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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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Poetical.

A CURIOUS QUESTION.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.

A daughter!
Well, what brought her?

Kitty asks—"How came she here?"
Half with joy and half with fear.
Kitty is our eldest child,
Eight years old, and rather wild—
Wild in manner, but in mind
Wishing all things well defined.
Kitty says—"How came she here,
Father? Tell me. It's so queer.
Yesterday we had no sister,
Else I'm sure I should have missed her
When I went to bed last night;
And this morning hailed her sight
With a strange and new delight.
For, indeed, it passes all
To have a sister not so tall
As my doll; and with blue eyes;
And—I do declare—it cries!
Last night I didn't see her, father;
Oh, I'm sure, I had much rather
Stayed at home, as still as a mouse,
Than played all day at grandma's house.
She is so pretty, and so tiny;
And, what makes her face so shiny?
Will it always be like that?
Will she swell up, plump and fat,
Like my little doll; or tall,
Like my wax one? Tell me all—
All about her, papa, dear,
For I do so long to hear
Where she came from, and what brought her—
Yours and mama's bran new daughter."

A daughter—another daughter!
And the question is, "What brought her?"
Spence, our boy, but three years old,
Says the nurse did—and is bold
In defiance of them both—
Since to yield to his place he's loth,

And pouting, feels his nose' point
When I declare 'tis out of joint.
But, though the childish explanation
Be food enough for child's vexation,
We older folk must better find
To feed the hunger of the mind.
To us, of larger issues preaching,
This link of life eternal, reaching
From earth to heaven, this new-born soul
Come fresh from where forever roll
Its countless years through yonder heaven,
Hath deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!
And what brought her?
No matter what; she comes to bring
A blessing in her life's young spring.
"No matter, darlings! she is here—
Our daughter, sister, baby dear;
Open your hearts and let her enter,
Open them wide, for God hath sent her!"

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood, sweet and sunny childhood,
With its careless, thoughtless air,
Like the verdant, tangled wildwood,
Wants the training hand of care.

See it springing all around us—
Glad to know, and quick to learn;
Asking questions that confound us,
Teaching lessons in its turn.

Who loves not its joyous revel,
Leaping lightly on the lawn,
Up the knoll, along the level,
Free and graceful as a fawn!

Let it revel; it is nature
Giving to the little dears
Strength of limb and healthful feature,
For the toil of coming years.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it—
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit—
Curb it only to direct.

Would you dam the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must go forever—
Better teach it where to go.

Girlhood is a fountain welling;
Trace its channel in the sand,
And its currents, spreading, swelling,
Will revive the withered land.

Childhood is the vernal season;
Trim and train the tender shoot;
Love is to the coming reason
As the blossom to the fruit.

Tender twigs are bent and folded—
Art to nature beauty lends;
Childhood easily is moulded;
Manhood breaks, but seldom bends.

Miscellaneous.

LONDON AND ITS PEOPLE.

Think of what London is. At the last census there were 2,362,236 persons of both sexes in it; 1,106,558 males, of whom 146,449 were under 5 years of age; and 1,255,678 females of whom 147,173 were under 5 years of age.—The unmarried males were 670,380, ditto females 735,871; the married men were 399,098; the wives 409,731; the widowers were 37,080, the widows 110,076. On the night of the census there were 28,598 husbands whose wives were not with them, and 30,231 wives mourning their absent lords. Last year the number of children born in London was 86,833; in the same period 56,786 persons died. The Registrar General assumes that, with the additional births, and by the fact of soldiers and sailors returning from the seat of war, and of persons engaged in peaceful pursuits, settling in the capital, sustenance, clothing and house accommodation must now be found in London for about 60,000 inhabitants more than it contained at the end of 1855. Think of that—the population of a large city absorbed in London, and no perceptible inconvenience occasioned by it! Houses are still to let; there are still the usual tickets hung up in windows in quiet neighborhoods, intimating that apartments furnished for the use of single gentlemen can be had within; the country still supplies the town with meat and bread, and we hear of no starvation, in consequence of deficient supply. London is the healthiest city in the world.—During the last ten years the annual deaths have been, on the average, 25 to 1,000 of the population; in 1850 the proportion was 22 to 1,000; yet, in spite of this, half of the deaths that happen on an average in London between the ages of 20 and 40 are from consumption and diseases of the respiratory organs. The Registrar traces this to the state of the streets. He says: "There can be no doubt that the dirty dust suspended in the air that the people of London breathe often excites diseases of the respiratory organs. The dirt of the streets is produced and ground down by innumerable horses, omnibuses and carriages, and then beat up in fine dust, which fills the mouth, and inevitably enters the air passages in large quantities. The dust is not removed every day, but saturated with water in the great thoroughfares, sometimes ferments in damp weather, and at other times ascends again, under the heat of the summer sun, as atmospheric dust."

London, says Henry Mayhew, may be safely asserted to be the most densely populated city in all the world: containing one fourth more people than Pekin, and two-thirds more than Paris—more than twice as many as Constantinople—four times as many as St. Petersburg—five times as many as Vienna, or New York, or Madrid—nearly seven times as many as Berlin—eight times as many as Amsterdam—nine times as many as Rome—fifteen times as many as Copenhagen—and seventeen times as many as Stockholm. It covers an area of 122 square miles in extent, or 70,002 statute acres; and contains 327,391 houses. Annually 4 000 new houses are in erection for upwards of 40.000 new comers. The continuous line of buildings stretching from Holloway to Camberwell is said to be twelve miles long. It is computed if the buildings were set in a row, they would reach across the whole of England and France, from York to the Pyrenees. London has 10,500 distinct streets, squares, circuses, crescents, terraces villas, rows, buildings, places, lanes, courts, alleys, mews, yards, rents. The paved streets of London, according to a return published in 1856 number over 5,000, and exceed 2,000 miles in length: the cost of this paved roading was fourteen millions, and the repairs cost £1,800 000 per annum. London contains 1,900 miles of gas pipes, with a capital of nearly £4,000,000 spent in the preparation of gas.—The cost of gas lighting is half a million. It has 360,000 lights: and 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas are burnt every night. Last year along these streets the enormous quantity of upwards of eighty millions of gallons of water rushed for the supply of the inhabitants, being nearly double what it was in 1845. Mr. Mayhew says, if the entire people of the capital were to be drawn up in marching order, two and two, the length of the great army of Londoners would be no less than 670 miles, and, supposing them to move at the rate of three miles an hour, it would require more than nine days and nine nights for the average population to pass by. To accommodate this crowd 125,000 vehicles pass through the thoroughfares in the course of twelve hours; 3,000 cabs, 1,000 omnibuses, 10,000 private and job carriages and carts ply daily in the streets; 3,000 conveyances enter the metropolis daily from the surrounding country.

Speaking generally, Tennyson tells us,

"Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born."

In London, Mr. Mayhew calculates 169 people die daily, a baby is born every five minutes. The number of persons, says the Registrar General, who died in 1850, in 116 public institutions, such as workhouses and hospitals, was 10,381. It is really shocking to think, and a deep stigma on the people—or on the artificial arrangements of society, by which so much poverty is perpetuated—that nearly one person out of five who died last year closed his days under a roof provided by law or public charity. It is calculated 500 people are drowned in the Thames every year. In the first week of the present year there were five deaths from intemperance alone.—How much wretchedness lies in these two facts! for the deaths from actual intemperance bear but a small proportion to the deaths induced by the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors; and of the 500 drowned, by far the largest class, we have every reason to believe, are of the number of whom Hood wrote—

"Mad with life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!"

A meeting has just been held of the unemployed, chiefly the carpenters, bricklayers, and bricklayers' laborers, of the metropolis, in which it was stated that their number—though very probably there may be some exaggeration here—is 35 000 If these men are married and have families, we get a further idea of the deep distress in this wealthy and luxurious capital—this capital where the gold of Australia, the jewels of Golconda, the silks and spices of the East, come for sale, and are lavished as freely on the most questionable purposes and persons as on the noblest specimens of humanity, and the most glorious objects for which men care to live. Then think of the inmates of the lunatic asylums, and the poorhouses, and the hospitals, in most cases sent there as the result of their own ignorance or imprudence. Add to these our prison population, and our criminal classes, and our prostitutes, and what a picture we get of the Night Side of London, of the classes whose existence is a reproach or a curse. In London, one man in every nine belongs to the criminal class.

According to the last reports, there were in London 143,000 vagrants admitted in one year into the casual wards of the wards of the work-houses.

Here we have always in our midst,

107 burglars,
110 housebreakers,
38 highway robbers,
773 pickpockets,
3,657 sneaksmen or common thieves,
11 horse-stealers,
441 dog-stealers,
3 forgers,
28 coiners,
317 utterers of base coins,
141 swindlers,
182 cheats,
343 receivers of stolen goods,
2,768 habitual rioters,
1,205 vagrants,
50 begging letter-writers,
86 bearers of begging letters,
6,801 prostitutes,

besides 470 not otherwise described, making altogether a total of 16,900 criminals known to the police. These persons are known to make away with £42,000 per annum: the prison population at any particular time is 6,000, costing, for the year £170,000. Our juvenile thieves cost us £300 apiece.

Again, let us look at the classes whose labors and occupations and modes of life are inconsistent with health, or not favorable to any great development of moral principle. Almost 20,000 persons are engaged in Sunday trading; the number of ragged children is nearly 30,000; the number of families living in one room is estimated as high as 150,000. It appears from a report by Mr. Goderich, officer of health in the parish of Kensington, that in a place called the Potteries, there are 1,147 human beings and 1 141 pigs congregated within a space of less than nine acres, the present number of pigs being below the usual average. The dwellings of a large proportion of the inhabitants of this locality are mere hovels, with shattered roofs and unglazed windows, the floor is below the level of the external soil, which has been raised by excessive accumulations of filth of all kinds, and the walls are at all times partially damp and giving out pestilential gases, intolerable to those who have not been born among them, fatal to the health of those who have. Another portion of the miserable population has converted old caravan bodies, removed in some cases from their wheels, into houses; others have no other dwelling than ruinous postchaise bodies, for which rent of sixpense per week is paid. In one of the caravans eight persons dwell, among whom a child suffering from smallpox was battling with death at the time of Mr. Goderich's visit in March.

Mr. Timbs calculates the number of professional beggars in London at 35,000, two-thirds of whom are Irish. 30,000 men, women and children are employed in the costermonger trade; besides, we have, according to Mr. Mayhew, 2,000 street sellers of green stuff, 4,000 street sellers of eatables, and drinkables, 1,000 street sellers of stationery, 4,000 street sellers of other articles, whose receipts are three millions sterling, and whose incomes may be put down at once. Let us extend our survey, and we shall not wonder that the public houses, and the gin palaces, and the casinos, and the theatres, and the penny gaffs, and the lowest and vilest places of resort in London, are full. In Spitalfields there are 70,000 weavers with but 10s. per week; there are 22,479 tailors, 30,805 shoemakers, 43,828 milliners; sempstresses, 21 210; bonnet makers, 1,769; cap makers, 1,277. What hard, wretched work is theirs!—"*Night Side of London.*"

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Some years ago, during the heat of a coffee speculation in Boston, when everybody was holding on, waiting for the article to advance, an old merchant, keen as a razor, whose store was packed from the first to the fourth floor with with prime green Rio, concluded from signs he well understood, that prices had reached their acme. He was too old a hand at the bellows not to know that the moment he, with his immense stock, began to sell, an alarm would be taken, and down would go the prices. Quietly sending off a pretty stiff invoice of the article to auction, and giving the auctioneer a good humored hint to mind his own business, he attended the sale, and bid readily at prevailing prices for the coffee. Other holders that knew he had twice as much as they had, concluded it was safe to buy when he did, and so stood up manfully and bought. While old Mr. ——'s carmen were tumbling his purchases in at the front door of his warehouse, five times as many were carrying away coffee from the back door. On the next day of sale he bid as freely as ever, and this continued for some two or three weeks. One day he failed to appear at a coffee sale, and most of the dealers took the alarm, and prices declined a little.—During the afternoon, a pretty large holder, who had always been ready to buy when he saw Mr. —— willing, met him in the street, and asked the rate of coffee.

"I don't know what its going for to day," replied the old fellow, as cool and pleasant as ice cream.

"It declined this morning."

"Did it?" responded Mr. ——, with what seemed to his fellow tradesman a strange manifestation of indifference.

"Yes, certainly! Haven't you heard it before?"

"No—but I suspected as much."

"Why, we shall all be ruined, if prices go down?"

"Not all; I presume," replied Mr. ——, with an unmoved countenance.

"Why, you're in it deeper than any of us."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. ——, in well feigned astonishment, "*I haven't got a bag in my store!*"

The next day the bubble burst, and half a dozen grasping speculators, who had been for a month or two dreaming nightly over their golden gains, were ruined.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.—Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom, He has, perhaps, provided or proposed for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointments in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good, moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah Moore.*

THE BRAVEST MAN AT WATERLOO.—A bequest, similar to the "Jackson Gold Snuff-Box," was once made in England, by a gentleman, who left a sword to be given to the "bravest man at Waterloo." It was referred to the Duke of Wellington to decide to whom the sword should be given. The Duke would not say who was the bravest where all were brave, but said that the men who were the most severely tried on that memorable day were those who defended the position at the chateau Hougoumont, and that inquiry should be made regarding those who fought at that point. This was done, and the award was finally made to a British sergeant, who, at a critical moment, when the French had unexpectedly forced open the gate of the chateau, and were about to enter, rushed forward, and, by the exertion of great personal strength and determination, succeeded, alone, in shutting the gate in the face of the French and holding it till his comrades came to his assistance.

☞ An Englishman, speaking in favor of his own country, said to Dr. Thompson:

"You have no coal; and it is this that gives England its manufacturing importance."

The doctor replied:

"We are not altogether destitute of coal; we have one small bed, called the field of Illinois, which is larger than the whole of England. If you will wait till we scoop some of it out, and then bring your island over, we will drop it in, and annex you."

☞ A darkey having been to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:—"As soon as dey landed in de ribber, der moufs began to water to be on de land, and as soon as dey waded to de shore, dey didn't see gold, but dey found such a large supply of noffin to eat, dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in a dry yard."

SLOW.—A countryman passing over a railroad in Northern New York, which is proverbially *slow*, asked the conductor why a cow-catcher was attached to the rear car instead of the usual place; he was informed by that officer that it was "in order to prevent the cows on that road from running into the train."

MY CRUELTY TO MY RELATIVES.

I had an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I dont know what evil genius prompted the wickedness (I acknowledge with tears in my eyes, that was such,) which I perpetrated towards my wife and my ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know my aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf; and although she can hear my voice to, which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything in your power to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs S. announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible.

I then went to John Thomas, who loves a joke as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at six P. M., on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad station with a carriage, the next evening, and when I was on my way home I said: My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Amelia has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf and although she can hear my voice, to which she accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. I'm sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loud, and to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up on the steps—my wife at the window with John Thomas, with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt—she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite side of the street started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt, and the hall lamp clattered, and the windows shook as with fever and ague. I looked at the window, John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer; I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her bonnet and cape, and there sat John, with his face of woe.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John Thomas rather jumped to his feet."

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war whoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for streets around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building, I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening, my aunt took occasion to say to me—

"How loud your wife speaks! Dont it hurt her?"

I told her that all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and Aunt Mary was getting along very finely with her.

Presently, my wife said, softly, "Alf, how very loud your aunt talks."

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do. You're getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say." And I rather think she did.

Flated by their success at being understood, they went at it, hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So said she, in an unearthly hoot, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?"

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because, because, you can't hear if I don't," squealed my wife.

"What!" said my aunt, fairly rivalling a railroad whistle, this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and on looking round and seeing John gone, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay flat on his back, with his feet at a right angle to his body rolling from side to side, with his fists poked into his ribs and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound.

I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think that, from the relative position of our boots and heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan, which John gave vent to, in his endeavor to repress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and aunt, who, by this time comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I then got, I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, sometimes between a groan and a horse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

DRUGGED AND ROBBED.—Michael Hennessy and Wm. Blow, from Northumberland, Pa., on their way to Kansas, were plied with drugged liquor on the night of the 9th inst., in Cincinnati, Ohio, and two watches, a revolver, and $750 in gold were stolen from them. John O'Connell, the keeper of the lodging house, was arrested, and one of the watches was found in his possession. He was held to answer.

☞ "Well," said his honor to an old negro, who had been hauled up, for stealing a pullet, "what have you to say yourself?" "Nuffin, but dis, boss—I was crazy as a bedbug when I stole dat ar' pullet, cos I might hab stole de big rooster—and I neber done it. Dat shows 'clusive dat I was laboring under delirium tremendous."

HIGH PRICES FOR HORSE FLESH.—At the sale of the blooded stock of Mr. James B. Clay, in Fayette county, Ky., a few days ago, the imported stallion, Indian Chief, was sold under the hammer for $5.020. Some of his fillies were bought for $500 and $600, and the celebrated horse Gray Eagle, now about 23 years old, brought the large sum of $2,000.

☞ A girl on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods and wilds, was one day asked, "How she liked the country?" Oh, ma'am," replied the girl, "I'd like the country very well if it were in the city."

A GOOD PRICE.—An association of stock growers at Belleville, Ill., has purchased the celebrated "Morgan" stallion, "Addison" for $5,000.

SUICIDE BY STARVATION.—Mrs. Olive Clyde, of Bristol, Vt., died recently, of starvation, having resolutely refused all kinds of food for 33 days. She had been deserted by her husband, and for some time received aid from the town.

☞ There is a story told of an American gallant, who wrote to a noted American General the following brief epistle:—

"To General——:
Sally has accepted me—can I have her?"

To which the General replied:—

"Go ahead. Yours, etc."

Deceiving Children.

I was spending a few days with an intimate friend, and never did I see a more systematic housewife, and, what then *seemed* to me, one who had so quiet and complete control of her child. But the secret of the latter I soon learned. One evening she wished to spend with me at a neighbor's—it was a small social gathering of friends, therefore she was very desirous of attending; but her child demanded her presence with him. After undressing him, and hearing him *say his prayers*, she said—

"Willie, did you see that pretty little kitten in the street to-day?"

"Yes, I did," he replied; "I wish I had her; wasn't she pretty?"

"Yes, *very;* now don't you want me to buy this kitty for you? Perhaps the man will sell her."

"Oh, yes, mother, do buy her."

"Well, then, be a good boy while I am gone." thus saying, she closed the door, but he immediately called her back.

"Don't go till morning, then I can go with won't you stay?"

"No, Willie! the man won't sell it if I don't go to-night; so be a good boy."

He said no more, but quietly lay down.

"Is this the way you govern your child?" said I, after we had gained the street; "if you but knew the injury you are doing, you would take a different course?"

"Injury!" she repeated, "why what harm have I done? I did not tell him I *would* see the man—I only asked him if I *should*."

"But you gave him to understand that you would. He is not old enough to detect the difference now, but he soon will be. Then I fear you will perceive your error too late. You have yourself grafted a thorn in the young rose, which will eventually pierce you most bitterly. You cannot break off the thorn, or club the point, to make it less piercing. On your return he will not see the kitten therefore you will have to invent another falsehood to conceal the first."

We had now gained our friend's door, which ended our conversation. During the evening she seemed gayer than usual; my words had little or no effect upon her. She did not think her little one was doing all he could to keep awake to see the coveted kitten on her return, wondering what made "mother gone so long." It was late ere I reminded her we ought to return. But little was said during our homeward walk. She went noiselessly into the room, supposing her boy asleep; but he heard her and said—

"Mother, is that you? Have you brought the kitten? I kept awake to see it, and I was *so sleepy?*"

"No, my dear; the man would not sell her."

"Why won't he, mother?" he asked with quivering lips.

"I don't know; I suppose he wants her to catch rats and mice."

"Did he say so, mother?"

"He did not say *just* that, but I thought he meant so."

"I did want it so bad, mother." The little lips quivered, and the tears startled to his eyes. *He rubbed them with his little hands, winking very fast to keep them back, but they would come; at last he fell asleep with the pearly drops glistening on his rosy cheeks.* The mother's glistened also. As she knelt to kiss them away, he murmured softly in his broken slumber, "I did want it *so bad!*" She turned her dewy eyes toward me, saying—

"You have led me to see my error. *Never* will I again, let what will be the consequence, deceive my child to please myself."

Mothers, are you practising the same deception? If you are, pause and think of the consequences ere it is too late. Does it not lessen your confidence in a person when you find out they have been deceiving you? Will it not also that of your children in *you*, when they become old enough to detect it? Besides, it would be very strange if they themselves did not imitate you in things of more importance.

It is the pride and joy of a mother's heart to gain and retain the entire confidence of her child, and it is in her power to do so if she but exercise that power by precept and example.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Extent of the Rebellion in India.

There can be little doubt that the outbreak in India has extended to the Mohammedan population as well as the Indian army. The following is a corrected narrative of the recent occurrences, from a disinterested source:—

"The plan is to murder the Europeans and Christians, and to restore the ancient Mahommedan empire. All the plans were well laid, and the object must have been attained if it had not been for the recipitency of the 21st Native Regiment. The revolution was to have begun in Calcutta, and not in Delhi. The 2d Regiment of Grenadiers was to have taken possession of the fort in Calcutta, and at the same time the 34th Native Regiment was to have murdered all the Europeans residing in Barrackpore, and afterwards made the best of its way to Calcutta.

The Native Artillery at Dundum was to have acted in the same way, and to have assisted the Second Regiment of Grenadiers in sinking the ships in the Hoohly by means of the guns of the fort. The ships were to be sunk in order that no Europeans might be able to escape. The body guard of the Governor-General (veterans taken from the different cavalry regiments) was to have murdered all the persons in the service of Government. The Mohammedans in the bazaar were to have destroyed the railroad and telegraph. The 19th Regiment, after all the Europeans had been put to death, was to march towards the North, murdering and plundering as it went. As has been said, the precipitancy of the 21st Regiment caused the failure of the whole scheme.

"Six men belonging to the 2d Regiment of Grenadiers were arrested, but instead of being hanged, they were banished for forty years—that is, they were allowed to go their way in peace. As the plot had been discovered at Calcutta, the North-west Provinces began to act, and the movement soon extended from Delhi and Meerut through the whole of India, (Presidency of Bengal.) Delhi is still in the hands of the rebels, and the loss of the European regiments is great. The Gwalior Contingent and the much-eulogized Ghoorkas fired on the besieging troops, and made common cause with the insurgents. When it was known that the Chinese expedition had reached Singapore and had sailed for Calcutta, the insurgents, who are spread all over the country, made an attempt to get possession of the fort in Dimond Harbor, but failed."

England, in fact, has commenced the reconquest of Hindostan, and she will spend her last guinea, and shed her last drop of blood rather than fail in the undertaking.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities. A totally false state of society has made the most of our wants fancied and unnatural. No wonder, then, at so much poverty and distress we see around us. Cause—Ignorance of the million.

Herr Driesbach and his Lion.

The Galena (Ill.) *Courier* publishes a letter from a correspondent in Potosi, Wisconsin, who says:—"Tired of this itinerant Benedic life about three years ago, the Herr took to himself one of the most intelligent and amiable of the Buckeye daughters, and removed to this place, where he had purchased himself a beautiful farm, and where he has retired to cultivate the earth and "make for himself a pleasant home." Since then the Lion Tamer has visited Dubuque; and the editor of the *Express* of that city, gives the following interesting recognition:

"Last evening we, with two companions, walked up the street with a very worthy farmer from within one mile of Potosi, Wisconsin, who talked about his pigs, geese and ducks, and with what success he tilled him. As an instance of his successful till he stated that he sold the product of fifty feet square of his farm, of which he kept an account, for forty-three dollars. Hence it may be seen that this farmer, Herr Driesbach, has some skill as well as pride in his farming. Our chief object in taking this walk was that the Herr desired us to witness a meeting between himself and old pets of the menagerie, which he had not seen for more than a year, and which, of course, we were most anxious to witness, to see whether time, travel and change had obliterated from their recollection their old master. On entering the canvass which was before the audience began to collect, Herr Driesback desired us to stand before the cage of the Bengal tiger, he remaining at the door the while. This tiger, from some old score, had just as old a grudge against him, and days of yore managed to give a marked demonstration of the fact. This cage was selected for the first test of recognition. While we were stationed immediately in front, Herr came sauntering along, carelessly habited in a farmer's costume, and as he neared the cage the tiger's eyes began to glisten with great brilliancy as they bore directly upon him, and at the same time a low guttural growl began to rise in his throat, which burst out in a ferocious howl as he leaped at the bars to get at him when he passed by. This experiment was tried several times with the same result, and when at length Herr spoke to him, his rage knew no bounds, leaping at the bars, he dashed his paws out to tear him, and only ceased when his old master walked out of his sight.

"The next place we were desired to remove to, was the large cage containing a large lion, two leopards and a lioness. We mention them as it is the order they stand in the cage, it being divided into apartments. As Herr approached this cage the lioness caught sight of him, and her eyes beamed with pleasure, while her tail wagged a glad recognition. On his coming up to her she appeared frantic with joy, and when he spoke to her and presented his face to the cage, she kissed him, and placed her paw in his hand with all the air of intense affection.

"Indeed, while he was in her presence, she did not know how to control herself, but would lick his hands while he attempted to pat her, roll over, reach out her paws to him and press her nose between the bars as though she would like to have had a closer presence. While Herr was talking to the lioness, the old lion in the other end of the cage began to get jealous and grumbled, for he too had recognized his old *friend. Herr said to him, "Billy getting jealous?"* and then walked up to him, when the creature crowded against the bars to get closer to him if it were possible, and kissed his face and licked his hands with as great demonstrations of delight as the other. The leopards too, in the same cage, knew their old master, and watched him as they lay with their nose, close to the bars with evident pleasure, and seemed highly pleased as he spoke to them.—In all our days we do not recollect any exhibition that gave us so much satisfaction as did this meeting of old friends, and while we watched them in their congratulations, we could not make up our mind which was the most delighted, Driesbach to know that he was not forgotten by these affectionate creatures, or that they were once more in his presence. While we were watching Herr and his old companions the crowd began to gather in, and our companions and self departed highly gratified at the result."

A CALIFORNIA WIDOW.—Captain Saltwater says his first essay to affect a matrimonial character resulted in a manner so discouraging that he don't believe he'll ever be induced to try it over again. The captain being out of the services for some months, conceived a passion for a rather mysterious young lady boarding at the same hotel. Says the captain:—

"I conveyed her round to shops, shows, theatres, churches and every other place of amusement and information, and at last, when I thought things had gone far enough, I squares my yards, and says I, just as cool as a powder monkey, 'Ma'am, I've been thinkin' I'd like to be spliced.'

'Spliced!' says she, looking as artless as a turtle dove.

'Spliced;' said I, 'and if you've a notion, why I'm ready to take my luck and dunnage with you, ma'am!'

She looked sort o'taken back at first, but she goes about and says:

'Captain, I've been thinking if my husband don't write soon, and send me some money and a gold watch from California, I'd just as leave marry somebody else as not, and if you wait a few days I'll give you the first preference!'

Her husband had been gone to the Pacific just four months, and here was a specimen of a California widow.

'I stood off after that!' said the captain.

PORK.—Honerables Hazlehurst, Packer, and Wilmot, candidates for Governor; Pollock, present Governor; Ritner, Johnson, Porter and Bigler, Ex-Governors, have been appointed committee on hams at the approaching State Fair.

We happen to know "that crowd," and are free to testify that they are all first-rate judges of Ham. Whoever submits articles to their inspection, had better back himself (at least his meat) with a strong police force. We'll bet a segar that the committee will annihilate the biggest ham at the fair, at a single meal, if they have a fair chance, and that they will out-eat any eight men in buckram that can be scared up!

ACOUSTIC.—Different sound travels with different velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute, while a summons to work will take ten minutes.

☞ "I say, Pat, isn't one man as good as another?" "Of course he is, and a great deal better."

☞ Gentlemen of experience inform us that marriage is not like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds!

☞ Col. John Hodgson, the able editor of the West Chester *Jeffersonian*, has been nominated for the Legislature, by the Democratic Convention of Chester county.

The Gulf Stream in the Atlantic.

The general description of the Gulf Stream apart from any present question as to its sources is that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Carribean Sea, doubling the southern cape of Florida; pressing forward to the northeast; in a line almost a parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern border of the Grand Banks of New Foundland, and at some some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction toward the British Isles; and finally losing itself by a still wider diffusion in the Bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coasts. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow—the only change undergone is that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward abates.—But, taking the stream in its total course, it well warrants the vivid description and the name bestowed upon it by a modern author, of a "river in the ocean." This epithet is, in truth, singularly appropriate to this vast current; so constant and continuous in its course, and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean waters, which, while seemingly cleft asunder to give path to its first impulse, are ever yet pressing upon it, gradually impairing its force and destroying its individuality. The *maximum* of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Bemini, which compresses its egress from the Gulf, is about four miles an hour.—Off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles.

On the parallel of the Newfoundland banks, it is further reduced to a mile and a half an hour, and this gradual abatement of force, is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes a similar change. The highest observed is about 95° Fahrenheit. Between Cape Hatteras and New Foundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still 25 or 30° above that of the ocean through which it flows. Nor is this heat wholly lost when it reaches, and is spread over the coast of Northern Europe. The waters, thus constantly flowing to us from the tropical regions, bring warmth as well as moisture to our own islands; and Ireland especially, upon which they more directly impinge, doubtless derives much of peculiarity of climate, its moisture, verdure and abundant vegetation from this source.

Were it needful to seek proof of the permanence of the great natural phenomenon of which we are speaking, we might find it at these curious passages of ancient geographers—Pomponius Mela and J. Solinus Polihistor, for example which describe the peculiarities of the Irish soil and climate eighteen centuries ago, almost as we should depict them now. But the influence of the Gulf Stream does not stop even here. The climate it may be said to convey is diffused, more or less, over the whole Norwegian coast, the aspect and produce of which singularly contrast with those of corresponding latitudes in North America, Greenland and Siberia. Other causes doubtless contribute to this fact, but none, we apprehend, so largely or unceasingly. The influence of the temperature of the Gulf Stream upon animal life in the ocean is very curious. The whole so sedulously shun its warm waters, as almost to indicate their track by absence, while yet abundantly found on each side of it.

The physical reasons are doubtless the same which prevent this great marine mammalia from ever crossing the equator from one hemisphere to the other—a fact now well ascertained. The various species of fish, which are firm and of excellent flavor in the colder belt of the sea upon the American coast, lose all their good qualities when taken out of the Gulf Stream running parallel with it. On the other hand, the more delicate marine productions, whether animal or vegetable, which multiply and prosper by warmth, are redundant in the Gulf Stream even after it has quitted the tropical regions, whence its heat is derived. The food is thus matured for the whale field of the Azores, while the huge denizen of the seas flourishes in colder waters amid the abundance so provided.—*Edinburg Review.*

Wine works Murder.

There is no better story we ever read, illustrating the effects of drunkenness, than the following we have found in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. It is decidedly Frenchy, and may be equally as true. We hope all who are in the habit of getting "over the bay" will read it, and profit by the lesson; at any rate, we hope that when they do get so; they will not find any officious friend to take them up four stories and put them to bed.

Will you read a sad story of inebriation?—Not of a poetic inebriation does it treat, one of those sad and sighing ones, not one of the imagination, which has emptied its glass to the dregs, one which keeps even in its blight the name of the loved one a secret. No, it treats simply of a worthy musician of the orchestra of a theatre on the boulevards. This fine fellow, having toasted Bacchus for a considerable period of time, was returning home at two in the morning, staggering and singing. Arrived at his door; he finds a drunken man on his threshold. He interests himself in his fellow-sinner.

"Come, my good man," says he, "you can't stop there. My bed is large—I offer you my hospitality."

So saying, he raises the man, who is drunker than him, and can't sustain himself. Our musician, half pushing him, half carrying him, reaches at last the fourth story; he opens his door, puts him in his chamber, draws the curtains, and puts him in the bed.

Tranquil then as to the condition of his new friend, he says to himself: "It's shameful, my boy. Here's a fellow drunker than you are:—It ought not to be. I repeat, it ought not to be. And it shan't be."

And reasoning thus he leaves his room, and going through the street stumbles against a man stretched on the ground. It is another drunken man drunker than the first.

He goes to raise him, but he is so drunk that it is impossible. By great efforts, however, he finally gets him up and carries him to his room. He places him on his bed, then goes out for something to drink, with the laudible intention of being as drunk as his guests.

At his door he finds a third drunken man.

"What's this?" says he. "Another one! There'll be three in my bed. No matter—they can settle it among themselves."

He takes the third drunkard on his back, carries him to his chamber and throws him on his bed; then, worn by fatigue, falls on the arm-chair and goes to sleep.

Presently day begins to dawn. A fresh breeze awakens our musician: He looks around. His bed is empty, and the window open.

"How!" said he, "have they gone without saying good bye? Most decidedly I won't do a good action again."

He rises, and looking out of the window sees a man lying on the ground. "Well," thinks he, "this is a night for drunkards!" Humanity induces him to descend, and he finds the man dead and horribly maimed on the pavement. It was his first friend, whom he had thrown out of the window three times, intending to throw him on the bed!

DEATH OF A FAMOUS HORSE.—Mr. Felton's famous stallion Ticonderoga Black Hawk, which took the first premium at the United States Agricultural Fair, at Lexington, Ky., died a few days since at Govanstown, Md., quite suddenly, and his death was generally imputed to poison. He was valued by his owner at $10,000, and he is said to have refused $8,000 for him a few, days before his death.

THE SUPPLY OF SUGAR IN FRANCE.—Mr. Walsh in his Paris letter says:—Sugar is falling; the best root factories will supply this year two hundred and forty million pounds.—The Isle of Reunion (Bourbon) will produce one hundred and twenty millions; the French West Indies will probably send a hundred million; altogether the supply will exceed the demand in France.