The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS — MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1852. — VOLUME IX. NUMBER 7.

Poet's Corner.

Written for the Democrat.

STANZAS

In Memory of F. E. D.

Withered the lily bud,
Broken the stem;
The eye will it gladden
Never again
Faded the petals lie
Mingled with mould;
O'er them sweep winter-winds
Cheerless and cold.

Vanished the lily's breath—
Sweetest perfume—
Whither?—Makes it fragrant
The flower's tomb?
Not there may you seek it—
Not there is it found;
Look never for incense
Under the ground.

To Heaven it rises—
Home of its birth—
When broken, the censer
Falls to the earth.
Leave thou the fragments there,
Grieve not their loss;
They shall unite again
Rift of their dross.

A Household Dirge.

"A six years' loss to Paradise,—
And ne'er on Earth the child grew older."
[J. B. READ.

I've lost my little May at last!
She perished in the Spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing;
I laid her in a country grave,
A green and soft retreat,
A marble tablet o'er her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom;
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in her tomb!
I know that she is gone away,
I know that she is fled,
I miss her everywhere, and yet
I cannot think her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
But one is wanting there!
I see a little chair apart,
A little pinnafore,
And Memory fills the vacancy,
As time will—nevermore!

I sit within my quiet room,
Alone, and write for hours,
And miss the little maid again
Among the window flowers,
And miss her with her toys beside
My desk in silent play;
And then I turn and look for her,
But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen, and hark,
And catch the faintest sound;
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around;
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulders o'er;
I hear a stifled laugh,—but no,
She cometh nevermore!

I waited only yester-night,
The evening service read,
And lingered for my idol's kiss,
Before she went to bed;
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet,
A monument above her head,
And violets at her feet.

Incredible Punishment.

"A great book is a great evil," says an ancient writer—an axiom which an unfortunate Russian author felt to his cost.

"Whilst I was at Moscow," says a traveller, "a quarto volume, was published in favor of the liberties of the people; a singular subject, when we consider the place where the book was printed. In this work, the iniquitous reality of the public functionaries, and even the conduct of the sovereign, was scrutinized and censured with great freedom. Such a book, and in such a country, naturally attracted general notice and the offender was taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and he was condemned to eat his own words. The singularity of the sentence, induced me to see it put into execution. A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets in the city; the imperial provosts, the magistrates, the physicians and the surgeons of the Czar attended; the book was separated from the binding, the margin cut off, and every leaf rolled up like a lottery ticket, when taken out of the wheel. The author was then served with them leaf by leaf, the provost who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators, and he was obliged to swallow the unpalatable food, as a sign of the knout, in Russia more feared than death. As soon as the medical gentlemen were of the opinion that he had received into his stomach as much at a time as was consistent with his safety, the transgessor was conducted back to prison, and the business was resumed the two following days; after three very hearty but unpleasant meals, I am convinced by secular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed."

THE JOY OF AFFECTION.—Cherish your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, every body, and every thing that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose—to love the robin—to love their parents—to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too much so. Religion is love—love to God, and love to man.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Evening Post.

The Capture of the Guerrier by the Constitution.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having been an American prisoner on board the Guerrier during the famous battle between that frigate and the United States frigate Constitution, I propose giving you an account of that important action, which took place in June, 1812.

About two weeks previous to the engagement, I left Boston in an American ship, which was captured by the Guerrier five days before she fell in with the Constitution.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the Constitution was discovered. The Guerrier hove to, to enable her to come up.—As the Constitution neared us, Captain Dacres handed me his glass and asked me what I took her to be? My reply was, "She looks like a frigate." Very soon she came within reach of the long guns of the Guerrier, which were fired, but with no effect, as the sea ran high.—The Constitution made no reply, but, as I saw, was manœuvring for a position—during which time Captain Dacres said to me, "Do you think she is going to strike without firing?" I replied, "I think not, sir."

At this moment, seeing a severe contest was about commencing, in which I could take no part, being only a prisoner, I raised my hat to Capt. Dacres, and said to him—"With your permission, sir, I will go below, as I can take no part." "O, certainly," said he, "and you had better go to the cockpit, and should any of our men get wounded, I shall feel obliged if you will assist the surgeons in dressing them." "Certainly, sir," said I, and then descended into the cockpit. There were the surgeons and surgeons' attendants, sitting around a long table, covered with instruments and necessaries for dressing the wounded, as still as a funeral. Within one moment after my foot left the lower round of the ladder, the Constitution gave that double broadside, which threw all in the cockpit over in a heap on the opposite side of the ship.

For a moment it appeared as if heaven and earth had struck together; a more terrific shock cannot be imagined. Before those in the cockpit had adjusted themselves, the blood ran down from the decks as freely as if a washtub full had been turned over, and instantly the dead, wounded and dying were handed down as rapidly as men could pass them, till the cockpit was filled, with hardly room for the surgeons to work. Midshipmen were handed down with one leg, some with one arm, and others wounded in almost every shape and condition. An officer who was on the table having his arm amputated, would sing out to a comrade coming down wounded, "Well, shipmate, how goes the battle?"—Another would utter a joke that would even make the dying smile; and so constant and free were the playful remarks from the maimed, and even dying, that I almost doubted my senses. Indeed, all this was crowded into a space not exceeding fifteen or twenty minutes, before the firing ceased. I then went upon deck, and what a scene was presented, and how changed in so short a time!

The Constitution looked perfectly fresh; and even at this time, those on board the Guerrier did not know what ship fought them. On the other hand the Guerrier was a mere rolling log—almost entirely at the mercy of the sea. Her colors were all shot away, and her mainmast and mizzen mast both gone by the board, and her foremast standing by the mere honeycomb the shot had made. Capt. Dacres stood, with his officers, surveying the scene—all, all in the most perfect astonishment. At this moment a boat was seen putting off from the hostile ship for the Guerrier. As soon as within speaking distance, a young gentleman (Midshipman Reed, now Commodore Reed,) hailed and said, "I wish to see the officer in command of the ship." At this, Captain Dacres stepped forward and answered. Midshipman Reed then said, "Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you have struck your flag?" At this Captain Dacres appeared amazed, but, recovering himself, and looking up and down, he deliberately replied, "Well, I don't know—our mainmast is gone, our mizzenmast is gone—and, upon the whole, you may say we have struck our flag."

"Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you need the assistance of a surgeon or a surgeon's mate." Captain Dacres replied, "Well, I should suppose you had on board your own ship business enough for all your medical officers." Midshipman Reed replied, "O, no, we have only seven wounded, and they were dressed half an hour ago."

Captain Dacres then turned to me, deeply affected, and said, "How have our situations been suddenly reversed!—you are now free, and I a prisoner!"

All the boats of both ships were now put in requisition to remove the prisoners on board the Constitution. So dreadful was the condition of many of them, that two days were nearly consumed in the removal, after which the Guerrier was burned, with all her stores, armament, &c. The Constitution having recently come out of port, had no room to take scarcely an article.

Who can imagine the joy I experienced in finding myself once more under American colors, or the pride I felt at finding, from Commodore Hull down to the most humble man on board, an entire absence of anything like a boastful, or even a triumphant look, at their wonderful victory. Captain Dacres kept his state-room till we arrived in port. About two hundred of his men were necessarily ironed, as the ship was so crowded. Charles Morris, (now Commodore,) the first officer of the Constitution, had a ball through his body, and for several days his recovery was doubtful—during which he sent for me to come to his room; and I well remember his perfect unconcern of himself, although the surgeon had apprized him of his danger. Every courtesy and kindness was by Captain Hull and his officers extended to their prisoners.

On Sunday, about noon, the Constitution arrived in Boston harbor. I was sent on shore in the boat. The harbor between the ship and wharves was covered with boats to learn the news. To the first boat that we neared, we hailed, "The Constitution has captured the Guerrier." Instantly the two men in the boat took off their hats and violently struck them on the side of the boat, and, rising, gave cheer upon cheer. They hailed other boats, and thus the air was rent with cheers, and the victory passed along till it reached the wharf, and then spread like wildfire all over the city and country.

It is now nearly forty years since the transaction of that day proved to the Americans that British frigates were not invincible. Who can remember that day without feeling a glow of pride, that so early in the war, in a manner so unpretending, a victory so perfect should have been achieved? I write this statement without notes, but believe it to be, in the main, accurate.

In justice to Captain Dacres, I add, that there was none of that boasting on his part, before the action, which has to him been attributed, as he did not know the ship till Midshipman Reed announced her name and commander. O. W.

Remarkable Volcanic Eruptions.

BY PROF. HITCHCOCK.

Go with me to the Sandwich Islands, and we shall get an impressive glimpse of the principal agency by which the earth's crust has been ridged, furrowed, and dislocated. As we land upon Hawaii, we perceive it to be composed of lava of no very ancient date. We ascend a lofty *plateau*, and many a league in advance of us we see a column of smoke rising from a vast plain. Directing our course thither, while yet some miles from it, we descended a deep slope to a broad terrace, and then another slope to another terrace. These slopes and terraces extend circularly around the pillar of smoke like the seats of a vast amphitheatre.

Coming near to this column, our steps are arrested on the margin of a vast gulf, fifteen hundred feet deep, and from eight to ten miles in circumference, whose bottom is the seat of of the most remarkable volcano on the globe—I mean Kauluea. Wait here till night closes around us, and we shall witness a scene of awful sublimity. Over the immense area of that gulf will the volcanic agency beneath be extended. Ever and anon, and mingled in strange discord, will hissings and groanings, mutterings and thunderings, be heard rolling from side to side, and making the earth tremble around. Then from one and another volcanic cone—perhaps from fifty—will the glowing lava burst forth; red hot stones will be driven furiously upward; vapor and smoke, and flames will be poured out, and the dark and jagged sides of that vast furnace will glow with unearthly splendor; and here and there will lakes of liquid lava appear, one or two miles in extent, heaving up their billows, and dashing their fiery spray into the air. O, there is not on earth a livelier picture of the world of despair; and yet we know it is not the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, nor the abode of lost spirits. We know it to be only one of the safety-valves of the globe, and an exhibition of that mighty agency within the globe, which has heaved and dislocated its crust; and therefore, as we gize upon the scene and forget our fatigue and sleep, we experience only the emotions of awful sublimity, which can hardly fail to rise into adoration of that Infinite Being who can say, even to this agency, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further. * * * * *

The most remarkable eruption on record, was in Sumbawa, one of the Moluccа Islands, in 1815. It began on the 5th day of April, and did not cease till July. The explosions were heard in one direction nine hundred and seventy miles, and in another seven hundred and twenty miles. So heavy was the fall of ashes at the distance of forty miles, that houses were crushed and destroyed. The floating cinders in the ocean, hundreds of miles distant, were two feet thick, and vessels were forced through them with difficulty. The darkness of Java, three hundred miles distant, was deeper than the blackest night; and finally, out of the twelve hundred inhabitants of the island, only twenty six survived the catastrophe.

A Timely Paragraph.

The following beautiful passage, by Washington Irving, in the "Home Book of the Picturesque," might almost make a November day cheerful:

"And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world.—They float our summer skies with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty.

"Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-lit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky.—Surely we may say that in our climate "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

THE DIFFERENCE.—When a rakish youth goes estray, friends gather around him to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the path of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the cold and solitary grave. Society has no helping hand for her; no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness.—These are earthly moralists; they are unknown in Heaven; there is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

Girls, never run away from your parents till you are sure the young man you elope with don't run away from you. This advice is worth a year's subscription, but we will give it gratis.

Open your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower that opens to receive dew, shuts against rain.

The Broken Hearted.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, a stricken flower to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul on the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep course quivering on his lips—I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance with a fearless eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turn to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but, when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely in the universe is ceasing from existence, and broods with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wings of death upon her brow.—I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the flowers of childhood—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd with such a floating and unearthly grace that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that her gayety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear, and her eye-lids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the depth of June I wandered out with her, a little distance in the open air. It was then that she first told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love was a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her in its earliest years; and, when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so." The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs with a tear. It is hard to bid farewell to those scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood, and which from day to day, have caught the color of my life and sympathised with its joys and sorrows. That little grove where I have so often strayed with my now buried love, and where at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice seems to come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensive star, which we used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me to his own bright home. Every flower, and tree and rivulet on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become near to me, and I cannot without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard that the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around the bed of withered roses, and then die as it were from very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is as a bubble cased up by the ocean of Eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon the faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight shrine, are set upon the grasp of limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?

And finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. That is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and the beautiful beings which here pass before us as visions, will stay in our presence forever.—Bright creature of my dreams in that realm I shall see the again. Even now thy lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness, till its own spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to blessedness and peace.

☞ An old sea captain used to say he didn't care how he dressed when abroad, 'because nobody knew him.' And he didn't care how he dressed when at home, 'because everybody knew him.'

☞ The editor of one of the Maine papers says that he has had a pair of boots given him which were so tight that they came very near making him a Universalist, because he received his punishment as he *went along*.

☞ He that visits the sick in hope of a legacy, let him be ever so friendly in all other cases, I look upon him in this to be no better than a raven, that watches a weak sheep only to peck out its eyes.

Beautiful Extracts.

We copy the following beautiful extracts, from Professor Allen's lecture on "The American Race," delivered in Trinity M. E. Church, Phil., on the 5th inst.

Promptings of the Divinity.

If we turn from nations to individuals, we shall find that every man who has left his mark upon his age and country, has felt an assurance that he was called, as by the audible voice of God, to a work, and that he was endowed with ability to perform it. You see the expression of this faith in Alexander, when he cuts the Gordian knot with his sword.—Mark it also in the Roman conqueror, when he says to the pilot in a tempest. "*Fear not, you carry Cæsar.*" Hear it in the sublime reply of Tell to the boatman who, in a similar tempest, declared that it was impossible to cross the lake:—"I know not whether it be possible, but I know that it must be attempted." In Martin Luther, when he silenced the warnings of his friends with that resolute declaration which has passed into a proverb—in Napoleon, when he called himself the child of destiny, and on the morn of many a bloody day hailed the sun of Austerlitz as the harbinger of another triumph:—in Gen. Taylor, when he was about to lead his little band from Point Isabel, he wrote to the Secretary of War, "If the enemy oppose my march, in whatever force, I shall fight him;" and last though not least, in Paul, the Apostle, when, in full view of persecutions and bonds, he exclaimed—"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Just so every nation, which has taken a leading part in the world's history, and has sustained for any length of time, has cherished an invincible belief that it had a destiny to fulfil, and strength equal to its day. And this faith has always manifested itself, on trying occasions, in resolution, courage, and fortitude.

Find examples in the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, and in the Athenians when they abandoned their city, which they could not defend, and placed living Athens on board their ships which they could defend.—And in Rome, too after the slaughter at Cannæ, see proof of "*the unconquerable will, and courage never to submit or yield*" in the sale at a high price in the Forum, of the lands on which the Carthaginian army was then encamped. What else sustained the American army at the crossing of the Delaware, and at Valley Forge, and at Buena Vista? What else prompted the words of Nelson, which he signaled to his fleet at Trafalgar, and which was answered from every deck with shouts that rent the welkin,—"*England expects every man to do his duty.*" And what else gave potency to the words of Wellington, to make firm the human walls of his diminishing squares at Waterloo, when as he saw them shake beneath iron hail and charging squadrons, he said,—"stand men, it will not do to be beaten; what would they say in England?"

This prophetic aspiration, or national consciousness of high calling, was never stronger in any people than in ours; and without assigning to it more significance than it is justly entitled to, we may safely say, that it will assist us to attain the position among nations towards which it points, just as a presentiment of victory gives to a soldier the courage which will achieve it—and as any man's confidence in his ability to accomplish a work, renders his success probable.

OUR COUNTRY.

"*Westward the star of empire takes its way,*" is something more than a poetic fancy;—it is a historical fact. And in this solemn march of four thousand years, our post is now in the front. We are rising upon the tide-wave of civilization, which has steadily advanced thro' China, India, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Western Europe; and we know that as there is a tide in the affairs of men, so is there a tide in the affairs of nations, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

Again, while our position is foremost in the line, it is also eminently advantageous in locality. Our territory stretches from ocean to ocean, and includes the most desirable third of the continent. It is also an article of our faith that if we abide our time the *whole will be ours, Cuba and all.* We are also midway between the old world of Europe in our rear, and the older world of Asia in our front. The American Ophir is opening to us the commerce of the east, and even the gates of walled and barred China will be unlocked by the golden keys of California. The thousands of Chinese who are now on our Pacific coast have come there to shake hands and make our acquaintance. They will soon say to us, "you are not the outside barbarians we took you for. We will talk with you, work with you, and trade with you; we will shuffle off our wooden shoes, and permit our women to wear feet; we will cut off our long nails, and our long cues. We will learn your sciences, practice your arts, and adopt your worship. Then we will return to our native land, with ideas that will astonish the mandarins."

All this they will do, and more. They will break the shell of egotism in which three hundred millions of people have been so long incrusted; they will infuse vigor and activity into that living petrifaction, to which immobility alone has given permanence. With free commerce will go a free gospel, then free institutions, art, science, and progress, till the manhood of civilization shall revisit the land of its origin and infancy, and the great cycle of history shall begin anew.

Another indication that the people of America are to play a star part, in history, is found in the fact mentioned at the outset, their combination of dissimilar races. At first view this would seem to be a cause of weakness; and we are even told that our institutions will be overthrown by the poverty, ignorance and vice which Europe is sending to our shores. And does Europe send us nothing but poverty, ignorance and vice? Does it not send us what we most need to develop our resources—the bones and sinews of labor, men, and women, with hands ready to work; aye, and with hearts, too, that beat in unison with ours to freedom's holiest impulses? Who are the men that grade and pave our streets, that mine our coal and iron, that construct our railways, and excavate our canals? Who are the recruits that fill up the rank and file of our armies? What if they did draw their first breath in a foreign air? What if they are poor?—Who then were the men and women that disembarked from the Mayflower, and sang the song of freedom on the rock of Plymouth?—Were they not also foreigners and poor?—Surely the American people are not Aborigines. They did not spring out of the soil by spontaneous growth. We are all descendants of men whose bones were hardened, and whose sinews were knit in a foreign clime; and will not the posterity of these very men, who are now flying from oppression and despair, to our promised land of liberty and hope, be the same, in the next age, that we are now? Americans all! Americans all.

Facts and Fancies.

Insanity in Prisons.

The moral and physical condition of convicts, has occupied, recently, much of the attention of physicians, both in this country and in Europe. Philanthrophy has suggested alterations, at various times, in the mode of correcting criminal offenders, with a view not only to soften undue severity of punishment, but also to carry out more effectually the grand idea of reformation in the criminal.—The system of separation and non-intercourse of the prisoners was introduced into the penal code of Pennsylvania from motives of the purest philanthrophy. It has been in operation about twenty-two years, sufficiently long to establish by its results the practical effects of the system. It is contended that separate confinement for long periods of time, in close and confined cells, tends to induce an unusual amount of mortility and insanity among the prisoners. And those who have examined carefully the effects of the system upon their physical and mental condition, have come to the conclusion that some modification in the length of the sentence is necessary to relieve the separate plan of objections which appear to be so well founded.

In the 2521 prisoners received into the Eastern Penitentiary at the close of 1843, the deaths have been 214, or nearly 90 in the 1000, or about 9 per cent. of the whole number. The sentences range from one to 21 years, the average being 3 years. The feature which most arrests attention is the very marked desparity in the number of deaths among the white and black prisoners. In 790 black convicts, the deaths reached 141, nearly 18 per cent. of the number, while the annual mortality of the colored population of Philadelphia is 3½ per cent. of the total mortality. The mortality among the white prisoners was about 4½ per cent., while the average mortality in the white population of the city is 2.37. In the County prison the deaths among the white prisoners were at the rate of 2½ per cent., those of the colored 8½. The average deaths of both colors in the County Prison fall below the Penitentiary, where the sentences are for longer periods. In a period of six years, with an average population of 300, 55 cases of insanity have occurred in the Eastern Penitentiary, and a large portion of them was developed in prisoners under long sentences.—Thirty-six were prisoners sentenced for more than 2 years; 12 for 2 years; 6 for between 1 and 2 years, and one for 6 months. In the County Prison, where the sentences are for shorter periods, the same striking difference is exhibited in the number of insane, compared with the Eastern Penitentiary, as is shown in the rate of mortality in the respective prisons.

Philadelphia Ledger.

A Mother's Influence.

Who can measure the influence of a mother on the young and immortal minds of her children? Her looks, her actions, her smiles or her frowns on her children, stamp impressions on their minds, which will last forever. She gives a moulding influence to their characters; their course of life; their temporal and eternal well being. They rise to the glories and happiness of heaven, or sink down to the shades of death through the faithfulness or neglect of their mother. The mother's influence is often much greater than the father's. Her post is more responsible, and she engraves deeper and more indelible lines on the minds of her children. She stands at the head of the race. All the most important springs of society are held and controlled by the feeble hand of woman. Every cord vibrates on her touch, as with magic sensibility; and every harmony in the social system waits on her impulses.—How pure and tender, then, should be a mother's heart! How careful of her looks; her smiles; her conduct; her every action, which imprints such indelible lines, and exerts such imperishable influence on the young mind.

During a lecture on popular Education, recently delivered, Gov. Briggs related an impressive incident.

'Twelve or fifteen years ago,' he said, 'I left Washington three or four weeks during the spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adam's mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age, in Europe. Says she, 'I would rather see you laid in your grave than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.'

'After returning to Washington, I went over to Mr. Adams seat one day, and said to him—'Mr. Adams I have found out who made you.'

'What do you mean?' said he.

'I replied, I have been reading the letters of your mother!'

'If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eye could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eye and the face of that venerable old man, when I pronounced the name of his mother. He started up in his peculiar manner and emphatically said:

'Yes! Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'

'Oh, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the scenes of his manhood! 'All that is good in me I owe to my mother.' Mothers! think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about you! Mothers make the first impressions upon their children, and those impressions will be the last to be effaced.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG MEN.—In the course of my travels, I have seen many a promising and fine young man gradually led to dissipation, gambling and ruin, merely by the want of means to make a solitary evening pass pleasantly. I earnestly advise any youth who quits that abode of purity, peace and delight, his paternal home, to acquire a taste for reading and writing, at every place where he may reside long, whether in the city or in the country, let him study to make his apartments as attractive and comfortable as possible; for he will find a little extraordinary expense, so bestowed at the beginning, to be good economy at the end; let him read the best books in the language of the place in which he lives; and above all let him never retire to rest without writing at least a page of original comments on what he had seen, read and heard in the day. This habit will teach him to observe and discriminate; for a man ceases to read with a desultory and wandering mind, which is utter waste of time, when he knows that an account of all the information which he has gained must be written at night.—*Clayton's Sketches in Biography.*

Fashionable Happiness.

The Dutchess of St. Albans was a fascinating actress, of good common sense, who married, first a banker and then a Duke. She had seen poverty in the most trying as well as the most tolerable of its shapes, and was well prepared to judge of high life by comparison.—She thus speaks of it in her memoirs:

"Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects—I may say extremes of life, as myself; and few, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth: but, after all, this does not by any means constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and the low states. No; the signal, the striking contrast, is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite minds of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic and vivacity. They cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasures of the present hour; and to these they gave themselves up with the keenest relish.—Look at the circles in which I now move.—Can anything be more dreary, stale, flat and unprofitable, than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the treadmill, toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but what is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, are declared to be vulgar. There can be no cordiality where there is so much exclusiveness and prinness. No; all is coldness, reserve, and universal ennui, even where this starchness of man is unaccompanied by any very strict rigor in matters of conduct. Look, now, at those quadrille dancers in the other room: they have been supping; they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked; the band is capital; the men are young, and the girls are pretty; and yet, did you ever see such crawling movements, such solemn looks—as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world? Oh! what a different thing was a country dance in my younger days!"

Beautiful Extract.

I saw the temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it—the God of nature hurled her thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls—the gay, the happy, the young and the beautiful, were there. I returned and the temple was no more—its high walls lay in scattered ruins, moss and wild grass grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry added to the young and gay who reveled there and had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father; I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw the old oak stand in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned. The oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing at its pastime through its branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he,—"when the morning stars sang together with joy, over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and the earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand toward Heaven and Heaven's eternal—"Time is, time was, but time shall be no longer."—*Paulding.*

The Razor Strop Man.

Smith, the "Razor Strop Man," occasionally broke off from the subject of the very superior quality of his strops, and gave his audience a short lecture upon temperance in his own peculiar way. Here is an extract:

SMITH'S CAT.—When I drank grog I owned a cat, a poor, lean, lantern jawed thing, that was always getting into a scrape. As I had nothing for her to eat, she was compelled to take to the highway, and the neighbors were continually crying out 'Cuss that Smith's cat, she's stolen my meat, and cuss that Smith's cat, she's drunk all my milk.' Poor thing, she had to steal or die, for she could find no pickings at home, for even the few mice that were left were so poor and scraggy that it took seven of them to make a shadow, and a decent cat would starve to death in three weeks on an allowance of eighteen a day. But when I reformed, things took a different turn. The kitchen being well provided, the crumbs were plenty, and the old cat grew fat and honest together. Even the mice grew fat and oily, and old tabby would make a hearty supper on two of them, and then lie down to snooze, with the pleasing consolation of knowing that when she awoke there would be a few more of the same sort.

And again.—When I was a beer guzzler, mother cried, father cried, wife cried, John cried, Bill cried, Molly cried, and the cat cried.—But when I signed the pledge, father sung, mother sung, wife sung, John sung, Bill sung, Moll sung, Bet sung, the old cat sung, the teakettle sung, and I bought a new frying-pan and put a nice piece of beef-steak in it, and placed it on the fire, and that sung, and that's the kind of singing for a working man.

And a third.—The difference between Smith sober and Smith drunk, is this: Smith drunk, was dummy, ragged, and riotous—Smith sober, is jovial, joyful and cheerful. Smith drunk, was tuttering, stupid, staggering—Smith sober, is cool, clear-headed, and cautious. Smith drunk, was sick, sore, and sorry—Smith sober, is hearty, healthy, and happy. Smith drunk, was ill-read, ill-fed—Smith sober, is well-shaved, well behaved, and saved.

☞ A shoemaker, being enamored of a young girl, while urging his suit, assured her that he loved her as he did his own *sole*, and that she would find him true to the *last*!

☞ 'I feel,' said an old lady, 'that I have got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble, nor suffer much more comfort.'