

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

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POETRY.

The Revolution.

BY L. LITTLE.

In an old deserted cabin, by the river side, we found
Two human skeletons locked in each others embrace—
Whose faces might be, 'twould be impossible to conjecture
Were it not for the—
It was an autumn evening, and the sky
Hung its loss drapery o'er the earth, shedding
A softened gleam of radiant light on
The forest and the field. The stars came out
And twinkled chrysaline on lake and fell,
As the soft breeze blew gently by and kissed
The faded leaves of giant forest trees,
That moaning, sighing, shivering, fell and died
Their watery death—Those faded leaves!

And to a cabin, by the river-side,
A moment let me lead your wandering steps,
Look round—Grim Solitude has made her home
Within those forests wild—Here madly foams
The rushing river to its ocean-grave;
These "rocks" or rocks precipitant arms—
And yonder, far away as eye can reach,
The wild woods bend and quiver to the blast.
Yet not to river or to rocks would I
Direct your eyes. Ah, no! But to a scene
Of wider horror 'neath that cabin-roof—
Draw gently back the bramble from its wall,
And thro' the narrow lattice softly gaze.
Dost see that maiden on her narrow couch
Reclined? Dost mark the hectic bloom on her
Cheek—the labored throbbings of her heart—
As panting, sobbing, comes her ebbing breath?
No lovelier vision e'er to mortal eye
Was given, than in that fragile form is seen.
The blue eyes, soft and calm as evening ether;
The rounded, dimpled arms and heaving breast
As white and pure as down on cygnets' wing;
The tending, shining ringlets, round the marble
brow,

To dark, massive clusters sunny hanging,
And o'er alabaster shoulders waving,
Unite to grace the rarest, fairest form
That e'er bloomed upon this crime-cursed world.
Beside her sits an aged man, with brow
Deep marked by some corroding grief—or crime
Perchance—and wildy gaze on her face
With a look of deep, and dark, and fearful
Sedginess. Long, dreary years before, he lived
Within a sunny, happy, peaceful vale—
Aye, lived and loved—loved with all the fervor
Of Hope, and Youth, and Passion uncontrolled;
Loved the fairest maiden of the village dame,
She, trusting, gazed upon his face and thought
The vows he breathed all true. But why prolong
A tale so often told? She trusted, loved,
And was betrayed—then found within the grave's
Cold arms the only friend that earth would give.
Remains—alas, too late—returned and awoke
The heart of her betrayer. In Pleasure's round
Of giddy joys he sought relief, but found
It not. No joy on earth for him was left.
The goblet, conscience, grimly at his side
Forever followed closely—in his ear
It whispered with a mocking, hollow laugh;
"Nay, never shall bliss to thee return."
He hurried wild from place to place—saw scenes
Where Nature in her wildest grandeur roars;
Yet still in vain. Then, with this pledge of vows
Long buried in the misty fathoms—
Glimmering memento of a father's sin—
The fatal chains—he left the haunts of men—
The friends of early youth and manhood's morn—
Left all, and sought, beneath the silent shades
Of the primeval forest, a dwelling.
Sought that which might no more to him return,
Peace, Hope, and Happiness—joy past and fled;
Bliss gone, alas, forever, e'er gone!

Thus grew
With her a thousand memories of the past—
Bitter, black and dreary thoughts—musing and
O! could you see the demon shapes, that round
His path, in the dreamless hours of night
Within his burning breast, fed by the fires
Of Hate, Remorse and Revolution stern,
You would reach with horror from the sight,
Nay wish to look upon it once again.
And yet
He loves his child—this crime-cursed man—
She is the only joy to him on earth—
The only being that does not hate;
And now she lies in Death's cold arms—no more
Her ringing laugh will echo through the wood—
No more her graceful form will move before
His eyes. O, there is madness in the thought!
She would
His neck her white arm winds—draws down
His bearded lip upon her marble cheek
And whispers, sadly, feebly in his ear;
"I love you, love you, love you, O, my sire!"
His lips, but no other sound is heard—
Looks in her eyes—the chinked lids are closed;
Lays on her breast his trembling hand—his still;
With a wild piercing shriek that echoes up
The mountain's side, like panther's yell,
His hands sink down upon his quivering breast,
And all is still.

DEMONS SET IN LEAD.—There are people
Who the Columbia Telegraph who profess a
form of newspaper poetry—forgetful of the
fact that through this medium have been first
seen the brightest gems that glitter in the cor-
net of song. The newspaper of the present
day is a rich repository of such precious things

MISCELLANY.

Life's Talisman.

A Tale of the Texan Revolution.
BY CHARLEY CRAYON.
(CONTINUED.)
CHAPTER IV.

"A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Their region, the war-horn seemed to blow."
We must now leave for a while the scenes
that we have previously been describing, and
turn to those more rough, more adventurous,
more tragical and bloody.
Previous to the time when our former chap-
ter ends, the political affairs of Texas had as-
sumed a complicated character. She, as a
member of the Mexican confederacy, had ever
maintained a character for loyalty above sus-
picion. She was among the first to propose
Santa Anna for the Presidency of that great
Republic, and for a time the attachment of her
people to the Executive of their choice was
unbounded. But time changes all things, and
the hero that occupied the chair of State soon
proved himself too weak to withstand the fac-
inations of power. To be the head of a great
and happy nation could not satisfy an ambi-
tion both inordinate and reckless, while the
station was divested of the glittering accom-
paniments of royalty. The chieftain of Mex-
ico was dissatisfied, restless and unhappy. He
had arrived at the age; his countrymen could
confer no higher honors; and the insatiable
ambition of the human heart, rather than satis-
fied, was more intensely wrought up, because
there was no station further on around which
his aspirations might centre. Strange charac-
teristic of man, strange power of human ambi-
tion! O, and still further on it lures its
passive votaries, by constantly holding out,
in the perspective the gaudy allurements of still
greater power and more unlimited sway. At
last the highest turret is gained; and ambition,
restless still, reaches further onward in quest
of unsatisfying and bewildering honors. "A
restlessness in men's minds to be something
they are not, and to have something they have
not, is the root of all immorality." Alexander
wept that he had not another world to con-
quer; and could he have placed himself on
the throne of the universe, he would have wept
that he had not another God to conquer.
Many supposed they could discover, in their
Executive a disposition to usurp power, yet
such was the confidence of the people in their
beloved chief, Magnitude that these suspicions
excited no alarm. But, as time rolled on, the
evidence became more convincing, till finally
anxiety, hope and fear alternately took posses-
sion of the hearts of the masses. Nor were
they kept long in suspense. The Representa-
tives of the people were treated with arrogance
and indignity, especially those sent from the
Texan States. These were submitted to till
forbearance could hold out no longer. They
remonstrated and entreated but in vain—relief
came not; on the contrary injury was ad-
ded to insult till intentions could no longer be
concealed and the haughty, imperious Santa
Anna proclaimed the Republic at an end; and
sated himself on the Dictatorial throne reared
by his own lands.
The Texan could not behold this usurpa-
tion unmoved. They had been nursed in the
cradle of Liberty; many of them had been citi-
zens of the United States; the warm blood
of revolutionary sires still flooded their veins;
and they were not prepared to surrender with-
out a struggle their birth-right—their heritage.
They felt that now the time had come that
they must proclaim the supremacy of their
rights over the caprice of a despot's will. The
toxic of war was sounded and a few brave
hearts, beating high with patriotism, bade de-
fiance to the writhed forces of the usurper.
No one had suspected the train of events by
which the rupture was brought about more
closely than Mr. Afanza. He had ever taken
a deep interest in the political affairs of his
country, and now he saw, and not without
emotion that the question was to be settled
whether Texas should voluntarily submit;
whether her people should lose their national-
ity. He saw nothing so mean, so cowardly,
as tame submission, and he labored to inspire
his fellow citizens with the same spirit—and
he labored not in vain. When alone he was
more thoughtful, more melancholy than usual.
His country; her tribulations approaching now
seemed to engross his whole attention. He
felt that a sacrifice was demanded even of him;
and at last his resolve was made; his purpose
fixed, and it must be executed though the con-
sequences might be fearfully crushing.

CHAPTER V.
"My dreams have boded all too right—
We part, forever part to night—
I knew, I knew it could not last,
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past."
A few days since we saw Amulus and Cla-
ra wending their way from the old arbor,
mirthful, joyous, happy. And within those
few days how big with events has been the
world around; yet their hearts were too full
of bliss to dream that ought of import to them
was passing. They were constantly in each
others society; they drank deep draughts from
the same joy-cup; they lived, in each others
hearts and basked continually in the sunlight
that radiates from the purest holiest and warm-
est affections. When they were indulging in
all the bright anticipations that ever image
themselves on the sky of the future when all
is serene and peaceful; sometimes a dark
thought would linger near to cloud their
minds, and they sighed lest indeed they might
be too happy—

"Like the full and silent heaven
Of lovers hearts when sweetly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!"
One evening, after having strolled out to
their accustomed retreat, and spent a more
than usually happy hour together, they return-
ed and found the old man evidently laboring
under intense excitement.
Dear father, inquired Amulus anxiously, what
troubles you? Something quite unusual must
have happened; you seem bewildered. Tell
me dear father what has affected you so sud-
denly?
My dear, my darling son, replied the father,
and grasping the hand of his son, the fell upon
his knees, and then arose the tremulous mur-
murs of the old man's voice, burdened with
the deepest emotions of his soul. To the pro-
tection of the God of battle he commended the
best loved object of his heart; and invoked
the favor and blessing of Him who ruleth the
armies of heaven for the cause to which he had
consecrated his only son; and tears and sighs
blended with the old man's prayer. He arose
from his knees, and in a moment more, Amu-
lus hurried wildly from the room and sought
the presence of Clara. In vain he endeavored
to calm himself. The hot blood mounted to
his brain, everything reeled around him.
"Amulus," inquired the terrified girl, what
means this! Am I the cause?
Amulus gazed vacantly on her flushed coun-
tenance but made no direct reply. Recover-
ing himself partially he said, "lean on my arm
my dear girl, and walk with me to the arbor
once more and you shall know the whole."
They left the house together, but in a far dif-
ferent mood from what they entered it an hour
previous. Neither spoke one word and Clara
was well nigh overcome with the agony of
suspense. A few moments and they were seated
in that lovely bowery, now embowered in their
memories and consecrated by fond re-
membrances.
Nature seemed in unison with their own
feelings. The pale moon had hid her face be-
hind a floating hazy cloud; and a kind of
half-dusky shadowy light closed over all things.
Straggling star-rays glimmered around like van-
quished joy spirits, seeking a hiding place in
some darkened cloister; every note of the
night-bird seemed pensive and full of woe.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW AND IMPORTANT INVENTION.—Rail-
road Cars without Queues.—All our readers who
have ever traveled on a railroad have experi-
enced the great annoyance and distress occa-
sioned by the immense quantities of dust which
insinuates itself into every crack and crevice,
in a rail car, almost choking the occupants to
death, to say nothing of the damage done to
clothing. This inconvenience was partly reme-
died by the ponderous sprinklers which have
been adopted on some of our roads, but we
have now to announce a new invention, so sim-
ple that we only wonder that no one ever thought
of it before, and so efficient that passengers can
travel in a rail car with as much comfort in the
hottest day of July, as they can in the
frostiest day in January. The invention to
which we refer, has been made and patented
by our fellow citizen, Mr. Nelson Goodyear,
and may be briefly described as follows:
On the roof of the car a number of ventila-
tors are arranged, so as to allow the air to
pass free into the car when it is in motion. The
mouths of these ventilators are covered with
fine wire cloth, through which the air circulates
freely, but which effectually stops all cinders
and other dirt. In each window of the car is
placed a sash of blinds, constructed of plates
or glass four inches wide. These blinds are
so arranged that they are all moved by a con-
necting rod, in the same manner as ordinary
window sashes are opened and shut. The air,
coming through the ventilators, passes with the
gentle current through the blind, or "curtain"
as they are called, the outward current
thus formed effectually preventing the entrance
of a particle of dust into the car, and the out-
side current, formed by the motion of the car,
carrying the dust to the rear. This is the
whole operation.—N. Y. Paper.

Amulus saw that the stern purpose of his
father could not relent, and he replied:—"fa-
ther, to your will I assent; I go this moment!"
—and so saying he seized the sword and would
have rushed wildly from the room.
"Nay," cried his father, "stay yet a moment,"
and grasping the hand of his son, the fell upon
his knees, and then arose the tremulous mur-
murs of the old man's voice, burdened with
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whole operation.—N. Y. Paper.

THE ICE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Persons
who have lived at Plattsburg, and other places
on Lake Champlain, says that a singular fact
is observed there on the breaking up of the
ice in the Spring, usually in the month of May.
It is that the ice all disappears at once. On
rising in the morning, for example, the lake is
entirely clear from ice, although the previous
evening it was seen completely bridged over.
This fact was stated by Professor Olmsted, at
the recent sitting of the Scientific Convention
in New Haven; and the learned Professor as-
cribes it to the absorption of water by the ice,
until its specific gravity exceeds that of the
water, it sinks to the bottom. Although ice
on account of its crystalline structure, is light-
er than water; yet the solid matter itself is
heavier than water so that when the intersti-
ces are filled up with this fluid, the mass has
a specific gravity exceeding that of the latter.
Thus, sponge, when fully saturated with water
will sink in it, and if ice, in a porous state,
it will also sink. The reason why this prop-
erty is peculiar to the ice of Lake Cham-
plain, and why the same does not occur in oth-
er lakes, which freeze over in the winter, is that
on account of the severe climate of the North-
east of Lake Champlain, the ice remains on the
lake until the ice has advanced very far
Northward, and the surrounding country has
become quite warm. By alternate freezing
and thawing, the ice becomes granulated; and
consequently very absorbent of water. When
this process has reached a certain point—that
is the moment when a specific gravity of
the ice, sinks with water, exceeds that of
the medium itself—the whole sinks and
disappears at once. A most singular phenom-
enon, truly.

A German body named Koehling, living
in Cincinnati, gave birth to three boys on
Christmas night! The mother and children
are doing well.

Sketches of Nature.

Taking and Destruction of the City.

But the horrors of the day were not com-
pleted. The sun was going down in the west,
when suddenly the great drum in the temple
of the war-god sent its mournful vibrations for
leagues across the valley. The startled sol-
diers turned their eyes to the quarter whence
the sounds proceeded, and saw a long process-
ion, winding up the sides of the great pyra-
mid. As the long files reached the summit of
the Tzocalli, they saw several men whom they
knew by the whiteness of their skins; they recog-
nized their countrymen. They were gradually de-
corated with coronets of plumes, and forced by
blows to take part in the dances. Then, strip-
ped of their sad finery, they were stretched
one after another, on the stone of sacrifice.
The priest with a sharp instrument opened the
breast, and tearing out the heart, laid it on
the altar, and spatting on the golden cere-
bro, the Spaniards, stupefied with hor-
ror, gazed on the bloody spectacle and the
possibility that a similar fate might one day
be his own made a coward of the stout-
est hearted. Blatant with this victory, the Az-
tec priest predicted that their offended deity,
appeased by the sacrifice, offered on his altars
would deliver their enemies into their hands
before the expiration of eight days. This or-
acle fell heavy on the hearts of the allies.
They looked on the Spaniards as doomed ho-
stages. Taking the advantage of the darkness
of night, company after company stole away,
and Cortes beheld with dismay the mighty ar-
my on which he had rested for support, silent-
ly disappearing before the breath of superstition.
Night after night were new victims led
to the altar. The light of a thousand bonfires
blazing on the terraced roofs of houses, showed
the infernal pageant with terrible distinct-
ness to the shuddering Spaniards.
Cortes seeing himself thus deserted by his
auxiliaries, suspended all military operations
during the period marked out by the oracle.
Under cover of the brigantines, which kept the
enemy at a distance, his troops lay in safety
on the lake, and the fatal term expired with-
out any disaster. The allies, ashamed of their
readily son returned, and Cortes found him-
self again in a condition to commence active
operations against the city.
He decided on a different plan from that
pursued before. This was to advance no step
without securing the safety of the army. In
order for this every breach in the causeways
and every canal in the streets was to be filled
up in so solid a manner that the work should
not be again disturbed. The materials for this
were to be furnished by the building, every
one of which as the army advanced, whether
public or private, but temple, or palace, was
to be demolished, until in the conqueror's own
words, the water should be converted into
dry land, and a smooth and open field be af-
forded for the cavalry and artillery.
The Indian allies engaged in this work of
destruction with the utmost alacrity. The
buildings in the suburbs were soon leveled.
The breaches were filled up and a large space
around the city was opened to the cavalry,
which swept over it unresisted. The Mexi-
cans opposed them with the energy of despair,
but under cover of their guns, the besiegers
went steadily onward in their desolating
course.
But meanwhile, a power stronger than the
arm of their foes, had fallen on the doomed
city. The stores which Guatemozin had pre-
pared were exhausted, and the crowded popu-
lation were suffering all the horrors of famine.
As the ordinary sustenance failed, they sought
to support life by such roots as they could dig
from the earth, by gnawing the bark of the
trees, by feeding on grass, rats, lizards—in
short, on anything however loathsome that
would allay the cravings of hunger. Pestil-
ence followed. The dead and the dying were
everywhere.
As the Spaniards penetrated deeper into the
city they saw terrible proofs of the extremity
of the besieged. Dead bodies lay unburied
in the streets. The Aztecs considered the burial
of the dead a solemn and imperative duty; and
in the early part of the siege they had relig-
iously attended to it. But their sufferings had
so fearfully increased, that they grew indif-
ferent to this. When they entered the ground
a still more appalling spectacle presented itself.
The floors were covered with the prostrate
forms of the miserable inmates, mothers with
their children dying of hunger, men, frightful-
ly mangled with the wounds they had received
in battle, feasting in their corruption. Yet
given in this miserable condition, they seemed
to ask for mercy. Cortes gave strict orders
that these wretched creatures should be spared
but his Indian allies showed no mercy. With
shouts of triumph they pulled down the burn-
ing buildings on their heads, consigning the
living and the dead to one common funeral
pyre. Great as were their sufferings, the besieged
still fiercely rejected all the overtures of Cortes,
declaring they chose to die rather than to sur-
render, and adding with a tone of bitter ex-
ultation, that the joydays would be disap-
pointed in their expectation of treasures; for it
was buried where they could never find it.
Day after day passed away. The Aztecs
made furious efforts to escape the fate, which
was overwhelming them, but in vain. Hun-
ger had unnerved the arm of the warrior. Still
the besiegers pressed onward in the work of
destruction, and seven eighths of the city was
in ruins. The starving population was crowd-
ed into the remaining eighth. Princes and
people, men, women and children, rent up in
face.

their suffocating quivers, were dying literally
in heaps. They were piled dead on another,
the living mingled with the dead. "No one
could see his foot down," said Cortes, "except
on the corpse of an Indian." They looked on
one another in mute despair. There was no
complaint, no lamentation, but deep, uninter-
mittible woe.
Cortes suspended hostilities for several days,
in the vain hope that the distresses of the
Mexicans would bend them to submission.
Disappointed in this, he again led them to the
attack. Then ensued a scene of carnage which
the heart grows sick to contemplate. The be-
sieged gathering strength from despair, fought
with the ferocity of a wounded tiger which the
hunter has pursued to his forest edge; but
hemmed in and pressed together, they were
cut down in heaps. The scene was appalling,
even to the conqueror, inured as he was to
blood and violence. "The piteous cries of
the women and children," said he, "were enough
to break one's heart." Forty thousand per-
ished on that terrible day.
The next day the attack was renewed, and
Guatemozin seeing that all was lost, was per-
suaded by his nobles to get into a canoe, and
attempt to make his escape. He was taken
by the Spaniards, and carried before the gen-
eral. Cortes received him with great courtesy,
and promised him protection. "I have
done all that I could do," replied the proud
Aztec, "to defend myself and my people—
Deal with me as you list." Then laying his
hand on the hilt of a pointed stick in the gen-
eral's belt, he added with vehemence, "Better
despatch me with this and rid me of life at
once."
When it was known that the emperor was
a prisoner, the resistance of the Mexicans ceased
at once, and the Spanish commander drew
off his troops, weary with slaughter, to their
quarters. That night a terrible storm, such as
are known only within the tropics, swept over
the city. "It seemed," says the historian, "as if
the deities of Anahuac, driven from their an-
cient abodes, were borne along shrieking and
howling in the blast, as they abandoned the
fallen city to its fate."
The next day Guatemozin requested that
the Mexicans might be permitted to leave the
city. To this Cortes readily assented, and for
three days sad survivors of the sword, the
pestilence, and the famine, doled along the
causeways—a mournful train, their wasted
and famine stricken faces told the whole
history of the siege. The number who left
the city is estimated from thirty to seventy
thousand besides women and children. Two
hundred thousand probably perished in the siege.
The Spaniards were now masters of Mexi-
co, but the treasures for which they had fought
were gone. Instead of the golden harvest
which they had expected, they found but sen-
tinel spoils, amid the ruins. They exclaimed
loudly against the general, whom they accused
of appropriating the largest part of the
spoils to himself, and against Guatemozin who
they said had concealed his treasures. To al-
lay his ferment, Cortes consented to a deed,
which should cover his name with infamy.
He suffered his royal captive, with his prin-
cipal minister, to be put to the rack, in order
to oblige them to discover where the treasures
were concealed. The heroic Indian, who had
braved death in its most awful forms, was
not to be intimidated by bodily sufferings.
To his companion, who testified his anguish by
his groans, he coolly said, "And do you think
I am taking my pleasure in this?" Cortes
assumed of the scene, rescued the unhappy
prince from his tormentors before it was too
late. He was, however, only reserved for
greater indignities. Some time after, being
suspected of meditating a rebellion, he was
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blood and violence. "The piteous cries of
the women and children," said he, "were enough
to break one's heart." Forty thousand per-
ished on that terrible day.
The next day the attack was renewed, and
Guatemozin seeing that all was lost, was per-
suaded by his nobles to get into a canoe, and
attempt to make his escape. He was taken
by the Spaniards, and carried before the gen-
eral. Cortes received him with great courtesy,
and promised him protection. "I have
done all that I could do," replied the proud
Aztec, "to defend myself and my people—
Deal with me as you list." Then laying his
hand on the hilt of a pointed stick in the gen-
eral's belt, he added with vehemence, "Better
despatch me with this and rid me of life at
once."
When it was known that the emperor was
a prisoner, the resistance of the Mexicans ceased
at once, and the Spanish commander drew
off his troops, weary with slaughter, to their
quarters. That night a terrible storm, such as
are known only within the tropics, swept over
the city. "It seemed," says the historian, "as if
the deities of Anahuac, driven from their an-
cient abodes, were borne along shrieking and
howling in the blast, as they abandoned the
fallen city to its fate."
The next day Guatemozin requested that
the Mexicans might be permitted to leave the
city. To this Cortes readily assented, and for
three days sad survivors of the sword, the
pestilence, and the famine, doled along the
causeways—a mournful train, their wasted
and famine stricken faces told the whole
history of the siege. The number who left
the city is estimated from thirty to seventy
thousand besides women and children. Two
hundred thousand probably perished in the siege.
The Spaniards were now masters of Mexi-
co, but the treasures for which they had fought
were gone. Instead of the golden harvest
which they had expected, they found but sen-
tinel spoils, amid the ruins. They exclaimed
loudly against the general, whom they accused
of appropriating the largest part of the
spoils to himself, and against Guatemozin who
they said had concealed his treasures. To al-
lay his ferment, Cortes consented to a deed,
which should cover his name with infamy.
He suffered his royal captive, with his prin-
cipal minister, to be put to the rack, in order
to oblige them to discover where the treasures
were concealed. The heroic Indian, who had
braved death in its most awful forms, was
not to be intimidated by bodily sufferings.
To his companion, who testified his anguish by
his groans, he coolly said, "And do you think
I am taking my pleasure in this?" Cortes
assumed of the scene, rescued the unhappy
prince from his tormentors before it was too
late. He was, however, only reserved for
greater indignities. Some time after, being
suspected of meditating a rebellion, he was
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the influence of the mechanical and chemi-
cal action of the waves on the rocks on the
east of Ireland. He tells us that a highly
interesting and important as illustrating
their combined mechanical and chemical
force, took place on the coast of Ballybunion
in Ireland. The cliffs on this coast contain a
large quantity of alum and iron pyrites; and
being incessantly exposed to the violent action
of the Atlantic billows, they become worn
away into the most grotesque forms. Large cav-
erns, natural bridges, and the resemblances
of a human's architecture, abound on the sea-coast,
being produced by the unequal wasting away
of different strata. The roof of these caverns
are painted with various hues by the water per-
colating the overlying strata and carrying with
it a solution of the mineral ingredients encoun-
tered in its passage. Streams also run down
the side of the cliff, staining them in rich
colors, proving that the water contains iron,
and probably other salts in solution. These
solutions are conveyed into the sea, and there
undergo various decompositions in contact with
the saline matter of sea water. Some years
since, part of these cliffs assumed an appear-
ance of a very extraordinary character; the
waves, by continual dashing had worn and un-
dermined the cliff, giving way, fell with ter-
rific violence into the sea; the conse-
quence was, that several great strata of pyrites
were exposed to the chemical influence of the
air and sea-water; rapid oxidation took place,
eliminating such an intense heat, as very shortly
set the whole cliff on fire. For days the
great rocks continued burning with great fiercen-
ess, torrents of steam and smoke rising up as
the heavy billows of the Atlantic leapt upon
the glowing masses; and at a distance present-
ing all the appearances of some violent volcanic
disturbance. After the fresh substances, thus
exposed, had become oxidized, the steaming
effluvia gradually cooled down; and now the slow
and silent work of mechanical and chemical
destruction is being carried on without any
external manifestation of its existence. The
heat given out during this singular and grand
phenomenon was so great as to convert masses
of clay in its vicinity into red brick! While
melting slugs lay about, giving to the whole
scene such an appearance as to render it a fit
representation of the workshops of the mytho-
logical Cyclops.

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