

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 9.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1857.

NUMBER 17.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY  
R. W. WEAVER,  
OFFICE—Tip-stairs, in the new brick building,  
on the south side of Main Street, third square below Market.  
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.  
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

## Choice Poetry.

**THE EVENING HEARTHSIDE.**  
Gladly now we gather round it,  
For the teeming day is done,  
And the gray and solemn twilight  
Follows down the golden sun;  
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,  
Stalk like giants through the gloom,  
Wander past the dusty casement,  
Creep around the fire-lit room;  
Draw the curtain, close the shutters,  
Place the slippers by the fire—  
Though the rude winds loudly mutter,  
What care we for wind-spies' ire?

What care we for onward seeming,  
Fickle Fortune's frowning smile,  
If around us love is beaming?  
Love can hush the night's beguile,  
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,  
From the peasant to the king,  
All are quaffing from Life's chalice,  
Bubbles that enchantment bring.  
Grates are glowing, music flowing  
From those lips we love the best—  
Oh the joy, the bliss of knowing  
There are hearts on which to rest.

Hears that throbs with eager gladness—  
Hears that echo to our own—  
With what care and haunting sadness  
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.  
Care may tread the halls of daylight,  
Sadness haunt the midnight hour;  
But the weird and witching twilight  
Brings the glowing heartstone's dower.  
Altar of our holiest feelings,  
Childhood's well-remembered shrine,  
Spirit yearnings, soul revelations,  
Wreaths immortal round this twine.

## Miscellaneous.

**Barred Treasures.**  
The Tiber is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream far above the city and around it, provided the government would give them what they might discover in its present bed. This would be attended with a vast expense, but it would pay. Treasures of art from age to age have found their way into the stream, which would bring into the market a perfect remanagement. In the museum of St. John Lateran, a magnificent column of stone is lying, which was taken not long since from the Tiber, a portion of which has been polished to show its beauty, and no one can see it without wishing to have more of the secrets of this river revealed. Statuary more perfect and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome lies embedded in groups beneath the stream. Agostino Chigi, the famous banker at the time of Leo X, once gave a splendid entertainment to the Pope and his cardinals, at which the dishes were all precious metals. The price paid for three fish was 250 crowns. It is said that the dishes were all thrown into the Tiber by order of the rich banker, in order that no less illustrious guest might ever use them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, among them the golden candlestick, are reported to have been lost from the Milvian bridge, and if so are still lying there.—The present government of Rome will suffer nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, nor is it able to carry on such an investigation on its own account.

## A Victimized Youth.

One of our country friends the other day related to us the particulars of an incident that occurred in the vicinity of his residence, which may serve as a warning to young Jerseymen who venture over the "old Keystone" on courting expeditions. As the story goes, a young gentleman residing in New Jersey made several calls on a young lady living in a neighboring township, the daughter of a widow lady of considerable property.—During one of his visits he was pursued by the man of her father, who was pursuing her for the purpose of marrying her. The man of her father, who was pursuing her for the purpose of marrying her, was pursuing her for the purpose of marrying her. The man of her father, who was pursuing her for the purpose of marrying her, was pursuing her for the purpose of marrying her.

**PAPER TOWNS IN NEBRASKA.**—The Nebraska Pioneer of March 24th says: "We would advise all our friends to beware of paper towns. There is at this time a perfect town making mania; everybody seems desirous of being the owner of a town. All persons desiring to secure an interest in Nebraska would do well to examine for themselves or get a responsible agent to act for them. Never buy from floating speculators, unless you thoroughly examine the title and property, or you may be fleeced."

## The Norcross Murder—Trial of McKim.

**THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.**  
At 8 o'clock on Saturday morning the Court met, Judge Taylor and Associates Jones and Caldwell on the bench. The excitement was as intense as ever.  
Joshua Cresson was recalled, and being questioned by Mr. William A. Stokes, identified the checks of the trunks of McKim and Norcross as duplicates of those he had given out on the 16th of January.

Joseph Trout, sworn—I recognize the prisoner, and knew him before this, when at Mr. Thurlow's job, about a mile and a half above Altoona, on the new Pennsylvania Railroad, crossing the Mountain; that was, I think, during 1853 and 1854. He was engaged in carpenter work; as bos carpenter, erecting shanties, &c.

Andrew Purcell, sworn—The witness was engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and detailed the circumstances of his having seen Norcross beside the Railroad, wounded, and his having conveyed him on the engine to Altoona. He identified articles of Norcross, violin bag, carpet sack, &c.

George Kramer, (in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad,) sworn.—After the Coroner's investigation at Altoona, the body was given into my charge, and I had it properly washed and dressed, the coffin made and placed in a box of ice; it was then taken to the storehouse, to await the arrival of his friends. A severe storm was raging, the road was blocked, and the corpse remained there until the next Sunday, when Benjamin Poland arrived at Altoona, and on Monday morning, at 2:30 o'clock, I delivered to him the body. (He also identified articles of property.)

Aaron Dougherty, sworn—I was called to make a post mortem examination of the body of a man at Altoona, on the morning of the 17th of Jan; I found the body lying at the Exchange Hotel, Altoona; it was of medium size, probably not exceeding five feet seven inches in height, rather delicate; upon examination, I found wounds about the head and face, and the head very much swollen; the first was a wound across the throat, about four and three-quarter inches in length; this wound divided the skin and cellular tissue, exposing freely the upper portion of the windpipe, but the carotid artery and jugular vein were untouched; the wound appeared to have been produced by a sharp cutting instrument (razor shown witness); it was a wound such as could have been produced by that instrument; another wound was observed on the inferior maxillary bone about two inches on the right of the chin; this was about one inch in length—a contused, lacerated wound; on further examination of this wound, I discovered that the inferior maxillary bone was fractured—a complete fracture, another wound was on the left side of the face, commencing at the angle of the jaw, and extending along the base of the jaw for an inch and a half or an inch and three-quarters; this wound was produced by some sharp cutting instrument, another wound extended above the angle of the right eye, passing rather obliquely over the cheek, in length two and three-fourths inches; this was a contused, lacerated wound, producing extensive fracture of the molar, or cheek bone, and extending to the interior orbit or plate of the eye, and the fracture continuing in this wound to the base of the skull; there was another wound on the nose, accompanied with fracture of the internal and external bones; another wound was on the back part of the head, dividing the scalp without fracture, about an inch long; the wound upon the face, extending into the base of the skull, was a fatal one, and the wound in the throat of itself was not necessarily fatal, although mortal, had the person been exposed to the cold at night; the cause of this man's death was injury to the brain and shock to the nervous system; the wounds produced death, taken altogether, upon the interior extremities there were slight bruises and abrasions of the skin.

Dr. David Hays, sworn—I was present at the post-mortem examination.  
Cross-examined—I saw the wounds on the face and head, the cut on the neck would not, I think, have affected the brain; he might fall from the loss of blood from that wound; but I do not think the wounds on the head could have been produced by a fall on the stones or iron rails. Had the man fallen from a railroad car, upon that club lying on the ground, it would not likely have produced a wound like that of Norcross.

Samuel McMorris testified that at Pittsburgh McKim had dark whiskers. (His face now is clean.)  
C. Eton, sworn—I kept boarders at Dunleith, last winter, and of them, two were Norcross and McKim. They slept together; the circumstances of McKim as to money I cannot say; several times he said he could not pay his board just then; the day before he and Norcross left, he came to me and paid up, except nine dollars, which he made up by a due bill for that sum of Mr. Curry's; at the same time, he said he was short of means, or would be short if he was detained on the road, but when he got to Pittsburgh he had friends there, and could get any amount that he wished; as to having friends in Philadelphia, or funds, he represented himself as being well off, he said that during the present winter, he did not expect to make more than expenses, his object was to do no more than look for a good location for business, and that he had a brother with whom he was concerned were intending to

invest some \$30,000 in a mechanical business; he spoke of starting a planing mill in some town, and connecting with the occupation of master builders; Norcross' health was delicate; he had a bad cough, but I never knew of his ever having fits, or of his being crazy, or of his attempting to destroy himself; never knew of two men being required to hold him. (Witness identified carpet bag, shawl, &c., as having belonged to Norcross.) Norcross could not undress and dress himself alone.  
(He identified several articles of clothing contained within McKim's trunk and the trunk itself.) The two men left my house together on the morning of the 12th January; I did not see them on the cars.  
On leaving my house Mr. McKim said he was going to Philadelphia, where he said he owned a house, No. 10 Poplar street. He said that he had a wife and one child there, and that the house was pleasantly furnished and situated. He invited Norcross to stop with him there and rest, and said he could stay there any length of time, and that he had a family physician, and that he, (Norcross) should receive every care without expense. Then, if his health did not improve, he (McKim) would see him home, &c.—This last conversation was perhaps two weeks before their departure. Norcross, I think, called him McKinney. McKim came to my place, I think, the 24th of November last to board, and remained there until they left Dunleith.

Andrew Kaufman, sworn—I am subpoenaed in this case by David Stringer McKim, and I live in Dubuque, Iowa; I knew McKim at that place; he wore whiskers at that time; he came and boarded with me; he left me and went out west, about twenty-two miles from Dubuque, and was gone about a week; he came back and then went to Dunleith; he owned no property, but had money to pay the bill to me always. (Witness identified the coat of McKim.)  
During the examination of this witness, the course of questioning was such as to induce Mr. Stokes to state that so much interest had the Pennsylvania Railroad taken in the matter, that they had furnished free passes to the witnesses, a very commendable act.  
Dr. Thomas F. Rumbold, sworn—I knew the prisoner from 1856, until the Thursday preceding the time of their leaving Dunleith, Illinois. Samuel Townsend Norcross was my student; Norcross left in consequence of his ill health; the prisoner told me one day that they both were going to the East together; he stated that he lived in Philadelphia, and had a wife, and that he was going there, and that Norcross could accompany him there and rest if too tired to go on, and said that he had a family physician to get assistance from; Norcross had neither fits nor craziness of any kind; there was nothing in his disease calculated to produce insanity or violence; Norcross bought a pocket-book, a large one; the peculiarity about it was two long straps; on the two "tucks" or "flaps" which were arranged in a certain manner; it was not bright red, but dullish. (Witness positively identified all the principal articles of clothing of Norcross, together with jewelry, &c.)  
Cross-examined—Norcross spent a great deal of his time in bed, resting; I think probably that the shaking of the cars would have been sufficient to have produced pain to him.  
At this point the Court adjourned until afternoon.

## AFTERNOON SESSION—SATURDAY.

Wm. C. Addick, sworn—I resided last winter at Dubuque, and know Norcross; the prisoner I know by sight; the first interview that I had with the prisoner was on the 7th of January last, at our office in Dubuque; my business was to buy and sell real estate, the firm being that of Addicks, Morse & Co.; Mr. Norcross came into the office in company with the prisoner, and wanted to sell his interest in two lots in Dubuque; I told him it was at least three months to soon, and that he would by his haste lose from thirty to forty per cent; he said it did not matter, that he had been sick the most of the year, and wanted to go home to his friends; I asked him what price he wanted; in reply, he said that E. S. Hor had his note for \$150, with ten per cent interest accruing for eleven months, he said that if I would take up his note and pay him \$700 for his interest in the lots, I could have them; I said that I would let him know the next day; he said he could not come in himself, being to unwell, but pointing to McKim, he said that his friend would call for and answer; on the 8th inst., the prisoner came there alone, and I told him that we would take the lots; he went away, and on the 9th both parties came to my office; there were some street assessments, &c., unpaid, which we wished to deduct from the amount, and he agreed to it. The papers were drawn and executed; I said to Norcross that I would give him New York exchange for the amount; he asked if it would be as convenient for him as anything else would; I told him it would be just as convenient and more safe, and if lost could be recovered; he seemed to be inclined to take a draft, until the prisoner at the bar said that he wouldn't take it, nor advise him to take it; that he had seen repeated cases of that kind where there was a great deal of trouble, and he might lose the money entirely; I asked McKim whether he was agent for Norcross or whether Norcross drew his own business; he said he was not agent, only a friend, and calculated to see justice done; I remarked to him that he was just the kind of friend that I wouldn't want; I next counted out the money to Norcross, first telling him that I had two \$50 notes on the Orwell Bank, Vermont, and that I would give him them, and gold for the balance; I then gave him the two notes, \$550 in Amer-

ican gold, in twenty dollar gold pieces, except one \$10 piece, and fifteen dollars in small bills.

Some conversation ensued, and Norcross said that he was going home, to stop by the way for two or three weeks with his friend in Philadelphia, at the same time pointing to the prisoner as his friend. I told him again that he had better take a draft on New York; I told him the draft could be cashed as easily in Philadelphia as in New York. The prisoner spoke again and said that he wouldn't do it if he was in his place. I then remarked to Norcross that "he'd certainly lose his money, if he didn't his life." Norcross remarked that "he'd risk it," to which I responded, "that shrewder men than him had fared as bad as that." McKim had heavy whiskers at that time. I should have known him now if I had not seen him for ten years.

**THE FRIEND OF THE DEAD!**  
Benjamin Poland, sworn—My residence is in West Cambridge, Mass., and my place of business in Boston. I knew Norcross, Jr.; I have known him for eight or ten years at East Lexington and West Cambridge, Mass.; I saw him last alive in West Cambridge, I think in May, 1855. From there he went to Dunleith, Illinois; I am aware of money having been remitted to him one time, one of his sisters (school teachers) remitted \$500; another \$300, and he received \$600 from another source. The next time I saw him was at Altoona, a corpse, on the 25th January last; I came to that place for the purpose of taking the corpse to his friends; I received the body from George Kramer. (The witness swore that the clothing in the trunk of Norcross was the same as that given to him by Kramer, as having been upon the body of the deceased.) The trunk itself I received in Philadelphia.

Cross-examined—I know that the money was sent, because I saw it prepared; I think it was in 1855.  
**THE FATHER.**  
John Norcross, Esq., (the father of the deceased,) sworn—I had a son that went to the West, his name being Samuel Townsend Norcross, and I last saw him alive on the 12th of January, 1855; I next beheld him on the 28th of January, 1857; he was dead; the corpse was in the house at East Lexington, Mass., having been brought from the West by Mr. Poland; when he left home for the West he had money, but he did not tell me how much, and I do not know; I never knew of my son having fits, or being insane, or violent; [pans and trunk shown witness]; the pants were made in my house by his mother, and the trunk I bought for him in Boston, and had a brass plate put upon it; his health when he left us was not very good. [During the examination of this witness the utmost silence prevailed, and the crowded audience manifested a universal feeling of sympathy.]

James Trees, sworn—My business is that of inspector of the passenger cars at Altoona; the express train from Pittsburg to Philadelphia reached Altoona on the 16th of January between three and four o'clock; I was on hand and saw two passengers get off the train; I noticed that one was a small man and the other was a large man. The first started towards the water tank, having got off on the side of the cars opposite to the Logan House, not the usual side for passengers to get off at; the last I seen of them was about one hundred yards from the hind end of the passenger cars going up the railroad; they went west, past the sugar house and Exchange. The taller of the two men I should think was a little over six feet, and the smaller a little over five feet.

The witness was subjected to severe cross-examination but without shaking his testimony.  
John E. Warple, sworn—I reside in Blair county, about 12 o'clock, on the 16th of January, was on the old Clearfield road, about a mile north of Bell's mills, about half a mile from the railroad, driving along the road with a team and sled; there was a man standing beside the sled, and that man was the prisoner at the bar, although he had whiskers on then; when I drove up beside him, he asked me if he might ride on the sled, and I told him he should; he then asked me if I was going far up that road, and I told him about half a mile; I then asked him if he was traveling and he said he was, he said he was going to Harrisburg, and from there to Maryland and to some place else; I asked him if his people lived there, and he said some of them did; he asked me if that was the way to Harrisburg, and said he had come to Altoona on the cars, and was almost out of money, or "strapped," and had inquired of a Irishman at Altoona, how much it would take to go to Harrisburg by railroad, and he had told him \$20; before that he said that he had lain sick at Minnesota, in the western country, and thought he would rather walk, and see the country, to Harrisburg, than go by railroad; he then wanted to hire me to take him to Harrisburg, saying that as I had a pair of good horses, I should hitch them up and take him in a sleigh, and he would pay me whatever he agreed on in advance; I objected to that, and he then inquired the best and nearest road to Harrisburg; I told him the direction past Fostoria and Tifton, and he wanted to know whether either of these were public places; he asked me if I knew where he could get a good riding horse in the country, as he would like to have one; the road that I drove him on was not leading towards Harrisburg, but to Clearfield, on the Allegheny mountains; when he left me, he started in the direction rather towards Tifton; I was about 7½ miles from Altoona, when the man first came to me.

Cross-examined—I identify the prisoner as the man who rode on my sled by his countenance; we were together probably fifteen or twenty minutes; I told this story before I heard of the killing of Norcross.  
The Court adjourned.

**FOURTH DAY—MAY 4.**  
The Court met on Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, the room being as crowded as usual.  
**THE BANK DEPOSIT.**  
Mr. Charles J. Faber, being sworn, testified that at Reading, Pa., while acting in his capacity of hotel keeper, he was called upon by the prisoner, on the afternoon of the 23d of January. McKim requested to stay all night; he wrote his name in the register as Thomas Bragg, [book produced]; he said he was from St. Paul, Minnesota; after supper he left the house and did not return until next morning, about nine o'clock, when he took breakfast; he then paid his bill, and asked which was the best bank in Reading, to which the response was given that both were good.

He said that he had money to deposit, and was so much pleased with the place that he thought he would buy a house, or board there for a month; witness told him he could not board him; on the 24th of January, in the afternoon, he came again, took dinner, and asked whether the witness would take charge of his bank book, as he was among strangers; the witness consented to take charge of it, and in taking it up stairs, saw that Bragg or McKim had made a deposit in bank of \$550, on the Monday morning following he came for his book, which was given to him and he left.

On the cross-examination, the witness described the whiskers and dress of McKim, when at Reading.  
Mr. Lewis J. Henald, sworn—I was receiving teller of the Farmers' Bank of Reading in January last. (Witness shown signature book of bank.) On the morning of the 24th January last the prisoner stepped to the bar of the bank to make a deposit; he placed on the counter large gold pieces [\$20 each] with the exception of one piece, which made up the whole sum of \$550; at the same time he offered me a fifty dollar bill on some eastern bank, either New Hampshire or Vermont; I handed the note back, saying that we didn't like it; I then furnished the prisoner with a pass book [pass book shown]; and that is the one, in which I also made the entry; he went out; in the signature book of the bank he wrote the name "Thomas Bragg," Lancaster; he said that he had bought a house in Reading, and on the Friday following drew his money by a check, which I wrote and he signed. The cashier paid him \$100 in gold, and the rest in bills of the Farmers' Bank of Reading.

Charlotte E. McKensie, sworn—In January last, I was staying at the house of Miss Susan Emore, No. 1 Walnut street, and I saw the prisoner there on either the 21st or 22d; he came there on Thursday noon; I heard Miss Emore call him Bragg; he left there on Monday morning next, and I saw him at different times between; I asked him if he wouldn't go to Potsville; he said he'd put up to housekeeping, and I expected of course a private house; we went first to the Potsville House and put up; we bought furniture from Mr. Kline, household furniture; the furniture was taken to Mr. Womelsdorf's house in Callowhill street; Bragg was the manager; he remained with us a week, and then said he was going to Philadelphia to return in a day or two; I next saw him here recently; he had given Miss Emore money on the morning that he left, and we never saw him afterward; we had everything in the house that he wanted to eat; there was no peculiarity about his habits; he never made any lascivious approaches to me.

I recollect reading a piece from the newspaper, but I cannot say positively that he was present, but I think he was; I recollect reading a paper to him, and his saying "Go on, and read the rest," but the subject of the article I do not recollect; I never read but one newspaper to him.  
A very close and minute examination by Mr. William Stokes failed to bring to the mind of the witness a recollection of the particular article in the newspaper.

He directed me to say if any body called for Bragg, that Mr. Boyer was Mr. Bragg; he bought a number of newspapers; he came in in the afternoon, and said that he had seen his cousin and his cousin's wife, and that he didn't think they would have known him, but that they did recognize him, and if anybody called I should tell them that Boyer was Bragg; on Monday morning, he left the house about 6½ o'clock, asking me what time the cars left for Philadelphia, to which I replied 7 o'clock.

Samuel Mann, sworn—I keep the Potsville House, and saw the prisoner there on the 26th January, and I heard the young man who was with him call him Bragg, and he had whiskers; the young man named Cased Boyer was with him; he came there in a two horse sleigh, between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon; he asked me if I was the landlord, to which I replied that I was, when he asked me if he could have accommodation for the party; I asked him if the women were their wives; he said, "No, sir," he said one of them was his brother's wife, and the other one the young man's sister; they were shown in and took dinner; after that he asked me if there were any houses to rent; I told him yes, and asked what kind he wanted; he said a good one, for his brother would be up next day or the day after, when both would start the carpentering business; I told him that was some up Market street, and he started and went up—came back and stood over night; next morning they went away between 9 and 10 o'clock, but during the week following was visiting at my house.

**IN THE BLOOMSBURG JAIL.**  
I next saw him at Bloomsburg, Columbia county, a day or two after he was taken there; I recognized him, and after three or four questions, he said that he did not recollect having stopped with the party at my house. "I am," said he, "an innocent man," he told me that when he got his friends to know where he was, it was all right; I asked him what made him leave Potsville so mysteriously; he said he did not feel disposed to answer; I told him I did not come to ask any questions to convict him, only to recognize him; he said he thought that if he had the money for the furniture it would do him good; he said he had walked away from Potsville, he told me that he had not been in a railroad car from the time he arrived at Potsville; he said he had traveled with Norcross; I do not know whether it was before or after saying that I did not come to convict him, that I asked him the previous questions; I have held out no inducements to him farther than I have stated; he told me he had left Norcross in company with a man named Robinson; I asked him why he had kept the checks; he asked me who told me that he had kept the checks; I told him them who had seen them; he colored up in the face at that time. I started to go away, and he called me back, saying that he wanted to ask me something in private, and asked me if I knew what had become of the women who were at Potsville; I told him they had gone to Philadelphia.

The New York Almanac remarks that hail is chiefly restricted to the temperate latitudes, and in these most frequent during the spring and summer. Within the tropics it seldom falls at a lower altitude than from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The explanation usually given of this fact is, that the temperature, which increases downward to the surface of the earth, is constantly so high in those regions that hail never descends to a lower altitude than that above mentioned without being melted. The squall of wind, which accompanies and ushers in the hail storm, is, no doubt, produced by the depression of temperature which the hail communicates to the lower atmosphere in its descent to the ground. Hail presents every appearance of having frozen during its fall, and not like snow freezing in the form of clouds. It has much puzzled meteorologists to show why rain should ever get frozen in descending to a lower altitude, instead of melting and coming in the shape of rain. A cold current of air blowing suddenly in the direction of a rain cloud, is understood to be the immediate cause of most hail showers. The large size of hail stones is attributed to an accumulation during the progress of their descent. It is probable that the largest commences with a small nucleus, which receives continued accretions from vapory particles in the neighborhood. Accordingly, hail stones are found to be smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighboring plains and valleys, because, not by falling so far, they do not augment their size by the addition of successive layers of watery vapor.

**The Waters of the Nile.**  
The Nile water is particularly soft. It fills the mouth with a rich creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallowed in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals, every other hour or so. In the house the water-jar—the admirable Egyptian water-jar, which is so much more porous than the Indian jar—should be at hand by day and by night continually. The passion for Nile water, like the love of everything that is intensely exquisite in its way, increases with its enjoyment. No one who has once or twice tasted Nile water, and has a capacity for pleasure, will ever after consent to drink of it poisoned with the infusion of any other liquid. Jealous of its own honor, it appears to be the most averse of all waters to join in harmony with wine. Indeed, mixed with wine, it is a most nauseous compound. In the hotels, the water undergoes filtration. In the cottages through the country, it is kept large vessels, which allow the sediment to fall to the bottom. The small clay jars, in which it is placed before you in the hotels, are very graceful in form, and finely adapted to keep the liquid cool.—Bruce's *Scene and Sights in the East.*

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride one day after day, and you see over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveler with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer and his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways.—The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyroun you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Safar to the wells of el Mith. There in places, the country is full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.

**Caleb Cushing upon Manifest Destiny and Filibustering.**  
Hon. Caleb Cushing has been making a speech to his friends and fellow citizens, at Newburyport, Mass., upon national politics, and the probable extension of the U. S. over the Continent. He considers it the mission of the American Republic to conquer the Continent, and establish republican empires over its whole extent. This is the inevitable decree of destiny, the necessary march of freedom. But this work is not to be accomplished through fraud and injustice, and such weak and miserable agents as Walker and other filibusters, who retard rather than advance the movement. Mr. Cushing says: "I reprobate, not war itself, but all irregular enterprises of war. I hold that the great issues of peace belong to the sovereign power of the Union, and should not be wantonly usurped by individual rashness. I glory in the acts which it has fallen to me to perform towards the repression of all such undertakings in the United States, whether on the part of a presumptuous British Minister, recruiting troops within our jurisdiction, for the purpose of warfare in the Crimea, or of a reckless American adventurer, recruiting them for the purpose of plunder and murder in Nicaragua. No, let not the small man, Walker, be honored for this, on account of which the great man Burr was damned."  
Non tali auxiliis, nec defensoribus istis, Tempus eget.

The United States require no such instruments to help them forward to the consummation of their destinies in America. On the contrary, they impede us, just as Walker, without capacity or power of possible good in himself, has only served to obstruct national purposes in Mexico, in Nicaragua, in all Spanish America. All such things tend to discredit us also. Thus far, if there be, in all the annals of time, a case of a mighty nation steadily advancing to its zenith in the shining light of untarnished honor, it is these United States. So mote it be to these United States. Independence of England, with our limits of original dominion intact, we achieved bravely in the field of battle, in righteous war, with Bunker Hill at the beginning of the contest, and at the close of it Satatoga and Yorktown. Our succeeding great step was Louisiana, and that came to us by the spontaneous act of our oldest ally and friend, generous and glorious France; followed by the Floridas, not extorted by us from Spain, but ceded to us by her, as John Quincy Adams once, with his forcible eloquence, explained in my hearing—ceded us in fair exchange for our own province of Texas. That again returned to us of its own free will, after having been raised, through the gallantry of her sons, with Hunter and Rusk at their head, to independence of Mexico, by the same identical right that Mexico was independent of Spain. And now California is ours, which we acquired by just war, and might have kept by the just right of war, but disdained to do so, choosing rather to hold it by the tenure of cession and of contract, with contribution of ample indemnity therefore to Mexico. I say, all this is a record of which any nation mighting, with good cause, be proud; and so may it be continued on hereafter in the same bright line of glory and of justice to the end!

The true mission of this Republic is, not as Mr. Cushing believes, to become the masters of this continent like the ancient Romans, conquering by force, but to show such an example of justice and of good government that the various peoples of this continent will be ready to follow our example and desire to share our prosperity.

**Horseback Riding.**  
N. P. Willis, in one of his "Invalid Letters," thus speaks of the therapeutic virtues of horseback riding:  
It was a secret which I did not discover by books; that exercise, with the legs of a horse to do the work, distributes the blood's fullness and freshness to the extremities; but that exercise with your own legs to do the work, draws the fullness and freshness of the extremities to the centre. Life and strength, that is to say, are centrifugal, if you exercise on horseback—centrifugal if you exercise on foot. To test this, you have only to do the two things. But look in a glass when you return from a ride in the saddle, and you will see that the hollows under your eyes are filled out and freshened in color, and that the incipient lines in your face, (for I presume I am addressing a middle-aged, charming woman,) have disappeared wholly, or become indistinct. Then, look in the glass on your return from a walk, of equal exercise, and you will see just the contrary—your eyes sunken and the lines of your face deepened with the fatigue. Or, still more demonstratively—compare the fresh colored fullness of your hands and fingers' ends, after the one exercise, with their dragged and depleted paleness after the other.

A recognition of the same fact may be seen in the advice given by medical books to literary men—or men whose brains are overworked by prolonged attention of any kind. "Avoid walking as an exercise."—And the reason given is "that the concentrated exertion at the hips and loins of the pedestrian, pull directly upon the forces of the spine which sustain the brain." And it is Nature's rallying law—or calling in of recruiting power from the extremities to supply the demand upon the center of the system, which equally robs the brain, the face and the hands of their proportionate supply of fullness. Your beauty, madam, merely pays full recruiting tax with the rest.

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride one day after day, and you see over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveler with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer and his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways.—The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyroun you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Safar to the wells of el Mith. There in places, the country is full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride one day after day, and you see over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveler with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer and his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways.—The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyroun you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Safar to the wells of el Mith. There in places, the country is full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride one day after day, and you see over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveler with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer and his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways.—The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyroun you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Safar to the wells of el Mith. There in places, the country is full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride one day after day, and you see over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveler with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer and his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways.—The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyroun you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Safar to the wells of el Mith. There in places, the country is full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride one day after day, and you see over each hill, and sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveler with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish officer and his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways.—The loneliness strikes you more like that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man on a donkey. It is the only moving thing you can detect all around. From Jerusalem to Beyroun you scarcely light on one single scene of rural industry—not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel el Safar to the wells of el Mith. There in places, the country is full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole land seemed to lie under a spell.

**Devolution of Palestine.**  
In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as in Arabia; as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist, for all you can tell