THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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SPRING'S FORAY.

BY READ THORNTON.

By the flowry-banked Floridian river
The young Spring lay;
Glinting sunbeams filled his quiver
That February day;
Beside him peeped the violet's eye,
And scented the breeze the orange blow;
The Virginia red-bird whistled nigh,
Beat south by the northern snow!

On his shield of golden sunshine
The young Spring lay;
The flaming spear he held was made
Of lightning flashed in May;
"Thou, tyrant Winter! hast come down
And overpassed they line!
I'll have a foray in thy field,
Since thou hast camped in mine!
Since over my southern floral clime
Thy snows have dared to brood,
I'll try which is the stronger,
The gentle or the rude.

"Gather! south-winds, gather!
Breeze up for the North!
Birds of sunny feather,
For the rear come forth!"
Northward trooped the gallant Spring,
While Winter, cowed, retreated,
And left the plain for mountain tops,
Without a fight defeated;
Where Hudson's rocks like dragons gape,
Spring breaks their icy teeth,
And from the valley's turfy lap
He melts the snowy wreath—
Through mildest days he keeps the field,
While Winter northward rallies,
And made an ambush for the Spring
That with his danger dallies—
But the still woods hear the battle cry,
And warn the gentle Spring to fly!

Down from the Adirondack
This second morn of Spring
Come the vast æriel surges
Their foam like snows to fling—
Like hungry wolves of Labrador
The gusty winds will howl and roar
Yet bonny Spring, God bless thee
For thy brief and bright foray—
We'll mingle with the winds of March
Thy foretaste of the May!
And when the early April
Shall deck with flowers the wood—
'Twill prove for thee the gentle
Is stronger than the rude!

STRIKING BACK.

Gov. Pollock has some pluck in him. From the contemptuous manner in which many of his political associates spoke of him, and his apparent want of all manly resentment for their insults, we had got to regard him as of small account, a creature with no mind of his own, who would allow even his persecutors, by bravado, to dictate the disposal of the executive patronage. But we had underrated him in that respect. It seems he is not so abject that he can be trodden upon by every body with impunity. He has shown that he is not altogether lost to a proper sense of manhood and self-respect.

The late mongrel Convention at Harrisburg treated him most shamefully. It was composed of the representatives of all the factions that had made him Governor, they assumed still to occupy the same position before the country—being simply that of hostility to the democracy, in that he was with them to the utmost—he was their Chief—and, by all the rules of common decency and the uniform practice of parties, he was nettled to some friendly recognition, to something else than a scornful, silent contempt. But they passed him by without the slightest notice, a cruel insult to any man, but particularly galling to an aspiring politician. They had fixed up a ticket after a two days' session nominating a candidate for successor to the Governor himself and a couple of gentlemen for the Supreme Bench, understood to be distasteful to him. They passed a batch of high sounding resolutions, in which no notice whatever was taken of his administration. And then some gentlemen, members of the Convention, called on him to appoint to the vacancy on the Supreme Bench one of the Convention's candidates. This was too much. The Governor declined to oblige the gentlemen, expressed his chagrin to the discourtesy towards himself, and said that "he had desired to support the nominees of the Convention, but after its course he did not see how he could take any part in the canvass."

He spoke as a man of spirit would do, and he has carried out the sentiments he then expressed by appointing Mr. Armstrong, of Lycoming county, to fill the vacancy on the Bench occasioned by Judge Black's resignation. Both Mr. Veech and Mr. Lewis were urged upon him, but the men who nominated them had insulted him and the vindication of himself prompted him to select another, leaving the Convention to take care of its own favorites. The personal friends of the Governor will probably carry the matter still further to and show their dissatisfaction on the day of the election.—*Pittsburg Union.*

☞ If any one speak ill of thee, flee home to thy own conscience and examine thy heart; if thou be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instuction; make use of both, so shalt thou distil honey out of gall and of an open enemy make a secret friend.

An Unjust Assault upon Chief Justice Taney.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of the 8th inst. says:

"Chief Justice Taney's decision that negroes are not citizens of the United States, and consequently not entitled to sue in the federal courts, is not only in contradiction to the action of the executive department of the government and some of the laws of Congress, but is in the very teeth of a former decision of the Supreme Court, delivered by the Chief Justice himself in 1843. An Albany contemporary copies from the first volume of Howard's Reports the decision of the court in the case of James Ash, a Maryland negro, who sued for his freedom in the circuit court of the district of Columbia, as Dred Scott did in that of Missouri. The case was in like manner carried up to the Supreme Court, and the following decision was delivered by Chief Justice Taney."

This does great injustice to the Chief Justice and the whole court. The case of Ash and Williams, referred to, was instituted in the circuit court for the district of Columbia, which is the only existing court of record having civil jurisdiction therein. It has full and complete jurisdiction in all cases. The act of the 27th of February, 1801, provides:

"That there shall be a court in the said District, which shall be called the circuit court of the District of Columbia," and "that said court shall have cognizance of all [crimes and offences committed within said District] and of all cases in law and equity between parties both or either of which shall be resident or be found within said District."

In short, the circuit court has all the jurisdiction in the District which both State and national courts have in the several States, without regard to citizenship, alienage, or residence. This is not so out of the District, and in the States where the United States circuit courts have only a limited jurisdiction. By the judiciary act of 1789 the civil jurisdiction of those courts in suits of a civil nature of common law or in equity is confined to cases where the United States are parties plaintiff, "or an alien is a party, or the suit is between a citizen of the State where the suit is brought and a citizen of another State." This statute, based upon the words of the constitution, remains unaltered except in patent cases. In the case of Dred Scott the plaintiff did not sue as an alien, nor claim to be such, but alleged that he was a "citizen," and insisted the court had jurisdiction on the very ground of citizenship. The Supreme Court, following the past judicial dicisions and the opinion of Wm. Wirt, as Attorney General, held that he was not a citizen.

The opposition must be hard pressed for arguments to refute those of the decision of the court, when they resort to such gross efforts to deceive the public in relation to the past action of the court. The authors of this attack well knew that the question of citizenship was not involved in Ash's case, and that the courts had jurisdiction under the laws of the District, where Congress, by the constitution, had the power, and exercised it, to pass laws, which they could not make applicable in the several States. These deceptions must deprive those engaged in making them of the confidence of those whom they intend to deceive.—*Washington Union.*

Chief Justice Taney and Slavery.

It has suited the Abolition journals to represent this gentleman as a large slaveholder; whereas the following seems to be the fact, from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

"Let the decision speak for itself; but Mr. Taney, personally, is opposed to slavery, in principle and practice. Forty years ago, though never wealthy, he freed every negro in his possession, and has paid servant's wages ever since. They were all valuable, and one, his body servant, has been the head waiter in one of the largest hotels in Baltimore for many years.

Judge Taney has always been the truest friend of the black man, and it is related by a cotemporary that the most eloquent speech he ever made was at the Frederick County bar, in defence of a little negro girl, in which he thrilled his auditors by exalting the happy construction of our courts and the justice of our laws in allowing the business of the circuit to be stopped, in order to give that poor little negro her rights and her lawful protection. And although the little creature had most likely committed crime, Mr. Taney's eloquent appeal rescued her from the vengeance of the law. Thus have all his acts, public and private, been characterized by justice and generosity."

We would suggest to those editors who have indulged in pro-Slavery anathemas against this humane and distinguished jurist, that they do his reputation the justice to give the above fact a place in their columns.—They will not be expected to apologize for past wrongs done him, but they should evince a desire to disabuse the minds of their friends and readers, by correcting their errors respecting Judge Taney's Slavery prejudice, in the same public manner that they were made.—

Let them "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them," and for one we will promise not to complain of their amendatory disposition in this instance.

☞ A Vigilance Committee has, it is said, been formed in Nebraska to protect the squatters in their rights against speculators, several of whom have already been compelled to yield up claims to original settlers.

☞ The Duke of Wellington has consented to preside at the next anniversary of the London Printers' Pension Society.

Laying Submarine Telegraph Cables.

The Magnetic Telegraph Company between New York and Washington, having connections reaching to New Orleans, has just laid two English triple wire cables across the Susquehanna, opposite Havre de Grace, for the purpose of securing a permanent and uninterrupted connection of the wires at that point. The cables were laid in about an hour and a half, and eight thousand feet of cable were used for the purpose. The method of laying submarine cables across rivers is nearly the same as laying them across seas, though, in the latter case, the risk and difficulties are much greater. Mr. Butt, who laid the telegraph cable across the British channel and between Sardinia and Africa, recently read a paper before the British Royal Institute, giving his experience in such undertakings. In laying the cable from Piedmont to the Island of Corsica, a large steamer was used with the cable in the hold. Suddenly the cable commenced running out with an impetuosity that endangered the lives of the workmen. Two miles of wire were run out before this was checked. When at length checked, it was found that the insulation of the line had been impaired, and the injured portion had to be recovered from the sea and cut out—a difficult and laborious operation. The cause of the accident was the great weight of the length of cable in suspension when passing over a deep hole in the bottom of the sea. In another attempt to lay a cable from Sardinia to Africa the vessel became unmanageable, lost her course, and there was not sufficient cable to reach the land. The cable was severed when about twenty-six miles had been paid out, and the remainder saved for another trial.—On the second trial, when about sixty miles had been paid out, another sudden and alarming run of the cable occured. The insulation of the cable was again impaired, and as the injured part could not be recovered from the sea, it was decided to sever the cable and return to Sardinia, to recover it from the other end. Two more attempts were made to complete the laying of the cable, but in one case the vessel was driven out of her course, and in the other the cable was severed by a violent plunge of the vessel in a storm. The enterprise yet remains unaccomplished. It is said that depths of nearly two miles were encountered.

But even after the cable is laid, there is risk of accident impairing its usefulness.—The London Artisan, of February, describes an accident which occurred to the Dover submarine cable, by which communication with the Continent was temporarily cut off. A ship of 700 tons, driven by a gale of wind dragged her anchor, and came upon the Ostend Telegraph cable, which, after holding the ship some time, gave way. The ship was driven forward with violence, but suddenly was brought up head to wind by the Calais cable, which held her for about an hour, when the second cable gave way, and both lines were afterwards found unworkable. The experiment of laying a cable across the Atlantic, which is now about to be tried, is the greatest undertaking of the kind ever attempted, and will be attended with corresponding difficulties and danger.—The first experiments may not succeed, but eventually there is but little doubt that the genius and perseverance of man will accomplish the task.—*Ledger.*

Another Singular Marriage.

The Albany *Journal* records the marriage of a man named Traux and a Mrs. Martinue of that city, and adds:—

The bride is a gay widow of 25 summers, and the bridegroom a widower of 66 winters, with a family of eleven children, while the bride has only one child, a son about five years old. The marriage ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride, in Chestnut street, in the presence of a large party, who subsequently met at the house of J. Foland, in Washington street, where a handsome set-down had been prepared for them, to which justice was done. Wine flowed freely until near midnight, when the party dispersed, leaving the bridegroom to settle the bill with the landlord.

The newly married couple met for the first time on Saturday last, when the old man became fascinated with the young widow, and he, through the instigation of certain parties, offered her marriage. A negotiation ensued, and she knowing that the old man was possessed of a considerable amount of property, demanded from him the sum of $50 per annum, payable on the first of May, for the education of her son, and a further sum of $1000 to herself. This he finally assented to, when a member of the bar was called in, who drew up the required papers, which, after being duly executed, the knot was tied.

☞ The tea-dealers in London, it is said, are all for Palmerston. They have on hand 100,000,000 pounds of tea, a great part of it bought on speculation, in the prospect of a rise in the price in the continuance of the war. Peace, at this time, would involve them in ruinous losses; but war would add two millions sterling to the value of their stock. Politics and trade are here so intimately blended that the London tea-dealers will, no doubt, see a great deal of virtue in gunpowder for the perverseness of the Chinese in refusing to allow themselves, in their internal policy, to be governed by outsiders.

☞ A bridge, to cost $50,000, is to be built over the Missouri at Lawrence, Nebraska, a few miles above the Omaha, and about eight hundred miles from the Mississippi. It is the first and only point in the distance of more than a thousand miles where there is any rock bottom.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Shrieks—fiendish yells,—they stab them in their sleep."

One hundred years ago!—the hunter who ranged the hills and forests of New England, fought against other enemies than the brown bear and the panther. The husbandman, as he toiled on the plain, or the narrow clearing, kept closely at his side a loaded weapon, and wrought diligently and firmly in the midst of peril. The frequent crack of the Indian's rifle was heard in the still depths of the forest—the death knell of the unwary hunter; and ever and anon, the flame of some devoted farm house, whose dwellers had been slaughtered by some merciless foe, rose redly upon the darkness of night time. The wild fiery eyes of the heathen gleamed through the thick underwood of the forest, upon the passing of the worshippers of the only true God: and the war whoop rang shrill and loud under the very walls of the sanctuary of prayer.

Perhaps no part of New England affords a wider field for the researches of legendry, than that portion of Massachusetts Bay, formerly known as the province of Maine.—There the ferocious Norridgewock held his stern councils, and there the tribes of Penobscot went forth with song and dance to do battle upon the white man. There, the romantic and chivalrous Castine immured himself in the forest solitudes, and there the high hearted Ralle—the mind-gifted Jesuit—gathered together the broken strength of the Norridgewock, and built up in the great wilderness a temple of the true God. There, too, he perished in the dark onslaught of the Colonists—perished with many wounds, at the very foot of the Cross, which his own hands had planted. And there the Norridgewocks fell—one after another, asking nor giving quarter, as they resisted the white spoiler upon the threshhold at their consecrated place of worship, and in view of their wives and children.

The following is one among the many legends of the strange encounters of the White Man and the Indian, which are yet preserved in the ancient records and traditions of Maine. The simple and unvarnished narrauve is only given:

It was a sultry evening towards the last of June, 1722, that Capt. Hermon and the Eastern Rangers, urged their canoes up the Kennebec river in pursuit of their enemies. Four hours they toiled diligently at the oar. The last trace of civilization was left behind, and the long shadows of the skirting forest met and blended in the middle of the stream, which wound darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rustling wing of some night bird, or the quick footsteps of some wild beast—the dash of the oar was suspended, the ranger's grasp tightened on his rifle. All knew the peril of the enterprise; and that silence which is natural of jeopardy settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"Hush—softly, men!" said the watchful Hermon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as the canoe swept around a rugged promontory, "there is a light ahead!"

All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian figure gleamed up amidst great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operation of the oar was suspended, and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds which seldom failed to indicate the propinquity of the savages. But all was now silent. With slow and faint movement of the oar, the canoe gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light, which at first attracted their attention. Hermon was at the head, with an eye and a hand as quick as those of the savage enemy whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the coarse whisper of Hermon again broke the silence:

"God of heaven!" he exclaimed, pointing to the tree. "See here!—'tis the work of the cursed red skins!"

A smothered curse growled on the lips of the rangers, as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. Blood was sprinkled on the rank grass and the hand of a white man lay on the bloody log.

There was not a words poken, but every countenance worked with terible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly onward to the work of vengeance, but the example of the leader, who had regained his usual calmness and self-command, prepared them for a less speedy, but more certain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacle in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously upon the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the trees. In a few moments they obtained a full view of the object of their search. Stretched at their length around a huge fire, but a convenient distance from it, lay the painted and half naked forms of twenty savages. It was evident from their appearance that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels, and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping his tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of the disordered brain, but unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well tried rifles each felt perfectly sure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Hermon, who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of the most distant savage.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalplock of the Indian. "Fire, and rush on."

The sharp voice of thirty rifles filled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild and convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians, and all was again silent.

The rangers sprang forward with their clubbed muskets and hunting knives; but their work was done. The Red Men had gone to their last audit before the great Spirit, and no sound was heard among them, save the gurgling of the hot blood from their lifeless bosoms.

They were left unburied on the place of their reveling—a prey to the foul birds of the air, and the ravenous beasts of the wilderness. Their scalps were borne homeward in triumph by the successful rangers, whose children and grandchildren shudderd, long after, at the thrilling narrative of the midnight adventure.

THE BRUSSELS CARPET.

It was the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlor, gayly and prettily furnished—snowy curtains, bright carret, nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire reading newspaper; young wife at the other sewing on shirt-buttons; tea things on the table, and the brightest of bright brass kettles singing merrily on the hob.

(Young wife speaks.)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my new carpet pretty, after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it only too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For *us*, my dear. Remember I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But it only costs as much as an ugly one, Harry?"

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things."

For some time nothing was heard in the little parlor but the click of Lucy's needle as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettles on the hob.

Presently Harry looked up.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you I met Robinson coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; so if you have any little preparations to make, now is your time."

"At what hour do you expect him? asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall have just time to make you a nice hot cake;" and laying down her work good humoredly, she tripped away to the kitchen.

When she was gone, Harry put away his paper, and looked somewhat penitently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself; "and I'm half afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear, good thoughtful girl, and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson." And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock strikes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odor of hot cake.

"There it is, Harry. Does it look nice?"

"Beautiful (like yourself!) and if it only tastes half as well as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping into tea every other evening for the rest of his life.

"Flatterer. But your friend has not come yet. What sort of person is he? I hope he's not very fashionable."

Harry burst out laughing. "Oh, don't be afraid," said he; "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank; and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried, at some time or other, to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage.

"Was he not one of your party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea things and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes, and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist; and sent the waiters skipping about the house answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was bewitched. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river, and said had'nt been there these five days; and the turkey grumbled about the stuffing. The melted butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have made the lady's hair stand on all end if she had been there to hear. After dinner we went to stroll through the fields: and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy; 'and did he win?'

"Of course he didn't, my dear. He lost both his balance and his bet; for the moment he put his foot in the umbrella down it went and he went with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was drowned before we could drag him up again."

"Was he frightened?" said Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dripping from his crooked nose, that set us all off laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man!" said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her tone.

"But that wasn't all," said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy and water to keep him from catching cold; and on the way home he insisted on driving; and charmed, I supposed, by his success in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to intimate Franconi in *The Wild Courser of the desert.* Jones got frightened, and tried to pull him back. He manfully resisted; and both looked so ridiculous, I could do nothing but laugh. That was rather an unlucky plank though," continued Harry; "for the horse not being accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness, and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen and tenpence for my share of the damage.

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy, did you loose that too?"

"Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of his smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Lucy.

"Besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well I declare," said Lucy laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the drollest thing I ever knew. Two pounds fourteen and tenpence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and tenpence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and fourpence."

"Well?"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and fourpence over."

"He—em!" said Harry.

Oral Teaching.

Not many years ago, it was a practice, nearly universal, in schools, to conduct all recitations in strict accordance with the text of the book; the teacher asking the questions and the pupil giving the answers as printed in the book. To some extent, the same course is pursued in many schools at the present time, but far less so than formerly. Where it has been adopted, it has been found that the scholars often learned words, without gaining any clear or well defined ideas. The leading educationists directed attention to the error, and lecturers and writers did what they could to bring the old method of teaching into disrepute. They declaimed and wrote against it, and contended strongly and wisely for a change.—But in education, as in other concerns, "one extreme is very apt to follow another." In advocating the importance as oral teaching, some went too far, and gave undue prominence to the subject. Some teachers were made to believe and to act as though oral teaching was the only true method, and that text-books were to be almost, if not altogether, discarded. But the wise and judicious educator will readily see that this would be an error quite as great as the former; that its tendency would be to relieve the pupil from true mental discipline, and weaken his self-reliance.

The true plan consists in a medium course, or in a blending of the two: and those teachers will be the most successful, who unite the two in proper proportions. The objection to the old plan was not so much to the use of the text-book, as to the improper use of it. The book should be used by the pupil, and its contents learned; and the important truths and principles of each lesson should, if possible, be comprehended; and if they are clearly understood, they can be, and should be clearly expressed. In order that the scholar's knowledge of a lesson may be known, the teacher should freely use the oral method, and ask such questions as will tend to test thoroughly the scholar's understanding. In conducting recitations, he should not confine his attention to the mere questions of the book—He should rather aim to have a fesh and clear understanding of the lesson under consideration, so that he may be able to conduct the recitation without any reference to the words of the book. The skilful teacher, who feels an interest in the subject, will be ready to ask many incidental questions, which will tend both to elicit the scholar's knowledge of the direct subject, and also to awaken new thoughts, and induce him to think and investigate.

Even the simplest question in Geography, Grammar, etc., may be explained, and made suggestive of other questions; and the oral teaching should mainly be directed to an expansion of the subject. The first question in Geography is, usually, "What is Geography?" and the answer is, "A description of the earth." And yet how few scholars, who were taught according to the verbatim plan of the text-book, gained any well defined knowledge of the subject?—They could give answers, but they had but little real or available knowledge. But let the teacher ask additional questions, which will tend to awaken thought, and lead the pupil to a thorough understanding of the subject in all its connections, and a new interest will be thrown around it.

HARD TRAVELING.—A man travelling by stage in Michigan was unfortunate enough to be on a poor road where he was obliged to go on foot and carry a rail to help pry the stage out of the mud holes, and becoming exhausted and impatient he addressed the driver: "Look ahere, old fellow, I've no objection to paying ten cents a mile for my fare, and no objection to going a rod, but I'll be —— if I carry this rail another rod."

Land Speculations in the West—Their Influence here.

The extent to which speculations in land have been carried on in the West, cannot but exercise an injurious influence, sooner or later, even here. To use an old simile, the financial world is like a placid lake, which a stone dropped into disturbs, more or less, over all its surface, however remote. Already, in fact, the debts due to eastern merchants from many quarters of that vast and growing section, have failed to be liquidated at maturity, because the farmers and other customers of the western storekeepers, being embarked beyond their means in land speculations, have not been prompt in paying their semi-annual bills. The nearer regions of the West have been the first to exhibit this deficiency, for it has been from them, principally, that the money for these speculations has been taken, and the actors in them have gone. As this state of things is not new, as we are not without a parallel to it in the past, we may almost certainly predict what is to follow.

For prosperous as the West is, speculation exaggerates that prosperity. Over large portions of that thriving region prices range according to its supposed future wants, not according to its present ones. In Chicago lands will, to-day, bring more money than in corresponding situations in Philadelphia, or even in New York; yet scores of persons are anxious to purchase, notwithstanding these enormous prices, in the hope of a still further advance. Thus speculation stimulates itself. A fictitious value to property is kept up, and will be till the bubble bursts. Hundreds who are shrewd enough to see the false character of prices, nevertheless are embarked in speculations, believing that they will be able to sell before the revulsion commences, and saying, "after me the deluge." To carry on these transactions however, means must be had; and hence money is at three, four and six per cent per month. Honest debts are neglected in order to gamble on lands. Adventurous capitalists, who have gone from the East, are doubling their fortunes every two years, mainly by lending usurious rates, with mortgages for collaterals.

It requires no long argument to demonstrate that this state of things cannot last always. The bursting of the bubble is simply a question of time. And when the convulsion comes, the East will be the sufferer, though more innocent than the West—that is, it will be the victim, unless it takes heed in time to curtail the indebtedness of the West. There was a period, which men of forty or upwards still remember, when what is occurring in Minnesota, Iowa and other points of the now far West, took place in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, a period during which lands were run up to fictitious and speculative prices, and after which they fell, for long years, by a natural reaction, to prices below their actual worth. Thousands of persons, even in the East, were ruined by these fearful times. There will be thousands ruined now if they do not take heed in season. We are no alarmists. But we should be false to our position as conscientious journalists, if we did not warn the public, if we did not speak boldly out. The contagion of speculation, which has thrown the West into a financial fever, is extending even to our eastern cities, and justly alarms all cautious and reflecting men.—*Ledger.*

"SENSATION PREACHER."

The Washington *Star* publishes a letter from England, written by a lady of Philadelphia, in which she refers in the following terms, to Spurgeon, the English "sensation preacher:"

The church was well filled without being overcrowded, and we were much pleased with Mr. Spurgeon. His style is rather peculiar, and I dare say you have seen many of the newspaper anecdotes about him. He is very eloquent, but at the same time he makes use of very ludicrous expressions, which cause much amusement. For instance, he designated us (his congregation) *small fry*, and then, after expounding that part of the Revelations in which it speaks of "the angel keeping the gate of heaven," he pretended to hold a dialogue with the aforesaid angel somewhat in the following manner:

"Angel," shouts Mr. S., so loudly that he made the church ring again, and his audience were so surprised that for the time being perfect silence reigned.

"Well," says the angel.

Mr. S.—"Have you got any Methodists in Heaven?"

ANGEL—"No."

"Any Baptists?"

"Not one."

And he went through a long catalogue of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, &c., &c., at the top of his lungs, as though he were talking to some one in the next street—the angel objecting to each until at length he said "have you got any believers in Christ?" to which the angel said "he had a few of that stock on hand." Of course every one were in a titter, and you could hear them laugh all over the church. He told one or two other ludicrous stories, but still it was nothing to what they tell of him in London.

A few weeks ago he singled Lord Palmerston out of his congregation, and told him "he needn't think so much of himself, for his father [meaning of course Adam,] was a market gardener, and his mother was brought up on a charge of stealing apples." Upon another occasion he told the assembled multitude "that the way to hell was smooth and easy like this," said he, and straightway he opened the pulpit door, put his foot over the banister and slid down, as you have often seen little boys do. He then stopped for a moment and said, "But the way to heaven is hard like this," and then pulled himself up again, which operation was rather difficult, but the congregation received the practical illustration with great applause. It is really very wonderful that so young a man—he is only 22, should create such a sensation, but still, many go to hear him merely from curiosity.