"The Democrat."

S. S. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents a year, cash in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year or time of subscription.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

All communications must be Post Paid to receive attention.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| | |
|---|---|
| One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions, | $1 00 |
| Each subsequent insertion, | 25 |
| One Square, 3 months, | 2 50 |
| " 6 months, | 4 00 |
| " 1 year, | 5 00 |
| Business Cards, of four lines or less, | 3 00 |
| Yearly Advertisers (who occupy not over 4 squares,) | 7 00 |
| One column, one year, | 30 00 |

☞ All kinds of JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously done on favorable terms.

## Poetry.

For the Democrat

**She is Dying in the Street.**

BY RAFFO THE GIPSEN

On the pavement cold and low,
Where men are passing to and fro
With freezing lip and glazing eye,
Has sunk a maiden down to die.
Wild, wildly floats her loosened hair,
In the damp and cold night air;
Feebly on her throbbing breast,
A white and tiny hand is pressed:
And o'er her face, O, you can see,
The marks of death's last agony.
The hectic flush is on her cheek—
Her meaning voice comes low and weak—
The parted lips in anguish quiver—
Pass thro' the frame a cold, cold shiver—
Her heart has almost ceased to beat—
Oh God! She's dying in the street!

O what a world of loveliness
Is hidden 'neath that faded dress,
That high and noble marble brow,
Those coal black eyes all glassy now,
Soft silken locks like wing of night,
And half hid breast of snowy white;
Those dimpled arms so full and chaste,
That rounded bust and slender waist;
No artist's fancy ever threw
A brighter vision as he drew
On the canvas almost breathing,
The sun beams with the rainbow wreathing:
So warm and rich, they well might seem
The rays that on the cloudlet gleam,
And e'en a demon's heart would stir—
Maddens's self might envy her.
And yet amid the driving sleet,
Great God! she's dying in the street!

Yes, she is beautiful, and why
Have they thus left her there to die?
Have darkening deeds of crime and vice,
Turned pity's gentle heart to ice?
Some fearful work of dread and hate,
That she is left disconsolate?
Ah! no, her crime—if crime it be,
Is woman's trusting frailty.
She saw and loved—loved but too well,
A smooth tongued villain—and she fell.
She left a father's silver hair,
She left a mother's fervent pray'r,
She left the home of early youth,
She left the scenes of maiden truth,
The verdant mead—the wild wood shade,
She left them all—and was betrayed.
That father's head rests in the tomb,
That mother's voice is hushed in gloom;
No footsteps now brush by the dew,
Where o'er the glade she joyous flew;
Lone is each wild and gay retreat,
And she is dying in the street!

Friends around are wildly shrieking,
Wildly whisp'ring, wildly speaking,
Words of horror, words of fear,
Words of terror in her ear.
They tell her of her girlish hours,
They tell her of the wildwood bowers
She oft in playful mood would twine,
From honey-suckle and woodbine—
The murmur of the well loved rill,
The chanting of the whip-poor-will;
They all arise to haunt her there,
While whispers on the darken'd air,
Come in strange and mournful tone
Like another'd shriek with mngl'd moan.
It is her mother's spirit near,
Descended from yon happy sphere
To bear her on the wings of love,
Aloft to brighter realms above.
Look, O look, and see her now,
A shade is gath'ring on her brow,
A light is gleaming in her eye,
Bursts from her lips a suffed sigh,
On yonder cloud their spirits meet,
Oh God! she's dead—dead in the street!

*Oakber Glen, May* 1850.

## Miscellany.

A Daughter's Love.—There is none so slow to note the follies or sins of a father as a daughter. The wife of his bosom may fly in horror from his embrace, but his fair-haired child cleaves to him in boundless charity. Quickened by the visitation of pain to the paternal dwelling, her prayers are more brief, but more earnest, her efforts doubled and untiring, and if she can win but a transient smile from that sullen and gloomy face, she is paid—oh, how richly paid! for all her sleepless cares and unceasing labor. The father may sink from deep to deep, from a lower to yet a lower depth, Satan's kinsman and Satan's prey. Those who in a happier hour received largely of his benefactions may start when they behold his shadow, and accelerate their pace to get beyond it; all, all may forsake him, God and the world, all but Satan, and his daughter. Poor child! if thou canst not save, thy feeble torch, made as bright as thy power canst make it, throws, at least, a flickering light upon the path, till the object of thy unquenchable love has forever left thee, and is shrouded in the thick darkness; and when undone, when gone from thee, and gone forever, though then mayst rue thy early love, and know in him all that thy young heart pictured, yet, again and again, in thy pleaded joy, even with thy smiling infant on thy knee, the lost one will not be all forgotten. Seeing the past as it were only yesterday, forgetful of thy little darling, then will enshrine, from the depths of thy ever-mindful and affectionate spirit, My father! Oh, my father!

☞ A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he, however, liked the fun of loading, and kept on charging, but without firing, until he had got six charges in the ancient piece.—His grandmother, learning his temerity, earnestly reproved him, and grasping the old instrument, discharged it. The recoil was contagious, throwing the old lady on her back; she promptly struggled to regain her feet; but this boy cried out, "Lay still grandma, there are five charges to go off yet!"

# The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VII. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1850. NUMBER 21.

From Graham's Magazine

## GALE IN THE CHANNEL.

BY C. J. PETERSON

It was on a sunny day in the winter of 18—, that we dropped down the Mersey and took our leave of Liverpool. Our vessel was a new ship of seven hundred tons; and as she spread, one after another, her folds of white canvas to the breeze, I tho't I had never seen a more beautiful sight.—The scene around was lively and inspiriting. Innumerable craft of all sizes covered the waters far and near; here, a large merchantman moved like a stately swan, there, a light yacht skimming along with the swiftness of a swallow. The sunlight sparkled and danced on the billows; the receding coast grew more picturesque as we left it astern; and the blue expanse of the Irish channel stretched away in front, until lost in a thin haze on the opposite horizon.

I had been reading below for several hours, but toward nightfall went on deck again. How I started at the change! It was yet an hour to sunset, but the luminary of day was already hidden in a thick bank of clouds, that lay stretched ominously along the western seaboard. The wind had increased to a smart gale, and was laden with moisture. The billows increased in size every minute, and were whitening with foam far and near. Occasionally as a roller struck the ship's bows, the white spray flew crackling over the forecastle, and sometimes even shot into the top; on these occasions a forboding, melancholy sound, like the groan of some huge animal in pain, issued from the thousand timbers of the vessel. Already, in anticipation of the rising tempest, the canvas had been reduced, and we were now heading toward the Irish coast under reefed topsails, courses, a spanker and jib.

"A rough night in prospect, Jack?" I said, addressing an old tar beside me.

"You may well say that, sir," he replied. "It's bad on the Norway coast in December, and bad going into Sandy Hook in a snow-storm; but both are nothing to a gale in the channel here," he added, as a sudden whirl of the tempest covered us with spray. "I wish we had more sea-room," I answered musingly.

"Ay! I'd give the wages of the voyage if we had. How happy you all seemed in the cabin, sir, the ladies especially, an hour or two ago—I suppose it was because we are going home—ah! little did any of us think," he added, with a seriousness, and in a language uncommon for a sailor, "that we might be bound to another, and a last home, which we should behold first."

At this instant the captain shouted to shorten sail, and our conversation was of necessity cut short. The ship, I ought to have said, had been laid close to the wind, in order to claw off the English coast, to which we were in dangerous propinquity; and, as the gale increased, the heavy press of canvas forcing her down into the water, she struggled and strained frightfully.—While the crew were at work, I walked forward. The bill'ws, now increased to a gigantic size, came rolling down upon us one after another, with such rapidity that our good craft could scarcely recover from one before another was upon her. Each time she struck a head-sea she would stagger an instant, quivering in every timber, while the crest of the shattered wave would shoot to the fore-top like the jet of a fountain; then, the vast surge sinking away beneath her, she would settle groaning in the trough of the sea, until another billow lifted her, another surge thundered against her bows, another shower of foam flew over her. Now and then, when a more colossal wave than usual was seen approaching, the cry "hold on all" rang warningly across the decks.—At such times, the vast billow would approach, its head towering in the gathering twilight, until it threatened to engulf us; but, just when all seemed over, our gallant ship would spring forward to meet it, like a steed started by the spur, and the mountain of waters would break over and around us hissing, roaring and flashing by, and then sinking into the apparently bottomless gulf beneath us.

Meanwhile the decks were resounding with the tread of the sailors, as they hurried to and fro in obedience to the captain's orders; while the rattling of blocks, the shouts of command, and the quick replies of the seamen, rose over the uproar of the storm.

"Let go bowlines," cried the stentorian voice of the captain, "ease off the tack—haul in the weather-braces."

Away went the huge sail in obedience to order.

"Ease off the sheet—haul up to lee!"

The crew redoubled their quickness, and soon the immense courses were stowed. In a few minutes the ship's canvas was reduced to reefed topsails, spanker, and fore topmast staysail. By this time evening had set in, though the long twilight of that latitude prolonged a sickly radience.

But even this contraction of sail was not sufficient. The thick duck tugged at the yards, as if it would snap them in two.—Every moment I expected to see the spanker go.

"We must take in that sail," said the captain finally, "or she will tear herself to pieces. All hands to win the spanker."

In an instant the men were struggling with the huge sheet of canvas: and never before had I been so forcibly impressed with the power and usefulness of discipline. In an incredibly short interval the gigantic sail, notwithstanding its struggles, was got under control, and safely stowed.

The ship now labored less for awhile, but, as the storm increased, she groaned and struggled as before. The captain saw it would not do to carry even the little sail now remaining, for, under the tremendous strain, the canvas might be continually expected to be blown from the bolt-ropes.—And yet our sole hope lay in drowding every stitch, in order to claw off the English coast! The sailor will understand this at a word, but to the landsmen it may require explanation.

Our danger, then, consisted in having insufficient sea-room. If we had been on the broad Atlantic, with a hundred or two miles of ocean all around us, we could have lain-to under some bit of a head-sail, or fore-topmast sky-sail for instance, or a reefed fore-sail. But when a ship lies-to, or, in other words, faces the quarter whence the wind comes, with only enough canvas set to steer her by, she necessarily drifts considerably, and in a line of motion diagonal to her keel. This is called making lee-way. Most ships, when lying to in a gale, drift very rapidly, sometimes hundreds of miles if the tempest is protracted. It is for this reason that a vessel in a narrow channel dares not lie-to, for a few miles of lee-way would wreck her on the neighboring coast. The only resource, in such cases, is to carry a press of sail, and head in the direction whence the wind comes, but not near so close to it as in lying-to. This is called clawing off a lee-shore. A constant struggle is maintained between the waves, which set the vessel in the same track they are going themselves, and the wind, which urges her on the opposite course. If she holds, and the ship is not too close to the shore under her lee, she escapes; if the sails part, she drives them upon the fatal coast before new ones can be got up and bent. Frequently in such cases the struggle is protracted for hours. It is a noble yet harrowing spectacle to see a gallant ship thus contending for her life, as if an animated creature, breasting surge after surge, too often in vain, panting, trembling and battling till the very last.

The captain did not appear satisfied with taking in the spanker; indeed, all feared that the ship could not carry what sail was left. Accordingly, he ordered the topsails to be close-reefed. Yet even after this, the vessel tore through the waters as if every moment she would jerk her masts out. The wind had now increased to a perfect hurricane. It shrieked, howled and roared around as if a thousand fiends were abroad on the blast.

In moments of extreme peril strong natures gather together, as if by some instinct. It was in this way that the captain suddenly found himself near the old topman, whom I had been conversing with in the early part of the evening, and who, it appeared, was one of the oldest and best seamen in the ship.

The captain stood by the man's side a full moment without speaking, looking at the wild waves that, like hungry wolves, came trooping down upon us.

"How far are we from the coast?" he said at last.

"Perhaps five miles, perhaps three, sir!" quietly replied the man.

"And we have a long run to make before we get sea-room," said the captain.

"We shall all be in eternity befor morning," answered the man, solemnly.

The captain paused a moment, when he replied,

"Our only hope is in the topsail-clews—if they give way, we are indeed lost—God help us!"

"Amen?" I answered, involuntarily.

Silence now ensued, though none of us changed our positions. For myself, I was occupied with thinking of the female passengers, soon, perhaps, to be the prey of the wild waters. Every moment it seemed as if the topsails would give way, she strained so frightfully. It was impossible to stand up if exposed to the full force of the gale. So we sheltered ourselves in the waist as we best could. The wind as well as spray, however, reached us even here, though in diminished violence, the latter stinging the face like shot thrown against it. It seemed to me, each minute, as if we made more lee-way. At last, after half an hour's suspense, I heard the surf breaking, with a noise like thunder, on the iron-bound coast to the eastward. Again and again I listened, and each time the awful sound became more distinct.

I did not mention my fears, however, for I still thought I might be mistaken. Suddenly the captain looked up.

"Hark!" he said.

He stood with his finger raised in the attitude of one listening intently, his eyes fixed on the face of the old sailor.

"It is the sound of breakers," said the seaman."

"Breakers on the lee-quarter!" cried the look-out at this instant, his hoarse voice sounding ominously across the night.

"Breakers on the lee-beam!" answered another.

"Breakers on the lee-bow!" echoed a third.

All eyes peered immediately into the darkness. A long line of foam was plainly visible, skirting quite round the horizon to leeward.

"God have mercy on our souls!" I involuntarily ejaculated.

The captain sprung to the wheel, his eye flashing, his whole frame dilated—for he had taken a sudden and desperate resolution. He saw that, if no effort was made, we should be among the breakers in 20 minutes; but if the mainsail could be set, and made to hold for half an hour, we might yet escape. There were nine chances to one that the sail would split the instant it would spread, and in a less terrible emergency he would have shrank from the experiment; but it was now our only hope.

"Keep her to it!" he shouted; "keep her well up. All hands to set the main-course!"

Fortunately we were strong-handed, so that it would not be necessary to carry the task to the windlass, notwithstanding the gale. A portion of the crew sprang to man this important rope; the remainder hurried up the rigging, almost disappearing in the gloom overhead.

In less than a minute the huge sail fell from the yard, like a gigantic puff of white smoke blown from the top. It struggled two ago, supposed to be that of an Indian.

and whipped terribly in the good ropes held fast.

"Brace up the yards—haul out the bowline!" thundered the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and it was done.

"Haul aft!"

The men ran off with the line, and the immense sheet came to its place.

This was the critical moment. The ship feeling the additional propulsion made a headlong plunge. I held my breath. I expected nothing less than to see the heavy duck blown from the yard like a gossamer; but the strong fabric held fast, though straining awfully.

"She comes up, don't she?" interrogated the captain of the man at the helm.

"Ay, ay, sir—she does."

"How much?"

"Two points, sir."

"If she holds for half an hour," ejaculated the captain, "we may yet be saved."

On rushed the noble ship, seeming to know how much depended on her. She met the billows, she rose above them, she struggled perseveringly forward. In five minutes the breakers were visibly receding.

But hope had been given only to delude us. Suddenly I heard a crack, sharper than the explosion of thunder, and simultaneously the course parted from its fastenings, and sailed away to lee-ward, like a white cloud driven down the gale.

A cry of horror rose from all. "It is over!" I cried; and I looked around for a plank, intending to lash myself to it, in anticipation of the moment for striking.

When the course went overboard, the head of the ship fell off immediately; and now the wild breakers tumbled and roared closer at hand each moment.

Suddenly the captain seized my arm, for we were holding on almost side by side.

"Ha!" he cried, "is not that dark water yonder?" and he pointed across our lee-bow.

I looked in the direction to which he referred. Unless my eyes deceived me, the long line of breakers came to an abrupt termination there, as if the shore curved inwards at that point.

"You are right—there is a deep bay ahead," I cried, joyfully. "Look! you can see the surf whitening around the cape!"

The whole crew simultaneously detected this new chance of escape. Though unable to head to the wind as before, there was still a prospect that we could clear the promontory. Accordingly, the next few minutes were passed in breathless suspense. Not a word was spoken on board. Every eye was fixed on that rocky headland, around the maelstrom.

The ship seemed conscious of the general feeling, and struggled, I thought, more desperately than ever. She breasted the huge billows with gallant perseverance, and though each one set her closer to the shore, she met the next wave with the same stubborn resolution. Nearer, nearer, nearer we drifted toward the fatal cape. I could now almost fling a biscuit into the breakers.

I had noticed a gigantic roller coming for some time, but hoped we might clear the cape before it reached us. I now saw hope was in vain. Towering and towering the wave approached, its dark side almost a perpendicular wall of waters.

"Hold on all!" thundered the captain.

Down it came! For an instant its vast summit hovered overhead, and then, with a roar like ten thousand cataracts, it poured over us. The ship was swept before it like a feather on the gale. With the waters flashing and hissing over the decks, and whirling in wild eddies under our lee, we drove in the direction of the cape. I held my breath in awe. A strong man might almost have leaped on the extreme point of the promontory. I closed my eyes shuddering. The next instant a hurrah met my ear. I looked up. We had shot by the cape, and miles of dark water were before us. An old tar beside me had given vent to the cheer.

"By the Lord!" he said, "but that was close scraping sir. Another sich would have cracked the hull like an egg-shell.—But this craft wasn't made to go to Davy Jones' locker!"

And with all the coolness imaginable, he took out a huge piece of pig-tail, leisurely twisted off a bit, and began chewing with as much composure as if nothing had happened.

A year ago, when in New York, I met the captain again, unexpectedly, at the Astor. We dined together, when I took occasion to ask him if he remembered our winter's night experience in the Irish Channel ten years before.

"Ah!" he said. "And do you know that, when I went out to Liverpool on my next trip, I heard that search had been made all along the coast for the fragments of our ship? The escape was considered miraculous."

"Sir," I replied, "I've had enough of the Irish Channel."

True Sorrs in a Railroad Office.—Dutchman—"I vante to get pay for a pig vot ter railroad is running over."

Secretary—"How came the engine to run over your pig?"

D.—"Vy, mine pig vas comin' along, and ter railroad vas comin' along, and ter pig did not see ter railroad comin' along, and ter railroad did not see ter pig comin' along, and ter pig vent to run under ter railroad ven it vas comin' along, and ter railroad runned over ter pig ven he vas a comin' along."

S.—"My friend, I don't think this is a case in which the road ought to pay."

D.—"Ten, afterwards, I keep my pigs from comin' along ven ter railroad is comin' along."

A human skeleton, eight feet in height, was dug up at Hackensack, N. J., a day or married.

## The Music Teacher.

BY FRANK MERVALE.

At twenty-one, after having graduated at Yale College, and been admitted to the bar, I found myself very comfortably established in a small, but handsome suit of rooms in one of our leading Southern cities. I soon began to feel at home among the warm-hearted Carolinians, and became well known as a lawyer and a private individual.

I observed that about nine o'clock, every morning, a young lady passed my office.—She was somewhat veiled by a young man, whose features I could not with the utmost attention distinguish. She was, as I supposed, a recent bride, and naturally bald her companion not at all striking, but, on the contrary, proved extremely pretty—very lovely—of that style usually denominated blonde. For more than a year she passed regularly. Once I was standing at my door, when a whiff of air blowing away her music, she stopped to pick it up, but I saved her the trouble, and was rewarded by a sweet smile. After this, whenever I was in view, as she passed, she bowed. At last her walks ceased for a week, and I saw nothing of her till one morning, as I was anxiously watching for her, she again appeared. Her cheek was paler, her step slower than usual, and she was dressed in deep mourning. I never saw the young man accompany her again.

How many stories I invented for her history! First, she was a girl going to school, and her companion an admirer—what school girl had ever so serene a brow? Next a young widow—but why did she so regularly pass as if to some employment? Then, a *modiste*—ho! what dress-maker was ever so refined, and how account for her roll of music, and her former attendant? No! I only perplexed and provoked myself by endeavoring to ascertain who and what she was. An unexpected incident disclosed all this to me. One morning, about a year after her assuming black, she was passing along rather faster than usual, and tripping over a stone, fell to the ground with a scream of pain. I rushed out, raised her, and asked what I could do for her.

"I fear my foot is sprained," she replied, gently, "and as you are so kind as to ask me, I will be much obliged if you will call a chaise."

"Certainly, madam," I replied. "In the meantime, pray, come into my office."

As she was unable to walk, I lifted her in, and placed her on a sofa as gently as possible, but she could not repress a movement of pain.

"Summon my house-keeper, and call a carriage."

When the surgeon arrived, he pronounced the ancle not to be sprained, but broken. She sighed, and said, "I am sorry for that as it will prevent my teaching for some time. Is the chaise at the door?"

She could not rise without assistance, and was evidently in great pain. The surgeon and I accompanied her to her boarding-house, and I was made glad by an invitation to call the next day. I did call, and repeated my visits again and again. When more familiarly acquainted, I learned from her own lips her history.

Alice Hastings, even when I first knew her, was but twenty, yet she had been married nearly three years. Her father, a rich merchant had suddenly failed, and she had been compelled to seek her livelihood as she best might—her parent having died of a broken heart soon after his failure. She had finally married a poor author, to whom she had been very much attached. She helped him to support themselves by teaching music, and that was what carried her past my office so regularly. Her husband, naturally delicate, was continually writing, and it was with difficulty she could prevail upon him to quit his pen at midnight. Her first and only child died, and her husband, by overtasking his strength, became a victim to consumption. His book was at last finished. She said that she knew that it was imperfect, but that there was so much beauty and originality in the plot, so much delicacy and vivacity in the style, that its defects were more than compensated by its beauties. He sent it to the publishers; after a week of painful suspense it was returned, accompanied by a note, pointing out its worst defects, and entirely passing over its merits.

When he had finished this cruel letter, he fell with a deep groan to the ground, the dark blood flowing from his parted lips.—He had broken a blood-vessel. In a few hours he was no more.

"As you know, Mr. Mervale," she said, when she had concluded her story, "I continued giving music lessons till this accident put it out of my power."

After some time, the fair patient began to recover, and at the end of six weeks the splints were removed from the delicate foot. Alice was now able to walk. She expressed a desire to resume her lessons at once. I felt that the moment had come.

"I cannot see any necessity for this," I said, "and it grieves me to think that you are thus resolved to toil for a livelihood."

"But I have no other resources—I not from imperative necessity," she replied slightly blushing.

"But will you trust this to me, and allow me to make an arrangement more satisfactory to myself, at least."

She turned away her face, which was suffused with blushes. I gained courage.

"I think I can. May I try?" I continued.

"Yes," she resumed, hiding her face.

I caught her hand, and proceeded.

"You give me full permission?"

"I do," still faintly speaking.

"And will you not retract?"

"No—never."

All was over—in a few months we were married.

## The White Nile.

BY CHARLES C. HAZEWELL.

The river Nile, so famous in history, in geography, and in poetry, is formed by the junction of two streams in South Nubia, between the 15th and 16th degrees of north latitude. These two streams are called, respectively, the *Blue Nile* and the *White Nile*. The source of the Blue Nile was long since ascertained, by Bruce and others, to be in the Abyssinian mountains; but the precise source of the White Nile has not yet been ascertained, and the stream itself had never been followed farther south than the 11th parallel of north latitude, until a recent period. A few years since, however, Ferdinand Werne, a learned and enterprising German, penetrated to within four degrees of the line, in his determination to trace the White Nile to its source. His account of his travels is one of the most interesting works ever published. The manifestations of nature that he saw prove as well the mighty power as the immense variety of our common mother. In a particular manner is the wealth of the floral kingdom developed in that country through which the White Nile wends its way to unite with the Blue, both to carry down fertility to that mystic land of Egypt, as they did in the days of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. Myriads of flowers were to be seen in every direction for miles, until the eye was fatigued by the intense beauty and richness of the scene.

But the prime curse of such regions was on this land, so goodly to look upon,—the curse of insects, regular descendants of some of those instrumentalities, it would seem, employed to chasten the hard heart of the king who persecuted and enslaved the chosen people of God. Mr. Werne suffered, in an especial manner, from gnats. In his journal, at a particular date, he exclaims, "Gnats! No use creeping under the bed-clothes, at risk of stifling with heat, compelled as one is with their penetrating sting to go to bed dressed. Leave only a little hole to breath at, and in they pour, attacking lips, nose and ears, and forcing themselves into the throat, thus provoking a cough which is torture, since, at each inspiration, a fresh swarm finds its way into the gullet. They penetrate to the most sensitive part of the body, creeping in, like ants, at the smallest aperture. In the morning my bed contained thousands of the small demons, which I had crushed and smothered by the perpetual rolling about of my martyred body. As I had forgotten to bring a musquito net from Charltum, there was nothing for it but submit to your fate. [illegible] climate, but which here, upon the Nile, would have been by far the lesser evil, since I was compelled to have a servant opposite to me at supper time, waving a large fan so close to my nose, that it was necessary to watch my opportunity to get food into my mouth. One could not smoke one's pipe in peace, even though keeping one's hands wrapped in a woolen burnous, for the vermin stung through this, and crept up under it from the ground.

The action of the hot sun on the rank soil of the borders of the river is so tremendous, that vermin of every size and description are rapidly brought into life.—Snakes of awful proportions, and fish of monstrous size, abound. Smaller vermin breed by the million, frogs, worms, &c., which were consumed by the numerous birds and wild-fowl. A pelican was shot, and its crop found to contain twenty-four fresh fish, the size of herrings. Mr. Werne saw a white bird which was in the habit of alighting on the backs of elephants, and feeding on the vermin that are there so numerous, much to the annoyance of said vermin, which is natural enough, and also to the annoyance of the elephant, which is rather strange. The huge beasts would lash off the parasitical birds with their tails, but they would soon return to their charming feast. There was a *monkey republic* discovered on the banks of the river. They live in families, and would run up into the trees when approached by any one. As the branches in which they took refuge overhung the water, they not unfrequently fell in; and their first act on emerging, was to wipe the water from their face and eyes. "However imminent their danger," says Mr. Werne, "only when this operation was completed did they again climb the trees. Such a monkey republic is really a droll sight; its members alternately fighting and caressing each other, combing and vermin-hunting, stealing, and boxing each others ears, and in the midst of all these important occupations, running down every moment to drink, but contenting themselves with a single draught, for fear of becoming a mouthful for the watchful crocodile."—Larger animals were very abundant. Hippopotami and crocodiles of monstrous size were to be seen. Elephants were met with literally in flocks. Lions were there, too, and the graceful giraffe wandered among the no less graceful palms. The crocodile, it seems, sometimes answers for food, but Mr. Werne, though he had eaten snake prepared *a la derviek*, could not stomach the roast tail of one of the descendents of one of old Egypt's gods. The smell of musk which it exhaled was so powerful that the morceaux was incontinently thrown overboard. This odor is indeed so powerful that the crocodile can be scented long before they can be seen. The glands which contain a secretion resembling musk, are located toward the tail of the monster. The men seen were rather more savage than the beasts. Among those were the Kaffs, who are in color a bluish gray, because they smear themselves in the slime of the Nile, as a protection against gnats. The people along the river banks are very numerous, but in the lowest state in which human beings can sink. Their habitations are comparable to thatched bee-hives, or to the worst kinds of dog-kennels. They have plenty of food, however, as fish, wild rice and fruits, their flocks and herds furnish them with meat in abundance, and they are most heroically devoid of all prejudice on the subject of eating a hippopotamus or a crocodile.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

The times have indeed sadly changed. One entire portion of human life struck out. It is now, boyhood or manhood. There is no *conservative state*—(we do not speak politically.) Once there were intermediate states of boyhood—bare-footed and bean-porridge eating state, a spelling and sly-boying period—when there were boys to do the chores and go errands—when apprentice indentures were in fashion, and manhood was well defined by the "freedom suit." But there are no such things now. The child steps out of his diaper and frock into a long tailed coat and high heeled boots. He exchanges the *breast* for the *cigar*. Not one of the present generation has ever seen a genuine *bona fide* "nine-day-old" pot of bean-porridge; and Noah Webster's spelling book is crowded out of school by high works on philosophy and metaphysics. There are no apprentices now. Young men take a few lessons in the trade they fancy, and then set up for themselves.

But this present generation is no substitute of girls as of boys. It is either baby or lady—nursery or parlor. The mother tends her infant, or waits upon her daughter. Instead of spinning her father's shirt, they reel silk for the lady's fair; and instead of knitting stockings and mending trousers for their brothers, they work lace and make stays for themselves. The mother milks, churns, mends, washes, and irons—and their daughters—the "ladies"—read novels, dress, and make and receive calls. They make parties, instead of puddings, and cook from the book rather than from knowledge.

We should be delighted to see a generation of boys and girls, in looks, actions, and dress; we should then hope for health and strength, industry and sobriety, frugality and economy, prosperity and happiness. We go for protection to this class of our community. Every father should impose a tariff, one that should amount to an entire prohibition, on the introduction of fashionable follies into the family. He should protect and *enforce* home industry. He and his wife and children should enter into a "Home League" on the subject. This is the tariff that will restore confidence. This is the bank that will freely discount and never suspend.—*Alexandria Index.*

**Romance in Real Life.**

The *Lewisburgh* (Pa) *Chronicle*, announces the marriage on the 14th ult, of John Johnson and Mrs. Maria Miller of Chillisquaque township, and tells the following romantic story respecting the happy pair:

The groom, who now works at the boat-yard here, was formerly a sea-faring man. The bride is from South Carolina; and her father, and husband, both of whom have been dead many years, were wealthy planters. Some five years ago, the young widow made a visit to England, in company with her brother, a Southern gentleman of fortune. [illegible] harbor of Liverpool, sank to the bottom, and was given up for lost. Our hero however did not abandon the search.—A slight change in the position of the vessel discovered her, the water being remarkably clear, lying in the ground twenty feet below the surface, and apparently dead. He instantly plunged to the bottom, seized her by the hair and brought her to the top; a large lock of hair being pulled out in the attempt and which is still preserved. After some hours of persevering exertion she was finally brought to and perfectly restored. She was deeply grateful to the preserver of her life, and on the homeward voyage she formed a strong attachment for him, and a union for life was resolved upon. Their plans were however, frustrated, and for several years they never met. In the meantime her fortune became impaired. Some three or four months ago she heard of his location here and came on from Charleston to see him. Her uncle however overtook her and carried her back. She came on again, some three weeks ago, but was confined to bed for some time by sickness. Recovering, on last Sabbath evening the long deferred nuptial knot was tied, and the rescuer and rescued are now united in a life-partnership, for better or for worse.

Layard's Explorations.—Mr Layard and his party are prosecuting their labors at Nineveh very successfully. Mr. Layard intends to take a trip to Chaboor, the Chaboras of the Romans, and to visit Rehab Aina, the Resen of Scripture, where he hopes to find a treasure of Assyrian remains.

A startling discovery, confirmatory of the truth of the book of Jonah, has been made by Mr. Layard. In excavating the city of Nineveh, he discovered the name of Jonah inscribed upon the ruins. That prophet as our readers know, was sent to announce to the people of Nineveh, the destruction of the city. His eloquence converted many of them, and "God repented him" of the doom He had pronounced, and spared the city for that time. Jonah then became the prophet of Nineveh, and was reverenced by the inhabitants. As was the Oriental custom, they doubtless inscribed his name in conspicuous places on the wall of the public edifices, and the inscriptions engraved by Assyrian hands, a thousand years before the Christian era, have been found by Mr. Layard. This is one of the most extraordinary *demonstrations* of the accuracy of Biblical history we have ever heard of.

As yet we have only seen the beginning of the end. The city of Nineveh has never yet been entered, and when the excavations shall have been completed, if Mahometan jealousy should ever permit that consummation, we may expect illustrations of the prophecies that will strike the world with awe and wonder.

☞ A jurryman in Court, on the oath being administered, asked the Clerk to speak up. "I cannot hear what you say." The judge said: "Step, are you deaf?"—Juror: "Yes, of one ear." The Judge: "Then you had better leave that ear, it is necessary the jury should hear both sides." The *hen met* created a good deal of laughter.