors, and finds an easy access. The husband and the wife have, by the most solemn vows, devoted their lives and their all to each other's happiness and those who array themselves for the popular eye more than for those who are theirs, and theirs only by the marriage relation are traitors.

Another thing. Flirtation carried on by married, not only destroys the sanctity of wedded life to a great degree, but is vastly destructive of common virtue. What man that beholds such exhibitions can have the least faith in that love which is fabled to exist around the family hearthstone.

This is no trival matter. It is one of the radical evils of society. It is a foster at the foundation of the social system, which, unless destroyed in its incipiency, will rot down the whole system. The distinguishing difference between heathendom and civilization is the marriage relation. Let people beware how that relation is affected by false morality and a false system of living.—*Spring field (O.) Nonpareil.*

Would Have the Reason.—On Tuesday last, Mr. John Roe prosecuted the shop-mate, Robert Lond, for assault and battery. While the complaint was under examination, the following colloquy took place between him and the defendant's counsel:

"Did you not call my client here, and defendant, a *fool*?"

"I did."

"Why did you, sir?"

"I decline to answer that question."

"Why do you decline to answer it? I'll appeal to the court to punish you for your contumacy. You ought to be fined for contempt. I'll let you know that you can't call my client a fool without giving your reasons for it?"

"I don't know that my reasons have anything to do with the case."

"I'll let you know they have. Now, answer the question."

"Well, if I must, I must. I said I thought he was a fool, because he didn't know better than to hire such a chucklehead as you to defend him."

The counsel dropped the witness and let the question of contempt pass.

### Cheerfulness.

None of your sour-crout faces that would turn milk quicker than a thunder clap in August. We like to see a visage as bright and clear, as a summer morning. None of your cold, December, storm lowering, brows, dark enough to require lights to see one's way along. No elongated, sallow, nail-biting countenances. No moping, and sighing, and whining, and grumbling, as if this world contained nothing worth living for. Sighs and groans and mopes are only checks to the wheels of prosperity and pleasure. Take these away, and the car rolls along smoothly and rapidly on the railroad of enjoyment. Then brighten up, look cheerful and smiling, drive off the blues, and sing as merily as the lark.

Cheerfulness will give you a good appetite for your dinner, and prevent your being frightened by the apparition of a doctor's bill. Your work will be done up almost before you think of it, and the hours will fly nearly as fast as you can count them. Everything around will wear a smiling face, and the world will meet you with a thousand charms on every side.

We have seen it stated that a man who whistles will do more work in an hour than a grumbler will in a day. This is the opinion of a philosophic mechanic, who says that cheerfulness is the best paying commodity that can be brought into a shop. The birds sing, the flowers smile, the trees clap their hands, the hills rejoice, all nature is cheerful and happy. Then why should it not be so with men?—Cheerfulness is a "philosopher's stone" that will turn all things to gold. Try it, ye grumblers, and see what a cheerful spirit will do for you, in the way of health wealth and happiness. The way to secure happiness is to be happy in its pursuit.

### No Place Like Home.

A well known literary gentleman in this country, recently returned from a seven years' travel in Europe has the following eloquent passage in an article of much discrimination and merit:

"In our absence we have had an opportunity to see much of the past—much of the mouldering remains of other and distant climes—much of old castle ruins, of walled cities, of fortified towns—much bearing the footprints of the ancient Romans, of the earlier Britons, and latter Saxons—much of ancient excellence in the fine and ornamental arts, in painting, in sculpture, in architecture—old cathedrals, castles and towers—much of the matchless skill and genius of the masonic craft in ages living only in the record of history, or the mists of tradition. And we have seen much of the present, much to excite our wonder, to gratify our tastes, to enlist our sympathies—much to admire, much to deplore—much to mark the progress of civilization, of Christianity, of refinement—and alas! much also, to mar the beauty of the whole. We have seen the massive strength of England—wandered thro' her overgrown cities, her green fields and fairy parks, her halls of science, of art, of learning—have seen her nobility and her beggars—her wealth and her poverty—her elements of strength and her evidences of decay. We have seen Ireland in her native richness and her social misery; Wales in her tidy industry and picturesque scenery; Scotland in her morality and thrift; France in all her beauty, and luxury, and gilded licentiousness. We have seen much of the organization and social condition of European society; of different forms of government; of the achievements of modern art and science, and learning, and skill; much of the beauty and grandeur of nature; of rivers and lakes, and hills and valleys, made classical by historical association, or the magic charms of romance, much of Alpine scenery, of lofty mountains, with their crests covered with eternal snows, and buried among the floating clouds of heaven. We have seen all this, and more—more than at a single sitting we can call to remembrance, or have space to name: and we have come back to our own native land, thankful that we live in a free land, and that our lives were cast in no other, and in the firm conviction, that in no country under the broad canopy of heaven, have the whole people so much to thank God for as the people of these United States."

### Jews Witnessing for Christ.

The Christian world has been scandalized within a few years by the bold attempts of cultivated skeptics, like Francis Newman, to impeach the perfection of the Saviour's character. One must pity the moral obtuseness of such men, who seem overtaken by judicious blindness, so that while the light shineth in darkness, the darkness comprehends it not. In contrast with such moral debasement, it is cheering to note how Jewish prejudices are gradually abating, and candid and honorable Jews are admitting the moral sublimity of the Saviour's life. The late Dr. Noah, of New York, gave the following testimony:

"Jesus preached at all times, and in all places, in and out of the temple, with an eloquence such as no mortal has since possessed.

It has been said, with some commendation on what has been called my liberality, that I did not in a former discourse term Jesus of Nazareth an imposter; I have never considered him as such; the imposter generally aims at temporal power, and attempts to subsidise the sick and weak believer, and draws around him persons of influence whom he can control. Jesus was free from fanaticism; his was a quiet subducing, retiring faith. He mingled with the poor, communed with the wretched, avoided the rich, and rebuked the vain glorious. In the calm of the evening, he sought shelter in the secluded groves of the Olivet, or wandered pensively on the shores of Galilee. He sincerely believed his mission, courted no one, flattered no one; pointed and severe in his denunciations, he was calm and subdued in his religion. These are not, the characteristics of an imposter; but, admitting that we give a different interpretation to his mission, when one hundred and fifty millions believe in his divinity, and we see around us abundant evidence of the happiness, good faith, mild government, and liberal feelings which spring from his religion, what right has any one to call him an imposter?—that religion which is calculated to make mankind happy, cannot be a false one."

Dr. Raphael, the elegant scholar and eloquent Rabbi, speaks in a similar strain:

"If you are desirous of knowing the opinion of a Jew, say, of a teacher in Israel, respecting the proceeding against and the condemnation of the Master from Nazareth, I do not hesitate to tell you that I, do not by any means feel bound to identify myself, or my brethren in faith, with these proceedings, or to uphold that condemnation; I, as a Jew, do say that it appears to me; Jesus became the victim of fanaticism combined with jealousy and lust of power in Jewish hierarchs, even, as in later ages, Huss and Jerome of Prague, Latimer and Ridley, became the victims of fanaticism combined with jealousy and lust of power in Christian hierarch: and while I and the Jews, of the present day protest against Jesus of Nazareth, we are far from reviling his character or derjding his precepts, which are for the most part those of Moses and the prophets."

[*Watchman and Reflector.*

### Life at West Point.

The cadet sleeps in the barracks in a room with one other; at half past five in the winter the reveille awakens him; he immediately arises, doubles up his blanket and matress, and places them on the head of his iron bedstead, he studies until seven o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to the mess hall.—Twenty minutes is the usual time spent at breakfast. Guard mounting takes place at half past seven, and 24 men are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors dismiss their respective stations, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks, and march to dinner. Between 11 and 1 o'clock a part of the cadets are occupied in riding, and others in fencing, daily. After dinner they have until two o'clock for recreation, and from 2 to 4 o'clock the bugle sounds and they go either to battallion or light artillery drill.

This exercise lasts an hour and a half. After that they devote the same time to recreation until parade, which takes place at sunset.—After parade, they form into rank in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the cadets. Supper comes next; and, after supper, recreation till 8 o'clock, when the bugle sounds to call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room, within a few minutes, at study, and must remain there thus employed until half past nine. At half past nine the bugle sounds—this is called tatoo; and at ten the drum taps, and at ten every cadet must be in bed having his light extinguished, and must remain there till morning. If, during the night, the cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minutes and does not give a satisfactory account of himself, charges are preferred against him, and he is court martialed.

The use of intoxicating drink and tobacco is strongly repudiated; so are playing at chess wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishment to which the cadets are liable, are privation of recreation, &c., extra hours of duty, reprimands, arrests, confinement to his room or tent; confinement in prison, confinement in dark prison, dismission with the privilege of resigning, and public dismission.

### Newspaper Patrons.—To all whom it may Concern.

This thing called patronage is a queer thing. It is very correctly remarked by some one, that it is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as the hues of the chameleon.

One man subscribes for a paper, and pays for it in advance—he goes home, reads it the year round with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an advertisement—asks the price and pays for it—this is patronage.

Another man says—"put my name on your list of subscribers;" and goes off without as much as saying pay once. He asks you to advertise—but says nothing about paying for it. Time passes—your patience is exhausted, and you dun him; he flies into a passion—perhaps he pays you—perhaps not.

Another man has been subscriber for some time. He becomes tired of it, and wants a change. Thinks he wants another journal—gives it up, and you a bad name. One of his papers is returned to you, marked "refused." Paying for it is among his last thoughts. After a time you look over his accounts and send him a bill of "balance due." But he does not pay it—treats you with silent contempt. This too some call patronage.

Another man lives near you—never took your paper—it is too small—don't like the paper, don't like its principles—too Americanish, too Democratic—its leaders too strong, its tales too dry, vice versa, or something else—yet goes regular to his neighbors and reads it—finds fault with its contents and disputes its positions, and quarrels with its type or paper. Occasionally sees an article he likes, buys a paper per quarter. This, too, is patronage.

Another (and bless you it does us good to see such a man) says:—"The year for which I have paid is about to expire; I want to pay you for another." This is patronage, but ah, how rare!

Another man subscribes—wants you to give it to him on advance terms; he gets it regularly every week, reads it carefully, and will always praise it every time he sees you, as being a good paper, wishes you success, hopes others will subscribe and encourage it, feels disappointed if it is issued irregularly, and is the first to complain of its non-appearance—all this he can do; yet he never dreams of paying unless you dun him, and then with good promises he will put you off. This is too, very common patronage.

Women of Different Nations.—That the women of different nations are different in their mental and affectionate constitution is apparent to the most casual observer. They are as various in their natures as are the climates and physical characteristics of the several countries of their nativity. All human beings are indeed the creatures of circumstances surrounding and developing them. The following on the English, French, Italian and American women is ingenious, and we have no doubt many of our readers will consider it discriminating and just: "The English woman is respectful and proud; the French woman is gay and agreeable; the Italian is passionate; the Americans sincere and affectionate. With an English woman, love is a principle; with a French woman it is caprice; with an Italian it is a passion; with an American it is a sentiment. He is married to an English woman is united to French; go habits with an Italian, and is wedded to an American. An English woman is anxious to secure a lord; a French woman a companion; an Italian a lover; an American a husband. The Englishman respects his lady; the Frenchman esteems his companion; the Italian adores his mistress; the American loves his wife. The Englishman at night returns to his house, while the Frenchman goes to his establishment; the Italian to his retreat, and the American to his home. When an Englishman is sick his lady visits him; when a Frenchman is sick, his companion pities him; when an Italian is sick his mistress sighs over him; when an American is sick his wife nurses him. The English woman instructs her offspring; a French woman teaches her progeny; an Italian rears her young, while an American educates her child."

Effect of Mechanical Skill.—To show how mechanical skill and labor add to the value of raw material, the British Quarterly Review gives this instructive calculation:—A bar of iron valued at $5, worked into horse-shoes, is worth $10 50; needles, $355; penknife blades, $3,285; shirt buttons, $29 480; balance springs of watches, $250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upward of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine was the frabic, that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse hair, into a barrister's wig.

☞ Nathaniel Shelly was complaining that some one had insulted him, by sending a letter directed to 'Nat Shelly.'

'Why,' said a friend, 'I don't see anything insulting about that, Nat is an abreviation for Nathaniel.'

'I know it,' said the little man, 'but blast his impudence! he spelled it with a G.—Gnat.'

### A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. KANE.

BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The "grave and reverend chronicler," passing over his beginnings, presents him abruptly in his full-grown greatness; men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he grew into his maturity of excellence. This curiosity is not an idleness of the fancy, but a personal interest in the facts that springs out of those aspirations which put every man upon the fulfillment of his own destiny. How came this name to excell—what was in him—what happened to develope it? "Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them." How came this man by it? Is it within my reach also? and, by what means? History provokes us with such queries as these; Biography answers them.

Doctor Elisha Kent Kane is not quite thirty-four years old, yet he has done more than circumnavigated the globe; he has visited and traversed India, Africa, Europe, South America, the islands of the Pacific, and twice penetrated the Arctic region to the highest latitude attained by civilized man. He has encountered the extremest perils of sea and land, in every climate of the globe; he has discharged in turn the severest duties of the soldier and the seamen; attached to the United States Navy as a surgeon, he is, nevertheless, engaged at one time in the coast survey of the tropical ocean, and in a month or two, we find him exploring the frigid zone; and all the while that his personal experiences had the character of romantic adventure, he was pushing them in the spirit of scientific and philanthropic enterprise.

As a boy, his instinctive bent impelled him to the indulgence and enjoyment of such adventures as were best fitted to train him for the work before him. His collegiate studies suffered some postponement while his physical qualities pressed for their necessary training and discipline. It was almost in the spirit of truancy that he explored the Blue Mountains of Virginia, as a student of geology, under the guidance of Professor Rodgers and cultivated, at once, his hardihood of vital energy and those elements of natural science which were to qualify him for his after services in the field of physical geography. But, in due time he returned to the pursuit of literature, and achieved the usual honors, as well as though his college studies had suffered no diversion—his muscles and nerves were educated and his brain lost nothing by the indirectness of its development, but was rather corroborated for all the uses which it has served since. He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania—first, in its collegiate, and afterwards, in its medical department. His special relishes in study, indicated his natural drift: chemistry and surgery; natural science in its most intimate converse with substance, and the remedial art in its most heroic function. He went out from his *Alma Mater* a good classical scholar, a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer and surgeon. But he lacked, or *thought he lacked robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment* in the navy, and upon his admission, demanded active service. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Taal; lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the over hanging cliff, and clambering down some seven hundred more through the scoriæ, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of this hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

Before he returned from this trip, he had ascended the Himalayas, and triangulated Greece, on foot: he had visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsisus, who was then prosecuting his archæological researches.

At home again, when the Mexican war broke out, he asked to be removed from Philadelphia Navy Yard to the field of a more congenial service; but the government sent him to the Coast of Africa. Here he visited the slave factories, from Cape Mount to the river Bonny, and through the infamous Da Souza, got access to the Dorachoons of Dahomey, and contracted, besides, the Coast Fever, from the effects of which he has never entirely recovered.

From Africa he returned before the close of the Mexican war, and believing that his constitution was broken, and his health rapidly going, he called upon President Polk, and demanded an opportunity for service that might crowd the little remnant of his life with achievements in keeping with his ambition: the President, just then embarrassed by a temporary non-intercourse with General Scott, charged the Doctor with despatches to the General, of great moment and urgency, which must be carried through a region occupied by the enemy. This embassy was marked by an adventure so romantic, and so illustrative of the character of the man, that we are tempted to detail it.

On his way to the Gulf he secured a horse in Kentucky, such as knight errant would have chosen for his companion and a sharer of his adventurers. Landed at Vera Cruz, he asked for an escort to convey him to the capitol, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare—he must wait, or he must accept, instead, a band of ruffian Mexicans, called the Spy Company, who had taken to the business of treason and trickery for a livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward. Near Pueble his troop encountered a body of Mexicans escorting a number of distinguished officers to Orizaba, among whom were Major General Gaona, Governor of Puebla; his son, Maximilian, and General Torejon, who commanded the brilliant charge of horse at Buena Vista. The surprise was mutual, but the Spy Company had the advantage of the ground. At the first instant of the discovery, and before the rascals fully comprehended their involvement, the Doctor shouted in Spanish; "Bravo! the capital adventure Colonel, form your line for the charge!" And down they went upon the enemy: Kane and his gallant Kentucky charger ahead. Understanding the principle that sends a tallow candle through a plank, and at that momentum he dashed through the opposing force, and turning to engage after breaking their line, he found himself fairly surrounded, and two of the enemy giving him their special attention. One of these was disposed of in an instant by rearing his horse, who, with a blow of his fore foot, floored his man; and wheeling suddenly, the Doctor gave the other a sword wound, which opened the external iliac artery, and put him *hors de combat*. This subject of the Doctor's military surgery was the young Maximilian.—The brief melee terminated with a cry from the Mexicans, "We surrender." Two of the officers made a dash for an escape, the Doctor pursued them, but soon gave up the chase.—When he returned, he found his ruffians preparing to massacre the prisoners. As he galloped past the young officer whom he had wounded, he heard him cry, "Senor, save my father." A group of the guerrilla guards were dashing upon the Mexicans, huddled together, with their lances in rest. He threw himself before them—one of them transfixed his horse, another gave him a severe wound in the groin. He killed the first-lieutenant, wounded the second-lieutenant, and blew a part of the Colonel's beard off with the last charge of his six shooter: then grappling with him, and using his fists, he brought the party to terms. The lives of the prisoners were saved, and the Doctor received their swords. As soon as General Gaona could reach his son, who lay a little distance from the scene of the last struggle, the Doctor found him sitting by him, receiving his last adieus. Shifting the soldier and resuming the surgeon, he secured the artery and put the wounded man in condition to travel. The ambulance got up for the occasion, contained at once the wounded Maximilian, the wounded second-lieutenant, and the man that had prepared them for slow traveling, himself on his litter, from the lance wound received in defence of his prisoners! When they reached Puebla, the Doctor's wound proved the worst of the party. He was taken to the government house but the old General, in gratitude for his generous services, had him conveyed to his own house. General Childs, American commander at Puebla, hearing of the generosity of his prisoner, discharged him without making any terms, and the old general became the principle nurse of his captor and benefactor, dividing his attentions between him and his son, who lay wounded in an adjoining room. This illness of our hero was long and doubtful and he was reported dead to his friends at home.

When he recovered and returned he was employed in the Coast Survey. While engaged in this service the government by its correspondence with Lady Franklin became committed for an attempt at the rescue of Sir John and his ill starred companions in Arctic discovery. Nothing could be better addressed to the Doctor's governing sentiments than this adventure. The enterprise of Sir John ran exactly in the current of one of his own enthusiasms—the service of natural science combined with heroic personal effort; and, added to this, that sort of patriotism which charges itself with its own full share in the execution of national engagements of honor; and besides this cordial assumption of his country's debts and duties, there was no little force in the appeal of a nobly brave spirited woman to the chivalry of the American navy.

He was "bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, on the 12th of May, 1850," when he received his telegraphic order to proceed forthwith to New York, for duty upon the Arctic expedition. In nine days from that date he was beyond the limits of the United States on his dismal voyage to the North Pole. Of this first American expedition, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen month's absence.

Scarcely allowing himself a day to recover *from the hardships of this cruise he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned, after verifying by actual observation* the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82°, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100° below the freezing point.—His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discovers his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

The last voyage occupied two winters in the highest latitudes, and two years and a half of unintermitted labor with the risks and responsibilities attendant. He is now preparing the history for publication. But that part of it is which best reports his personal agency, and would most justly present the man to the reader, will of course be suppressed. We would gladly supply it, but as yet this is impossible to us. His journal is private property, the extracts which we may expect will be only too shy of egotism, and his companions have not spoken yet, as some day they will speak, of his conduct throughout the terrible struggles which together they endured.

To form anything like an adequate estimate of that last achievement it is to be recollected that his whole company amounted to but twenty men, and that of his corps or crew he was the commander, in naval phrase: and when we are apprised that his portfolio of scenery, sketched on the spot in pencil, and in water colors kept fluid over a spirit-lamp, amounts to over three hundred sketches, we have a hint of the extent and variety of the offices he filled on this voyage. He was in fact the surgeon, sailing master, astronomer and naturalist, as well as captain and leader of the expedition.

This man of all work, and desperate daring and successful doing, is in height about five feet seven inches: in weight, say one hundred and thirty pounds or so, if health and rest would not give him leave to fill up his natural measure. His complexion is fair, his hair brown, and his eyes dark gray, with a hawk look. He is a hunter by every gift and grace and instinct that makes up the character: an excellent shot, and a brilliant horseman. He has escaped with whole bones from all his adventures, but he has several wounds which are trouble some: and, with such general health as his most men would call themselves invalids, and live on furlough from all the active duties of life: yet he has won the distinction of being the first civilized man to stand in latitude 82° 30' and gaze upon the open Polar Sea—to reach the northernmost point of land on the globe—to report the lowest temperature ever endured—he heaviest sledge journeys ever performed—and the wildest life that civilized man has successfully undergone; and to return after all to tell the story of his adventures.

The secret spring of all this energy is in his religious enthusiasm—discovered alike in the generous spirit of his adventures in pursuit of science: in his enthusiastic fidelity to duty, and in his heroic maintainance of the point of honor in all his intercourse with men.

In his deportment there is that mixture of shyness and frankness, simplicity and fastidiousness, sandwiched rather than blended, which makes the man of genius, and the monk of industry. He seems confident in himself but not of himself. His manner is remarkable for celerity of movement, alert attentiveness quickness of comprehension, rapidity of utterance and sententious compactness of diction, which arise from a habitual watchfulness against the betrayal of his own enthusiasms. He seems to fear that he is boring you, and is always disclaiming his unwillingness "to sit" for your admiration. If you question him about the official acknowledgements of his services by the British and American governments, or in any way endeavor to turn him upon his own gallant achievements, he hurries you away from the subject to some point of scientific interest which he presumes will more concern and engage yourself; or he says or does something that makes you think he is occupied with his own inferiority in some matter which your conversation presents to him. One is obliged to struggle with him to maintain the tone of respect which his character and achievements deserve; and when the interview is over, a feeling of disappointment remains for the failure in your efforts to ransack the man as you wished, and to render the tribute which you owed him.

We wish we could be sure that he will not in his forthcoming work, give us the drama without its hero; or we wish the expedition and its hero had a chronicler as worthy as he would be were he not the principal character in the story.

Dr. Kane's Narrative of the expedition, now preparing, and in the process of publication by Messrs. Childs & Peterson of Philadelphia, will embrace the important discoveries made in the frozen regions far beyond the reach of all the predecessors of the American exploring party, and their perilious adventures, crowded with romantic incidents, which, in the language of the Secretary of the Navy, "not only excite our wonder, but borrow a novel grandeur from the truly benevolent consideration which animated and nerved him to his task."

[*Graham's Magazine, February*, 1856.

### EMINENT AUTHORS.

De Quincy.—He is one of the smallest legged smallest-bodied, and most attenuated effigies of human form divine, that one could find in a crowed city during a day's walk. And if one adds to this figure clothes that are not fashionably cut nor fastidiously adjusted, he will have a rough idea of De Quincy. But then his brow, that pushes his obstrusive hat to the back part of his head, and his light grey eyes, that do not seem to look out, to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and scratching out the most abstruse logic, or something that you would search a week to find the mates to, and you would be disappointed. De Quincy now resides at Lasswade, a romantic and rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from Edinburg, Scotland, where an affectionate daughter watches over him, and where he is the wonder of the country people for miles around.

Jerold.—Douglas Jerold, a well known contributor to *Punch*, an editor of various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and in person is remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp and angular, and his eye of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and, with keen sensibility, he often writes under the impulse of the moment, articles which his cooler judgment condemns. Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to the external application of Adam's ale. His "Caudle Lectures" have been read by every one.—In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and a grandfather.

The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on as a pin head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else except the voice (which is monotonous and disagreeable) is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; his eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the streets, he seems in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticisms were a part of his daily and intellectual food.

Bailey.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Nottingham, England, says—"I have seen Bailey, the author of Festus. His father is proprietor of the Nottingham *Mercury*, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a thick set sort of a man, of a stature below the middle size, complexion dark, and in years about eight-and-thirty. His physiognomy would be clownish in expression, if his eyes did not redeem his own features. He spoke of Festus, and of its fame in America, of which he seems very proud.—In England it has only reached its third edition, while eight or nine have been published in the United States."

Lamartine.—Lamartine is—yes, ladies, positively—a prim looking man, with a long face, short grey hair, a slender figure, and a suit of black. Put a pen behind his ear, and he would look a "confidential clerk." Give his face more character, and he would remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine head, phrenologically speaking—large and round at the top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. Prim is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, but as for a rolling collar or a Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and like other men, he chooses to "sink the shop," at least, when he sits for his portrait.

Dumas, on the contrary, is a burly fellow.—His large, red, round cheeks stand out till they seem to stretch the very skin that covers them, and it looks as smooth as a polished apple. His black crisped hair is piled high above his forehead, and stands divided in two unequal masses, one inclined to the right and the other to the left. His eyes are dark, and his mouth sensuous, but not to the degree of vulgarity. His person is large, and his flowing mantle is red. He is a gentleman to lay bare his throat and look romantic, not Byronically so, but piratically. Yet he looks good humored, and like a man whose capacity for physical enjoyment is boundless. His negro blood is evident enough to one who knows he has it, but it would not be detected by one who knew it not. It appears in the peculiar rotundity of the man and all his parts. It crisped and heaped his hair; it made him dress up in flowing red to have his picture taken. But his complexion is only a shade darker than the average. The portrait reminds you for a moment of the late Thomas Hamblin, the actor.

Eugene Sue is neither prim nor burly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black cloak is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light, eyes blue, hair once black, now pepper-and-salt, whiskers voluminous, eyebrows black and thick, good forehead,