Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1858. VOL. 4.—NO. 34.

FAINTLY FLOW THOU FALLING RIVER.

Faintly flow thou falling River,
Like a dream that dies away,
Down the ocean gliding ever
Keep thy calm, unruffled way.
Time hath such a silent motion,
Floats along on wings of air,
To Eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then like visions hurry by.
Quick as clouds at evening driven,
O'er the many clouded west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

From an interesting article concerning the Underground Burial-Places of the Ancients at Rome, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we make the following extracts:—

The Roman catacombs consist for the most part of a subterranean labyrinth of passages, cut through the soft volcanic rock of the Campagna, so narrow as rarely to admit of two persons walking abreast easily, but here and there on either side opening into chambers of varying size and form. The walls of the passages, through their whole extent, are lined with narrow excavations, one above another, large enough to admit of a body being placed in each; and where they remain in their original condition, these excavations are closed in front by tiles, or by a slab of marble cemented to the rock, and in most cases bearing an inscription. Nor is the labyrinth composed of passages upon a single level only; frequently there are several stories, connected with each other by sloping ways.

There is no single circumstance, in relation to the catacombs, of more striking, and at first sight perplexing character, than their vast extent. About twenty different catacombs are now known and are more or less open,—and a year is now hardly likely to pass without the discovery of a new one; for the original number of underground cemeteries, as ascertained from the early authorities, was nearly, if not quite, three times this number. It is but a very few years since the entrance to the famous catacomb of St. Callixtus, one of the most interesting of all, was found by the Cavaliere de Rossi; and it was only in the spring of 1855 that the buried church and catacomb of St. Alexander on the Nomentan Way were bro't to light. Earthquakes, floods, and neglect, have obliterated the openings of many of these ancient cemeteries,—and the hollow soil of the Campagna is full "of hidden graves, which men walk over without knowing where they are."

Each of the twelve great highways which ran from the gates of Rome was bordered on either side, at a short distance from the city wall, by the hidden Christian cemeteries. The only one of the catacombs of which even a partial survey has been made, is that of St. Agnes, of a portion of which the Padre Marchi published a map in 1845. "It is calculated to contain about an eighth part of that cemetery. The greatest length of the portion thus measured is not more than seven hundred feet, and its greatest width about five hundred and fifty; nevertheless, if we measure all the streets that it contains, their united length scarcely falls short of two English miles. This would give fifteen or sixteen miles for all the streets in the cemetery of St. Agnes." Taking this as a fair average of the size of the catacombs, for some are larger and some smaller, we must assign to the streets of graves already known a total length of about three hundred miles, with a probability that the unknown ones are at least of equal length. This conclusion appears startling, when one thinks of the close arrangement of the lines of graves along the walls of these passages. The height of the passages varies greatly, and with it the number of graves, one above another: but the Padre Marchi, who is competent authority, estimates the average number at ten, that is, five on each side, for every seven feet,—which would give a population of the dead, for the three hundred miles, of not less than two millions and a quarter. No one who has visited the catacombs can believe, surprising as this number may seem, that the Padre Marchi's calculation is an extravagant one as to the number of graves in a given space. We have ourselves counted eleven graves, one over another, on each side of the passage, and there is no space lost between the head of one grave and the foot of another. Everywhere there is economy of space,—the economy of men working on a hard material, difficult to be removed, and laboring in a confined space, with the need of haste.

Descending from the level of the ground by a flight of steps into one of the narrow underground passages, one sees on either side, by the light of the taper with which he is provided, range upon range of tombs cut, as has been described, in the walls that border the pathway. Usually the arrangement is careful, but with an indiscriminate mingling of larger and smaller graves, as if they had been made one after another for young and old, according as they might be brought for burial. Now and then a system of regularity is introduced, as if the *fossor*, or digger, who was a recognized officer of the early Church, had had the leisure for preparing graves before they were needed. Here, there is a range of little graves for the youngest children, so that all infants should be laid together, then a range for older children, and then one for the grown up. Sometimes, instead of a grave suitable for a single body, the excavation is made deep enough into the rock to admit of two, three, or four bodies being placed side by side,—family graves. And sometimes, instead of the simple *loculus*, or coffin-like excavation, there is an arch cut out of the tufa, and sunk back over the whole depth of the grave, the outer side of which is not cut away, so that, instead of being closed in front by a perpendicular slab of marble or by tiles, it is covered on the top by a horizontal slab. Such a grave is called an *arcosolium*, and its somewhat elaborate construction leads to the conclusion that it was rarely used in the earliest period of the catacombs. The *arcosolia* are usually wide enough for more than one body; and it would seem, from inscriptions that have been found upon their covering-slabs, that they were not infrequently prepared during the life-time of persons who had paid beforehand for their graves. It is not improbable that the expenses of some one or more of the cemeteries may have been borne by the richer members of the Christian community, for the sake of their poorer brothers in the faith. The example of Nicodemus was one that would be readily followed.

But beside the differentt forms of the graves, by which their general character was varied, there were often personal marks of affection and remembrance affixed to the narrow excavations, which give to the catacombs their most peculiar and touching interest. The marble facing of the tomb is engraved with a simple name or date; or where tiles take the place of marble, the few words needed are scratched upon their hard surface. It is not too much to say that we know more of the common faith and feeling, of the sufferings and rejoicings of the Christians of the first two centuries from these inscriptions than from all other sources put together. As we walk along the dark passage, the eye is caught by the gleam of a little flake of glass fastened in the cement which once held the closing slab before the long since rifled grave. We stop to look at it. It is a broken bit from the bottom of a little jar (*ampulla*); but that little glass jar once held the drops of a martyr's blood, which had been carefully gathered up by those who learned from him how to die, and placed here as a precious memorial of his faith. The name of the martyr was perhaps never written on his grave; if it were ever there, it has been lost for centuries; but the little dulled bit of glass, as it catches the rays of the taper borne through the silent files of graves, sparkles and gleams with a light and glory not of this world.—There are other graves in which martyrs have lain, where no such sign as this appears, but in its place the rude scratching of a palm-branch upon the rock or the plaster. It was the sign of victory, and he who lay within had conquered. The great rudeness in the drawing of the palm, often as if, while the mortar was still wet, the mason had made the lines upon it with his trowel, is a striking indication of the state of feeling at the time when the grave was made. There was no pomp or parade; possibly the burial of him or her who had died for the faith was in secret; those who carried the corpse of their beloved to the tomb were, perhaps, in this very act, preparing to follow his steps,—were, perhaps, preparing themselves for his fate. Their thoughts were with their Lord, and with his disciple who had just suffered for his sake,—with their Saviour who was coming so soon. What matter to put a name on the tomb? They could not forget where they had lain the torn and wearied limbs away. *In pace*, they would write upon the stone; a palm-branch should be marked in the mortar, the sign of suffering and triumph. Their Lord would remember his servant. Was not his blood crying to God from the ground? And could they doubt that the Lord would also protect and avenge? In those first days there was little thought of relics to be carried away,—little thought of material suggestions to the dull imagination, and pricks to the failing memory. The eternal truths of their religion were too real to them; their faith was too sincere; their belief in the actual union of heaven and earth, and of the presence of God with them in the world, too absolute to allow them to feel the need of that lower order of incitements, which are the resort of superstition, ignorance, and conventionalism in religion. In the earlier burials, no differences, save the ampulla and the palm, or some equally slight sign, distinguished the graves of the martyrs from those of other Christians.

On other graves beside those of the martyrs there are often found some little signs by which they could be easily recognized by the friends who might wish to visit them again. Sometimes there is the impression of a seal upon the mortar; sometimes a ring or coin is left fastened into it; often a *terra-cotta* lamp is set in the cement at the head of the grave. Touching, tender memorials of love and pity! Few are left now in the opened catacombs, but here and there one may be seen in its original place,—the visible sign of the sorrow and the faith of those who seventeen or eighteen centuries ago rested upon that support on which we rest to-day, and found it, in hardest trial, unfailing.

But the galleries of the catacombs are not wholly occupied with graves. Now and then they open on either side into chambers (*cubicula*) of small dimension and of various form, scooped out of the rock, and furnished with graves around their sides,—the burial-place arranged beforehand for some large family, or for certain persons buried with special honor. Other openings in the rock are designed for chapels, in which the burial and other services of the Church were performed. These, too, are of various sizes and forms; (generally about ten feet square;) the largest of them would hold but a small number of persons; but not unfrequently two stand opposite each other on the passage-way, as if one were for the men and the other for the women who should be present at the services. Entering the chapel through a narrow door whose threshold is on a level with the path, we see at the opposite side a recess sunk in the rock, often semicircular, like the apsis of a church, and in this recess an *arcosolium*,—which served at the same time as the grave of a martyr and as the altar of the little chapel. It seems, indeed, as if in many cases the chapel had been formed not so much for the general purpose of holding religious service within the catacombs, as for that of celebrating worship over the remains of the martyr whose body had been transferred from its original grave to this new tomb.

It is impossible to ascertain the date at which these chapels were first made; probably some time about the middle of the second century they became common. In many of the catacombs they are very numerous, and it is in them that the chief ornaments and decorations, and the paintings which give to the catacombs an especial value and importance in the history of Art, and which are among the most interesting illustrations of the state of religious feeling and belief in the early centuries, are found. Some of the chapels are known to be of comparatively late date, of the fourth and perhaps of the fifth century. In several even of earlier construction is found, in addition to the altar, a niche cut out in the rock, or a ledge projecting from it, which seems to have been intended to serve the place of the credence table, for holding the articles used in the service of the altar, and at a later period for receiving the elements before they were handed to the priest for consecration. The earliest services in the catacombs were undoubtedly those connected with the communion of the Lord's Supper. The mystery of the mass and the puzzles of transubstantiation had not yet been introduced among the believers; but all who had received baptism as followers of Christ, all save those who had fallen away into open and manifest sin, were admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper. Possibly upon some occasions these chapels may have been filled with the sounds of exhortation and lamentation. In the legends of the Roman Church we read of large numbers of Christians being buried alive, in time of persecution, in these underground chambers where they had assembled for worship and for counsel. But we are not aware of any proof of the truth of these stories having been discovered in recent times. This, and many other questionable points in the history and in the uses of the catacombs, may be solved by the investigations which are now proceeding.

Few of the chapels that are to be seen now in the catacombs are in their original condition. As time went on, and Christianity became a corrupt and imperial religion, the simple truths which had sufficed for the first Christians were succeeded by doctrines less plain, but more adapted to touch cold and materialized imaginations, and to inflame dull hearts. The worship of saints began, and was promoted by the heads of the Church, who soon saw how it might be diverted to the purposes of personal and ecclesiastical aggrandizement. Consequently the martyrs were made into a hierarchy of saintly protectors of the strayed flock of Christ, and round their graves in the catacombs sprang up a harvest of tales, of visions, of miracles, and of superstitions. As the Church sank lower and lower, as the need of a heavenly advocate with God was more and more impressed upon the minds of the Christians of those days, the idea seems to have arisen that neighborhood of burial to the grave of some martyr might be an effectual way to secure the felicity of the soul. Consequently we find in these chapels that the later Christians, those perhaps of the fifth and sixth centuries, disregarding the original arrangements, and having lost all respect for the Art, and all reverence for the memorial pictures which made the walls precious, were often accustomed to cut out graves in the walls above and around the martyr's tomb, and as near as possible to it. The instances are numerous in which pictures of the highest interest have been thus ruthlessly defaced. No sacredness of subject could resist the force of the superstition; and we remember one instance where, in a picture of which the part that remains is of peculiar interest, the body of the Good Shepherd has been cut through for the grave of a child,—so that only the feet and a part of the head of the figure remain.

There is little reason for supposing, as has frequently been done, that the catacombs, even in times of persecution, afforded shelter to any large body of the faithful. Single, specially obnoxious, or timid individuals, undoubtedly, from time to time, took refuge in them, and may have remained within them for a considerable period. Such at least is the story, which we see no reason to question, in regard to several of the early Popes. But no large number of persons could have existed within them. The closeness of the air would very soon have rendered life insupportable; and supposing any considerable number had collected near the outlet, where a supply of fresh air could have reached them, the difficulty of obtaining food and of concealing their place of retreat would have been in most instances insurmountable. The catacombs were always places for the few, not for the many; for the few who followed a body to the grave: for the few who dug the narrow, dark passages in which not many could work; for the few who came to supply the needs of some hunted and hidden friend; for the few who in better times assembled to join in the service commemorating the last supper of their Lord.

It is difficult, as we have said before, to clear away the obscuring fictions of the Roman Church from the entrance of the catacombs; but doing this so far as with our present knowledge may be done, we find ourselves entering upon paths that bring us into near connection and neighborhood with the first followers of the founders of our faith at Rome. The reality which is given to the lives of the Christians of the first centuries by acquaintance with the memorials that they have left themselves here quickens our feeling for them into one almost of personal sympathy. "Your obedience is come abroad unto all men," wrote St. Paul to the first Christains of Rome. The record of that obedience is in the catacombs. And in the vast labyrinth of obscure galleries one beholds and enters into the spirit of the first followers of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

A Cruise among the Cannibals.—A late number of the *Advertiser*, published at Honolula, Sandwich Islands, contains an account of a cruise made by the sailing packet Morning Star, among the Pacific Islands. It touched at several ports of the Marquesas; thence to the Island of Fatuhiva, in one of the valleys of which a desperate battle had taken place, a short time before the vessel reached there, between two hostile tribes. The *Advertiser* says:

"One of these contests lasted nine days, at the close of which the bodies of the captured and dead were eaten. The cannibal custom prevails throughout this group. They do not have a great feast over these human bodies as is generally supposed to be the case; but the bodies are cut to pieces on the battle field, and each warrior takes his piece—an arm, a joint, a rib, according to his merit—raises it on his gun over his shoulder, and marches home. Here he calls his relations, and together they devour the flesh—some cooking it in slices like pork, but most eat it raw. The motive which induces them to eat the bodies of their enemies is *revenge;* they feel that their revenge is not satisfied until they have tasted of their blood and flesh. When their hatred, anger and revenge are at their highest point, and their enemy lies dead before them, then it culminates in the fiendish act of eating human flesh; and it may be imagined the quivering heart that cringes and grates between their teeth is the sweetest morsel that a heathen warrior can taste. The cannibalism is confined mostly to the older natives. The younger people appear to be ashamed of the practice, and it is probable that before many years it will be extinct among the Marquesans."

"Why are there so few convicts in the Michigan penitentiary this year?" asked Sam's friend, a day or two since.

"Why," said Sam, "they send them by the Pontiac Railroad, and their time expires before they get there."

A saddle and harness manufactory in Newark, N. J., has recently received an order from government for the equipment of 800 horses for the Utah army.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

Thomas Hart Benton was born on the 14th of March, 1782, at his father's residence, near Hillsborough, Orange county, North Carolina. He was sent to college at Chapel Hill, but left it before completing the regular course, and commenced the study of the law at William and Mary College, under St. George Tucker. His father having died when he was only eight years old, his mother removed to Tennessee, where he began to practice his profession. It was there that he first became acquainted with Andrew Jackson, who was then a Judge of the Supreme Court and afterwards Major General of the Militia. He was appointed one of Jackson's aides-de camp, and when the war with England began, he raised a regiment of volunteers of which he was chosen Colonel. In 1813, the volunteers having been disbanded, President Madison appointed him a Lieutenant Colonel, but before he had any service, peace was proclaimed and he resigned his commission.

In 1815 he removed to St. Louis, where he combined with the practice of his profession the conduct of a newspaper, called the *Missouri Argus*. Those were stormy times for Western editors, and he had to engage in several duels, in one of which he killed his antagonist. When Missouri was admitted to the Union, in 1821 he was one of her first Senators, having been elected by the Legislature, which had met in 1820, previous to the admission. For six successive times he was elected to the same post, retiring finally from it in 1831. He supported the administrations of Presidents Jackson and Van Buren with great energy; especially sustaining Jackson in his war upon the United States Bank, and afterwards vindicating him by obtaining the passage of the resolution expunging the resolution condemning the removal of the deposits.

As the apostle of a hard money currency, Mr. Benton became an idol among a large portion of the most radical of the Democratic party. Afterwards, when he chose to entertain opinions on certain questions differing from those of the party leaders, and when other aspiring Missouri politicians had grown weary of his monopolizing the seat in the Senate, he came into disfavor, and this caused his defeat in the Senatorial election in 1851. But during all that period of thirty years, Mr. Benton was one of the most conspicuous actors in the numerous exciting political scenes that successively arose.

After leaving the Senate, Mr. Benton returned to St. Louis, and in 1852 he was nominated for a seat in the national House of Representatives, and was elected. He at first supported the administration of President Pierce, but that having become wedded to an extreme system that he could not approve, he abandoned it. The consequence was, that the administration made war upon him and his friends in Missouri, and when he ran again for Congress, in 1854, he was defeated.

In 1859, he ran for Governor, in opposition to the regular Democratic candidate, a third candidate (American) being in the field. The consequence was that he was defeated, and Mr. Polk, the regular Democratic candidate, was elected.

After 1856, Col. Benton devoted himself to the completion of his "Thirty Years' View"—a narrative of the political events that occurred during his Senatorial career. It is colored, in many places, by his political and personal prejudices; but is, nevertheless, a most valuable contribution to our political history. Since that was finished, he has been engaged on an abridgment of the Debates in Congress, which occupied him to the last. An incurable disease, (cancer of the bowels,) has for some time preyed upon him, and though he labored and dictated for the work, with marvelous energy, in the midst of agonizing suffering, death overcame him before his task was done.

Col. Benton was married, subsequent to his first election as Senator, to Elizabeth, daughter of Col. James M'Dowell, of Rockbridge county, Va. His surviving children are four daughters—Mrs. William Carey Jones, Mrs. John C. Fremont, Mrs. Sarah Benton Jacob, and Madame Susan Benton Boileau, now at Calcutta, wife of the French Consul-General. Mrs. Benton died in 1854, having been struck with paralysis in 1844. He was a devoted husband and father, and since his wife's decease has avoided all gayety and public amusements. His political life is part of the national history. He was a laborious zealous and able member of the Senate, and a skilful, impressive and dignified orator. There are few public men living who enjoy to a greater degree than he did, the confidence and respect of the unprejudiced of all parties.

Benjamin Franklin and his Gig.—It is now about a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the crown, set out in his old gig to make an inspection of the principal routes. It is about eighty years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, when a small folio, now preserved in the department at Washington, containing but three quires of paper, lasted as his account book for two years. These simple facts bring up before us, more forcibly than an elaborate description, the vast increase in post office facilities within a hundred years. For if a postmaster general were to undertake to pass over all the routes at present existing, it would require six years of constant travel at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles daily; while if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a performance of years, if not of a lifetime. Instead of a small folio, with its three quires of paper, the post office accounts consume every two years, three thousand of the largest sized ledgers, keeping no less than one hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with thirty thousand contractors and other persons.

Randolph of Roanoke Outwitted.—Hon. Jno. Holmes, now dead, for many years U. S. Senator from Maine, was an intimate friend of John Randolph of Virginia. Holmes was a man of broad humor, not at all so satiric in his turn as the Man of Roanoke, but still with enough points of contact with him in temperament and modes of thought, to occasion a lively mutual liking. One day as the two were entering the Capitol grounds at Washington, Randolph pointed to a drove of donkies passing by and said, in his quaint way, "Mr. Holmes, there are some of your constituents going along." "Yes," said Holmes, "they are going to the Old Dominion to teach school." The quickness of the retort was admirable; and its fitness may be found in the fact that in those days Yankee emigrants to the South usually took up School teaching as a vocation.

The Union Enlarged.—The bill for the admission of the new State of Minnesota into the Union has been passed finally by the Senate, and will pass the House, so that the Union may be regarded as consisting of thirty-two States. Before the year 1858 is over it will probably consist of thirty-four States, as Kansas and Oregon are to be admitted. In another year we may have Ontonagon—composed of parts of Michigan and Minnesota—applying for admission. Then will come Nebraska and, perhaps, Washington, and the Texans will probably be asking for a separate State to be made out of part of their extensive territory. The chances are fair that within four or five years, the Union will consist of thirty-six or thirty-eight States. In this calculation we do not include Cuba, or Mexico, or any of the annexations from foreign territory that enter into the visions of the progressive Democracy of these times. If these visions are fulfilled, the number of new commonwealths may be much larger than we have stated it to be.

Since the original confederacy was formed, nineteen States have been added to the Union. Their names and the order of their admission have been as follows:

Vermont,	1791	Missouri,	1821
Kentucky,	1792	Michigan,	1836
Tennessee,	1796	Arkansas,	1836
Ohio,	1802	Iowa,	1845
Louisiana,	1811	Florida,	1845
Indiana,	1816	Texas,	1846
Mississippi,	1817	Wisconsin,	1848
Illinois,	1818	California,	1850
Alabama,	1819	Minnesota,	1858
Maine,	1820		

Minnesota, the last of the States added to the Union, is a most striking illustration of the rapid growth of population in our Western regions. So late as the year 1845, there were no white inhabitants except the garrison at Fort Snelling, a few trappers and Indian traders, and a party of settlers at Pembina, which was then supposed to be in the British possessions. In 1848 emigrants from the East and from Europe began to pour into it; in 1849 a territorial government was organized, and now, in 1858, it has four or five hundred thousand inhabitants, with many rising and prosperous young cities, and is to be a member of the American Union, with two representatives in the lower house of Congress, and an equal voice in the Senate with the oldest and most populous of the States.

The Boomerang.—This curious weapon, peculiar to the natives of Australia, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon itself. Ask a black to throw it so as to let it fall at his feet, and away it goes full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air forty or sixty feet, describing a curve and finally dropping at the feet of the thrower.—During its course it revolves with great rapidity on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In an native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projecter being seen. It was invented to strike the Kangaroo, which is killed by it with certainty.

"Governor Gilmer, of Georgia," so says a Georgian contributor, "had a passion for buying old iron truck, broken down wagons, and such rubbish, which he had piled up in the yard, under the impression that it would come into use some time or other. It annoyed his wife excessively; and one day, when the governor was away from home, she had the whole pile carted off to auction. It so happened that just as the auctioneer had put up the lot, the governor was riding by, and buy he would, for as he looked at it, he declared that he had a lot at home in which there was several things to match. He bid ten dollars and the whole thing was knocked down to him. A few days afterwards he was admiring Mrs. Gilmer's new bonnet, and asking her its cost, she said "ten dollars, husband; the same ten you paid for your old iron, and if you don't clear it out of the yard, I shall sell it again!" The Governor shortly after that, retired from the iron business."

Should this Country be made the World's Prison House!—Too long have the countries of Europe adopted a practice of inducing the the rogues and felons infesting them to emigrate to this country. This thing has gone on to an alarming extent. It is time measures were adopted to prevent it. Our self preservation demands it. From late reports it appears that the Porte of Turkey is about to follow in the same game,—that he is about to purge his land of a horde of Italian malefactors, who have become the scourge of society. He has determined to send them to "America or Australia." There is said to be some eight hundred of these desperadoes, and it would be well to see, that if sent from Turkey at all, America does not receive them. Because this glorious land is the "asylum of the oppressed," it does not follow that it should become the workhouse for all the vagabonds of the Old World.

The best anecdote of Lorenzo Dow that we have seen is, that one evening at a hotel kept by one Bush, in Delhi, N. Y., the residence of the late General Root, he was importuned by the latter gentleman, in the presence of the landlord, to describe heaven.

"You say a good deal about heaven, sir," said the General, "pray tell us how it looks."

Lorenzo turned his grave face and long waving beard towards the General and Mr. Bush, and replied with imperturbable gravity:

"Heaven, my friends, is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory. There is not a *root* nor *bush* in it, and there never will be."

Before the Mormons abandoned Jackson co., Missouri, a chosen number secretly laid the foundation of the future temple, and then carefully covering all traces of their work with dirt, planted it over. The location of this spot is held as a church secret. The idea of shortly returning to build this temple is continually fostered by the leading saints in Utah, according to a letter from California.

The St. Pauls Minnesotian published a list of eighty-four of the lakes of Minnesota, which vary in size from one to thirty miles in length.

SUBDUING VICIOUS HORSES.

All kinds of theories have been formed in relation to the peculiar method of subduing the wild spirit of horses, so successfully practised in Europe by Mr. Rarey, who is generally known as the "American Horse Tamer." At first many attributed his power to such a system of force as should strike terror into the animal, and thus render him more liable to be influenced by his master; but since the declaration of Sir Richard Airey that "there is nothing in the treatment but what any horseman would approve of," it is generally conceded that this influence is obtained solely thro' some mode of appealing directly to the more generous impulses of the horse, and thus conciliating his affection and confidence. It is well known that animals generally have an almost instinctive passion for certain odors, which appear to have a subduing influence over them. The most familiar illustration of this fact is the power in this respect exercised on horses by the rank and musty smell emitted by the goat, which enables the latter animal to enter the stall and pass between the legs of the most vicious of them. The ammoniacal effluvia concentrated in the warts or excrescenses formed on the fore and hind legs of horses, appears to have the same attractive and subduing influence. The oils of cumin and rhodium have these peculiar properties in a more marked degree, and as soon as the horse scents the odor of either of these substances he is instinctively drawn towards them. Mr. Rarey has intimated that his power over the horse is obtained solely through herbs or drugs which operate on the senses of smell and taste, and we have no doubt but that the herbs or drugs employed by him, if not the same, are of an analogous nature to those we have mentioned.

The following directions are given for the taming of horses by the system suggested:—Procure some finely grated horse castor, and oils of cumin and rhodium, and keep the three seperate in air-tight vessels. Rub a little of the oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse on the windward side, so that he can smell the odor of the cumin. The horse will then suffer you to approach him without any trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it, and you can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on any substance for which he has a taste, and in the most suitable manner manage to get eight drops of the oil of rhodium upon his tongue, and he will at once become obedient to the most exacting commands with which horses are capable of complying. Be kind and gentle to him, and your permanent supremacy will be established, no matter what may have been his previously wild and vicious character. We understand that Mr. Rarey, has been challenged by D. Sullivan, also a horse tamer, (grandson of the celebrated "Sullivan the Whisperer,") to a trial of his powers in Cork, Ireland.

A Hard Story.—There is a doctor in the North-western part of Philadelphia who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A week or two since he was called upon to visit a patient who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey.

"Well, doctor, I'm down, you see—completely floored—I've got the Tremendous Delirium, you perceive."

"*Tremens*, you fool; where'd you get the rum?" queried the doctor.

"All over in spots—broke out promiscuously, doctor."

"Served you right. Where'd you get your rum?"

"Father died of the same disease; took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily."

"Well, you've got to take something immediately."

"You're a trump, doctor—here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye."

"Lie still blockhead. Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk strap; may be that will fetch him to a sense of his folly."

The doctor sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "Delirium Tremendous" in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain but ignorant school came forward, and laying her hand upon the doctor's arm, said:

"Doctor, I gave him the strap as you directed."

"Did you thrash him well?"

"Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman; "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it."

"Oh, Lord! doc or," roared the victim, "I swallowed the leather, but—but—,"

"But what?"

"I swallowed the strap, but I'm blowed if I could go *the buckle!*"

The doctor administered two bread pills and made his exit.

The Power of Monosyllables.—To one whose attention has not been drawn particularly to the subject, it will be surprising to call to mind how many of the most sublime and comprehensive passages in the English Language consist wholly or chiefly of monosyllables. Of the sixty-six words comprising the Lord's Prayer, forty-eight are of one syllable. Of the seventeen composing the Golden Rule, fifteen are of one syllable. The most expressive idea of the creative power of Jehovah, and the most sublime sentence ever written, is expressed entirely in monosyllables: "But God said, Let there be light, and there was light." One of the most encouraging promises of Scripture is expressed in fifteen words, all but one of which are monosyllables: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Prayer.—Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked man, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. Oh blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-enduring joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest indigence, is richer than all beside; whilst the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as monarch of all nations, is of all men the most destitute. —*Chrysostom.*

Without a friend, the world is a wilderness.