

tact is obeyed. Talent is honored with approbation; tact is blessed with preference. Place them in the Senate—talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins the heart, and gains its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place, with a sweet silence and glissando of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporaneous apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never tanks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano forte. It has all the air of commonplaceness, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a key presto movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly changing a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound, without profundity, and without wit outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs, tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humor leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for posterity, which will never repay it; tact catches the passion of the passing hour, talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is a good thing to talk about, and be proud of, but tact is useful, portable, always alive, always marketable. It is the talents of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

The Overland Emigration of 1850.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, Sept. 10. After enduring what no man should for gold alone, (not one in a thousand would do it the second time.) I am in California. Throughout the entire route we maintained about a center position in the Emigration. Probably a few remarks regarding its condition would not be uninteresting to your readers. The last 600 miles travel was attended with comparatively no sickness. I did not notice a dozen graves the entire distance. Packers reported a terrible sickness behind, the truth of which I don't vouch for. The most sickly part of the route we passed over was on Sweet Water.

The Emigration receives molestation from no Indians but the "Diggers" of Shoshone tribe, and I have not seen or heard of an emigrant but lost more or less stock by them. Hundreds had every hoof taken, and were obliged to foot it the balance of the distance. I know of five or six lives being lost in skirmishing with them in endeavoring to recover stolen stock.

An extreme amount of suffering attended the latter end of the route, for want of Provisions, and as half are still behind, unless succor meets it, there will be great suffering. Thousands were entirely destitute and were obliged to make that distance with no other means of living but upon the roots, berries and small game they could pick up, and the charity of emigrants. Many, having no money to buy and too proud to beg, lived for a month on raspberries, &c. In fact, those who had no money and made known their situation, got along better than those possessing money, for the latter were always refused, hoping they would soon find those possessing provisions to exchange for money, while no such excuses could be urged against the importunities of the former. I know of no actual case of starvation, because there seemed to be united feeling and interest among all Californians, that would not permit another to suffer while there was meat to divide. On Carson River the needy met a Relief Station, established by citizens of California.

The Overland Emigration must indeed reap a golden harvest to repay it for its necessary sacrifices, its losses, and the hardships and privations experienced.

Permit me to give you a single scene. The entire route presents a similar aspect, though not quite so frightful in its features. Many believe there are dead animals enough on the Desert (45 miles) between Humboldt Lake and Carson River, to pave a road the whole distance. We will make a moderate estimate, and say there is a dead animal to every five feet left on the Desert this season, which would make about 45,000 head. This number, at the low average of \$50 for horses, mules and cattle, would produce over 2,000,000! I counted 153 wagons within one and a half miles. Not half those left were to be seen, being burnt to make lights in the night, &c. Before all is over, there will be as many as 100 wagons to the mile, which at \$100 make \$10,000,000. Then the Desert is strewn with all other kinds of property—tools, clothes, crockery, harness, &c., &c., and there cannot be left on this Desert this season less than \$3,000,000 of property. No emigrant upon reflection will dispute this.

My short residence here will not justify me in making any remarks upon the country; but this I know, Sir, that California of 1849 is not California of 1850. A great change has taken place, and this year's emigration is most egregiously disappointed. Surface mining yields nothing near the amount it did last year. Labor rates from \$2 to \$5 per day, and hundreds are working for their board; but the latter are usually the necessitous, possessing neither money, tools, nor provisions to go to work with, and consequently compelled to accept any offer.

A word more and I am done. Let all who will come to California come by the Isthmus, this way; being the cheapest, most expeditious, and attended with less risk to life and fortune. Yours, &c. L. M. W.



The Lehigh Register.

Circulation near 2000.

Allentown, Pa.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1860.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and 169 Nassau street, (Tribune Buildings,) New York, is our authorized Agent for receiving advertisements and subscriptions to the *Lehigh Register* and collecting and receipting for the same.

Fire Companies' Parade.

The several Fire Companies of the Borough of Allentown, will have a *Firemen's Parade*, on Saturday next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. They will be out in full uniform, their Engines appropriately decorated, and march through the principal streets in town. At 6 o'clock they will partake of a *Firemen's Feast* at the house of Col. Eli Stockel.

We have no doubt the procession will make a very imposing appearance, as the companies have labored hard for some time in putting their apparatus in the best and most beautiful order.

A large crowd of people from the country will no doubt be in town that day, and we dare say, that none will regret having been present on this interesting occasion.

Sudden Death.

Peter Howarth, Esq., an aged and well known resident of Montgomery county, near Lino Lexington, died suddenly in his field, on Monday the 11th instant, from an attack of apoplexy, while hauling corn-fodder. He had hold of the bridle rein of one of his horses when he fell, the wagon passing over him; but being lightly loaded, would not have caused his death. His pulse was felt a few moments after he fell, but it had ceased to beat.

Though at the advanced age of seventy-five, he was an active and useful man. He held the commission of Captain during the war of 1812, when he was in actual service, and has filled several responsible offices in his native county. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances, who deeply sympathized with the stricken family who were so suddenly called to mourn the loss of their beloved head.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,

For God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide:

He gave thee, he took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where the just are made perfect at Jesus's side."

MUSTER ROLL

Of the Northampton Blues.

The following is a copy of the muster-roll of Captain John F. Roche's company, the "Northampton Blues," which marched from this place, for Camp Dapont, in the early part of October, 1814, and was in the service of the United States from October 7th to December 5th of that year:

John F. Roche, Captain.
Jacob Blomer, First Lieutenant.
Solomon Fatzinger, Second Lieutenant.*
William Miller, First Sergeant.
William Dobbins, Second Sergeant.*
John Mohr, Third Sergeant.
George Keiper, Drummer.
John Klotz, Fifer.*

Privates.
1 John Miller,* 23 Jacob Mickly,
2 G. Kauffman,* 24 Sam. Horn,
3 And. Gangwere,* 25 Wm. Keiper,
4 Isaac Gangwere,* 26 Wm. Weaver,
5 Benjamin Raser,* 27 Charles Weaver,
6 Isaac Gossler, 28 David Hauck,
7 David Huber, 29 Henry Gross,*
8 John Wagner, 30 Henry Reinhard,
9 G. Haberacker, 31 G. Meriz,*
10 John Good, 32 Adam Gudekunst,*
11 Charles A. Rule, 33 Andrew Klotz,
12 Charles Ebnor,* 34 Peter Keiclein,
13 Jacob Mohr, 35 William Keiclein,
14 Matthias Sventk, 36 Wm. Ginkinger,*
15 Daniel Keiper, 37 Henry Stadler,*
16 B. Balliet, 38 John Stadler,*
17 Leonard Nagle, 39 Daniel Swander,
18 Abram. Derr,* 40 John Weil,*
19 J. Wilson, 41 Christian Seip,
20 Chas. L. Hutter,* 42 John Keep,*
21 Peter Biery, 43 George Spinner,*
22 Jacob Hauck,* 44 Peter Keiper,
The names marked thus (*) are dead.

The Daily News.

John P. Sanderson, Esq., has disposed of his interest in the establishment of the *Daily News*, to Joseph R. Flaigan, Esq. by whom it is now published. Mr. Sanderson still aids in the editorial department of the paper. It is a decided Whig paper, and worthy of the support of the Whigs.

Illustrated Domestic Bible.

The 9th number of this work has been received. Its character in illustrations and the execution of the work is fully sustained. It is well calculated to obtain an extensive circulation over the country. The work is to be completed in twenty-five numbers, at twenty-five cents each. Samuel Houston, Publisher, No. 139 Nassau street, New York. Will the Publisher send us No. 8 of the Illustrated Bible?

Appointment.

Mrs. James A. Rice, to be Postmistress in the Borough of Bethlehem.

Mrs. Rice is the widow of the late Postmaster at Bethlehem. The duties of the office, since the decease of Mr. Rice, have been discharged by Mr. J. Lerch, Jr., who we presume will continue to act.

Reading.

"Make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be but a single sentence. A short paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. For this purpose keep some valuable paper or book always within your reach, so that you may lay your hand on it at any moment when you are about the house."

We feel as if there was no danger of too frequently or too earnestly urging our young friends every where to read more than they do. No young man ever failed to be greatly benefited by the habit of reading. No man can know much without attentive reading. It is the foundation of everything. A man or woman who finds time to read cannot fail to grow more learned and better in every respect. It is the right kind of reading that makes men ignorant, perverse and tenacious in holding on to old injurious habits and customs.

Our young men might read much more than they do. Every mechanic has abundant time these long mornings and evenings for studious reading—our young women also. Why does the clerk lay on his counter or desk half the time idle, and read nothing? Why will the farmer who can raise a four in the morning in Summer, when labor is most severe, and work till eight in the evening, lie in bed all day now, when his labor ceases two hours earlier in the evening? Every such boy could save an hour in the morning for reading, if he wished. And who does not know that the reading young man makes the best mechanic, whether he chooses to shove the plain, wicket hammer or tap the shoe? Who does not know that they become our best Planners, School-teachers, Physicians, Lawyers and Clergymen? All are aware of it, then why the sleepy apathetic that entrains so many? It is not because they have not the opportunity. They have access to a newspaper, but are too indolent to read it. They have a quarter for the Circus or Theatre, while the same money would purchase a book. Always keep the word *read* in your minds. Have it written in large letters over the mantle piece, that it may stare you in the face whenever you enter the door. We may be enthusiastic on this point. There is no cause to be so. No active mind can contemplate the apathy and ignorance that yet abounds among us, without being stimulated to renewed exertion to push on the era of progress.

The Propagandist.

A Serial issued every other Wednesday, devoted to Practical Reform, especially in matters of self-education, but chiefly to the whigs and spelling reformation, is published by John P. Troy, 49 and 51 Ann street, New York. Stephen P. Andrews, editor. Terms, \$1 per annum. This sheet promises to be ably conducted, and will no doubt prove interesting to teachers and others.

Treatment of Scarlet Fever.

An eminent physician of Washington City, Harvey Lindley, has recommended the following treatment for scarlet fever, practised by Dr. Schmeemann, Physician to the King of Hanover, as contained in a recent number of the *London Lancet*: "From the first day of the illness, and soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be robbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is every where applied. In order to make this rubbing in somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, choosing a part still armed with the rind, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece slice are to be made, in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of this application are soon obvious, with a rapidity bordering on magic, all even the most painful symptoms of the disease, are allayed; quiet sleep, good humor, appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick-room.

Railroad to the Pacific.

The surveys of the routes for a railroad from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific are progressing under the orders of the topographical bureau. Some months since two lines were ordered to be surveyed from the valley of the Mississippi to Red river, via one from St. Louis, Mo., and another from Lake Providence, La.; just above Vicksburg, both converging to about Fulton, on the Red river; from this point westward to the Paso de Norte, through the Indian country, a mere reconnaissance was deemed sufficient; and from El Paso to the Pacific, the organization of the Mexican boundary survey is such as to effect the object. From Lake Providence to Fulton, a distance of 210 miles, a regular survey was made, and the field work finished, under the charge of Mr. Sidell, the accomplished engineer, who executed the surveys of the Panama railroad. From St. Louis to Fulton a similar survey is still in progress, and from this point to El Paso a reconnaissance has been made by the officers of the topographical corps. The surveys on the southern line demonstrated that a work was entirely practicable at moderate cost, whether a railroad or common road, to both of which the instructions of the Government directed the attention of engineers. Between the Mississippi and Washington rivers, about seventy-five miles, the country is all alluvial, and from thirty to thirty-five of this the regular Mississippi swamp. Beyond the Washita, the country is moderately hilly, with rock in the hills, and this continues to the Red river. All the streams, however, have alluvial bottoms. It is a curious fact, that from the eastern bank of this river, the land continues to rise as the Mississippi is approached, until its very banks are reached.—*Daily News*.

J. G. Bennett's Opinion of the next Presidential Election.

The President making season comes round once in four years. It opens a year or two before the election. It is now opening. It opens among the newspapers, and in all sorts of colors, shapes and forms, according to the cliques, parties, or motives of the various organs. It was mixed up to some extent in the late election; but at the next session of Congress it will boil and ferment, and hiss and bubble like a beer barrel. We shall have the season fairly opened with all the gas, clap-trap, and Bon-combe of the old stagers; and all the reports, and speeches, and debates, and resolutions will be offered with an eye to the White House, in 1852. President making is a good business. The cotton mills and the wool weavers may suffer from the ad valorem; the iron business in Pennsylvania may be turned over to the sheriff; but the Presidential business, based upon the profits of the custom house, never fails. It stands upon the same sure footing as the cotton trade of the South, or the gold washings and the dry diggings of California.

Look at the profits. Figures can't lie, except in Wall-street speculations upon election returns, or price of stocks. We have a confederacy of thirty-one States—stretching from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the icebergs to the sugar plantations—and are pushing hard upon twenty-five millions of people, soon to be thirty, and forty, and fifty, if we keep the peace in the family. The revenues of the Federal government, disbursed in the spoils of office, and in the leakages, and pickings, and stealings, will amount hereafter to at least fifty millions a year, scattered all over the country, from the President down to the justice of the peace, who gets his five or ten dollars fee upon a runaway nigger. Fifty millions a year! Equal for two dollars all round, to every man, woman, and child in the Union. But the party getting the President takes the pile. A hundred and fifty thousand office holders come in for shares, big and little; and the prize money thus divided, including the women and children, supports at least half a million of people, exclusive of the French language, music, pianos, pet poochies, and cyder suppers. In four years, the profits of the Presidency run up to two hundred millions! What a bank!

The campaign for 1852, with these \$200,000,000 at stake, opens first with the newspapers, then in Congress, then all over the country. Isn't it rich?

Now what are the elements at work? Who are to be the candidates? And first, who is foremost among the democracy? General Cass is undoubtedly ahead, Mr. Buchanan is close after him, and the Cuba speculators are pushing General Houston into notice. But appearances lead to the suspicion that General Cass may be stealthily cast overboard, as Van Buren was in '44, and that all the standing dishes will be ruled out, and a new man, that nobody can abuse, because nobody will know anything about him, may be taken up just as Colonel Polk was nominated and elected.

The Whigs have three prominent men in the field—Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, and General Scott, to say nothing of Mr. Fillmore, who professes to have none of the lofty aspirations of John Tyler in the same position. Gen. Scott would be their most popular man for New York or New Jersey, by all odds; but the whig party in the North is so cut up with Sewardism, land reform, woman's rights, and the Stratford mysteries, that it is extremely doubtful whether they will be able to get any candidate who will cotton to the whigs of the South. If they cant, they will be without any regular candidate at all. Scrabs, then, will be their only chance. But that will only make the matter worse. A scrub race, throwing the election in the House, will kill the whigs—stone dead—neither of the old parties will kick after it.—The only chance for either is in a strong national candidate upon national principles; but that is a difficulty of the worst kind, and God only knows how they are to get over it. Indeed, both parties are so cut up by sectional cliques and squabbles, that even in the House of Representatives there is no telling the exact result. There we shall have the revolution.

We are just in the opening of the President making season. Everything is in confusion and chaos. There is a deep movement on foot for General Scott, but, if he is wise, he will have nothing to do with it. He has glory enough, and honor enough, to satisfy the highest ambition. While the Presidency could add nothing to it, the fate of Harrison and Tyler should be considered as prophetic. Let the agitators, the politicians, and the demagogues, the insiders and outsiders, have the squabble to themselves for a while. Both parties will have trouble enough—the whigs with the northern nullifiers, and the democrats with the Southern seceders. The Southern ultras may possibly refuse to mix in the contest at all, or they may have a candidate of their own; and then, they may dictate the candidate of the House; and the chances are that the Nashville Convention movement will carry the day. The whole business, from beginning to end, nullifiers, seceders, land reformers, abolitionists, whigs, and democrats, are now in a state of ferment, and the gas must be let off at the coming session before anything definite can be understood.

Our duty and our policy are plain and simple. We shall stand guard—we shall watch—we shall pray—we shall superintend the proceedings. We shall not enter a candidate this time. It don't pay—it is a losing business to a man whose time is better employed in watching the tricks of the game. We prefer the humble post of a man-midwife, when the republic is in labor; and while we shall assist in the accouchement, we shall not be responsible for what the struggle may bring in the world, whether it may be another Old Hickory, or another victim for the political hacks at Washington. The season opens in a thick mist; but the political equinoctial has yet to come. The theme is rich—very rich—rich as cream. We see an opening in the fog. We are entering a new political cycle. Old things are dying out. The Union will stand, but whigs and democrats will go down among the ruins of 1852.—The breakers are ahead. It looks like a scrub race—and that the Nashville Convention ultras will yet put in their own man for next President in 1852.

Awful Murder.

An awful murder was committed this morning under the following circumstances. A German, an acquaintance of one of his countrymen who kept a beer house at 51 Dey street, was given lodgings for Thursday night, and at 2 o'clock on Friday morning got up and stabbed the keeper, and two sons in bed, killing the father instantly, and wounding one of the sons so badly that his life is despaired of. The other son may recover. The bodies were all taken to the Third Ward Police Station. The murderer knew that the keeper had some three hundred dollars in his house, which is supposed to account for the act.

Further Particulars.—Never perhaps, has a more diabolical, wilful and deliberate murder been perpetrated than the one we are about to record, which occurred this morning at two o'clock, at the house No. 51 Dey street, occupied by a Belgian named Charles Maria Rousseau and his family, who have lived there but a short time. During their sojourn at that place, they have occasionally been visited by one of their countrymen named Henry Carnal, who of late had ascertained that his friends had nearly \$250 in ready money laid away for future use, which it seems he had determined to use desperate means if necessary to obtain.

Last evening, shortly before 9 o'clock, Carnal arrived from Newark, N. J., and being prior and having in view the money in question, he applied to his benefactors for supper and a night's lodging. The elder Rousseau objected to his staying all night, but his two sons Louis and Charles consented, and said that Carnal might sleep in the room with them, and for that purpose laid a mattress on the floor on which he was to sleep.

All things being ready, the two brothers above mentioned and the murderer entered at about 9 o'clock, all of whom lay quietly until 11 o'clock this morning, when Carnal cautiously arose, took from a private pocket a huge dirk knife and stabbed Louis in the abdomen inflicting an awful wound through which the entrails protruded in an instant.

The cries of the wounded man aroused his brother Charles, who was struck in the neck and side with the weapon, through which wounds the blood flowed in torrents. The father and a younger son, who were sleeping in another room, heard cries for assistance, when the former jumped out of bed, seized a bundle of knives and spoons, which were tied together, and went to the room of his sons, immediately on entering which he came in contact with the fiend Carnal, who stabbed him in the neck, severing the jugular vein. The three wounded persons then fled to the street and gave the alarm, after which the old gentleman fainted from loss of blood, sunk on the pavement, where, in a few moments, he was found by officer McCullough, perfectly dead, his head supported in the lap of one of his sons, while over his dead body stood the other son whose affection for their murdered parent, notwithstanding their own awful condition, constrained them to not leave him alone.

Dr. Munson Jones, residing at No. 148 Chambers street, was at once called, and came promptly to the dreadful scene. He dressed the wounds of the two young men, and rendered every assistance in his power to alleviate their sufferings.—He thinks their recovery next to impossibility. After everything possible was done for the sufferers, they, with their lamented parent, were conveyed to the 3d Ward Station House, where Capt. Hopkins made every exertion to aid the sufferers.

The awful wretch who perpetrated the crime was not discovered until daylight, when he was found and arrested by the above named officer in the rear yard of Mr. Andrews, No. 47 Dey street.

Coroner Geer was called to hold an inquest on the body of the deceased, who is 66 years of age. The testimony in the main is as above stated.—Verdict not yet rendered.—*New York Express*, November 15.

Music in Man.—The universal disposition of human beings, from the cradle to the death bed, to express their feelings in measured cadences of sound and action, proves that our bodies are constructed on musical principles, and that the harmonious working of their machinery depends on the movements of the several parts being timed to each other, and that the destruction of health, as regards both body and mind, may be well described as being out of tune. Our intellectual and moral vigor would be better sustained if we more practically studied the propriety of keeping the soul in harmony, by regulating the movements of the body; for we should thus see and feel that every affection which is now connected with social enjoyment, is also destructive of individual comforts, and that whatever tends to harmonize, also tends to promote happiness and health.

Who is to be our next Governor.—By the Constitution of Massachusetts it will devolve on the House of Representatives, on the failure of a choice of Governor by the people to select two of the candidates from the four who may receive the greatest number of the votes of the people. Three of these candidates will of course be Gov. Briggs, and Messrs. Boutwell and Phillips, and it is not improbable that Mr. John P. Bigelow will be the fourth. In this event the anti-Whig House will have it in their power to send to the anti-Whig Senate, the name of Mr. Bigelow; in which event the latter gentleman would stand an excellent chance of being elected. Stranger things have happened. Mr. Bigelow would be a highly popular and acceptable chief magistrate. Mr. Bigelow's chance is certainly much better, than it was the morning after the Faneuil Hall meeting, by which he was nominated.—*Boston Transcript*.

A Thrilling Scene.

The thrilling Tiger scene described below occurred at Toronto, (Canada) some time ago: "An affair occurred at our exhibition on Tuesday last, of the most intensely exciting and terrific description, and which, but for the intrepidity, daring and presence of Van Amburg, would certainly have resulted in the horrible death of our old friend, Mons. Hidralgo. The circumstances were as follows: At about nine o'clock in the evening, Hidralgo went into a cage in which had been placed our largest Panther, the Bengal Tiger, the African Lioness, the Spotted Leopard, a Cougar, and the Hyena. The exhibition proceeded, and Hidralgo seemed to have the animals completely under his control, and the audience seemed to be both delighted and interested at the daring of the "Tamer." The performance had progressed very nearly to its close, when, from some unaccountable cause, the Tiger became sulky, and refused to leap. He struck him with a whip, which so enraged the furious beast, that breaking through all discipline, and with one bound and a yell of fury that terrified the audience, he rushed upon Hidralgo, and brought him to the floor of the cage. He could do nothing—he had lost all control over the brute. Every thing was in confusion, women fainted, others screamed in terror, children cried, and the men seemed paralyzed. It would have been all up with poor Hidralgo had not Van Amburg, who was on the other side of the arena, rushed to the spot; in an instant he was in the cage, and in less time than it takes me to write it, he had the enraged animal under his feet in perfect subjection, and released his friend from his perilous situation, fortunately more frightened than hurt. Van Amburg's presence of mind, his courage and intrepidity are deserving of all praise, which he received in three hearty cheers from the audience. For the time it lasted, some two or three minutes, the most intense excitement prevailed."

Results of Intermarriage.

The human tree requires constant and varied grafting, with stock of opposite habits and qualities, to keep vigorous, or to improve. Those who want the best children, should marry their opposites, in all physical qualities. The following shows the result of the contrary system:—

"Mr. S. D. Knox arrived at the Tremont House yesterday, with two Kaana children, a boy and a girl, of an almost extinct race of Central America. They are the most outre looking objects ever brought to this country; but they are natural humans, notwithstanding that their appearance at the first glance is rather against them.—The boy is thirty-two inches in height, and weighs sixteen pounds, and in the opinion of Dr. Gilman Watts, of New York, is about ten years of age. The girl is twenty-eight inches in height, weighs fourteen pounds, and is about eight years of age.

"Their heads are not larger than a new-born infant's, and they may be almost said to be destitute of foreheads, while their noses are finely developed, straight, and long, and project at a well-defined angle. Their eyes are full, dark and lustrous. Their heads are covered with strong, dark hair, which descends forward nearly to the eye-brows. The face is very sharp, the upper lip projecting, and the chin receding in a corresponding degree. Notwithstanding the almost entire absence of forehead, there is not in the profile view the least resemblance to the Simmii tribe.

"They are said to belong to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood, called Kaanas, which, by constant intermarriage within their own caste, has dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature, and imbecile in intellect. Their heads and faces resemble exactly the figures on the bas-reliefs on the temple ruins described in Mr. Steven's Central America.

"They are orphans, and, at the close of a war between two of the Aztec tribes, fell into the hands of a traveller named Hammond. They are lively, playful and affectionate, but all attempts to teach them a word of English have thus far proved unsuccessful; but they occasionally utter a few gibberish sounds."—*Boston Post*.

Excellent in Mississippi.—The reception of Gen. Foote, in Mississippi, is marked by strong vicissitudes. At Columbus his "brilliant" speech was well received, and at Jackson he was welcomed with a salute of artillery. At Jackson and in Madison, if we are to believe his former admirers and now prejudiced opponents, he met with "perfect discomfiture." At the latter place, we learn from the same authority, Gen. Foote was, in the discussion, denounced by Hon. Franklin Smith as "a traitor, and as desecrating his seat in the United States Senate," and the "people became so exasperated, in the course of the evening, that Mr. Foote was hung in effigy." These statements we receive with many grains of allowance. The "Mississippi," however, says: "There is a majority of at least 40,000 in Mississippi in favor of prompt and effective resistance.

Causes of Failures in Business.—An excellent writer in "Hunt's Magazine" enumerates the following causes of failure among business men: 1. The leading one is an ambition to be rich—by grasping too much, it defeats itself. 2. Another cause is aversion to labor. The third cause is an impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been acquired in any way. 4. Another cause arises from the want of some deeper principle for the distinguishing between right and wrong, than reference merely to what is established as honorable in the society in which one happens to be situated.

New York Elections.—The official return of the New York election shows that in the Senate the Whigs have 17, and the Democrats 15 members. In the House the Whigs have 82, the Democrats 44, and the Independents 2. On joint ballot the Whigs have 99; opposition 61.

Life Insurance.—The Administrator of the estate of Henry Metzger, late of Lancaster city, deceased, has drawn one thousand dollars from the Trenton Mutual Life Insurance Company, for a life policy, which the deceased held in said company.

A Thrilling Scene.

The thrilling Tiger scene described below occurred at Toronto, (Canada) some time ago: "An affair occurred at our exhibition on Tuesday last, of the most intensely exciting and terrific description, and which, but for the intrepidity, daring and presence of Van Amburg, would certainly have resulted in the horrible death of our old friend, Mons. Hidralgo. The circumstances were as follows: At about nine o'clock in the evening, Hidralgo went into a cage in which had been placed our largest Panther, the Bengal Tiger, the African Lioness, the Spotted Leopard, a Cougar, and the Hyena. The exhibition proceeded, and Hidralgo seemed to have the animals completely under his control, and the audience seemed to be both delighted and interested at the daring of the "Tamer." The performance had progressed very nearly to its close, when, from some unaccountable cause, the Tiger became sulky, and refused to leap. He struck him with a whip, which so enraged the furious beast, that breaking through all discipline, and with one bound and a yell of fury that terrified the audience, he rushed upon Hidralgo, and brought him to the floor of the cage. He could do nothing—he had lost all control over the brute. Every thing was in confusion, women fainted, others screamed in terror, children cried, and the men seemed paralyzed. It would have been all up with poor Hidralgo had not Van Amburg, who was on the other side of the arena, rushed to the spot; in an instant he was in the cage, and in less time than it takes me to write it, he had the enraged animal under his feet in perfect subjection, and released his friend from his perilous situation, fortunately more frightened than hurt. Van Amburg's presence of mind, his courage and intrepidity are deserving of all praise, which he received in three hearty cheers from the audience. For the time it lasted, some two or three minutes, the most intense excitement prevailed."

Results of Intermarriage.

The human tree requires constant and varied grafting, with stock of opposite habits and qualities, to keep vigorous, or to improve. Those who want the best children, should marry their opposites, in all physical qualities. The following shows the result of the contrary system:—

"Mr. S. D. Knox arrived at the Tremont House yesterday, with two Kaana children, a boy and a girl, of an almost extinct race of Central America. They are the most outre looking objects ever brought to this country; but they are natural humans, notwithstanding that their appearance at the first glance is rather against them.—The boy is thirty-two inches in height, and weighs sixteen pounds, and in the opinion of Dr. Gilman Watts, of New York, is about ten years of age. The girl is twenty-eight inches in height, weighs fourteen pounds, and is about eight years of age.

"Their heads are not larger than a new-born infant's, and they may be almost said to be destitute of foreheads, while their noses are finely developed, straight, and long, and project at a well-defined angle. Their eyes are full, dark and lustrous. Their heads are covered with strong, dark hair, which descends forward nearly to the eye-brows. The face is very sharp, the upper lip projecting, and the chin receding in a corresponding degree. Notwithstanding the almost entire absence of forehead, there is not in the profile view the least resemblance to the Simmii tribe.

"They are said to belong to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood, called Kaanas, which, by constant intermarriage within their own caste, has dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature, and imbecile in intellect. Their heads and faces resemble exactly the figures on the bas-reliefs on the temple ruins described in Mr. Steven's Central America.

"They are orphans, and, at the close of a war between two of the Aztec tribes, fell into the hands of a traveller named Hammond. They are lively, playful and affectionate, but all attempts to teach them a word of English have thus far proved unsuccessful; but they occasionally utter a few gibberish sounds."—*Boston Post*.

Excellent in Mississippi.—The reception of Gen. Foote, in Mississippi, is marked by strong vicissitudes. At Columbus his "brilliant" speech was well received, and at Jackson he was welcomed with a salute of artillery. At Jackson and in Madison, if we are to believe his former admirers and now prejudiced opponents, he met with "perfect discomfiture." At the latter place, we learn from the same authority, Gen. Foote was, in the discussion, denounced by Hon. Franklin Smith as "a traitor, and as desecrating his seat in the United States Senate," and the "people became so exasperated, in the course of the evening, that Mr. Foote was hung in effigy." These statements we receive with many grains of allowance. The "Mississippi," however, says: "There is a majority of at least 40,000 in Mississippi in favor of prompt and effective resistance.

Causes of Failures in Business.—An excellent writer in "Hunt's Magazine" enumerates the following causes of failure among business men: 1. The leading one is an ambition to be rich—by grasping too much, it defeats itself. 2. Another cause is aversion to labor. The third cause is an impatient desire to enjoy the luxuries of life before the right to them has been acquired in any way. 4. Another cause arises from the want of some deeper principle for the distinguishing between right and wrong, than reference merely to what is established as honorable in the society in which one happens to be situated.

New York Elections.—The official return of the New York election shows that in the Senate the Whigs have 17, and the Democrats 15 members. In the House the Whigs have 82, the Democrats 44, and the Independents 2. On joint ballot the Whigs have 99; opposition 61.

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