

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1857.

VOL. 3.—NO. 21.

For the "Raftsmen's Journal."

## TRUE LOVE.

There are those who say that Cupid is blind; but true love has eyes both before and behind, and she quickly discerneth the want of a heart, and bitterly learneth the sting of that dart.

True love cannot bide where is coldness and scorn; true love won't have pity, but ever will mourn, where it can't have a heart for its own in return.

## WOMAN-LIKE.

Laughing, the youthful Isabel had challenged me to kiss her! Well, by stratagem I soon obtained what force would labor for in vain. I boasted, "Don't be proud," said she! "I'm nothing wonderful," for so. "Your valor's not so very killing," you kissed me, true—but I was willing!

## NIGHT HUNTING IN ELK COUNTY.

BY JOHN OF YORK.

The sun was within an hour's travel of the western horizon, when Tom W., Frank S., Dill F., and Brooks, started from Ridgway for the Five Mile Lick, in a canoe, not over nineteen feet long, up a stream so narrow and rocky that all had to sit quietly on the bottom of the frail vessel, or run a pretty fair chance of being upset. On each side of the Clarion, (or Stump Creek, or Big Toby—the stream has three names), high thickly wooded hills rose up around us, and the banks were closely stocked with gigantic pines, the present wealth of that wild region. The crows and ravens were slowly wending their ways to their homes in the depths of the forest, and some of the night birds had begun to pipe their organs, preparatory to the monotonous concert which was about to come off.

How gloriously quiet is the hour of night-fall in those grand old woods! Not a breath of air moved to ripple the clear water of the river, in whose depth even in the twilight, we could see trout, bass, and other delicious sport reawards, enjoying their evening meals upon the silty insects who continually throw themselves upon the surface of the water, as if for the purpose of being devoured by the fishes. The only annoyance was the armies of punkies (gnats), that swarmed about us, and kept hands and cigars tolerably busy in the work of self-defence.

"What time does the moon rise?" asked Dill, raising his dripping paddle out of the water, and leaning upon it—the very life-picture of the hunter and river man.

"Not 'fore two in the mornin'," replied Brooks, the man addressed; "have you any tobacco?"

"Yes," pitching him a quid, "and I'll bet you a quart that I'll fetch a six year old before moon-rise; will you bet?"

"Well, I don't mind the cost of the flicker," said Brooks, "but bet with John, there; he's up here on the new county business, and they do say that that's 'brads' about. How's that, old Seelye?"

"Oh, agreed; I'll take Dill's bet, and make you another."

"Come on—plank your sentiments. 'Taint every city boy kin pick a buck like old long-shot there, with the paddle."

"Well, a quart that I'll kill the first critter to-night; mind, I'll kill one before you do; if neither kills, it's a draw bet."

The bet was made, and silence grew over the party. We had just passed Mill Creek Mouth, when something resembling footsteps were heard on the bank above, but some rods ahead of us. The stream had been dammed below, and ran very slow; and we rode upon its dark surface as still as night itself. Dill, whose quick ear never mistook a wood sound, noiselessly turned the canoe into an eddy, and all sat in breathless silence, waiting for the enemy. Presently, the footsteps were again heard, and approached nearer and nearer the edge of the water.

"An old he-one," said Dill, in a scarcely audible whisper, at the same time cocking his rifle without a click.

The deer came on, evidently for the purpose of drinking, and stopped on the low bluff, as if to reconnoitre. We could just see his form against the dusky sky, but in the deep shade below he could not discover us. Dill, who had not moved from his kneeling position in the bottom of the canoe, now slightly raised his tall figure, drew his rifle to his eye, and brought the muzzle to bear upon the obscure object above him. We all held our breaths.

A low sharp whistle from the hunter to cause the buck to start, and two glaring eyes were turned towards the place whence the sound proceeded. Crack! went the rifle, and a heavy plunge into the water followed. But to our astonishment, the buck rose and struck out for the opposite side of the river.

And now the fun began. The shot, instead of being, as we guessed, in the buck's head, had lodged in his shoulder, and he was not going to give up for that.

"Pull away, boys," shouted Dill, at the same time grasping a setting pole, and forcing the canoe across the stream with astonishing velocity. The deer snorted and plunged, in his agony, and was fast losing ground until he got into deep water. We were five rods above him when the pursuer reached the current, and a little ahead in the race across the river. The buck saw this, and knowing from instinct that he could use his wounded limb to more advantage in the water than on land, turned his head down stream.

"Let me have a crack at that fellow," said J to Dill.

"Pop away; but I'll bet a pound of tobacco

you miss him. Aim for the head; don't spoil the hide."

"Go ahead," shouted Brooks, as he saw me taking pretty deliberate aim; "I want a crack at him myself."

I banged away from the bow, and had the satisfaction of hearing my ball strike the water about a yard to the right of the deer, for which I very religiously swore at the wabbling of the canoe. Three other shots were fired with no better success, for we were then in the shade of the mountain and its dense pine trees, and such a thing as getting a sight was out of the question.

"Drop your rifles and use your paddles," said Dill, impatiently. "We must overhaul that fellow on the rifles yonder, or we'll lose him; besides we are frightening away all the game within ten miles."

To the paddles we betook ourselves in good earnest, and when the deer was within a rod of the rifle we were not two rods behind him.

"Stand clear and give me a chance at the bow there," shouted Dill, and with two strides he had passed to the front, and with his hunting knife in his teeth, sprung upon the setting pole with increased vigor.

As the buck struck the rocks that here filled the bed of the stream in broken masses, he began to plunge and snort as before, and stumbling upon one higher than the rest, fell. He was evidently bleeding profusely.

"Now, altogether!" shouted the hereculean hunter, and as we all sprung to our proppellers, the canoe was run upon a rock beside the prey, and tipped upon the side. My first idea was to keep my rifle and powder dry, but Dill sprung into the water and grappled with the buck just as he was rising from his fall.

Did you ever see a wounded buck at bay? If you have not, I can tell you that he is not the pleasantest customer in the world to play with. The old wood monarch saw the approach of the hunter, and as the latter came within fighting distance, turned his fiery eye-balls upon him, and made a desperate plunge. The hunter sprang to one side, and would have cleared the animal, but the rocks were slippery, and a mis-step sent him rolling into the water beneath the stag's feet. The noble buck raised both fore feet, and struck the hunter a violent blow in the shoulders, and he was in a fair way to demolish him if Brooks had not rushed to the assistance of his comrade. A smart blow with the butt of his rifle caused the deer to turn his attention to Brooks, which gave Dill a chance to recover.

"Keep him there," shouted Dill, blowing the water out of his mouth, and in an instant he was again on his feet. The deer made a plunge at Brooks, and fell upon his knees.

"Now's your time!" cried Brooks; "cut his confounded throat!"

Dill did not want prompting. Quick as thought he sprung upon the buck, seized him by one of the antlers, and plunged his hunting knife deep into the neck of his victim. The buck bounded to his feet, reared high into the air, and fell dead at the feet of the badly bruised hunter. Dill looked at the conquered animal an instant, and then quietly remarked, "Pretty snug fight, I call that—let's have some liquor," and he took a pull at the jug with the utmost complacency.

The canoe was once more got into deep water, the deer put in tow, and, after a jolly health all round to Dill, we resumed our voyage to the lick.

It was after ten o'clock before we were fairly encompassed behind the murderous "blind" at the salt lick. For over an hour we waited without hearing any thing but the screaming of wolves and catamounts, who scented us, but were too cowardly to attack. Several times Dill called our attention to the cracking of dry twigs a little distance in our rear. At times the sound seemed to approach, and again they would recede.

"A bar arter our venison," said Dill. "Where did you hang it, Brooks?"

"On that beach, there, in front of the blind. That ain't no bar anxious to come thar for it I rather guess."

"Hist! there," said Dill, "a little fellow, I take it; but it's a deer sure."

Sure enough, the next minute we heard the splashing of foot steps in the mud around the lick.

"Give me a chance, now, Dill," said I. "You have won your bet, and I must have a chance for mine."

"Agreed," said Dill; "but wait a minute—that'll be more of 'em 'fore long, and maybe I'll get a crack at that bar along with you."

The bear had been creeping up nearer and nearer, and was evidently bent on stealing the dead buck.

In a short time two other deer came down to the lick, and began to grow impatient.

"Let's shoot, Dill, those fellows won't stay there all night."

"Wait till I strike a light," said the hunter. "Now, are you both ready?"

I replied in the affirmative, and Dill, having crept out of the blind, lighted some tared oakum, which blazed up, and gave us a good sight of the deer, who gazed upon the sudden light with astonishment.

"Fire!"—you too! growled Dill, and two rifles answered the order.

The field was reconnoitred, and one young doe was found to be shot directly between the eyes.

"What the duce did you shoot for?" asked I of Brooks, after he had returned to the blind.

"Why, to kill the first deer, of course."

"Well, that is cool—how are we to decide the bet?"

"Leave it to Dill."

Accordingly Dill was selected to decide who had won, and after examining the wound with all the pomp and skill of a country doctor, and inspecting the pieces, like a gay old hunter, as he is, he decided that the wound was made by a ball from a cut rifle. Brooks used a smooth bore, and had to give in—but he never paid the quart of Monongahela.

We had no more sport that night, and at day dawn Dill went to look for his buck. It was gone; and jumping upon the trail, he started upon a dog-trot into the thicket. In less than twenty minutes we heard the crack of his rifle, and following the course of the report, found him quietly skinning old Bruin. It was a monstrous bear, and as pork was scarce in that region, we were well satisfied with the change.

A BLOODY TRAGEDY occurred at Monmouth, Warren Co., Illinois, on the 12th, Dec. Two brothers of the name of Fleming, were killed by Wm. Crozier, a suitor of their sister. The Aurora Beacon, states that Crozier (an honest and respectable young man,) was rejected by the father, who was "well to do," solely because he was not rich; that Miss Fleming to prevent a marriage, was sent to Pennsylvania, and that the family wanted to get a written renunciation of all claim to her hand from Crozier, who remained locked in his room with them for five hours, before giving his signature to some compromise writing. They then attempted to cowhide him: after several blows he resisted, and a desperate scuffle ensued.—One of the Flemings drew a pistol and fired at Crozier with intent to kill; their lawyer, who was present, struck the pistol up, and the charge lodged in the ceiling. Crozier then drew a jack-knife, and instantly killed them. The report of the pistol alarmed the house; the brother of Crozier rushed to the room, burst the door open, and knocked down the elder Fleming, who opposed his passage. As soon as the door was burst open the brother who was last wounded passed down into the bar-room, fell and expired. Crozier has been discharged from custody, the act being considered a justifiable homicide in self defence.

In Armstrong county, at the recent court, a case of interest to many iron and lumbermen was decided. Mohney & Girt recovered judgment against Cook, the owner of a dam on Redbank creek, for damage caused by the sinking of a boat load of iron, by reason of the imperfect construction of his dam, built under the act of 1808—which had no schute to retain the water, but instead a number of "clevis-poles" attached at one end to the dam, and other floating on the water.

A "calculating" Yankee proposes to have constructed an immense water wheel at Niagara falls; not a small temporary affair, but one large and strong enough to use the entire power of the falls. From this, with proper grading he would lay down a permanent shaft through the State of New York, terminating at Albany. Those in want of power could then "belt" on, and "let her rip." Steam engines would then be "no whar."

A FALESTAFF HERO.—At one of the military festivals in England, now so numerous since the war, an Irish soldier returned from the East was thus accosted:—"Well, Pat, and what did you at the Alma?" "Do! your honor!" "Why, I walked up bowdly to one of the inimy and cut off his feet!" "Cut off his feet! and why didn't you cut off his head?" "Ah, by my faith, that was off already!"

A DOUBLE WIFE.—A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, replied:—"Why, d'ye see. I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says; but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a Tar, and she's a Tar-tar."

A western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them that if they did not find enough in the paper they had better read the Bible, which he had no doubt, would be news to most of them.

A witness in court being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately well;—he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horse-whipped him."

An Athenian, who was lame on one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiery on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said he, "not to run."

Mrs. Partington says, if she should ever be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," so that she should have something to live on.

Punch says, that monstrous tyrant Henry the Eighth, was so little prone to shilly-shally that he married his wives first, and azed them afterwards.

A chapp who went to California poor, and subsequently became very rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice cream.

## RUSSIA IN THE LIGHT OF PROPHECY.

In the *Illustrated London News* for September 13, 1856, we notice the following important historical facts, in an article in reference to the recent magnificent and imposing coronation of Alexander, the present Czar of Russia, touching the relation the Czar of Russia sustains to the Roman Cæsars. The facts are thus given:

"The several thrones and chairs, some of historical interest—which are kept in the treasury at Moscow, are thus described in Murray's Handbook of Northern Europe: 'Many thrones are also to be seen in the rooms, amongst them may be mentioned that of Ivan Vassilievitch, of carved ivory and Greek workmanship, presented to him by the Greek ambassadors who accompanied from Rome to Moscow the Princess Sophia, whom he demanded in marriage. This lady was the daughter of Thomas Paleologus Porphyrogenitus,—brother to Constantine Paleologus, who died in 1453, after seeing his empire fall into the hands of the Turks. By this marriage Ivan III. considered himself the heir of Constantine and took the title of Czar, the meaning of which is Cæsar; and thus, it is, perhaps that subsequent emperors, down to the present time, have shown a feeling of acquiescence towards that paradise on earth, Stamboul.'"

Much has been written by certain students of prophecy relative to the present legal heir to the throne of the Cæsars. Nothing, however has fallen under notice, which has amounted to reliable evidence touching this important point, till the above historical facts came under our observation. Unless some other individual can establish a better claim—which is not probable—this fact most conclusively proves that the Czar of Russia is the legal heir to the throne of the Roman Cæsars. If an heir to their throne, then it follows that he is an heir to their city or cities,—Constantinople, Rome, and the whole Roman empire!"

These facts afford a very satisfactory solution of the long and unchanged hereditary policy of the Russian monarchs to wrest Constantinople from the Turk, or "that paradise on earth, Stamboul," as the historian calls that city. Their right to all that pertains to the Roman world seems to be twofold, namely, spiritual and legal. Spiritual, from the fact that the religion of the cross first prevailed in the Greek Empire, although subsequently suppressed by the idolatrous Turks to exalt in its place the religion of the Koran. Legal, because as the foregoing facts demonstrate that according to an acknowledged and long established law of hereditary descent among the dynasties of ancient and modern times the throne of the Cæsars legally belongs to the Czar of Russia.

By virtue of this right, "Ivan III. considered himself the heir of Constantine, and took the title of Czar," or Cæsar. In view of these facts, well might the writer say, "that subsequent emperors, down to the present time, have shown a feeling of acquiescence towards the paradise on earth, Stamboul." Doubtless they consider that they have a legal right to the ancient abode of their renowned predecessors, and it would be unreasonable to suppose they will ever relinquish that right! Will they regain the city which they covet, the throne to which they are the legal heirs, and the "many countries" over which they claim the right to supreme rule? They certainly will, if it is in their power. And that they are in a fair way to accomplish this mighty work, appears evident from the facts in the case, some of which we gave in speaking on the present character of Russia in our previous issue. We have shown in that article that while Russia is becoming mighty for the conquest of the inheritance of the Cæsars, the present occupants of that empire are becoming weak, and ready to be conquered. Prophecy fully justifies this conclusion; hence the inheritance of the Roman Cæsars will eventually be possessed by the legal heir, the Czar of Russia.

In consulting Gibbon on this highly important subject, (vol. iv., pp. 354-358, Harper's edition,) we learn that Constantine Paleologus, the last Emperor of Eastern Rome, was slain by the Turks when Constantinople fell into their hands, A. D. 1453. His two brothers, Demetrius and Thomas fled to Italy;—Demetrius and his daughter were subsequently taken to Constantinople, where they died, leaving no issue. Thomas died in Rome, and one of his sons in Constantinople; the other son "was lost in the habit and religion of a Turkish slave."

These and other relative facts are recorded by Gibbon in tracing what he calls the "final extinction" of the Cæsars. He says nothing of Sophia, the daughter of Thomas, who according to the evidence of the author quoted by the *London News*—was escorted from Rome to Moscow and married to Ivan III., Emperor of Russia. Thus according to the united testimony of the two historians, viz. Gibbon and Murray, the Princess Sophia was the only member of the Cæsar dynasty who could transmit the right of the crown to future generations. That she did do this by her marriage with the Czar Ivan cannot be disputed; hence by the laws of hereditary descent, the Royal family of Russia possess the only legal claim to the throne of the Cæsars.

It may be asked, what have these facts to do with prophecy? We answer, they enable us to trace, unbroken, the historic chain of the

DRAGON POWER, from his manifestation in the proud Babylonian monarchy, down through the successive empires of Medo-Persia, Greece, Rome and Russia, until the latter power shall be bound for a thousand years, and be finally destroyed at the termination of the millennial reign of Christ. That the Dragon power as revealed by the unfolding word of the prophecy, now exists, will not be denied. Expounders of prophecy are very generally agreed in tracing that power in the history of Rome, as far as the Eastern Empire under Constantine. There they lose sight of the Dragon, or endeavor to identify him in the Mahometan power. But neither prophecy nor the facts in the case justify this conclusion. It is absurd to suppose that the Imperial Head lives in the power which slew it,—which theory must be so, if the Dragon exists in the Turkish power.

Again, if the Dragon power was transmitted to the Grand Sultan at the fall of Constantinople in 1453, it exists there now, and must there be found in its full development, to be bound at the coming of the Lord, or it must be transmitted and become transcendently great in some other dynasty before the Lord comes,—all of which is improbable and absurd.

Admitting that the Dragon power exists in the Russian dynasty, all appears plain concerning the head of the beast. (Rev. xiii.) which was slain by the sword, and lived again. It was the Imperial head which was slain when Constantine Paleologus, the last Roman Emperor fell by the sword; and it is the Imperial head that will live again in all its majesty, in the Czar of Russia. The beast has been "coming up out of the earth of Russia ever since the 15th century, in which Sophia, the last heir of Constantine Paleologus, was given in marriage to Ivan III. of Russia. When it shall attain to maturity—fully developed, it will have 'two horns like a lamb,' the Greek and Latin churches—but will 'speak as a dragon.'"

It will be the real Dragon embodiment, exercising "all the power of the first beast," that is, he will have under his imperial sway the military strength of the whole Roman earth. Then "the whole world will wonder after the beast," or grandeur of the Dragon power, exercised by the Czar of Russia, over the nations of continental Europe.

Taking this view of the subject, the hitherto inexplicable mystery of the Beast, "that was, and is not yet," of Rev. xvii. is removed. It is also plain how he could be the eighth head, and yet "of the seven." "He was" in actual existence from the commencement of the first despotic monarchy of Nimrod, B. C. 2233, to the death of Constantine, A. D. 1453. He "is not" now the supreme ruler in the Roman earth, and has not been since the death of Constantine, A. D. 1453. He "yet is" in his partially developed eighth and healed imperial head state, in the dynasty of Russia. In this state he has existed since the marriage of Sophia, the niece of Constantine Paleologus to Ivan, Emperor of Russia, in the 15th century. And when he shall possess himself of the ancient throne of the Cæsars, stretch his scepter "over many countries," of the Roman earth, push his triumphant victories to Palestine, and impudently "plant the tabernacle of his palace" on "the glorious holy mountain," viz. Mount Zion, "the place of the throne of the King of glory," Dan. xi. 45. Then the world may well "wonder after" this Dragon Beast, and through to their dismay and deep sorrow, be constrained to acknowledge that he "yet is." But thanks be unto our Father, when this mighty "Assyrian"—this "Gog"—this "king of fierce countenance"—"king of the north,"—this terrible Dragon power shall be encamped on Mount Zion, the time will have come for him to "go into perdition" by the Omnipotent arm of the Lord Jesus at his coming.

The marriage of Ivan of Russia and Sophia of Rome, shows clearly how the Russian Dynasty could be the eighth head, (by the law of the hereditary descent,) and "of the seven." It also makes it plain how the Little Horn power of Dan. viii. rose out of one of the four divisions of the Grecian Empire; for the origin of the Russo-Dragon power is clearly traced to Constantinople, which is situated within the division of the Grecian Empire which fell to Lysimachus, one of Alexander's four generals, among whom the empire was divided at his death.

Again, with these facts before us certain difficulties which arise in some minds concerning the fourth kingdom, are removed. They read of the existence of but four universal empires or kingdoms before the kingdom of Messiah; hence they cannot admit that a fifth kingdom is to be constituted under a Czar, a Napoleon, or any other earthly ruler. Very good; we admit the principle to be correct—but contend that the fourth and last empire must attain its perfection in power, corruption, &c., before its destruction. This will not be questioned. We ask then, has the fourth kingdom attained to this state of perfection? It has not. True it has passed through many changes, and has been governed by many different dynasties, but at no time has it ceased to be the fourth kingdom. It sustains that character now, notwithstanding the fact that it is divided into many lesser kingdoms, and scourged with its different kinds of religion.

Other and still greater changes than hitherto have been witnessed await this fourth kingdom. It must be again united, as far as the antipathetic clay and iron can be united, under its

eighth and last head. It must yet have but one supreme head—though it will have "two horns like a lamb." The Greek and Latin churches professedly lamb-like, will, we think, be united, under the Dragon head,—Gog, or the Russian power, the lawful inheritors of the throne of this fourth kingdom. The kings of the Roman earth must yet agree to give their power for a brief period to the Beast, or the eighth head of the fourth kingdom. Mark, they do not give their power to one of these kings, nor is either one of them made that head, but they give their power to the beast that sustains this last head, which was slain—but now lives, which was not the king, but the Imperial head, which can be none other than a Czar of Russia, as we have previously shown.

When this last multifarious character of the fourth kingdom shall be reached, then the image of gold, silver, brass, iron and clay and iron, will be perfected and fully prepared to be smitten and broken "in pieces" by the Kingdom of the Stone. Dan. ii. Then Gog, or the King of the North, and his "many people," or mighty army will be fitted for defeat on the mountain of Israel. Dan. xi.; Ezek. xxxviii. In a word, the fourth kingdom with its civil, despotic head,—its "false prophet"—its subordinate kings—its blasphemous Pope—its corrupt and wicked priesthood, its mighty armies and false worshippers in all maturity of crime in Church and State, will then be ripe for the Judgment of the great day of God. It will be the fourth kingdom in its last form, which is in rapid process of development.—Let us watch the signs of these eventful times, and be fully prepared for the important events which will soon take place.—(Prophecy Explained.)

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1860.—The correspondent of the New York Times says the campaign of 1860 has already begun, and some of those who aspire to the Presidential nomination at that time are engaged in laying their wires even now. Some of their movements are most curious and interesting, and as I am in the way of learning facts from undoubted sources, I may occasionally send you a paragraph to keep you posted. Judge Douglass, of Illinois, is particularly engaged in putting down his pins. To this end he not long since sent two confidential friends, (both of Ohio,) to Frankfort, Ky., to see the Presidential Electors, and endeavor to commit them in favor of J. W. Stevenson, of Covington, for a Cabinet appointment. He argued that as neither Ohio, Indiana nor Illinois would have a Cabinet officer, Kentucky ought—that the rivalry of Indiana between Bright and Wright would render the appointment of the former unwise, however much Mr. Buchanan might wish him; that the Democratic party could not afford to step in and take sides between two such distinguished State rivals, and that the only way to avoid it was to touch neither, &c. The sole object of this move is simply to prevent Bright's going into the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, as Douglass fears that he may find in him a formidable rival in 1860; and well he may fear him, for Bright, though not with great reputation for ability, is really a rapidly rising and most efficient man. He has great wealth, and more political power in his own State—mainly through the presses he controls and the railroads—than any dozen of other men in Indiana. If he becomes aware of the machinations against him now on foot, he knows how to meet and overcome them.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS.—The Commissioner of Patents is now sending to the State Agricultural Societies a parcel of Chinese sugar cane seed, raised under the direct supervision of the Patent Office, sufficient to plant sixteen acres, with a view of extending the culture of this plant. It has since its introduction into this country, proved itself well adapted to our geographical range of Indian Corn. It is of easy culture, being similar to that of Malice or Broom Corn, but will prosper in a much poorer soil. A correspondent writing to the Commissioner, speaks of the extraordinary richness and delicious flavor of the milk of cows which had been fed on that description of food.—Several gentlemen have likewise recently acquainted the office with the fact of the success of the liquorice plant, which is hardly as far north as Connecticut. It is employed not only for medicinal purposes, but they say is an important element in preparing the best ale and porter.

CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—New Treaty between the United States and England.—The Dallas Treaty has been printed, and laid before the Senate in pamphlet form. The paper vindicates the statements of its contents, which are in substance, an agreement by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain to use their good offices to procure a settlement of the boundary line between Nicaragua and Costa Rica; the erection of Greytown into a free city, as first suggested by Mr. Webster, or Mr. Everett, when Secretary of State; the extinction of the Mosquito Indian title, and the settlement of the Bay Islands controversy, by the erection of said islands into a free Territory, under the sovereignty of Honduras.

The most barren ground, by manuring, may be made to produce good fruits; the fiercest beasts, by art, are made tame; so are moral virtues acquired by custom.