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[From the National Era.]
THE AMERICAN MECHANIC.
THE AMERICAN MECHANIC.
Lift up thine iron hand,
Thou of the starry arm and fearless eye;
Lift up thine iron hand on high—
Firm and undented stand:
No need that thou of gems,
To deck the temple of thy glorious thought—
Thou hast the jewels which thy mind has wrought.
Richer than diamonds!
Thou art our God's high priest,
Standing before great Nature's mighty shrine;
For the whole world the glorious task is thine,
To spread the liberal feast.
Ere like the Hebrew chief
Strikes down the rock, and in his deep
Mysterious heart, the living waters leap,
To give the earth relief.
Mighty among thy kind,
Stoudest thou, man of toll, midway
Between the earth and heaven, all things to away
By thy high-working mind!
Thou canst delve in the earth,
And from its mighty caves bring forth pure gold;
Thou canst untrap the clouds in heaven rolled,
And give the lightning birth.
Thou hast the stormy sea
Chained to thy christ wheels, and the wild winds
Obed to thy ruling intellect that binds
Their rushing wings to thee.
Thou canst bid lightning go forth
Upon the electric pinions of the air,
And through the opposites ether thou canst bear
Thy words from South to North.
Thou canst make man's hand create,
Where there was none, no master owns;
And thou canst cause of opposing ends
Came to annihilate!
Lift up thy hand to heaven!
Spread thy toll sceptre o'er the sea and land;
Thou hast the world instructed to thy hand—
Earth to thy exile is given!

THE EXILE AT REST.
BY PERCIVAL.
His fabled dross on the Nile,
His host he led through Alpine snows,
O'er mountain towers, that shook the white,
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.
Here sleeps he now alone; not one
Of all the kings who crown his grave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife nor son,
Nor ever seen or sought his grave.
Here sleeps he now alone, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk; the nation from afar
Gazed, as if faded, and went down.
He sleeps alone; the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his marble tomb to death.
High in his couch, the ocean's curl,
Far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unconstant world.
Hark! from beneath the pyramid,
And from beneath a waste of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that cries
The world would leave to mourn him! No!
The only, the perpetual dirge,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

SOLEMN THOUGHT.—We see not, in
this life, the end of human actions. Their
influence never dies. In ever widening
circles, it reaches beyond the grave.
Death removes us from this to an eternal
world. Time determines what shall be
our condition in that world. Every morning
when we go forth, we lay the moulding
hand on our destiny, and every evening
when we have done, we have left a
deathless impress upon our character.
We touch not a wire that vibrates to eternity.
Not a voice butrespirant at the throne
of God. Let youth, especially, think of
these things, and let every one remember
that in this world, where character is in
its formation state, it is a serious thing to
speak, to act.

An Incident of the Late War.
BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.
"My father," said Mary, "may not think
himself called upon to be as particular
about what concerns the public charities,
corporations, or indifferent individuals, as
he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns
the respectability of his own family."
"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means?"
"Henry, father never asked that you
should be wealthy. He thought it proper,
and he makes it a condition of our marriage,
that you should have some respectable business,
since you have not wealth."
"And your father is right," said Henry,
"but how am I to get clear of the odium of
my lottery prize, I can not see nor guess."
"Perhaps you will dream it, though," said
Mary, archly.
"I can dream of nothing but schooners,
brigs, and ships," said Henry.
"Oh! if you only owned a good vessel,"
said Mary, "I do not know but father would
almost forgive its coming as a prize."
"A prize to a merchant?" said Henry,
"but not a prize to a lottery."
Henry wandered about towards the
charcoal and unoccupied yards. The war
allowed of little or no work among the
shipbuilders.
The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf.
She had been launched a year, and there
was no one to purchase her. She was too
clumsy for a privateer.
"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is
that vessel worth?"
"She is worth twenty thousand dollars,"
said the owner. "She cost that as she is,
and she will bring twenty thousand the
very hour peace is declared."
"Would you like the money for her at
cash price?"
"Nothing would be more acceptable,
but there are not fifty thousand dollars
in the country."
"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a
commission to fulfil, and, as you know I
am not much of a business man, I must
ask you to consider a proposition which I
am about to make to you, and to answer
me explicitly."
"Let us hear the proposition."
"I will give you ten thousand dollars
for the brig as she now lies."
"Within forty days." "You cannot want
the money sooner." "The river is frozen
over, and you could make no use of the
cash before that time."
Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford and said,
"You know, Henry, that I am aware that
you have not the means of payment, and al-
though that you are not a person likely to be
employed as an agent in this business, and
yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship owner
the state of his affair, and exhibited to
him the lottery ticket, No. 5, 4, 3, 2.
"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be
some mistake about the matter, or some
failure of the lottery, by which I shall lose."
Henry explained his motives and wishes,
and in two hours he held in his hand a
bill of sale of the brig Helvetius, which, as
the papers were not obtained, he immediately
re-named Mary. The condition was that
Henry was to hold the vessel for forty
days, and if, within that time, he should
pay \$10,000 she was to be his; if not, she
was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the
meantime, held the ticket as a sort of col-
lateral security. The bill of sale, as I saw
it, bore date the 5th of February, 1815—
Henry felt like a new man. Henry felt
like a happy man. He was a ship owner
in a place where that character was a sort
of aristocracy. He went day after day
to look at his brig, wishing for the time
to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he
said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was talking
with Mary, she asked him what he intended
to do with his vessel, when the forty
days were up.
"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell
her, or send her to sea."
"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the
ticket upon the hull and the standing spar,
and it will take half as much more to rig
her and find canvas; and, besides that,
how could you sell for more than Mr.
Holmes could?"
Henry hesitated. He had not thought
of that; but he did not doubt that it would
all come right yet.

Henry was sitting, the next day, on the
quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts,
well covered with snow and ice, and think-
ing of the better appearance she would
make when the rigger had done his duty.
At length, he felt the hands of Mr. Holmes
upon his shoulder.
"Hello!" said the latter. "I am sorry
to have had news to tell you. Read that
paragraph in the Boston Centinel."
CONGRATULATION.—The ticket which drew
the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach
Lottery was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not as our
compositor stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2.—
We understand that a gentleman of wealth
in the southern part of this town is the for-
tunate holder.

"What do you say to that, Henry?"
"Only that the old gentleman will not
now say that I have the wages of gambling."
"No, nor will he give you the credit of being
a ship owner," said Mr. Holmes.—
"You have been unfortunate, Henry, and
I am really sorry for you," continued Mr.
Holmes, changing his tone considerably,
and regretting his own loss, as I have need of
the money; but as you cannot pay for the
brig, you had better hand me the bill of
sale, and let us destroy her."
Henry drew from his pocket the precious
document, and while he examined it from
top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes—
"This affair has been to me like a pleas-
ant dream, not only on account of my as-
pirations for Mary, which you are acquaint-
ed with, but day after day I have felt a
growing energy for business—a sort of out-
reaching of the mind—a determination,
with such a noble beginning, to proceed
continuously, but steadily, to do what I ought
to have begun years since." Then Mr.
Holmes, who has been yet some days to-
run, before I can be chargeable with a viola-
tion of my contract, I will restore it to
my pocket-book, and, if I cannot dream as
I have done, I shall not at least be awak-
ened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes of course consented, as he
really had no right to claim the vessel un-
til the forty days should have expired, and
Henry went up to tell Mary of the turn
his luck had taken.
"Though Mary respected her father too
much to feel pleasure in Henry's new pos-
session, yet she loved Henry too much not
to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disap-
pointment."
"The dream," said Henry, doubtfully;
"that dream is not yet come to pass."
Some days after that, there was, as usual,
a gathering at the post office, at some dis-
tance from the ship yard, awaiting the ar-
rival of the mail. The stage, at the usual
hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he
handed the mail-bag into the house—
"I guess there's better news to-day than
I have brought since the great victory on
the Lakes."
"Another victory, Mr. Woodward?"
"No, not another victory, but peace!"
"Can you tell me," said a dapper look-
ing young gentleman, as he stepped from
the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes,
the owner of the brig Helvetius?"
"Mr. Holmes lives on the Hill, you
under," was the reply, "but it is thought he
does not own the Helvetius now."
"Has he sold her?"
"Yes."
"I am sorry for that. Who is the owner?"
"Mr. Bradford, the young man whom
you see reading the newspaper."
The stranger stepped into the house,
and inquired of Henry whether he would
sell the brig.
Henry said he would cheerfully part
with her.

"At what price?"
"At the peace price!" said Mr. Woodward,
the driver.
"We will ride over to the village," said
Henry, "and converse on the matter as we
go along."
Henry soon emerged from the stage-
coach, and hastened to Mr. Carver's.
"You look cheerful," said Mary.
"I have drawn another prize."
"Not another I hope."
"Yes and a large one. I have sold the
brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston
House, and I am to be in Plymouth at
four o'clock, to get my pay at the bank."
"But the brig was not yours, Henry—
Surely you are not deranged. You could
not hold her after the mistake of the prize
was corrected?"
"There is just where you are mistaken,
Mary. There is a bill of sale which al-
lows forty days from date for the payment.
Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "I
will be with you before I sleep."

"What's the matter with Henry?" said
Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room.—
"Has he drawn another prize?"
"I guess not, nor her," said Mary, "only
dreaming again, perhaps."
At nine o'clock, Henry arrived from
Plymouth with an accepted draft for ten
thousand dollars, in favor of Mr. Holmes,
and a bank book in which he had credited for
an equal sum. And the brig Mary made
some of the most profitable voyages that
were ever projected in Boston.
So many years after that, twenty-five at
least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with
Bradford and his grand-daughter, I refer-
red to the anecdote, and the conclusion that
"luck was everything."
"There may be something in luck," said
he, "but the story which I gathered while
I held the ticket, with the belief that I held
the prize, the resolutions which I formed
while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars
of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the
filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary,
did all for me, and I should have been rich
without the brig. So you see it was hope,
contemplation, woman's virtue, woman's
piety, and woman's love, that made me
what I am. And let me add, friend C.,
that you and I owe more to woman than
the world credits to her. Let us, at least,
do her justice."

EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN CITY.
The New Orleans National, in its sketch
of Colonel Doniphan's late remarkable ex-
pedition, gives the following:
"The Navajo Indians are a warlike people,
they have no towns, or houses, or lodges; they
live in the open air, or on horseback, and
are remarkably wealthy, having immense
herds of horses, cattle, and sheep. They
are celebrated for their intelligence and
good order. They treat their women with
great attention, consider them equals, and
relieve them from the drudgery of menial
work. They are handsome, well made,
and in every respect a highly civilized
people—being as a nation of a higher order
of beings than the mass of their neighbors,
the Mexicans. About the time Col. Doni-
phan made his treaty, a division of his
command was entirely out of provisions,
and the Navajos supplied its wants with
liberality. A portion of the command re-
turned to Cuervo. Major Gilpin's com-
mand, together with Col. Doniphan, went
to the city of the Sumai Indians, living on
the Rio Escobedo, which is supposed to be
a branch of the Gila, and made a treaty of
peace between the Sumais and Navajos,
and then returned to the Rio Del Norte."
These Sumais, unlike the Navajos, live
in a city, containing, probably, 6,000 in-
habitants, who support themselves entirely
by agriculture.

The city is one of the most extraordi-
nary in the world. It is divided into four
solid squares, having but two streets cross-
ing its centre at right angles. All the
buildings are two stories high, composed
of sun-burnt brick. The first story pre-
sents a solid wall to the street, and is so
constructed that the house joins, until
one-fourth of the city may be said to be
one building. The second story rises from
this solid structure, so as to designate each
house, leaving room to walk upon the
roof of the first story between each build-
ing. The inhabitants of Sumai enter the
second story of their buildings by ladders,
which they draw up at night, as a defence
against any enemy that might be prowling
about. In this city was seen some thirty
Albino Indians, who have, no doubt, given
rise to the story that there is living in the
Rocky mountains a tribe of white aborigines.
The discovery of this city of the Sumai
will afford the most curious speculations
among those who have searched in
vain for a city of the Indians who possess-
ed the habits and manners of the Aztecs.
No doubt, we have here a race liv-
ing as did that people, when Cortez enter-
ed Mexico. It is a remarkable fact, that
the Spaniards have, since the Spaniards
left the country, refused to have any inter-
course with the modern Mexicans, looking
upon them as an inferior people. They
have also driven from among them the
priests and other dignitaries, who formerly
had power over them, and resumed ba-
bits and manners of their own; their Great
Chief, or Governor, being the civil and re-
ligious head. The country round the city
of Sumai is cultivated with a great deal of
care, and affords food not only for the in-
habitants, but for large flocks of cattle and
sheep.

BLITZ, THE HUSBAND.—In order the bet-
ter to understand the following joke, it
should be known that Signor Blitz is a cel-
ebrated ventriloquist and magician. In
the course of his travels, Signor Blitz
was standing one day in front of a hotel,
watching the movements of a clumsy
Irishman, who was attaching some horses
to a coach. The Irishman seemed to him
to have a little sport. The Irishman brought
a fresh horse, and was about to put on
his harness, when the before supposed
dumb beast declared the would not start
on his journey until he had his oats.
"Pat started back, astounded at the speech
of the horse, and recovering a little from
his astonishment, and looking the brute full
in the face, he exclaimed,
"An' do you pretend to say 'you havn't
had your oats now?"
"Not a single oat," coolly replied the
horse.
"Pat held up his hand in amazement, and
cried,
"Ye'r a bloody liar, an' so yer arry for
Jenny Doogie give you a peck if he had
an oat!"
Still the horse stoutly denied his having
the oats, and Pat, greatly incensed, rushed
into the stable, crying "Jenny Doogie
an' has Billy had no oats this morning?"
"Shure he's had his peck."
"O! the lying divil an' he swears he
hain't had the bloody one, at all!"
The twinkling of his eye told how much
the ventriloquist enjoyed the joke.

LETTING.
Bets are the blockhead's argument,
The only logic he can vent,
His minor and his major—
"To confess your head a worse
blockhead than your partner."
To reason with a sage.

Legend of the Starved Rock.
Long and severely had savages war-
raged between two tribes in the West.
From the shores of Lake Michigan to
the banks of the Illinois, step by step, the in-
vaded tribe had contended for the homes of
their wives and children, and the burial
places of their fathers; and as the tri-
phant invaders sped onward in their wild
career, leaving behind them the smouldering
ashes of the wigwam and the tangled
forms of helpless infancy and feeble old
age, fainter grew the hopes of the feeble
but gallant band, of successful resistance.
Already had the last village been razed,
and what was once the peaceful home of
many happy hearts was now a pile of
smoking ruins; the dismal howl of the
wolf alone broke the fearful stillness of
the dark forest, which had so long resound-
ed with the happy sounds of life.
The Illinois, once a numerous and pow-
erful tribe, claimed as their hunting grounds
the beautiful prairies and gently sloping
hills crowned with majestic forests, that
stretch to the horizon from the shores of
Lake Michigan to the banks of the Mis-
sissippi. In an evil hour, the Potawatomi,
a tribe inhabiting the eastern border
of Lake Michigan, stirred up by the wro-
nged foe of the red man, "Fire Water," for in-
famous wrongs or to glut a savage thirst for
blood, waged a war of extermination
against the Illinois.
Driven backward, still fiercely contend-
ing for each foot of soil they claimed as
the gift of the Great Spirit, the feeble band
of the Illinois, vanquished in battle, yet
disdaining to surrender meekly to their
foes, like a stag at bay, stood beneath the
towering bluffs of their own in all the im-
potence of revengeful despair. Suddenly,
with a cry, they spring forward, scale the
cliff, and far above their foes ring out
the shrill war cry of defiance and death. Alas,
short is their triumph. The wily enemy
sees and at once secures his prey; the cliff
stands insulated on the banks of the river,
rising full a hundred feet above the surface
of the water, and towards the land it is in-
accessible save at one point. On every
side were the besiegers, with the deadly
arrow pointed, and the tomahawk uplifted.
Close beneath the cliff lurked the canoe,
with its murderous occupant, ready to im-
pale the desperate prey, or, maddened
by thirst, in a moment of frenzy should
fling himself headlong into the cool waters
beneath.
Night came. Weary and exhausted,
the besieged lay down on the barren rock.
The twilight dew fell softly on their burn-
ing brows, and the cool breeze played amid
their dark locks. Many an eye was turn-
ed upward in the silent watches of that
fearful night, and faintly strove to lift
the dark pall that shadowed the future.
Somewhere beyond those stars lay the
happy hunting-grounds which their fathers
trod, and to which their wives and chil-
dren were beckoning them. Fierce
memories of the dark strife, even the deep
burning for revenge, were now forgotten,
and as a dream had passed, its wild hopes,
its burning desires, its deeds of daring,
were remembered no more. Slowly from
their midst rose an aged chief. His white
hair gleamed in the wan sunlight, like the
mist on the brow of the dark hills. Ever-
y eye was aglittered; the deep breathing
of the warrior alone broke the stillness.
Mourful as the sound of the muffled drum,
or the wailing of the autumn wind, rose
the chant of the death song. The owl an-
sweared from her lofty nest, and from the
cavernous cliffs the owl reverberated
the shrill shores of the river. The aged
warrior sang, and, as memory retraced
years of his life, with kindling eye he re-
counted the deeds of daring he had done.
When the Illinois, numerous as the buffalo
on the plain, held all the neighboring tribes
in awe—when their warriors were swift of
foot and sure of hand—and while the deer
and pagher and bear were an easy prey,
their war cry echoed through the forest,
and the scalps of their enemies were in
every wigwam. Triumphantly rang the song
of the chief, and quick as thought the
vanquished warrior sprang to his feet,
fierce branding the battle scars above
his forehead, and yelling the war whoop,
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