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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA.

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Selected Poetry.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCIS D. DAVIS.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom—
The clipping of the tailor's shears—
The driving of the saw—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The driver's oft-repeated shout,
As he spurs his stock along,
The bustles of the market-man,
As he hies him to the town,
The hallo from the tree-top,
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of the thresh,
As they clean their ripened grain,
And the husker's joke and mirth and glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry
I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life,
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife.
Not that toil and strife that fainteth
And murmuring all the way—
Not that toil and strife that groaneth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife which ever bringeth
To the striver all his part.

Oh! there is good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor to the day-time
And a sweeter sleep at night.
A good that brings forth pleasure,
Ere to the toiling hour,
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

Oh! say not that Jehovah
Bade us labor as a doom!
No, it is his richest reward,
And will scatter half-lives' gloom!
Then let us still be doing,
Whatever we find to do—
With an earnest willing spirit,
And a strong hand FREE AND TRUE.

Hamilton and Burr.

DISAPPOINTED, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed, by Hamilton's instrumentality, Burr became eager for vengeance. Humiliating was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also. Though fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton remained, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while, of his bitter opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and suspected by every body, and just about to sink into political annihilation, and pecuniary ruin. Two months' meditation on this desperate state of affairs wrought upon his cold, implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to take that of his rival. He might even have entertained the insane hope—for, though cunning and detestable to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by a Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it is alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr as a "dangerous man, who ought not to be treated with the reins of government." The other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper adds, "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he selected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans and not less dear, useful, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, insisting upon "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertions."

Perfectly well acquainted both with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness's conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton declined any immediate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable" is, however in general application, it might imply imputations upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet, from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, as such, as nothing more was said about the despicable statement referred to in the same letter, so to which it seemed to be admitted that an explanation was demanded. Still, Hamilton expressed perfect readiness to answer or disavow any specific imputation which might be charged with having uttered; but added that he never would consent to be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said anything in the course of fifteen years of political competition to justify inferences which others might have drawn, thus exposing his candor and sincerity to injurious imputations on the part of all who

might have misapprehended him. "More than this," as the letter concluded, "can not fitly be expected from me; especially, it can not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanations upon a basis as vague as that you have adopted.—If, in more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences."

Burr's curt, rude, and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was greatly deficient in sincerity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly, or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from this letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to make this extraordinary imputation into Hamilton's confidential conversations and correspondences, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious, and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express more or less distinctly to his friends and associates against the arts of Burr.

Desirous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory and a mere evasion; and again, a second time, disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of premeditated hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying any attempt to evade, or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, in Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, that the meeting should be postponed till the Court was over, since he was not willing, by any act of his, to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss, or delay.

THE DUEL.

It was not at all in the spirit of the professed duelist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted the extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character, bandied about in conversation and in the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man, under the influence of moral and religious sentiments as a husband loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose debts might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he scented in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which are likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candour towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to "fix any odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withdraw and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Whitehall, on the Jersey shore,

opposite New York, were at the time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflated state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge-men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to witness. The parties having exchanged salutation, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces, loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements; and placed the combatants.—At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol, too, was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.—The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quite away. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement. Even that party hostility which he had been so conspicuous an object was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was not less patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—for he was only in his forty-eighth year—the country had suffered an irreparable loss. The general feeling expressed itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city had never seen equalled. A funeral oration was delivered in Trinity Church by Governor Morris, at whose side, on the platform erected for the speaker, stood four sons of Hamilton, between the ages of sixteen and six. Morris briefly recapitulated Hamilton's public services and noble virtues—his purity of heart, his rectitude of intention, his incorruptible integrity. "I charge you to protect his fame!" he added; "it is all that he has left—all that these orphan children will inherit from their father. Though he was compelled to abandon public life, never for a moment did he abandon public service. He never lost sight of your interests. In his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion were your freedom and happiness. You know that he never counted your favor by adulation or the sacrifices of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearest interests, as it were in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. He was charged with ambition, and wounded by imputations, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office unless, in a foreign war, he should be called on to expose his life in defence of his country. He was ambitious only of glory; but he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he cared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence, and abuse it to your ruin."

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture were taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—it less impressive, more winning. If we add joy for the Ionic, we have a triad not to be matched, in fact not to be approached, in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

THE WIFE.—If you wish to be happy and have peace in the family, never reprove your husband in company—even if that proof be ever so slight. If he is irritated, speak no angry word. Indifference sometimes will produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your husband undertakes, if he is perplexed or discouraged, assist him with your smiles and happy words. If the wife is careful how she conducts, speaks and looks, a thousand happy hearts would cheer your existence, where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and discontent. The wife, above all others, should strive to please her husband, to make home attractive.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.—A clergyman who has had the care of a country parish, not very far from Charleston, one Sunday, during a season of protracted prayer, prayed very earnestly for rain. At the close of the services, one of his parishioners approached him and exclaimed: "Why, Mr. A., how came you to pray for rain? Do you not know that most of us are in the midst of harvest, and that rain would be injurious to us just now, dry as it certainly is?" "Oh, yes," replied the preacher, "I know all that; but, brother B., I have just sown a field of turnips, and I prayed for rain on my own account!"

An absent-minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said: "Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?" "Give her," replied the other, looking vacantly at the ground, "I'll give her a pull."

"Take her," replied the father.

WAR WARNING.

BY MISS ALICE CARBY.

Through the autumn mists so red
Shout the slim and golden sticks
Of the ripe corn. Wartha stands,
As I cut and bind the sheaves,
Wartha, thou shalt glean for me.

Ah, when morning leaves
Her bright foot prints on the sea,
As I cut and bind the sheaves,
Wartha, thou shalt glean for me.

Nay, the full moon shines so bright
All along the vale below,
I could count our flocks to night;
Haco, let us rise and go.

For when bright the risen morn
Leaves her footprints on the sea;
Then may'st thou cut and bind the corn,
But I cannot glean for thee.

And as I my reed so light
Blowing sat her fears to calm,
Said she, Haco, yesternight,
To my dream I missed a lamb.

And as down the misty vale
Went I pining for the lost,
Something shadowy and pale,
And phantom-like, my pathway crossed—
Lying in a chilly bed,
Low and dark, but full of peace,
For your covering, softly spread,
Is the dead lamb's snowy fleece.

Passed the sweetest of all eyes,
Morn was breaking for our flock;
Let us go and bind the sheaves,
All the slim and golden sticks.

Wake, my Wartha wake—but still
Were her lips as still could I
And her folded hands too chill
Ever more to glean for me.

Asiatic Weapons at the Exhibition.

A discovery was made in the early part of Friday by one of the attendants in the India department of the Exhibition, while employed in cleaning some of the India weapons, which somewhat terrified the operator. The weapon in question was a dagger, with gold hilt and handle, and richly ornamented case; and while pressing on one part of the handle somewhat heavily, he was astonished to see what appeared to be the single blade gradually expand and open out into four double-edged pointed blades, leaving a spear-like weapon in the centre of them, with four sharp edges. This five-bladed weapon with its twelve sharp edges, is without exception one of the most murderous-looking specimens ever seen. In the collections of this class of weapons there are several other instruments of a similar murderous character, among which may be mentioned a three-bladed knife, manufactured in the states of Uttar, the construction of which has sorely puzzled many of the most experienced cutlers. The blades are not arranged in the ordinary manner, but two of them together, with their handles, are concealed in the blade and handle of the outer or larger one. They are all of the finest Damascus steel, with exceedingly keen edges. There is a dagger with two blades, also manufactured at Uttar, of the same construction, and of exceedingly beautiful workmanship. As fine specimens of ornamentation may also be mentioned three daggers manufactured in the states of the Rajah of Joudpore, one from Nepal, one of dark steel inlaid with gold from the states of Rajpootana, two Burmese, and silletoe or Malacca daggers. There are also some weapons of a similar character, one with a beautiful enamelled hilt, manufactured of indigenous materials, from the Rajpootana states. The large knife of the Burmese is also a formidable-looking weapon.—Observer.

"Secret Prayer"

A very honest minded but illiterate negro, "way down in Virginia," attended a camp-meeting some time since, in his vicinity; and among other advice tendered him by the worthy brethren assembled, he was recommended to go away in secret, and pray for the forgiveness of his sins.

This suggestion was overheard by two or three wicked wags—such as always are found hanging round a camp-meeting, and they followed the darky out to watch his movements.

His name was Goldwaite, "Cuffy Goldwaite" he was commonly called—and he was very dull of sight; having but one eye, out of which he could see but very indifferently. When he inquired what he should say to the Lord, he was told to "go humbly and use his own language," which would be most acceptable.

So Cuffy sauntered down into woods, followed by a brace of the b'hoys at some distance behind, who willanously provoked themselves with a bucket of water. "Cuffy fumbled along and finally reached a sharp cliff, at the base of which he knelt down, and commenced as follows:—

"—God mornin', Mass Go' mighty. Dis chile is werry wicked, and praps you dozent know 'im. Ise Cuffy Goldwaite, all de way from de Hobo, muk plantashin, an' de gentlemen tell me dat I ax for it, de grace 'of de' Lor' will be showed down upon dis insignificant niggah."

At this moment down came the pallid of cold water from above the edge of the bank, splash on Cuffy's bare head! He sprang to his feet, gasped about him, blew the chilling water from his mouth—and, while his eye rolled itself almost inside out, from his excitement and rage, he added:—

"Dat'll do, Massa—dat'll do for dis time sar'n—I spee it's all right, but dat shower, radder cold, any how, dass a fact!"

This was the last time that Cuffy Goldwaite went out to pray in secret.

A Yankee just invented a method to catch rats. He says: "Locate your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and on retiring, put out the light. Then strew over your pillow some strong smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, and then make a grab."

From the Tribune of Oct. 1.

The Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.

The "Advance," Capt. De Haven, has arrived in the order her name bespeaks, from a voyage undertaken in philanthropy, full of peril, full of incident, and successful in everything but the great object of her search. The first grand cause for triumph is, that all her hardships, enterprise and danger have not cost the sacrifice of a single life. How eminently this blessing is owing to a protecting and ever watchful Providence will be apparent from a simple narrative of the incidents that befel the Expedition and the penitential trials by which the Advance was tested, in those hitherto unknown and untraveled seas. Truly God was on the waters shaping the destiny of this great mission of Charity, even though fated not to discover the long-lost wanderer: "But let us begin our narrative."

The American Expedition entered Wellington's Sound on the 26th of Aug., 1850, where they met Capt. Perry with the lady Franklin, and Sophia, and were afterwards joined by Sir John Ross and Commodore Austin. On the 27th, Capt. Perry discovered unmistakable evidence of Franklin's first Winter quarters—three graves with inscriptions on wooden headboards dating as late as April, 1846. Their inmates, according to these inscriptions, were of his crew—two from the Erebus and one from the Terror. There were beside fragments of tom canvas, articles of clothing, wood and cordage, undoubted evidence of a large and long encampment; but affording no indications which would serve as guides to the searchers or give assurance to hope.

On the 8th of September the Expedition forced through the ice to Barrow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being locked in the ice. But they so far succeeded, and on the 11th reached Griffith's Island, the ultimate limit of their Western progress. From this they set sail on the 13th, with the intention of returning to the United States, but were locked in, near the mouth of Wellington's Channel. Here commenced those perilous adventures, anything comparable to which, were never encountered and survived. By force of the northern ice drift they were helplessly drifted to 75 deg 25' N. lat., and thence drifted again into Lancaster Sound, somewhat, we should say, in a south-westerly direction. The agitation of the ice elevated the Advance nearly seven feet by the stern and keeled her 2 feet 8 inches starboard. In this position she remained, with some slight changes, for five consecutive months. And while in the depth of winter closed its frozen terrors around the expedition. The polar night fell upon them, and for eighty days no rays of solar light broke upon them. The thermometer (Fahrenheit) sank 40 degrees below zero, and sometimes sank to 65. Early in this awful night (November 5th) the Rescue was abandoned, for the purpose of economizing the fuel, and the crews of both vessels determined to brave their fate together. They every moment expected the embracing ice would crush the vessel to atoms, and consequently stood prepared, sleeping in their clothes with knapsacks on their backs, to try chances on the ice, mid storm, and terror, and night. For this terrible trial they had made every preparation; had provisions stowed and everything in readiness which might be useful for such a journey. They were then 90 miles from land, and so certainly did they expect that they should make this alarming trial on two occasions, (8th December and 23d January), the boats were actually lowered and the crews assembled on the ice to await the catastrophe.

During this period the scurvy became epidemic, and assumed an alarming character. Its progress defied all the usual remedies, and only three men escaped the attack. Capt. De Haven was himself the greatest sufferer. The constant use of fresh water obtained from melted ice, active mental and physical exertion, and the care of Divine Providence arrested any fatal result; and the disease yielded to a beverage composed of a sort of apple tea and lemon juice. After entering Baffin's Bay, Jan. 13, the ice became fixed, and the little expedition became stationary and fast in the midst of a vast plain of ice, 80 miles from any land. The stores materials and cordage were stored away in snow-houses erected on the ice, and encampment was formed, with all the appearance, if not the solidity, of terra firma. The tables of ice varied from three to eight feet in thickness.

Nor was this situation of peril and awe without its attractions, Auroras Parvulae (mock suns) and mock moons, of the most vivid lustre succeeded one another without intermission, as day approached, the twilight streaking the northern horizon, were vividly beautiful. At length the God of Day showed his golden face (16th Feb.) and was hailed with three hearty American cheers. Gradually its influence was felt, and the waxen-like color of the complexion, which the long night had superinduced, gave place to fresher and tan. The disease, too, quickly disappeared.

On the 13th of May the Rescue was re-occupied. The disruption of the ice was sudden and appalling. In twenty minutes from its first moving the vast field, as far as the eye could reach, became one mass of moving floes, and the expedition once more drifted southward. By a continued providential assistance it passed the perils of Lancaster Sound and Baffin's Bay, and on the 10th of June emerged into open water, lat. 65 deg. 30' N., a little south of the arctic circle, being thus released from an imprisonment of nearly nine months, during which they helplessly drifted 1,060 miles.—While in Lancaster Sound the roar of the rolling water and tumbling ice exceeded all earthly tumult, and was sometimes so loud and stunning as to render both voices and hearing useless.

Capt. De Haven's first care on his escape was to repair damages and restore the health and vigor of the crews. With that object visited Greenland, where he refitted. After a short delay, with unabated courage and unflinching purpose he once more bore northward. On the 7th of July the expedition spoke some whalers, and on the 9th passed the whaling fleet by the Dutch islands, there arrested by the ice. By the 11th the Expedition reached Baffin's Island, and entered through vast

From the Tribune of Oct. 1.

masses of ice. Here the Prince Albert joined.

They continued in company till August 2d, warping through the ice, when the Prince determined to try the southern passage. De Haven persevered in this course until the 8th, when he became completely entangled in floes and bergs. Here again the Expedition encountered perils of the most alarming kind. The floating ice broke in the bulwarks, and covered the deck in broken masses like rocks tumbled pell mell by a mountain torrent. The more than iron endurance of the gallant ships were severely tested by the crush of the closing ice, but they rose to the pressure as if defying the elemental strife, baffled its fury, and somewhat disabled, but still without a plank yielding in any vital part, rode safely in an open road on the 19th day of August.

Here, finding the north and west already closed against them, the American Expedition set their sails and bore homeward, after having dared and suffered, and overcome difficulties and dangers such as scarcely it ever beset the path of the mariner.

It is supposed the English Expedition wintered at or near Fort M'artyr, and thence prosecuted their voyage westward. The American Expedition, therefore, was in position more favorable to the search. It was a higher latitude, and the so-called polynia (open sea) could not have been far distant, but the inevitable drift into the waters of the Lancaster Sound was fatal to its spring progress, and fatal to the chances which its enterprise had won.

The officers and crew of the other vessels of the expedition were all in good health and spirits up to the 13th Sept. 1850.

The Advance parted with her consort in a heavy gale of the Banks. The latter is expected momentarily. The Advance brings several fragments from the encampment of Sir John Franklin, a pair of fine Esquimaux dogs and some articles of curiosity. Thus ends this noble Expedition, without discovering any satisfactory index to the fate of Sir John Franklin; but at the same time without any evidence to conclude further hope. Sir John might have won the point which the Advance was balked of by the fatal drift into Lancaster Sound. If so, and it is not impossible, there is no reason to doubt the possibility of himself and crew surviving in those regions where nature has adopted the resources of life to the rigors of the climate.

The gratification of the officers on once more reaching their native land is in no small degree enhanced by the recollection that in no case, no matter how trying, was their trust in and mutual love for each other interrupted; and Capt. De Haven retains the most lively recollection of the gallant unflinching conduct of officers and crew.

PULPIT ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.

One of the richest jokes of the times came off a few weeks since at one of the churches in Newburyport. A new pastor had just been installed—a stranger in those parts—and one Sunday, a notice of an anti-slavery lecture was sent in for him to read. This announcement chanced to be written on the back of a shop bill, setting forth a long list of boots and shoes and findings, to be found at Deacon —'s store. The new preacherman happened to take the bill, printed side up—not once dreaming of the obitography in pencil on the reverse—he thought it a queer way to advertise wares, but it must be the custom in these parts, or it would not be sent in—perhaps the man is poor and needs a little lift—thus concluded the parson, and forthwith he went into the deacon's stock and trade, with an occasional remark, in an undertone, touching the stupidity of some of the articles to spiritual matters.—"Boots and shoes of every variety—also, findings of all sorts, such as lasts and boot-trees, form-cases and boot forms, clamps, hammers, lapstones, sewing and pegging awls, punches—trust they are not made of brahmy—Leed's thread, lastings, linings and bindings—I hope his zeal in the church will be both lasting and lasting—webbings, gallions, ribbons, boot-cords, sole-leather—keep a look out for the spiritual as well as the temporal side of our flock, if you please, deacon—blacking, bayberry, tallow, beeswax, brogans—these cannot be let's the southern trade, I trust—morocco goat skins—let's keep the goats out of our fold, deacon—rolling, rubbing, splitting and crimping machines, &c., and so on—for sale at Deacon —'s store, cheap for cash—amen!"—Boston Post.

"HAVE YOU NOTED HIM JEMMY?"—Two Yorkshire men, only a few months in this country, were out patridge hunting last fall with one gun between them. Seeing for the first time in their lives a red squirrel, which lodged to the opposite side of the tree within reach from the ground, the fellow with the gun crept stealthily up to the tree, and reaching around suddenly seized the "curious bird."—"Jonathan, who had 'st with breathless anxiety watched the movement of his friend inquired at the instant. "Have ye gotten him, Jemmy?" "Nai?" answered James, endeavoring to shake off the squirrel which had his teeth through his thumb, "nai, but he's gotten I, though!"

FERRY BOAT.—"Knew an old man who believed that 'what was to be will be.' He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in early times, with very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some one of the family had it on. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tarried him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die until his time came, anyhow." "Yes," says the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun?"—Ohio Teacher.

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They continued in company till August 2d, warping through the ice, when the Prince determined to try the southern passage. De Haven persevered in this course until the 8th, when he became completely entangled in floes and bergs. Here again the Expedition encountered perils of the most alarming kind. The floating ice broke in the bulwarks, and covered the deck in broken masses like rocks tumbled pell mell by a mountain torrent. The more than iron endurance of the gallant ships were severely tested by the crush of the closing ice, but they rose to the pressure as if defying the elemental strife, baffled its fury, and somewhat disabled, but still without a plank yielding in any vital part, rode safely in an open road on the 19th day of August.

Here, finding the north and west already closed against them, the American Expedition set their sails and bore homeward, after having dared and suffered, and overcome difficulties and dangers such as scarcely it ever beset the path of the mariner.

It is supposed the English Expedition wintered at or near Fort M'artyr, and thence prosecuted their voyage westward. The American Expedition, therefore, was in position more favorable to the search. It was a higher latitude, and the so-called polynia (open sea) could not have been far distant, but the inevitable drift into the waters of the Lancaster Sound was fatal to its spring progress, and fatal to the chances which its enterprise had won.

The officers and crew of the other vessels of the expedition were all in good health and spirits up to the 13th Sept. 1850.

The Advance parted with her consort in a heavy gale of the Banks. The latter is expected momentarily. The Advance brings several fragments from the encampment of Sir John Franklin, a pair of fine Esquimaux dogs and some articles of curiosity. Thus ends this noble Expedition, without discovering any satisfactory index to the fate of Sir John Franklin; but at the same time without any evidence to conclude further hope. Sir John might have won the point which the Advance was balked of by the fatal drift into Lancaster Sound. If so, and it is not impossible, there is no reason to doubt the possibility of himself and crew surviving in those regions where nature has adopted the resources of life to the rigors of the climate.

The gratification of the officers on once more reaching their native land is in no small degree enhanced by the recollection that in no case, no matter how trying, was their trust in and mutual love for each other interrupted; and Capt. De Haven retains the most lively recollection of the gallant unflinching conduct of officers and crew.

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