The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. Gerritson, Publisher. Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a Thursday Morning, December 30, 1858. Volume 15, Number 52.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of sundry writs issued by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna county and to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Montrose, on Saturday, January the 15th, 1850, at one o'clock, p. m., the following described pieces or parcels of land, to wit:—

ALL that certain piece or parcel of situate in Thompson township, bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of Ebenezer Messenger, on the east by Ebenezer Messenger and Charles Wrighter, on the south by Charles Wrighter, and on the west by Oliver Williams and Alva Mudge, containing about 223 acres, more or less, together with the appurtenances, 1 framed house, barn, horse barn, sheds, woodhouse, and other out buildings, 1 orchard, and about 140 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Isaiah Main vs. Joel Lamb, Jackson Chandler, and Thomas Johnson.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Lenox township, bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of Drinker and Sinsabaugh, on the east by lands of John Millard, on the south by D. K. Oakley, and on the west by lands of A. Sinsabaugh, containing 57 acres, more or less, with the appurtenances, 1 barn, 1 house, and about 30 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of J. C. Olmstead vs. Stephen S. Millard.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in the borough of Montrose, bounded and descibed as follows:—beginning at a point in the Bridgewater and Wilkesbarre Turnpike road, it being the southeast corner of a tract of land owned by the late Samuel Warner, deceased, thence north 80 1-2° west, 85 and 7-10ths perches to the corner of a stone wall, thence along said wall south 4 1-2° west, 16 perches to the corner of Wm. J. Turrell's land, thence south 80 1-2° east 36 and 4-10ths perches, partly by land of W. J. Turrell and partly by land of A. O. Warren to the center of the aforesaid turnpike road, thence along said road north sixteen perches to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres and 95 perches of land, more or less, with the appurtenances, 1 dwelling house, woodhouse, barn, orchard, and all improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of John H. Sutphin vs. E. S. Park.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Oakland township, bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of Hiram Pooler, on the east by lands of E. T. Young, on the south by lands of Peter Paltz, and on the west by lands of ——— ———, containing about 93 acres, more or less, all unimproved. [Taken in execution at the suit of J. T. Carlisle, to the use of J. C. Fish, and Ruby Fish, his wife, vs. Geo. Leach.]

ALSO all the right title and interest of Wm. T. Gillespie to and in that certain piece of land situate in Great Bend township, bounded and described as follows: beginning at a corner in the northern boundery of the State of Pennsylvania, near the 19th milestone, and from thence south 73° west, by lands of Aaron Thomas, to an Elm tree, on the bank of the Susq. river, thence up the west shore thereof to a post corner, thence north 49 1-2° east, along the lands of Oliver Trowbridge to the place of beginning, containing about 200 acres, more or less, with the appurtenances, 2 framed dwelling houses, 2 barns, 2 horse barns, 1 orchard, and about 150 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Thomas T. Hays vs. Wm. T. Gillespie.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Franklin township, and bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of T. B. Smith and —— Parsons, on the east by lands of Clark Hendrake, on the south by the public highway, and on the west by lands of Isaac Crane, containing 58 acres more or less, with the appurtenances, 1 house, 1 barn, and about 50 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Henry Crane, Administrator of the estate of Clark R. Simons, deceased, vs. Andrew Banker.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Lathrop township, bounded and described as follows: on the north by the south line of John Graff, warrantee; on the east by east line of Andrew Tyboat, warrantee; on the south by lands contracted by G. A. Grow to James Wescott, and on the west by the right of way of the D. L. & W. R. R. Co.; containing 54 acres more or less, together with the appurtenances, 1 framed house, 1 log house and about 15 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Grow and Bros. vs. Charles Whitney.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Lenox township, bounded and described as follows: on the north by Benj. Tourje, Ashael Westcott, Warren M. Tingley, James G. and Marcus Case, and Andrew Conrad; on the east by Warren M. Tingley, Benj. Tourje, Elisha Bell, and Andrew Conrad; south by Elisha Bell, Martin Conrad, and Stephen J. Millard, and on the west by James G. and Marcus Case, David Wilmarth, and George Miles; containing about 472 acres, more or less, together with the appurtenances, 5 dwelling houses, 3 barns, 1 blacksmith shop, 2 orchards, and about 200 acres improved. Excepting, however, 20 acres and 6 perches included in the above description as follows: beginning at a stake and stones corner of lot sold to Benj. C. Tourje; thence north 88 1-2° east 60 perches to a stake and stones corner; thence south 6 1-2°, 4-10ths perches to a stake and stones corner on the north side of the Clark road; 88 1-2° west 60 perches to a stake and stones corner; thence north 6 1-2° east 53 4-10ths perches to the place of beginning; with 1 dwelling house and partly improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Grow and Bros. vs. R. D. Clark.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in New Milford township, bounded and described as follows: beginning in the middle of the Cochecton and Great Bend turnpike road, at the south corner of land sold to David Minkler, the north corner of land sold to Ithemar Mott, and the west corner of land sold to Elihu Mott; thence by Ithemar Mott's land and by lots numbered 33 and 32 on a map of re-survey of the said Henry Drinker the elder's lands, made by Jason Terry, south 44 1-2° west 210 1-2 perches to stones by a beech tree corner of land sold to Sylvanus Wade and John Wellman; thence by the last mentioned lot, north 191 1-2 perches to a beech tree, and east 120 1-2 perches to a post in the middle of the aforesaid turnpike road, and thence on the middle of said turnpike road a southerly course to the beginning, containing 93 acres 155 perches, and allowance of 6 per cent. for roads &c., be the same more or less, it being a part of lot No. 29 on the map aforesaid, being the same tract of land and premises which the said William Drinker, Henry S. Drinker, Jacob Downing, Henry Drinker, and Thomas Stewardson, executors as aforesaid, by Indenture bearing even date with said mortgage conveyed to the said Ithemar Mott in fee simple, with the appurtenances, 2 dwelling houses, 3 barns, 1 orchard, and all improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Henry S. Spacman vs. Charles Tingley, Executor, &c., and Lois Mott, widow and devisee of Ithemar Mott, deceased.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Herrick township, bounded and described as follows: beginning at a post and stones in the original line of the tract, thence along said original line north 44° west 218 perches to a small beech marked and witnessed for a corner; thence north 46° east 56 perches to a beech for a corner; thence by land owned now or formerly by Asa Park south 44° east 218 perches to a post and stones, and thence by a line of a 51 acre lot, south 46° west 55 perches to place of beginning; containing 76 acres and 48 perches more or less, (it being part of a tract in the name of Samuel Meridith.) and all improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Henry Burritt ass'd to Albert Chamberlin vs. Charles Tingley, executor of Ithamer Mott, deceased, Lois Mott, widow and devisee, George Swan, Terre Tenant.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Lenox to'ship, bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of A. H. Adams and H. S. Cotant; on the east by lands of D. K. Oakley and E. R. Tingley; on the south by lands of J. W. White, Rial Tower, and E. B. Tingley, and on the west by lands of H. S. Cotant, and Wm. Miller; containing about 280 acres, more or less, together with the appurtenances, 1 framed dwelling house, barn, wagonhouse, shop, and about 145 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of Zera Very vs. Luke Reed.]

ALSO all that certain piece of land situate in Lenox township, bounded and described as follows: on the north by lands of Luther Loomis; on the east by the public highway; on the south by land of David Whitney, and on the west by lands of Eli Wright; containing 100 acres, more or less, together with the appurtenances, 1 framed dwelling house, barn, shed, orchard, and about 80 acres improved. [Taken in execution at the suit of E. S. H. Cobb to the use of James McCowen vs. Emanuel Carpenter.]

Purchasers will in all cases be required to pay on the day of sale an amount sufficient to cover costs of sale, otherwise, the property will be re-sold forthwith. JOHN YOUNG, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Montrose, Dec. 22d, 1858.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The auditor appointed by the court to audit, settle and adjust the account of Isaac Rynearson, one of the adm'rs of the estate of Aaron Rynearson, dec'd, on exceptions filed, will meet the parties interested at his office in Montose, on Friday the 31st day of December, 1858, at one o'clock, p. m.

dec9 4w Wm. J. TURRELL, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—B. Howard vs. Luke Read and Chas. F. Read.—In Susq'a county Common Pleas, No's 505-6-7, Aug. term, 1858; Sh'ff sale, &c.—The auditor appointed by the court to report a distribution of the fund raised by the Sheriff's sale in the above named cases, will attend for the purposes of said appointment, at his office in Montrose on Thursday the 30th day of Dec. 1858, at 1 o'clock p. m., of which all persons interested will take notice, and present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund. Wm. J. TURRELL,

dec9 4w Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna County, to make distribution of the moneys in the hands of the Sheriff of said county, arising from the sale of real estate of Nathaniel Billings, will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Montrose, on Saturday, the eight day of January next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place all persons interested, will present their claims, or be forever barred from coming in upon said fund.

FRANKLIN FRASER, Auditor.

Dec. 4th, 1858.—49w4.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed an auditor by the court of Common Pleas of Susq'a county, to report upon the exceptions filed to the account of B. H. Mills and A. Virgil, assignees of Picket & Woodcock, will attend to that duty at his office in Montrose on the 7th day of January, 1859, at 9 o'clock a. m., at which time all interested will please attend. F. B. STREETER,

dec9 4t Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed by the court of Common Pleas of Susq'a Co. to make distribution of the moneys in the hands of the Sheriff of said Co., arising from the sale of real estate of W. M. Sherwood, will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Montrose, on Friday the 7th day of January next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time and place all persons interested will present their claims or be forever barred from coming in upon said fund.

FRANKLIN FRASER,

dec9 '58 3t Auditor.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons having demands against the estate of Mary Webster, late of the township of Forest Lake, deceased, that the same must be presented to the undersigned for arrangement, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

C. E. WEBSTER, *Executor.*

Forest Lake, Dec. 21st, 1858.—6w.

Administrator's Notice.

WHEREAS Letters of Administration have been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Mehitable Tennant, late of the township of Harford, deceased; all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment; also all having just demands against the same will please present them duly authenticated for settlement.

J. D. RICHARDSON, Administrator.

Harford, Dec. 1st, 1858.—48w6.*

DR. J. H. THOMAS

WILL be at the residence of Chas. Dimon, Esq., at Great Bend, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 25th, 27th and 28th, and at Thompson's Hotel at Susquehanna Depot on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29th and 30th, where he may be consulted by those afflicted with disease. He will (if desired) extirpate **CANCERS** by a new method, *without the use of the knife and with very little pain.*

Dec. 23d. 1858.—2w.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale the valuable Farm and Hotel lately owned and occupied by Calvin Summers, deceased, and long known as the

SUMMERS PLACE.

Said Farm is situated in the pleasant village of Summersville, in the township of New Milford, Susquehanna County, Pa., directly on the line of the *Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad,* four miles from its junction with the N. Y. & E. R. R. at Great Bend, and one and a half miles from the Depot at New Milford. It contains about

240 ACRES;

180 acres improved, 60 acres woodland. It is well watered, has a lasting stream running through, and a never-failing supply of water conveyed in lead pipes to the house, barn, and cattle-yard. It is well fenced and under good cultivation, is well adapted to growing grain, and is peculiarly fitted for growing stock; and is one of the best dairy farms in the county. It has upon it two orchards of choice grafted fruit trees, a large and convenient dwelling, now occupied as a hotel; two large horse and carriage barns, one large barn with two cattle-yards; ample sheds and all the arrangements for feeding stock; three small hay and grain barns, ice-house, brick smoke house; large corn house, and all other out buildings necessary on a large farm. It will be sold low, and terms of payment made easy. For information address,

R. L. SUTPHIN,

Summersville, Susq'a Co., Pa.

Nov. 1st, '58.—3m.

TURNPIKE NOTICE.

THE STOCKHOLDERS of the LENOX & HARMONY TURNPIKE ROAD COMPANY will hold their annual meeting at the house of JOEL STEENBACK in GIBSON twp, on MONDAY, the THIRD day of JANUARY, 1859, at TEN o'clock, A. M., to elect a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and six Managers to serve said company the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the Board. By order of the board.

dec10 3w JOHN SMILEY, Treasurer

JOHN CLARK'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Never mind the house, John, we've got one of our own," whispered John Clark's wife.

She was a rosy little thing, only twenty summers old. How brightly and bewitchingly she shone—a star amid the somber company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clark. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me."

"Hush, dear."

"I bequeath to John Clark, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation for the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one-horse shay, which has stood in my barn over twenty-five years, requesting that he shall repair it, or cause it to be repaired, in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people gathered there tittered, all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of it!"

"Wish you joy," said a red-headed youth, with a grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow, but a little white hand laid on his coat-sleeve restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny with her sunny smile; please don't notice them, for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left all his silver, "served him right for marrying that ignorant goose, Jenny Brazier. I suppose she calculated a good deal on the old man's generosity." To which she added, in a whisper that only her own heart heard, "He might have married me. He had the chance, and I loved him better than any one else—better than that pretty little fool, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we shall see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt, through her nose; "he stopped short in wickedness just because he expected a fortune from my poor, dear brother. Thanks to massey that he left me five hundred dollars. Now I can get a new carpet; but we will see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I guess John Clarke'll have to be contented with his little ten feet shanty," said the father of Susan Spriggs to good old Deacon Joe Hemp.

"Well, I reckon he is content—if he ain't he ought to be, with that Jewel of a wife; she's bright enough to make any four walls shine," was the deacon's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gall. Why she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty-piano like sixty, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I wake up of mornings, than all the forty-piano gals you can scare up 'tween here and the Indies—fact!"

"I'd like to know what you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Just what I say," replied good old Deacon Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clarke'll come to the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best citizens, and go to the legislature yet," replied old Deacon Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it."

"Yes, maybe you do; and that's a pretty way to build up a young fellow, isn't it, when he's trying his best? No, John Clarke won't be a good citizen if you can help it. People that cry 'mad dog' are plaguey willin' to stone the critter while he's a runnin,' I take it; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad your right now, and I've got faith in you, and if you want any help, why come to me and I'll put you through.' That's the way to do business, Mr. Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Mr. Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall; and I'm bound to, any way, if I have a chance. Fact is, he's got such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help."

"No!—it's a pity then, that brother Jacob left him that one horse shay."

"You need'nt laugh at that; old Jacob never did anything without a meaning to it. That shay may help him to be a great man yet. Fact is, I think myself if Jacob had left him money, it might a been the ruin to him. Less things than a one horse shay has made a man's fortin."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him; I dont."

"No," muttered Deacon Joe, as his neighbor turned away, "but if he had married your raw boned darter that plays on the forty-piano, he'd a been all right, and no mistake."

"A one-horse shay!" said the minister, laughing; "what a fortune!"

And so it went, from mouth to mouth. None of the relatives—some already rich—had offered the poorest man among them—the owner of the one-horse shay—a dollar of the bequeathment left to him or to her; but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody had prophesied that John Clarke, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin, and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in his manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed his reformation.

Jenny never appeared so lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after they had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said, cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged; that will only please them too well. We are doing nicely now, and you know if they do cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us quite comfortable; isn't our home a happy one, if it is small! And oh! John, by and bye!"—

An elegant blush—a glance towards her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that ever new story of innocence, beauty and helplessness, that bring cares akin to angels' work.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossips' mouths. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance, and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old when the corporation paid into John Clarke's hands the sum of six hundred dollars for the privilege of laying the track through his own little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and six hundred dollars," thought John, with an honest exultation, "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look out."

He did, and saw the old one-horse shay dragged by a stalwart negro.

"Massa says as how the old barn is gwine to be pulled down, so he sent your shay," said the African.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly; but a glance at his wife removed the evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money now to have the old shay fixed up, can't you? You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash!" muttered John.

"But you could at least sell it for what the repairs would cost," said Jenny, in her winning way.

"Yes, I suppose I could."

"Then I'd have it done, and bless me, I'd keep it too. You've got a good horse, and can have the old shay made quite stylish for baby and me to ride in. Shan't we shine?"

"Well, I'll send it over to Hosmer's to morrow, and see what he can do it for."

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come right over to the shop!" shouted the carriagemaker's apprentice, at the top of his lungs; "old Deacon Joe's there, an' says he is right down glad—golly, it's hundreds, —and hundreds,—and hundreds,—and hun——"

"Stop, boy!" What in the world does he mean, Jenny?" cried John Clarke, putting the baby in the cradle face downwards.

"My patience, John, look at that child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John. I'd go right over and see," said Jenny, by snatching, righting the baby: "it's his cold, I suppose."

"Tain't any fun, I tell ye," said the boy while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracious! guess you'll say it ain't fun when you come to see them 'ere gold things and the bills."

This added wings to John Clarke's speed, and in a moment he stood breathless in the old coachmaker's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine fellow!" cried Deacon Joe.

"Look here—what'll you take for that old shay? I'll give you four thousand dollars," cried the coachmaker.

"Four thousand!" cried John, aghast.

"Yes; jest look at it! You're a rich man, sir; and by George I'm glad of it, for you deserve to be."

The carriage-maker shook John Clarke's hand heartily.

What do you suppose were the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke, when he found the old shay filled with bank-bills! I mean the cushions, the lining, and every place where they could be placed without danger or injury—thieves never would have condescended to the one-horse shay.

Five thousand five hundred dollars in all! Poor John!—or rather rich John—his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equipoise of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming top. Now he could build two houses like the one his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory.

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of these kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief.

At first, Deacon Joe proposed to take the old shay just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and upon a tin trumpet proclaim the glad tidings to the whole town, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty-pianos in the universe; but that was vetoed by John's kind little wife.

"La! they'll know of it soon enough," she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years after, when John Clarke lived in a big house, they all voted for him to go to the "legislater." So much for the old one-horse shay.

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QUITE COOL.—One of the coolest transaction we have read for some time occured in New Haven, Mass., a short time since. A gentleman while going home one evening was stopped by two men who demanded ten dollars. He told them he had not the amount about him, but they might have all he had—which was but two dollars—and if they would call at his shop the next day he would give them the balance. The man assaulted made the best of his way home, congratulating himself upon his escape from these desperadoes by the loss of so small an amount, supposing, of course, it was the last he would hear of them; but, to his astonishment, one of the number called on him the next day and demanded the remaining eight dollars. The fellow got a good drubbing for his impudence.

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SLAVES AND SLAVEHOLDERS.—Joab, a slave belonging to Senator Fitzpatrick of Mississippi, brought his own cotton crop to Wetumpka on last Saturday and sold it to Bryan & Carter for $160 in clean cash. Nearly all Southern planters allow their slaves a piece of land and a certain number of hours a day during the week to till it, and they generally manage to make a snug little sum out of it. Some of them accumulate considerable amounts in this way, which is deposited in banks or securely invested by their master for them.

This is another evidence of the terrible oppression of the Southern masters by their slaves!

THE SALT MINES OF CRACOW.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

After descending 210 feet we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sand-stone. Thirty feet more and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot to the staircase; overhead a ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt, and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights glimmered ahead, and on turning the corner we came upon a gang of workmen, some hacking away at the solid floor, others trundling wheelbarrows full of precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines—a byzantine excavation, supported by columns with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saints. Francis, especially, is running away like a dip candle, and all of his head is gone except his chin.

The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light turned at the altar, brought into sudden light this strange temple, which presently vanished into darkness as if it had never been seen.

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey of two hours through the labyrinths of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases and vaulted chambers, where one loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in in the wake of his conductor. Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast chasms, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descend to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline walls more pure and brilliant. One hall, 108 feet high, resembled a Grecian theatre, the traces of block taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of a single hall 1,000,000 cwt. of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 40,000,000 inhabitants in Austria one year.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I. and his Empress in another spacious irregular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystaline rock. After we had descended to the bottom of the chamber, a boy ran along above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue lustre on the obelisks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the entrance to deeper halls, and the far roof, fretted with the picks of the workmen. The effect was magical—wonderful. Even the old Prussian, who had the face of an exchange broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upwards:—"It is like a sky full of cloud lambkins." Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downward like the mouth of hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the further end. In these tunnels the workmen, half naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks and the firing of guns (which here so reverberate in the imprisoned air that one can feel every wave of sound,) gave a rough representation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be indeed diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters as we were, looked truly unearthly in our ghostly garments, and the livid glare of the fireworks.

A little further, we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square boat and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which was inscribed in salt letters, "Good luck to you!" In such a place the motto seemed ironical, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon bellowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wise that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the further hall. A tablet inscribed "Heartily welcome!" saluted us on landing. Finally, at the dept of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but half way to the bottom. The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could not conjecture. We then returned thro' scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement.

The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of 1 cwt. each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russia are rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of large cocoons, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1500, all of whom belong to the "upper crust,"—that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gangs, and relieve every six hours. Each gang quarries out, at an average, a little more than 1,000 cwt. of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 4,500,000 cwt! The men we saw were fine muscular, healthy looking fellows, and the officer, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of the field laborers. Scurvy does not occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mines—which stands at 54° of Fahrenheit all the year round, has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where the air is humid salt crystals form upon the wood work. The wood I may here remark never rots, and where untouched, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and having gone through life without ever mounting the upper world. So there goes some other interesting fiction of our youth.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over a half a mile, and its solid depth 600 feet below the surface, and is then uninterrupted by sandstone, such as form the peaks of the Carpathian mountains. Below this there is no probability that it again re appears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may, no doubt, push much further on that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried—and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amount to four hunded and forty miles—it is estimated that at the present rate of exploration, the known supply cannot be exhausted under 300 years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the present amount—4,500,000 cwt. annually—of which she is bound to furnish 30,000 cwt. to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 4,000,000 cwt. to herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines, of two millions of florins, $1,000,000, annually.

It is not known how this wonderful deposit—more precious than gold itself—was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the 12th century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in 'The History of Cracow,' states that a Polish King, who wooed a princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of Wartburg) in the tenth century asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wieliczka, surveyed the ground, and after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few days they found a salt crystal, which the Queen caused to be set in her wedding ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed also, that it stretches northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitement and speculation for a time; but although the mineral was found, the cost of quarrying it was too great, and the enterprise was dropped.

Home.

I know of no passage of classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophon, in his Anabasis describes the effect produced on the remnant of ten thousand Greeks when, after passing through dangers without numbers, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught sight of the sea. Dashing aside bucklers, with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fulness of their delirious pleasures, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, little floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes, came and fanned their weary brows. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and naught was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys. One was again scouring on his fleet steed across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her whose form, amid battle and bivouac was ever with him; a third recalled a proud day when before the streaming eyes of his overjoyed parents, and amid the acclamations of all Greece, he bore off from the competitors the laurel wreath of the Olympian victor.

Oh! home; magical spell, all powerful home! how strong must have been thine influence, if thy faintest memory could cause these bronzed heroes of a thousands fights to weep like tearful women! With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with a sweet fragrance of a flower found in winter, you came across the great waters to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings their souls rest.

Sketch of Washington City.

A correspondent of the Nashville Patriot thus trenchantly cuts up the pretensions, political and social, of that metropolitan sink of iniquity yclept the city of Washington:—

"Washington City, the capital of the nation, the home, during term-time, of the President, (also the temporary residence of five hundred and ten men who confidently expect to be President,) and the seat of the United States Gas Works, (technically called Congress,) is situated in the District of Columbia, a territory covering a horizontal surface of ten miles square, and extending perpendicularly all the way through. As every place in the city is from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and three quarters from everywhere else, Washington is called, in Fourth of July orations, and that style of literature generally, "the city of magnificent distances." It derives its name of Washington from a celebrated continental officer who built the pine huts, and forced his way through a very hard winter at Valley Forge, and made Cornwallis acknowledge the corn at Yorktown. The principal public buildings of the city are the Patent Office, where the Yankees are granted the exclusive right to manufacture and sell India Rubber baby jumpers, double-geared rat traps, Radway's Ready Relief—which is warranted to relieve you from your money, if nothing else—and other valuable inventions of the age; the General Post Office, where they superintend the management of the various mail routes of the country; the National Treasury, an institution of learning which has graduated more men in the art of swindling the Government than any ten similar, or dissimilar, institutions of the world; and the City Jail, which is the only public building in Washington which is devoted to honest purposes at all, both the permanent and temporary residents being too deeply engaged in their own rascalities to think of punishing other people for theirs.

The are two monuments in Washington, one of red granite, erected to the memory of Mr. Smithson, at his own expense; and a monument to the folly, penuriousness and ingratitude of the American people. The latter is about six feet high, with upward (though hopeless) expectations of five or six hundred feet. It is commonly called the Washington or National Monument. General Taylor caught his death in 1850 at the laying of the corner stone of this structure. It is hardly probable that any of his successors will perish at the laying of the cap stone. It is much more probable that President's will be done with at least six weeks before that event arrives.

The imports of Washington consists principally of office seekers and pickpockets (both of which are frequently combined in one,) and fast women, who indirectly make half the laws that are put through Congress. Its exports are disappointed office seekers and whiskey. The latter is generally bottled or rather unbottled in members of Congress for transportation.

During the sitting of Congress, innumerable murders and robberies are committed in this city; but as everything there is above suspicion, and wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, nor take the smallest coin from the Treasury, the perpetrators invariably escape detection. Under these benign auspices, it is a wonder that it cannot or has not been said of Washington, as was recently said of a one-horse town in Kentucky, that if, at the last day, Gabriel should happen to light there first, the resurrection would be indefinitely postponed, for some one of the inhabitants would swindle him out of his horn before he could make a single toot.

Hard Times at the West.

The late commercial revulsion laid its hand heavily upon many of the cities and towns of the West, where the credit system was expanded in an enormous extent, and now nothing is heard from them but a terribly earnest cry of "hard times." The Boston Journal says:

The city of Chicago, which has been the great head quarters of speculation at the West, and were store lots two years ago were worth almost untold gold, feels the reaction with great severity. Business is emphatically down to the "hard pan." What trade there exists is limited to the actual necessities of commerce, and the 'improvements' which depend on flush times are greatly retarted. The price of labor, building materials and produce of all kinds has fallen one hundred per cent, in a year and a half. Real estate is kept up by making no sales, except forced ones. Mortages are not foreclosed by land agents, for the reason that it would prove a loss to the holder, as not enough has been paid by the parties to make up the difference of depreciation in value since the purchase was made to the present time. Hence it is for the interest of the creditor to obtain another payment on the land. The number of unoccupied stores and houses, already counted by hundreds, is increasing daily.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, rents have declined twenty five to fifty per cent, while real estate has, on an average, lost one third of last year's valuation. Outside of the city, the decrease has been greater. Wages have partaken of the downward tendency, and laborers who last year obtained $1.50 per day, are this year forced to be content with ninety cents.

From Iowa, too, there is a general cry of hard times. We hear of young men who have gone from this section to the West during the last six months, to seek employment, who came back with very different notions of the resources of the West from what they had when they started, and purses sadly depleted.

These evidences of pecuniary suffering at the West are by no means pleasant to record. Not only are many of the sufferers our old friends and neighbors, but their misfortunes react upon us. We trust, however, that the rampant spirit of speculation, which has been so rife in that section of the country of late years, has received a check which will lead the people to adopt a more cautious policy, and confine themselves more closely to legitimate operations.

Teach your Children to Swim.

Levi Buck, a boy not 12 years of age, was one of the passengers in the burning steamer Austria, and saved his life by swimming nearly an hour. The brave little fellow is the son of Mr. S. Buck of Washington, D. C. The narrative of this child appears in the Washington Star, and is as intelligible and as interesting as the narratives of adult survivors. He says:

I was under the charge of my aunt, who is about twenty-four years of age. At the time the fire broke out, we were on deck, and the Captain was asleep, and they waked him up, when he rushed upon deck and exclaimed, "Children we are all lost!" The Captain then stripped off his coat and jumped overboard. There was great excitement among the passengers, and they tried to get the fire buckets, but they could not, as the buckets were all fastened and could not be got loose.

The life boats were filled with the passengers while they were still hanging to the ship's side, and the ropes which held them were cut, which plunged the boats and all into the sea. So great was the rush that my aunt and I were separated, and a man by the name of Pollock was hanging to the chains of the anchor, and he called to me to come to him. I then tried to reach him, and was hurried over the heads and shoulders of the throng, who were uncertain which way to go. I slipped down the chains and clinched to Mr. Pollock's neck; and then I held fast for about an hour, when my shirt caught fire. I was all the while holding by Mr. Pollock's hair. When my shirt was on fire Mr. Pollock said, "my boy, we must go," as he plunged into the sea with me clinging to him. As we struck the water I lost my hold of him, and swam about for nearly an hour, when I was taken up by the boat of the Maurice, and about an hour and a half afterwards Mr. Pollock was picked up by one of the boats of the Maurice. When I was clinging to Mr. Pollock's neck the magazine exploded with a terrible noise, and I saw many persons flying in the air.

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☞ There will be four eclipses of the sun in 1859, viz: a partial eclipse on the 2d of February, invisible here; a partial one on the 4th of March, invisible here; another on the 28th of July, partial, and very small; it will end at 41 minutes past six evening; another one August 27th, visible only in the Great Southern ocean.

There will be two eclipses of the moon. The first one on the 17th of February, will be total. It will commence at 13 minutes past four o'clock in the morning middle six o'clock, and ½ before eight. The other one, Aug. 13th, will not be visible.