

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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For the Raftsmen's Journal.

## THE SLAVE MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

"Was in my remembrance, at the close of day,  
I missed a cabin here, a negro lay  
Yestery and faint upon the beaten ground;  
No better seat, no better bed was found.  
Her body bore the marks of cruel lash;  
And dogs had torn her flesh with many a gash;  
Her tattered garments, crimsoned with her blood,  
Quenched not the flowing, sanguiferous flood.  
Her husband, (if the law allows the name),  
A haggard corpse, lies stretched upon the plain;  
A severed limb, his bravery bosom bare,  
And features fixed on what the dogs have spared.  
A weeping child beside the mother lay,  
And thus that mother said, or seemed to say:  
Weep, baby, weep, this sorrow seems to be  
The hapless lot, my child, of you and me;  
Blame, and reproach, and a no less the chain  
That binds thy neck to penury and pain;  
For now we know not, nor yet can we know,  
What yet may be thy founts of future woe;  
And time alone thy suffering can reveal.  
Fondly, more fondly, than thy parents feel,  
(Alas! poor woman, little knew she then  
Her husband had by the dogs been slain.)  
To yon the cruel white man came,  
And seized, and forced them to this land of shame;  
Condemned, beneath the scorching sun to toil,  
For others bread to force the stubborn soil;  
For others pride their low estate to feel,  
To toil, and suffer still for others woe;  
For their spiteful feelings, as a maniac;  
He bought, and sold, and traded like a brute;  
For others wealth, the negro poor must be;  
Himself a slave for others liberty.  
O land of boasted liberty and power,  
Where slaves are seen in almost every door;  
Where rapine rages, virtue stands afloat;  
And good-faces hides within the shades of night;  
Where love lies bleeding, 'neath oppression's rod,  
Justice and mercy have returned to God.  
Instead of heaven, oppression here bears rule;  
Yet at our wrongs 'tis useless now to pale.  
Come, hush my child, be still, thy slumber weep,  
And turn away with the shepherd of the sheep?  
True, he has bound us here with earthly chains,  
But freed our souls to rove celestial plains;  
Chase all away, thy unavailing tears,  
On the cross the Father's love appears.  
Behold he dies beneath our load of sin,  
And by his righteousness we glory win;  
Released from sin, his servants now we be;  
We are the freemen whom the truth makes free.  
Him we're made to share the better part,  
How precious is the Saviour to each heart!  
Our cruel masters value not his blood,  
But curse the Saviour, and deny their God.  
Alas! his healing influence of power,  
It turned to stone the heart that would be true;  
It shuts out tender pity from the eye,  
And stops the ear to groans of agony;  
Palsies the hand to charities, and aims;  
For love it substitutes its Prig and Pains,  
But to the master Slavery's most unkind,  
For we in body suffer, he in mind;  
It makes us like the vulture to live and feed,  
But then it makes the master worse indeed.  
The cruel slave deprives our souls of love,  
But from its nature all their woe increase.  
Our bodies they enslave with cruel smart,  
But they themselves are slaves in mind and heart.  
Great are the sufferings they for us procure;  
Each groan they utter, they themselves endure.  
They feed our bodies with the bitter tongue,  
But their own souls the more with cruel wrong.  
We should with meekness learn this wrong to bear,  
And let our masters still our foes share.  
We seek mercy from the sternest of men,  
We should like mercy to our foes extend.  
A few more rolling years of grief and shame,  
And Freedom will a jubilee proclaim;  
The craven spirits of the earth shall flee,  
The heart be liberal, and the slave be free;  
Our wrongs shall end, and horrid wars shall cease,  
And earth be filled with universal peace.  
From swords and spears, in all that age divine,  
The ploughshare shall be sown, and the sickle shine;  
The prowling wolf shall cease to feed on blood,  
The lion with the ox shall seek his food;  
The leopard, then, no more the kid shall slay;  
The harmless asp shall with the infant play;  
The cow and bear together in the forest roam,  
Their young ones be upon the grassy plain;  
The stubborn earth, producing briar and thorn,  
Shall teem with waving fields of yellow corn;  
The barren desert, long of rain denied,  
Shall see the ploughshare and the harrow applied.  
As the kind Shepherd gently leads the dams,  
And in his bosom bears the tender lambs,  
So shall Messiah in his gentler reign,  
In his arms his little ones from pain.  
The dew shall raise the lily from the ground,  
The lame shall leap, and all his powers employ;  
Those stripes that agitate the world shall cease;  
True light shall shine, and knowledge shall increase;  
Swords shall end, as folly disappears,  
And earth keep jubilee a thousand years.  
O, Prince of Salem, spread thy peaceful reign,  
And away thy scepter o'er this wide domain;  
O bid thy children lift their joyful eyes,  
And see another Greece to glory rise;  
To thee Zion raises her honor and her head,  
And woe another nation from the dead.  
O, Prince of Salem, spread thy peaceful reign,  
Wide o'er Columbia's desolated plain;  
Let no pretence demagogue come near,  
But give us way to rule in thy fair sphere.  
O, let thy truth with power and glory herald,  
Drive ignorance for the last time round the world.  
Here, by thy Spirit, let whole-hearted men  
Shut up oppression in the prison of their sin;  
Renew thy truth and justice, we implore,  
Till sin afflicted leaves our peaceful shore,  
And to thy people do thy grace disclose.  
And make this desert blossom as the rose;  
To it let Lebanon's greatness be revealed;  
Carmel and Sharon all their glory yield.  
O, let thy Zion now arise and shine,  
Her glory and her brightness all Divine;  
And all the praise for ever shall be thine.

## A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

One hundred years ago—the hunter, who ranged the hills and forests of New England, fought against other enemies than the brown bear and the panther. The husbandman, as he toiled in the plain, or narrow clearing, kept closely at his side a loaded weapon, and wro't diligently and firmly in the midst of peril. The frequent croak of the Indian's rifle was heard in the still depth of the forest—the death-knell of the unwary hunter—and ever and anon the dæm of some departed farmhouse, whose dwellers had been slaughtered by some merciless foe, rose redly upon the darkness of the night-time. The wild and fiery eyes of the heathen gleamed through the thick under-wood of the forest, upon the passing of the worshippers of the only true God; and the war-whoop rang shrill and loud under the very walls of the sanctuary of prayer.

Perhaps no part of New England affords a wider field for the researches of legendry than that province of Massachusetts Bay, formerly known as the province of Maine. There the ferocious Norridgewock held his stern councils, and there the tribes of the Penobscot went forth with song and dance to do battle

with the white man. There the romantic and chivalrous Castine immured himself in the forest solitudes, and there the high-hearted Ralle, gathered together the broken strength of the Norridgewock, and built up in the great wilderness a temple to the true God. There, too, he perished in the dark onslaught of the Colonists—perished with many wounds, at the very foot of the Cross which his own hands had planted. And there the Norridgewocks fell, one after another, in the stern and uncompromising pride, neither asking or giving quarter, as they resisted the white spoiler upon the threshold of their consecrated place of worship, and in view of their wives and children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled thro' the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild and convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians; and all was again silent.

The rangers sprung forward with their clubbed muskets and hunting knives; but their work was done. The Red Men had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit, and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of the hot blood from their lifeless bosoms. They were left unburied on the place of reveling—a prey to the foul birds of the air, and

the ravenous beasts of the wilderness. Their scalps were borne home-ward in triumph by the successful rangers, whose children and grand-children shuddered, long after, at the thrilling narrative of the midnight adventure.

## SPEECH OF HON. D. WILMOT, AT PHILADELPHIA, ON Monday Evening, August 24th, 1857.

Fellow Citizens, I appear before you to-night under the conscious feeling that I will not be able to meet the expectations of so large and intelligent an audience. I therefore invoke your indulgence and kindest charity while I make a few remarks. In the first place there should be a full and frank understanding as to the relations which exist between us.

There is not one in a thousand of your citizens, I suppose, that I have the honor of a personal acquaintance with. I have, therefore, no claims upon you, and it would be presumptuous on my part to appeal to you for your vote.

I have been placed by a portion of the citizens of this Commonwealth, as a representative of principles, regarded by them as of vital influence to our common country.

If, after a careful consideration of those principles, you find them to be essential, then I have a right to invoke your aid and vote.

If these principles are vital to your own interests, upon the ascendancy of which they would prove vital to yourselves and children, then I have a right to invoke your aid.

I invite no man's suffrage unless he believes, by supporting me, he supports his own highest interests.

We are told by the dominant party that we have no right to discuss the question of Slavery. In a pronouncement recently put forth by the self-styled Democracy, they assume the right to arrogate what the people should hear, or should not hear; and by and bye, they will assume the functions of saying what book a person shall read or shall not read. I maintain there is no question that can arise, but what it is open for discussion; nor is any attempt made to close discussion on any other question but Slavery.

Fellow citizens, it is impossible to stop the discussion on slavery, for you might as well attempt to arrest the sun in its course. We read of a vain and presumptuous prince who commanded the tides to go back. These modern Democrats might as well attempt to stay the tide of popular rights that affect the rights of the whole people. It is not an abstract question, but one of practical interest, which comes home to every one! It is one of political power, which controls the destinies and shapes its policy!

Shall a few hundred men in the interest of slaves, or millions of freemen decide it? Are not these practical questions? Again, it assumes a position nearer to your own interests. The question is whether labor shall maintain an honorable position, or sink into degradation? Is that not a practical question?

Fellow citizens, there is a question higher still. It is a question of Civilization or Barbarism—whether Civilization, founded upon principles of honor and virtue, shall go over the country, or stop, and a species of Barbarism take possession of the land? Whether civilization or the bowie knife shall control.

Whether the great questions that are to be discussed in our national halls shall be done so on principles of reason and right, or with the bludgeon. (Immense applause.)

Permit me here to repel the slanderous assaults that have been made upon me, through a venal and subsidized press—for slave power poisons all channels of public opinion—a press that, standing as the organ of Democratic opinion, has lost all its old principles, and there is not one in ten but what is paid to advocate Human Slavery and resist Free Labor.

That press charges me with advocating principles subversive to our government—that I am a rank Abolitionist. I pronounce it a gross slander on my character and my principles, if they say I wish to interfere with the institutions of my sister States. I am a State Rights man up to the hilt, one of the Jefferson school on that subject.

We have no power to interfere with slavery as it exists in the States. No more right to affect the institutions of Virginia than they have to affect our Public School system by Congressional enactments.

It is different, however, in the Territories, where we have as much right to be heard as they, for they must be governed by Congress, and we have a right in determining the character of the government imposed on them.

Allow me a brief time to refer to the Wilmot Proviso. (Applause.) In 1846, it will be recollected, we were engaged in a war with Mexico. The President sent in his message, asking for an appropriation of three millions to enable him to make peace. It was apparent to every one that he wanted to purchase Territory, for was not Mexico conquered and lying dormant at our feet? It was therefore apparent that this money was to be the first installment for the acquisition of Territory.

When the bill came up, which was on the day prior to the adjournment of Congress, I offered an amendment which provided, as a fundamental condition, that neither slavery or involuntary servitude should exist in any land purchased in consideration of this appropriation. For doing this I should almost be afraid

to stand a trial in your city, for if constructive treason can be made out of this, then treason can be made out of anything. It has been made in Lancaster, in Kansas, and would be made to-day in Philadelphia if they had the power.

At the time the Proviso was offered, all of the members from the Free States but two voted for it, and they were Messrs. Douglas and McClelland, of Illinois. This it will be recollected was on the day preceding the time fixed for the adjournment of Congress. All of the Pennsylvania members present voted for it, and I regret the absence of one gentleman who was on a visit to his friends.

At 11 o'clock the next day, this proposition was taken up in the Senate, and John Davis, of Massachusetts, took the floor, and perhaps for the purpose of defeating the Appropriation bill on political grounds, he talked to the hour of adjournment. I have authority in saying that Gen. Cass crossed the Senate Chamber, and openly rebuked Mr. Davis for defeating the most important bill ever brought before it. In 1847, considerable interest was excited in Pennsylvania, and she was called upon to pronounce her voice in Legislative Assembly. There was not to be found then a politician to uphold the spread of Slavery. The resolution was substantially to stand by the Wilmot Proviso. Where was the Democratic party then?

The House of Representatives had a full vote and over ninety in all voted in favor. The Senate had an almost unanimous vote.

Gov. Bigler, who was then Senator, declared that he wished to stand correct on the record, and would, therefore, demand the ayes and noes. He (Bigler) voted aye.

At this time the Slave interest combined and threatened destruction to any public man who advocated the Proviso.

In 1846 a President was to elect and Gen. Cass stood in a prominent position. It became necessary to modify or forego the Proviso, in order to expect any hope from the South. General Cass preferred the forego, and although he had been forty years in the service as a Statesman, yet he at that late day set himself down to read the Constitution of his country. Here stood the North, and there the South.

After the General had finished reading the Constitution, he suddenly introduced the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, notwithstanding Territories and States had been admitted under the old regime before the Constitution was read.

I am a poor man, but I will pay \$100 to any one who will discover the existence of squatter sovereignty previous to the famous Nicholson letter.

This doctrine of squatter sovereignty never received the endorsement of the leading statesmen of the South, for they denounced it as a humbug, and preferred the Proviso, before admitting half-breed Indians and negroes on a footing with citizens who understood the institutions of their country.

Senator Brown, of Mississippi, said at one time that Mr. Buchanan abhorred the question of squatter sovereignty.

Mark the downward progress of the Democratic party, who were the first in supporting the Proviso.

Who has abandoned principles, they or me? [Loud cheers]

Let me read an extract from a speech of Richard Broadhead, the Prince of all Dough Facism [laughter]—whose game is to get the lowest in the dirt to obtain the highest claim.

In a speech, made February 9, 1847, on the Proviso, Mr. Broadhead said, "if we had acquired New Mexico or California, and the bill before the house was for their admission as a Territory, or even a State, I would vote for the Proviso of my colleague (Wilmot) to exclude slavery. Let us wait until the Territory was acquired." This was dodge No. 1.

The next dodge was, that it was unnecessary, as the Territory came to us free, and the moment a man brought his slaves there they would be free.

The third dodge was that it was unconstitutional.

All history taught us that whenever a base purpose was to be accomplished, there were plenty of helpers to be found to aid. Look, for instance, when James I. attempted to build up the Catholic Church on the soil of England, had he any trouble with his Judge? No, not a bit.

I bow to the decisions of the courts, and would not ask any man to raise his arm against them, but there is no tribunal under Heaven I will submit my judgment or conscience to.

Take the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and was it not an indisputable fact that they had to reverse their decisions every five years to make them be of any authority? Had not the Supreme Court of the United States reversed itself on the Dred Scott decision?

A labor question is involved in the slavery controversy; a question between the white and black. I leave it to the Southern chivalry and Democracy to trample down the despised race of the negro—to strip a woman and sell her babe—but may God paralyze my arm before I descend to such an act. No man can descend to such an act without sinking deeper and deeper in the scale of infamy. I leave that to the Democracy; I deny that this race is most interested; it is the free white laborer of the country. [Cries, that's so.]

The proposition is so plain that he who "runs may read." Which is the best system? That with or without compensation? This question is that which most interests us. There is no man connected with this country, its early history and struggles, that ever raised his vote in support of the institution of slavery, not one who has not been altogether such as I am upon this question. Jefferson declared that God was just and justice would not sleep forever. This was an utterance of a sentiment in opposition to slavery, and sustained by Washington, Monroe, Henry, the Masons of Va., and others.

Slavery is the basis of a system of aristocracy—the mightiest on the face of the globe. It lies in combining together, in the hands of a few men, all the property of the country, descending from generation to generation an hereditary title to the great bulk of the property. The labor in it is in the South, in the hands of the slave-holders, a few hundred thousand men. This is what degrades the poor white man. Is that the case in the North? The great bulk of the property in this city is in the hands of the laboring masses, eminently so in the country. It is a doctrine in the South that it is the policy to enslave labor. The opposite in the North. No man from the South can occupy a seat in Congress, a Governor, or other high office that is taken from the working classes of the people.

No poor man—unless it be some rare instance—no non-slaveholder can be elected to honorable positions. The condition that slaveholders impose upon the poor white man of the South is degrading; degraded by contact with slavery; degraded, because the arm of the poor white man is paralyzed by slavery.

No Democratic paper here will publish these sentiments—the sentiments of Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina—but will uphold a system opposed to her own people and her own labor.

Mr. Lumpkin said that he was by no means willing to concede that the poor, degraded, half-fed, half-clothed, white population—four-fifths of the whole population of Georgia, would, by giving them employment, endanger the institution of slavery; but such sentiments are rarely published.

Now what system of labor shall exist in our Territory? Shall Philadelphia be entitled to a position in Kansas? Shall the freemen of Philadelphia be entitled to their rights in Kansas, or shall that country be cursed with slavery, forced upon a reluctant people? Shall the poor white men of the North be there deprived of the rights of freemen? Had any press of our city sent an intelligent correspondent to Kansas, I affirm that Mr. Buchanan never would have been President!

If the Ledger, which was amply able, and which is read by most of the laboring men, had done so, Pennsylvania would have never given her vote to Buchanan.

Why, 5000 armed men went to the Territory! drove the honest citizens from the polls! and this is well known to the Democratic papers, but they will never publish a word of it.

You talk about your friends here. In the name of heaven they are bad enough, and they demand your earnest opposition, or your rights are in jeopardy. But what is all this to the system of frauds in Kansas, upheld by the army of the United States; a usurpation which is sustained by a sectional President who does not dare refuse the bidding of his Southern masters!

The Hon. Speaker then described the condition of affairs touching the election in Kansas, showing the professions of the authorities as compared with their acts, professing that all shall have a fair shake, but taking very good care that the Free State men shall have only 3 out of 19 counties, and 14 counties controlled by the Slave power shall have 29 representatives. This usurpation, these outrages, are known to the authorities and sustained by them (by all the powers at Washington.) Is this, then, an abstract or practical question? And we are to close our mouths on this question, are we? Must we go down with our mouths in the dust and refuse to sustain the rights of the North? There white men desire to maintain themselves by their own honest industry.

My time is drawing to a close, and I have barely time to refer to another question, the question of Americanism. You have my letter upon that subject. I have well considered that letter, and now allow me to reiterate every word of it. I feel that there is a malignant foreign influence at war with all the best interests of our country, which I am bound by all the honesty of my principles to oppose. I have therefore a right—a right that I shall ever exercise—to oppose this influence—an influence that is sustained by the Democratic party—as long as I live. Why, gentlemen, do you suppose that I am not honestly opposed to this influence? Do you think that I cannot readily get back to the Democratic party if I am not opposed to it? Why, gentlemen, older sinners than I have gone back, and got their reward. I should only have to commit some gross act of outrage—"catch a nigger," or when he seeks a crust of bread, seize him and put him in prison; then would I have atoned for all my past political errors in the sight of the Democratic party. But until this party abandons the principles that govern it at present, I never can, and never will, whilst God gives me reason, unite with such a party.

That party must first sustain the cause of the white man—the poor white man, and the industry of the poor white man—against the slave-holding aristocracy of the South, before I can ever again be a Democrat.

If the principles to which I have referred be the controlling, governing principles of our country, then we will have a government of wisdom and of freedom; but if, on the other hand, these other principles shall rule, then of despotism. [Great applause.]

## STARTLING CALCULATION.

Somebody with a strong antipathy to pigtail and fine-cut, has entered into an investigation, which has resulted in this wise:

If a tobacco chewer chews for fifty years and consumes each day of that period two inches of solid plug, he will consume 6,475 feet, or nearly a mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, costing two thousand and ninety-four dollars! Plug Ugly, sure enough! By the same process of reasoning, if a man ejects one pint of saliva per day for fifty years, the total would swell into two thousand, three hundred gallons; quite a respectable lake, and almost large enough to float the Great Eastern! Truly, there are several things we never dream of in our philosophy. Whether these interesting statistics will diminish the sale of the juicy weed we are not able to say.—Philadelphia Journal.

We are sorry that "somebody" did not extend his calculations a little further, and embrace more than a single tobacco chewer in his estimate. There are at least three million very energetic chewers in the United States. If one tobacco chewer consumes in fifty years, two thousand dollars worth of tobacco, then the three million will use up in the same time, the handy little sum of six thousand million dollars, the annual interest of which would be four hundred and twenty millions, and the interest each second would be thirteen dollars.

The number of rail-cars or ships that the tobacco would load, we will leave to some of our younger readers; but will merely state that according to the estimated quantity of saliva ejected by each tobacco chewer, the whole amount discharged by three million Americans, would be a hundred million hogsheds. This would be more than enough to fill the Erie canal its whole length, three times; or a similar canal more than a thousand miles long. Engineer Burnett ascertained that about twenty millions cubic feet of water poured over the great falls of Niagara every minute; yet enormous as is this amount, the estimated quantity of American tobacco saliva would keep this great cataract in full action for more than two thirds of an hour.

If the Yankees were compelled to manufacture all this from their mouths by means of a poisonous and bitter weed, it would no doubt be regarded as a tyranny infinitely worse than any exercised by George III., or any modern European despot.—Country Gentleman.

A SEPARATE.—Among the Europeans who were endeavoring to escape from Delhi, when it was ravaged by the cruel East Indians, was an English officer with his wife. As he bore her along amid the dead and dying, he was attacked by a party of mutineers. His good sword was drawn, and seven ruffians fell. Slowly retreating, while keeping them at bay, the fields made a rush at his wife, but a shot from her husband's arm saved her honor, though it cost her life. Another shot, by his own hand too, and the husband rested beside the body of his own wife.

Some idea of the extent of the great wall of China may be gathered from a remark of Dr. Bowring, in a lecture on that country recently delivered in England. He said that if all the bricks, stone and masonry in Great Britain were gathered together, they would not furnish materials enough for such a wall as the wall of China, and that if all the materials in the buildings of London were put together, they would not make the towers and turrets that adorn it.

At a railroad station, an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam navigation. "Pray, sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is—ah!—steam is—eh!—ah!—steam is—steam!" "I knew the chap could't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

A man named Alexander Immol, fell dead last week while engaged in a dance at the farm of Judge Peters, near Philadelphia. His hand was clasped within that of a female relative, and he was going through the figure when he fell.

CRIME IN NEW ORLEANS.—There has been fifty-two murders and homicides in New Orleans during the past eighteen months. A great many persons have also disappeared, who are supposed to have been murdered. Thirty of the number killed were foreigners killed by foreigners.

There are occasional showers of meteoric stones, which some philosophers think are sent off from the moon. When we see and hear the multitudes of dogs in some of our towns, we are tempted to wonder if there has not been a shower from the dog-star.