THE STAR AND BANNER.

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HOME.

Home! is that word now many hope we harbor,
How many hopes of joy across and fair,
How many golden visions rise unbidden,
And blend their rays into a rainbow's tissue,
Round home what images of beauty cluster,
Links which unite the living with the dead,
Glimpses of scenes of most surpassing lustre,
Echoes of melody whose voice is fled.

Hope is the place where we have ever blended
Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs,
Whence our united worship hath ascended,
As grateful incense to the listening skies.

Where we have nourished bright thoughts while
Some turtle-eyed flower, the cynosure of our love;
Kind wife, we watched its gradual unfolding,
We nipped cattle and carried it above.

Mankind, however tottered and benighted,
However oppressed by penury and care,
Have their existence by one beacon lighted,
Have still one bliss which all may freely share.

Home! cries the world-sick wanderer as he weeps
His halting footsteps o'er his weary way;
Home! sighs the wretched outcast as he sendeth
A longing look where once he longed to stay.

Home! says the toil-worn rustic when returning
From daily labor at the fall of night;
Home! sings the emancipated slave as spurning
This world of woe it glimpses as a hope for flight.

Home! like the barding lark collect together
Into one point affection's scattered rays,
And in the starkest storm, the wildest weather,
Kindles a bright and spirit-cheering blaze.

Home is the watchword firing with emotion
The patriot's heart, and nerving him to fight;
Home is the polar star, o'er the storm-swept ocean
Guiding the sailor through the stormy night.

Home is a boon to erring mortals given,
To knit us closer in the bonds of love,
To lead our spirits gently up to Heaven,
To shadow forth the brighter home above.

[Correspondence of the "Star & Banner."]

LETTERS FROM INDIA—NO. V.

DINDIGUL, East India, June 22, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:—After a silence of some time, I again address you. Sickness and absence from my studies have prevented me from writing to you oftener. Since I last wrote to you, I have spent some months at our Sanetarium on the Pulney Hills, a delightful retreat from the burning plains of India. The higher range of these Hills is situated about thirty-five miles south-west of Dindigul, while the lower range is but fourteen miles distant. We can reach the foot of the pass to the higher range in about eight hours from this place, whilst it takes six and eight hours to ascend. The ascent in places is very steep and difficult, and the distance from the foot to the top is about eight miles. As it may be interesting to you and to the readers of your paper, I have thought proper to commemorate some facts which passed under my observation while visiting them. On the plains we generally travel in a two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by Bullocks. The Bullocks which we use for this purpose are large and beautiful, and cost from $60 to $80. They run at the rate of five and six miles an hour for ten miles. When we wish to travel thirty and forty miles in one night, (and as a general thing we must travel by night in this country on account of the heat by day,) we hire extra bullocks and post them along the road ten miles apart. For these hired bullocks we pay the Driver, while they draw, three cents per mile, and one and a half cents per mile to go to their station. In this way we can easily travel thirty and forty miles in one night. As a general thing the roads are not good, and during some seasons of the year are almost impassible. When this is the case, or if a long distance is to be travelled, it is performed in a Palanquin, carried by men. They will travel from twenty to thirty miles in one night. This is the pleasantest way of travelling; but any way is fatiguing in this sultry climate. This travelling in a bullock cart thirty-five in the night, we arrived the next morning at the foot of the pass leading across the Hills, where I had men in waiting to carry up my wife and children, who lying each of the two end corners of a blanket together and fastening it to a long pole formed a sort of a cot, in which they were carried up safely. Our baggage was carried up on the heads of men. For myself, I secured I had two *Tats*, or native Ponies, about as large as a pony-sized colt out in America, but tolerable strong and sure-footed. On these was a small saddle, made of native cloth stuffed with cocoanut husks. But their saddles had no stirrups, and the bridles by which to guide them. Truly, you will say that these were not very enviable animals upon which to ascend a dangerous pass in the mountains. Very true, but necessity frequently compels us to do things which are not always agreeable.

Shortly after leaving, my uncomfortable situation was forgotten by beholding the sublimity of the scenery that burst upon my view. Those who have been accustomed for any length of time to the scenes, level, burning plains of India, cannot help but be lost in admiration of the wild rugged mountain scenery of the Pulneys. They rise up almost abruptly from the level plains 8000 feet high. In places they rise in wild, grandeur, precipices and deep ravines which are covered with a dense jungle, the favorite haunt of tigers. Shortly after leaving the foot of the hill we came to a large stream of pure clear cool water wending its way beneath the dark green foliage of the jungle, through a deep ravine in the mountain, up which we traveled for a long way, crossing and re-crossing the same stream. The romantic pass of this beautiful stream over the rocks and pebbles reminded me of the streams of my native land, and often did I imagine myself there before sight of my sandooth ponies and the sharp whine of their drivers quickly dispelled the pleasant feeling, and told me too plainly that I was [illegible] and degraded land. Soon the ascent became steep and in places dangerous. In such places I dismounted and walked, trusting to the safety of my own feet, rather than to those of a pony. Such dangerous places although hidden from my view, until I came suddenly upon them, were known a little beforehand by the oft repeated cries of the driver, "Branke," (i. e.) stop. The path in some places runs along the brink of precipices down which it is frightful to look, and one false step would send the traveller down where it would be an almost fruitless attempt to look for his mangled remains. They would have to remain a prey to tigers and jackals. Sometimes bullocks and horses, which carry burdens up and down these hills, are precipitated down these precipices and seen no more. When we had ascended about half way a magnificent scene burst upon our view. We again saw the stream we had so often crossed in the ravine coming down from the top of the mountain in wild grandeur, and when it reached the brow of the mountain, it was precipitated, almost perpendicularly, down a startling rock 2000 feet. I could not help stopping for a short time to admire the beauty of the sight, and think of the glory of that Being who made all things, and the degradation and folly of those poor mortals around me who worshipped Him not, but bowed to a dumb block of wood or stone. Truly, though they do not see God with their bodily eyes, they may see him in his works. But nature's beauties and sublimities do not lead them to nature's God.

At 12 o'clock, M., we reached safely the Bungalows, on the top of the mountain, fatigued, but feeling it less than on the plains on account of the invigorating climate. Although but a few hours before we were on the burning plains beneath a burning sun, we were now glad to put on our flannel cloths and gather around a blazing fire. The top of this mountain consist of high peaks, valleys and deep ravines, through which flow beautiful streams of pure chrystal water. Several rivers take their rise on these hills. The summits are covered with a thick growth of grass and are destitute of timber, except on the slope of the hills and in the deep ravines. The valleys are very small and are covered with a thick black loam 4 or 5 feet deep. It is on account of fires and storms that the hills are destitute of timber. Every year the fire overruns these hills and burns off the tall grass and bushes, but does not penetrate the groves already formed. They are dense jungles with large trees into which the fire never penetrates. The leaves are all too damp to burn. These groves are also situated on the slopes of hills and in deep ravines where they are shielded from the storms and winds which blow so furiously a greater part of the year; and even the trees in these groves are formed by nature to withstand the rude blasts of heaven. The large groves where the Mission and English Bungalows are built is called Curdicorai (i. e.) Umbrella Grove. The trees raise their tops with thick and tended branches, covered with thick leaves in shape like an umbrella. The trees thus formed stand thick and close so that it is almost impossible for the storm to penetrate the grove to uproot them. The undergrowth is also thick and almost impenetrable; a fit retreat for the wild beasts which infest them. The most fearful of the wild animals which haunt these thickets is the tiger who prowls and lurks among their shades for his prey. He seldom attacks man, however. Some months ago a tiger carried away several men from a village near the foot of this mountain. And a few years ago an English officer going through a pass of the lower range of the Pulneys was taken from his horse by a tiger and carried off. I have frequently travelled that pass and been over that range of mountains but have never been so unfortunate as to meet a tiger. I was one time under the necessity of coming down that pass at 10 o'clock at night, and when I reached the foot of the mountain, I and my attendants were so fatigued that kindling a large fire we laid down and slept until morning under a large Tamirind tree undisturbed by any wild beast. These hills are also infested by large snakes of the Boa species. I have seen young ones from 10 to 15 feet in length, but never saw any larger, nor have I a wish to encounter so dangerous an animal. A few years ago an English gentleman came very near losing his life by a large snake. It pursued him a long distance and though he frequently shot and wounded it, it still kept in pursuit. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he ascended a tree, but to his astonishment the snake still pursued him up the tree and was about to devour him when another man came along and seeing his awful situation shot the snake and it fell to the ground. Natives frequently catch the young ones and carry them about the country; but yesterday two were brought here; they were about 12 feet long; we presented one with a chicken, which it seized around the head and neck and coiled itself around its body until it was dead, and then swallowed it whole. It was about half an hour in accomplishing the feat.

Elephants are also numerous on these hills; but their most frequent retreat is in the deep ravines which run up the sides of the mountains.—The English gentlemen frequently hunt them, but it is a rather dangerous business. The former Collector of Madura was once pinned down to the ground between the tusks of a large and furious elephant, which was a rather a dangerous situation to be in; but he happily escaped and lived to hunt them again. There are a few Bears and quite a number of Cheaters. The latter seldom or never attack men. They are quite large and spotted like a Leopard and pray upon cattle. These hills also abound with Bison, which are very large, and afford considerable sport to huntsmen, though often attended with much danger. The subordinate Judge of Madura last year came very near losing his life by one which he had wounded. They are 5 or 7 feet in height and when wounded are very furious, and it is difficult to escape from them unless in the neighborhood of trees. Here are also Elk, Deer, and large black Monkeys.

These hills present the appearance of having been in former times more thickly inhabited and better cultivated. Numerous hills still show the terraced walls which were raised up to form plots for cultivation, and on the top of one round hill is still the remains of a circular wall, which appears to indicate that it was a fort; and on the top of another hill, a short distance from this appears to be the tombs of a race of whom we know nothing. On the declivity of a hill ten miles distant from that place I saw quite a number of these singular tombs. They are oblong and the outer circle is composed of large stones filled in with small ones. They are ranged side by side pointing east and west. No inhabitants now live within six or eight miles of the place.

On a hill at some distance from this one I noticed some of a different construction, and similar to some I had before seen on the lower range of the Pulneys. These were formed by large stones being set up edgewise and a large stone about 6 feet long and 3 wide placed on the top of them. Near Dindigul there are tombs of a similar construction. These are perfect circles formed by large rough stones set up edgewise forming a space within of 10 feet circumference.

Over these tombs hangs a dark mystery, which we are unable to unravel. Who has been buried there, we may ask; but the echo must answer.—It is quite different from anything now practiced by the Natives. They burn their dead and leave their ashes to be scattered by the winds of heaven; a mournful thought, but true. They erect no monuments to perpetuate the memory of the departed, except in a few cases, and well would it have been if their names had been left to pass into oblivion. Such are deified and their images worshipped; and also, where widows, have been burnt on the funeral pile of their husbands, a small building has usually been erected, and their images are worshipped; besides these they rear no monuments to the departed.

On the lower range of the Pulneys there is a caste that do not burn their dead. They take them into the jungle and cover them over with a few inches of dirt, and leave them to be devoured by the wild beasts. They erect no monument to mark the place where they leave them to rest.

But whose monuments are those thus neglected? Who found their last resting place here?—Who can tell? When we ask the Natives they can give us no satisfactory answer. I have only heard of two opinions they advance. One is, that they are the tombs of the Pandion race, who were formerly kings of the Madura district, but who have long since passed away. Another is that they are the tombs of persons who lived so long that they dwindled down into dwarfs, and at last were buried alive in small earthen pots. The former may perhaps be true. There is a Pandion chronicle extant, a copy of which is now in my possession, containing a history of these kings and of the Madura district, but is so full of extravagant flights of fancy that little truth can be gathered from it; but amidst the fiction there is no doubt some truth. That such kings did reign in Madura, we can gather from this Manuscript, but that these tombs contain the sleeping remains of that departed race we can find nothing. It may be true, but a dark uncertainty must hang around these tombs, as uncertain as that which hangs around the many mounds in our own native land.

But I have been digressing. I said that the population of these hills was not so great as formerly; but still the lower range is quite populous, and the land extremely fertile. Almost every fruit and vegetable of the United States will grow there. Peach trees have been planted and are found to do tolerable well, but the fruit is not so good as in America. There wheat is cultivated, and potatoes have lately been introduced and found to grow well. There grows the raspberry, blackberry, strawberry and the whortleberry, while cardamom seeds grow in abundance in the jungle on the lower range. In January it is cold enough to form ice half an inch thick, and the valleys for a great part of the year are covered in the morning with a white frost, but on the higher ground it is not sufficient to kill the leaves of the trees, so that we may say that spring reigns the year round.—There, too, are many beautiful flowers, that bloom to 'waste their fragrance,' not 'on the desert air,' but on the lonely mountain. Every thing there is calculated to inspire and cheer the mind, and hence it is a delightful retreat for health. Truly when broken down in health by laboring beneath a tropical sun, we can cast our eyes to the Pulneys which raise their blue tops to the skies as the delightful land of promise for the restoration of health. How thankful to God should we be, for affording us such a pleasant retreat. From these hills we have returned, much strengthened and invigorated, to our station.

D. W. McMILLAN.

A Dinner Story.

The following anecdote from Noah's Weekly Messenger, beautifully illustrates the principles of charity, and teaches us that it is often for our interest to "feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy individual to the waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured, and the waiter called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him,

"You are the landlord."

"Yes."

"You do a good Business here"

"Yes." (in astonishment.)

"You make probably ten dollars a day clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay you, for what I have consumed. I have been out of employment seven months, but have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I have been out of food four and twenty hours when I entered your house. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay bills with such promises," blustered the landlord; "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the poor authorities. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat."

"If I go in to the street without that I will get my death with weather as it is."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"I will leave the coat."

The coat was left and in a week afterwards redeemed.

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented at caucus as an applicant for a congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his place. He heard the name and history of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of the most respectable citizens. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said—

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and let me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life without it."

"Well, sir, what then."

"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after the Christian hotel keeper became a bankrupt and sought a home at Belle vue. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany; we know him well. The ways of Providence is indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

REMINISCENCES OF FULTON'S FIRST STEAM VOYAGE.

Some twenty years since, I formed a travelling acquaintance, upon a steamboat on the Hudson river, with a gentleman who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steamboat, the Clermont, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have lost, but I urged him at the same time, to publish what he related; which however, so far as I know, he has never done.

It chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany on business, when Fulton arrived there in his outboard of craft, which every body felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave and hearing that this craft was to return to N. York, I repaired on board, and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and there found a plain gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have a passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation, a sum, I think six dollars, was named. The amount in coin I had in his open hand, and with an eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a mistake, and said to him, "Is that right, sir?" This roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up to me, the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said, "Excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for my exertions in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor even for that just now. I trust we may meet again, when this will not be so."

Some four years after this, when the Clermont had been greatly improved and two new boats made, making Fulton's fleet three boats, regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage in one of those for the latter city. The cabin, that day, was below; and as I walked its length to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon, however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but without disclosing this, I continued my walk and waited the result. At length, in passing his seat our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle now. It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. F. ran rapidly but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness, and sheets and of the hopes, fears, disappointments and difficulties, that were scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which he had at last arrived. And in reviewing all these, said he, I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing in me the vivid emotion it originally caused.—That, steamedy and still does seem, to me the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness to my fellow men.

Such then were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recollected by many—and such as Fulton there related them were the early appreciations by the world, of a discovery which has invaded all waters, causing a revolution in navigation which has almost literally brought the very ends of the earth in contact.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight gentlemen had agreed to meet at half-past 6 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time!" said he, "passed away without my being aware of it.—I had no idea of its being so late." &c.—A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology.—It were matter of regret that thou should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven beside thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was thine own property."

A good story is told of a rough sea captain, in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, prepared the following brief request: "Oh, Lord! I hain't been in the habit of calling upon Thee often; and if you'll shift the wind from sou'west to a little more sou', I won't trouble you again!

A priest was once called upon to pray over the barren fields of his parishioners. He passed from one enclosure to another, and pronounced his benediction, until he came to a most unpromising case. He surveyed its sterile acres in despair. "Ah," said he, 'brethren—no use to pray here—this needs manure!'

Judge Thompson, of Worcester, Mass. being unable to attend to the citizen's celebration of Fitchburg, as an invited guest, sent the following toast:

"The only tolerable form of Slavery—that where one woman holds captive one man—in which the victim not only hugs his chain, but the little tyrant that rivets it."

AN AMUSING STORY.

Hooper, the editor of an Alabama Journal, whose name we just now forget, but which has always delighted us to make us laugh, tells the following capital yarn.

Shall I tell you a bit of a story, having no connexion with politics, this hot dry weather? By permission—

Old Col. D——, of the Mobile district, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He was testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities, which were fully appreciated by the people of the district. Many of his freaks are fresh in the memory of the "old men" of Mobile—and all of them will tell you that the Col. though hard to beat was once terribly taken in by a couple of legal tyros.

It is George Woodward, I believe, tells the story; but however that may be it is in keeping with others, related of the old gentleman.

It seems that Col. D—— had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to, and was not on speaking terms with them, although all of the three were professionally riding the circuit pretty much together. The young ones, being well aware of the Col's irascible and determined, as they left one of the courts for another to have some sport at his expense by the way. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving, and presently they arrived at a broad dark stream, that looked as if it might be a dozen feet deep, but which, in reality, was hardly more than as many inches. Crossing it they alighted, pulling off their coats and boots, and sat down quietly to watch for the "Tartar."

Jogging along, at length came up the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters, who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats, as if they had just had a swim—and then he looked at the broad creek that rolled before him, like a silent translucent star. The Col. was awfully puzzled.

"Is this creek swimming?" he growled, after a pause of some moments.

No reply was made—the young men simply mounted their horses, and rode some little distance, and then stopped to watch our hero.

Col. slowly divested himself of boots, coat, pantaloons, and drawers. These he neatly tied up in his handkerchief, and hung them on the horn of the saddle, then he re-mounted, and as he was a tall, short man, with a paunch of inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, with a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he bestrode his steed, with the breeze holding gentle dalliance with the extremities of his only garment.

Slowly and cautiously did the old gentleman and his horse take the creek.—Half a length—and the water was not a teltock deep. Here the horse stopped to drink. A length and a half—and the stream no deeper! Thirty feet further and a decided *shoaling*!

"Here Col. D——," cried up—"There mint,' said he, 'be a h—— of a swift channel between this and the bank. See how the water runs!" We will duck through it."

A sharp lash made the horse spring the watery waste, and another carried the horse and rider safely to the opposite bank. The creek was nowhere more than a foot deep.

A wild yell from the young men announced their approbation of the sport as they galloped away.

"I'll citizen you, you ——rascals," was ground between Col. D——'s teeth, and away he galloped in fiot pursuit, muttering vengeance on his foes.

On—on they sped, pursuer and pursued. The youngsters laughed, yelled, and screamed—the Col. damned with mighty emphasis; while his shirt flattered and cracked in the wind like a loose flying gib.

On—on—and the pursuer reached the farmhouse on the road side. Their passing startled a flock of geese in a fence corner, which as the Col. dashed up, met him with outspread wings, elongated necks, and hisses dire. His horse suddenly swerved and the Col. in a moment was upon the ground, in a most unromantic heap, with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around.

The white-headed children of the house came out first, took a distant view of the monster—then scooted to their mothers, and then returned to report progress.—After a little the father of the family came, and the affair being explained, assisted the Col. in making his toilette; the Col. swearing and the countryman laughing all the while.

"Dressed and mounted, our hero started off with a woful phiz, and was soon out of sight."

BALLOONING.

M. Lenoir, the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, has written an account of his ascent at Paris with Lieutenant Gale, in his balloon. We present our readers with an extract:—Mr. Gale is a Lieutenant of the Royal British Navy, and wears the undress uniform. He has the bold, decided air of the sailor. He takes the same care of his balloon as one man would of a racehorse, or another of a fine vessel. Precisely at 5 o'clock we left, waving the flags, namely the French flag, that of the moment, and the union jack. We were four in number: Mr. Gale, Mr. Clifton, (a young Englishman, who had already made three ascensions,) Mr. Deon, Tripnier and myself. The ascent at first as everybody might perceive, was very rapid. It is at this moment alone that novices, at least I speak for myself, experience a certain giddiness; that after a few moments this disappears.—There is a peculiarity in the balloon of Mr. Gale, and in the ascension with it, that I speak of the incredible ease at first that he performs in descending by a rope ladder to his lowermost car. That upper and larger car may be compared to a large round basket. We were obliged to climb it with one arm in the cordage, not to keep us from falling out but from falling in.—The smaller and lower car is suspended at a distance of thirty-five feet from the upper. In order to get down to it, Mr Gale raises a sort of lid or trap at the bottom of the upper car, and then there is an opening barely sufficient for the passage of his body. It is through this opening that he descends by a rope ladder to let off the fireworks, which are attached to the lower car. It is impossible to conceive anything more terrible than this man, suspended in space by a cord at the height of half a mile from the earth, and descending with admirable *sang froid* to his lower car. It was a most harrowing sight for us to look at him through the opening at our feet, for the aperture, on account of the smallness of the opening, appeared double. The effect of such a sight would, if continued long, be insupportable. On reaching the lower car, Mr. Gale set fire to his bonbe, which, I am told, produced with the persons in the *rez de chaussée* the effect of discharges of cannon. Some persons thought it was a signal for the prorogation of the assembly. With us above the effect was very different. At first there was a sharp sound, like the snapping of a percussion cap; then, at the moment of the explosion, it seemed as if we heard a distant and continued thunder. I am told that this firing made a large number of Parisians, who were not thinking of the balloon, lift up their heads. After the bouquet, Mr. Gale resumed his ladder for the purpose of rejoining us. Seen from below this is frightful, and seen from above it is by no means tranquillizing.—If a sailor perched on a yard falls into the sea, a cry is raised of a man overboard; but what cry would we raise if our seaman had fallen into the atmosphere?—But here he is! We see him returning through the trap, his brow covered with perspiration, then his arms, and finally we lay hold of him. We were anxious for his return, for two reasons; first for himself, and then a little for ourselves.—For only imagine the devil of a man to have missed his footing on his descent or ascent, with his cord, or to have set fire to himself with his fireworks, and I will ask you what we should have done in the air, and how we should have gone on to have seen it spring was advancing. This was not one of the positions in which to exclaim *Sacrilu descensus Averni*. Happily for us, it was his 108th ascension, and it does not appear that he has ever fallen. We were heartily glad, however, to see him return safely. The lieutenant was as calm and untroubled as Daniele, and we drank a glass of Madeira to our good acquaintance."

"Go out into the woods, Sambo," said a southern master to one of his negroes, and cut me some crotches for a fence—to stick in the ground like this," making at the same time a X of two fingers on the table. The negro took his axe, went into the woods, was gone all day, and returned at last with nothing but his axe in his hand. "Where are your crotches, Sambo?" asked the master. "Couldn't find none, massa, no how." "Couldn't find any!" said his master; "why, there are thousands of them in the woods.—Why, look at that tree; there are half a dozen on that; couldn't you find any like that?" pointing to a forked branch on the tree. "Oh, yes, mass, plenty o'dem kind; but dey all crotch *up*: ought you wanted dem kind dat crotch *down*?"—*Knickerbocker.*

TOM HUDSON had a cottage near Box-hill, to which, after his theatrical labors, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming—

"Tom, Tom, get up!"

"What for?" said he.

"Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?"

"Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, though he could not help punning, "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear, it is the best thing in the world for the wind."

A few days since, a gentleman near West Point took into his service a verdant son of the Emerald Isle. On the first day of his service, he was startled by the sound of the evening gun, as it reverberated through the highlands, and awakened the mountain's slumbering echoes; and anxiously inquired of his employer, the cause of the explosion, and was told that it was the "sundown gun." "Och, bless me," exclaimed Pat, "and does the sun make such a divil of a thunder as that on going down in this country.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The Erie Pa., Observer notices the passage through that place, on one day, of 45 fugitive slaves, who had fled from Pittsburg and are going to Canada.

BISHOP HUGHES.—We learn that by a brief of his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., dated the 19th of July, the See of New York has been erected, at the request of the late Provincial Council of Baltimore, into an Archiepiscopal See, with the Sees of Boston, Hartford, Albany and Buffalo, as Suffragan Sees. By this the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes is, of course, elevated to the dignity of Archbishop.

The Bishoprics of Cincinnati and New Orleans have, no doubt, also been erected into Archiepiscopal Sees. St. Louis was made an Archiepiscopal See, nearly two years since, so that in the United States proper, there are five Roman Catholic Archbishops, and another in Oregon, the Archbishop of Walla-walla.—*N. Y. Post.*

A member of a legislature who indulged himself in afternoon naps, requested his friend to awaken him when the lumber act came up. He omitted it by forgetfulness but accidentally gave him a joy as the house was discussing a bill to prevent frauds. Old sleepy-head started, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, a word or two, upon that bill, for above that one half of my constituents get their living in no other way!"

A CLERGYMAN being in company with a purse proud bishop, they fell into a discussion, in which the prelate deemed his dignity would go for half the argument.—Finding that the other had the best of it he turned fiercely on him, saying, "Sir, do you know *what* I am?" "Dust and ashes, my lord," replied the clergyman.

STRONG WIND.—"How changeable the wind is in Boston," said an old lady—a friend of Mrs. Partington. It is the most changeable thing I ever did see. When I went up Washington street it was blown in my face; and when I turned to go down, don't you think it was blowin' to my back."

A wealthy merchant died—his body was dissected.

No symptoms of disease were anywhere detected,

Until they reached the heart—which, 'tis said they were unable,

But in the place they found—a Company interest Table.

A LITTLE REASONER.—A little boy asked his mother how many gods there were. A younger brother answered—"Why, one, to be sure." "But how do you know that?", inquired the other. "Because," answered the younger, "God fills every place, so there is no room for any other."

INCENDIARISM.—The barn of Mr. Geo. Upp, sr. of York, Pa., having been set on fire on Monday night a week, but not burnt down, the borough authorities offer $200 for the conviction of the offender.—Anonymous and threatening letters have been sent to some of the citizens, it is said.

A SCARLET IN PHILADELPHIA.—Terrible riots were the order of the day in Philadelphia on Sunday. They were no less than four, in one of which a murder was committed, and probably the same was done in the second; besides which two highway robberies are recorded, and some minor outrages.

One hundred and twenty dollars has been paid for a hen in Massachusetts, where the poultry fever has been raging for a long time. It is called the wild Indian game hen, and the Providence Journal recommends that she should be named the Jenny Lind.

A forged draft on Senator Dayton for $2,700 was offered for discount, a few days since, at the Trenton Bank. The proceeds were mailed to the party in Newark who presented the draft; but the fraud being shortly after detected, the delivery of the letter was stopped by telegraph.

EARTHQUAKE.—A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Cleveland on Wednesday morning, which lasted nearly two seconds. The shock was sufficiently violent to throw crockery from shelves.

The Criminal Court of St. Louis, on the 25th ultimo, sentenced Benjamin Savage, convicted of aiding slaves to abscond from their owners, to ten years' confinement in the penitentiary.

The vain abhor the vain; but the gentle and unassuming live one another. It is the effect of sympathy with the latter, the want of it by the former.

Children pick up words as pigeons do peas—be careful therefore with what you feed them.

Boys, if you would be honored men, take care of your conduct now.

TOBACCO AND BUCKWHEAT.—The York Republican says that an unprecedented quantity of Tobacco and Buckwheat has been grown in that county this season, and that the quality is most excellent.

TRUE.—He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man to get along.

India Rubber Flutes are now constructed in New York, said to be equal in tone to those of wood and ivory.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and like deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

Why is an actor like a cigar? Because the more he's puffed the better he draws.

There's no division in the following 4th of July toast, offered at Beaufort, South Carolina: Love, Courtship and Marriage—the best safeguard for posterity.

Why is a man who regularly attends church on the Sabbath like a United States vessel? Why, because he is a man-of-war-ship—(man of worship.)