

From the Journal of Health.  
**DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.**  
I have seen and am much pleased with your paper, and doubt not it will do much good. I hope for it an extensive circulation. In one of the late numbers you call for facts, whether communicated in elegant language or not. I have recently learned one to which I gave all possible publicity, and have told it in almost every circle of the young in which I have since found myself. Two weeks since, while on a visit to the house of a respectable, long-experienced physician in one of the Southern boundary towns in New Hampshire he gave me in substance the following account, as near as I can recollect.

He was called a week or two previous, to visit a young female, I think, over twenty years of age, who was distressingly ill of a complaint of the lungs, laboring under great difficulty of breathing, which his discrimination led him at once to impute to a long continued practice of tight lacing—a practice which is slaying its thousands and tens of thousands in our enlightened land. There was, in his opinion, an adhesion of the lungs to the chest, and a consequent inflammation which had proceeded to such a height that death was inevitable. Little or nothing could be done. The poor girl, after a few days of acute suffering, fell a victim to—(what shall I say?) I am unwilling to wound the feelings of her friends,) her own folly and vanity. It could not be *suicide*, because no such result was contemplated, though the deed was done by her own hand. We can call it by no softer name than *self-slaughter*, for such even an external examination of the body proved it to have been.

The shoulder blades were found to be literally lapped one over the other; the false ribs had been so compressed that the space of only about an inch and a half remained between them; and so great was the curvature of the spine which had been, girded in by the cords of death, that after the corpse was laid out for interment, two pillows were put under the arch thereby formed, while the shoulders rested on the board. She was a large healthy person, and was ignorantly led by the desire to please, to sacrifice her life at the shrine of fashion, and the prevailing false ideas of beauty of form. She was of amiable disposition and correct moral habits, otherwise.

My own mind was so impressed with the recital of this story, that I could hardly forbear weeping over the folly, and weakness, and ignorance, and wickedness of my sex. I inwardly wished for the ability to ring this case of suffering and death in the ears of every female in our land, until their voluntarily-assumed "strait-jackets," that indicate nothing better than mental aberration in the wearers, should be voluntarily thrown aside.

From the Journal of Health.  
**SLEEPING APARTMENTS.**

"It must not be forgotten," remarks Hufeland, "that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed chamber, and consequently that its healthiness or unhealthiness cannot fail of having a very important influence upon all of physical well-being." A bed chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There should be a more penurious custom than that pursued in many families, of causing the children more especially, to sleep in small apartments, with two or three beds crowded into the same room.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that cleanliness in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary, in reference to the bed chamber, than to almost any other apartment. The practice of sleeping in an apartment which is occupied during the day, is extremely improper. Perfect cleanliness and sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during cold weather; hence, the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated and altogether unfitted for respiration.

While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the temperature of the bed chamber should, if possible, never be augmented, under the ordinary circumstances of health, by artificial means.—As this apartment is to be reserved solely for repose, a fire is never necessary, unless, perhaps, during uncommonly severe weather; and even then the temperature ought not to exceed 50 degrees.

**Bold Experiment.**  
The Great Western steam ship company are now building at Bristol, England, an immense iron steamer, to run between that port and New York, which, if it succeeds, as it most probably will, will change entirely the system of steam navigation. It is constructed with iron of an inch thick, tightly jointed together with rivets and with ribs, and keel of cast iron. It is divided into small compartments, so that, should a hole be knocked into any part of it, which seems impossible, only one compartment would fill, and the boat could never sink. But what is the most extraordinary about the construction of this immense boat, is the manner of propelling it. It is to work by a screw placed behind, on the principle of sailing, which is to turn around under water at the stern, thereby saving the use of paddle boxes. In case this succeeds, it will be of great utility in armed steamships, as then, having no wheels on the side, shot would not injure or impede the manner of propelling them as it would now. The vessel, which is the largest yet made by that company, will be finished in the spring of 1842, and is calculated to be the fastest on the line.—N. Y. Sun.

**Shocking Accident.**  
On Thursday last week, as Mr. E. Miller, of Cumra, was passing a threshing machine in full operation, he carelessly threw in a tuft of straw—the teeth caught the tip of his glove, and drew in the arm to within two inches of the elbow, absolutely grinding it to powder. The arm was amputated by Drs. Witman and Hilsman, above the elbow, and the patient is now doing well.

(Reading Journal.)

**Another Dreadful Steamboat Accident.**  
The steamboat Express, Captain Maguire, which left Mobile on Sunday evening, the 14th instant, when within five miles of St. Stephens, on Sunday about 3 P. M. hit at her boiler, killing and wounding fourteen persons. A large wave in tow alongside at the time, into which one of the boilers was blown, wounding one if not more of the hands; the other boiler, it is said, was blown overboard. The following is an extract from a letter, written by a gentleman who left Mobile in the steamboat Odd Fellow, shortly after the Express.

St. STEPHENS, Sunday night, half past 10 o'clock.  
It is with feelings of pain and regret that I record one of the most melancholy and horrible scenes that has ever fallen to my lot to witness. About half past 3 this evening, the steamboat Express burst in her boiler, about ten miles below this place. She had stopped at a little place called Jackson, to repair some of her machinery, and as soon as they saw our boat coming, they commenced firing up, evidently with the intention of pushing us. I was standing at the stern of the boat, leaning against the oar staff, and watching the movements of the crazy old craft, when suddenly I saw the steam issue forth from the head of the boilers, and in a second afterwards, the most tremendous report followed that I ever heard. For a moment nothing could be seen but the fragments of the boat flying in every direction—and indeed so near was she to our boat, that I was apprehensive we should receive some injury from the falling pieces. The scene that followed was truly awful. Some of the poor creatures were blown some distance in the river, and their piteous shrieks for help as they were contending with the current, was enough to overcome a heart of sterner stuff than mine.

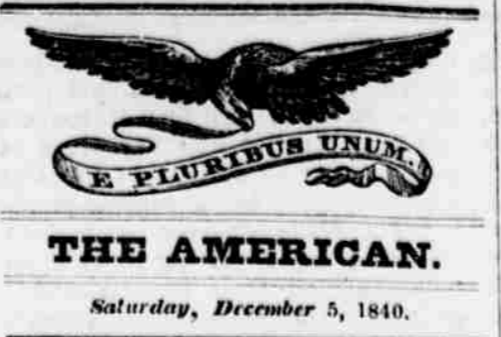
We immediately sent our small boat to save those in the river from drowning, and backed the Odd Fellow to the wreck to save the remainder of the crew and passengers, together with what freight &c. that was left on her. Oh, such a scene—to see many of the poor creatures burnt and scalded so badly that it was impossible to tell whether they were human beings or not. Several were scalded so badly that they were perfectly raw from head to foot. Six or seven were instantly killed, and the same number so seriously injured that I believe some of them cannot possibly survive the night. I have acted as surgeon, nurse and physician until within a few moments ago, when we succeeded in conveying them up to town, when I left them in the care of a more experienced practitioner.

**LIST OF SUFFERERS.**  
Drowned.—Moses Netherton, Bargeman; Wm. Johnson, deck hand; Wm. Bosworth, do.  
Dead.—John Langdon, Fireman; John (French boy) cabin-boy.  
Badly Injured.—James Sweeney, 23 Engineer; W. M. Bagby, 2d Pilot; Luke McGuire, passenger.  
Injured.—Capt. J. C. McGuire, Edward Anderson, Mate; E. K. Weaver, Steward; Deck hand, (name unknown)

From the N. Y. Sun.  
**Extraordinary Case**  
Of Abduction of White Girls from this city.  
A very painful rumor has reached us in relation to the kidnapping of some fifteen or twenty young white women from this city, and of their captivity among their native chiefs on the slave coast of Africa. For the last two years several vessels have left this port whose appearance was anything but mercantile, and general rumor called them pirates, some came nearer the truth, and rightly called them slavers. It is said that one of these vessels assumed the character of a passenger packet, bound to New Orleans and Havana, and the Captain, by the aid of a person well known in this city, went to the Points, and also to the other infected districts of our city, and addressing themselves to the best looking girls, tendered them a free passage, and even went so far as to give them new dresses, trinkets, &c. The poor girls were taken on board in the stream, in detachments, and every thing was given them to render their position comfortable, and committed to the care of a matron, who assumed the character of the captain's wife. Thus freighted, the vessel left our waters and reached Havana in a few days. There the unsuspecting girls were informed that they could not then land, because the authorities of the island had ordered the vessel to be quarantined at Mantanzas. In a few days she sailed apparently bound for Mantanzas, but in truth her sails were spread for the coast of Africa on a slaving expedition. The length of the voyage created some uneasiness, which, however, was quieted by the good usage and continued frolic of the whole party. On their reaching the coast, preparations for a landing were made for their arrival, they were sent on shore, and, as the painful rumor says, they were changed by these abductors with the chiefs, for slaves, and one young white woman was exchanged for fifty prime negroes. The whole party was thus instantly sent into the interior of Africa as the slaves of the chiefs, perhaps never to hear from their own land again. This account is said to have reached this city by the capture of one of the war parties, in which two of the white girls were, who were owned by the chief, and who gave a letter to be sent to the coast, narrating the manner of their abduction and captivity. We trust that this letter may turn out a fabrication, because we would hope that the accused love of gold has not driven any of our sailors to such an infamous and diabolical traffic as that of poor unfortunate women. At the time these vessels were leaving, a rumor of the kind was afloat, but it was thought rather idle, and we sincerely trust that this whole matter may be only one of Madam Rumor's brood.

**Marriages.**  
A gentleman in Philadelphia, who, the Inquirer says, is particularly fond of noticing the signs of the increase in the list of marriages. This he considers as an indication of prosperity. So do we—and at the

same time recommend to the young bachelors of Baltimore who have been so long wedded to politics, to look around them, and see if they cannot become, at least wedded to female society. There is no knowing what may happen—if they can see their way clear, and have good business prospects, let them strike at once. The ladies have been too much neglected of late; while the men have been attending political meetings, buzzing and throwing and throwing up their hats, "all solitary and alone" have the gentler sex passed the evening hours. Come, gentlemen, this will not do—bring up, and make the marriage department of our paper worth reading.—Balt. Ocean.



Democratic Candidate for Governor,  
**GEN. DAVID R. PORTER.**

The President's Election.  
ELECTORAL VOTES.

	Hrs.	V. B.
CONNECTICUT,	8	
OHIO,	21	
MARYLAND,	10	
ROCK ISLAND,	4	
NEW HAMPSHIRE,		7
NEW JERSEY,	8	
NEW YORK,	42	
GEORGIA,	11	
MAINE,	10	
PENNSYLVANIA,	30	
MASSACHUSETTA,	14	
INDIANA,	9	
KENTUCKY,	15	
MICHIGAN,	3	
VIRGINIA,		23
VERMONT,	3	
DELAWARE,	7	
TENNESSEE,	15	
LOUISIANA,	5	
NORTH CAROLINA,	15	
ARKANSAS,		3
MISSOURI,		4
MISSISSIPPI,	4	
SOUTH CAROLINA,		7
ALABAMA,		11
ILLINOIS,		6
	234	50

We refer our readers to an excellent article on our first page entitled the "Conquest of Illinois, which is part of an address delivered by the Rev. J. M. Peck, originally published in the "Louisville Literary News Letter. We have copied from Hazard's Register, and should have prefixed the article, by stating that Gen. George Rodgers Clark, who conducted the expedition, was one of the most daring and patriotic officers of the Revolutionary War. He was one of the early settlers of Kentucky, and the first who planned and executed an expedition to dislodge the British from their military posts on the Western Waters. The British Governor, Henry Hamilton, then resided at Detroit, and had opened a market for the purchase of American scalps, hence he was called by Clark, the Hair buyer General.

**The Coal Trade.**  
The Coal Trade from this region, so far as shipments are concerned, has nearly ceased. It was late in the season when the operators commenced. The demand too, in the early part of the season was very limited. For the last few months, however, the operators found it impossible to fill the numerous orders they received. From three to four trains are daily carried over the road to this place, averaging about 800 tons per week. The Shamok coal, where it has been fairly tested, has always been eagerly sought after. Being entirely free from slate and all other impurities, it is easily ignited, burns freely, and is as easily managed as the best hickory fire. The amount shipped from this place up the North and West branches, Harrisburg, Columbia, Havre de Grace, &c., is about 15,000 tons.

The Mauch Chunk Courier gives the following as the result of the Lehigh Coal Trade, for the last three years as compared with the present year:

In 1837,	225,937 Tons.
1838,	214,211 "
1839,	241,850 "
1840, to Nov. 28,	223,068 "

The shipping season is not yet ended. The shipments for the week past amounted to upwards of 16,000 tons.

The amount of coal shipped from the Shamok Coal region, up to the 28th ult., 423,000 tons.

From the Lehigh region, 145,000 tons.

**I. S. Senators.**  
The Hon. Wm. R. King, of Alabama, was re-elected United States Senator for that state. The vote on joint ballot of the two houses was a party one, and stood thus:

Wm. R. King, Dem.	72
John Gayle, Wh. G.	55

In the North Carolina Legislature, the Hon. Willie P. Mangum was elected for 6 years, and the Hon. W. A. Graham for two years from the 4th of March next, to fill the unexpired terms of Messrs. Brown and Strange, re-elected.

**A Hard Case.**  
TO THE VICTIMS BEHIND THE SPOILS.  
We know of a post master in a neighboring county, who faithfully performs the duties of his office, by getting out of a warm bed every night, several hours after midnight, at a salary amounting to about forty dollars per annum, who, it is said, will be removed from office, in order to reward one of the successful party. Nothing can be alleged against him, excepting that he cannot read or write. This objection, however, amounts to nothing, as his faithful spouse is always at his side, ready to spell out the superscriptions of the various parcels that pass through his hands. Thus clearly proving that a

little learning, if dangerous, is at least a useful thing. This is but one of the numerous political reverses that await the followers of our worthy President.

—Oh, how wretched  
Is that poor man who hangs on prince's favors!

The United States Gazette, in commenting on "the measures of the next administration," holds the following language:

"The people demand a restoration of that state of things which they enjoyed twelve years since. They have a Sub-treasury—it increases their difficulties.—They had not Bank—they promoted evils.—The protective tariff has been removed, and foreign debt increases in amount."

If the administration of Gen. Harrison is to restore things as they stood twelve years since, we shall expect, as a matter of course, a repeal of the Sub-treasury law, and a national bank substituted in its place. Whether that bank will be a re-organization of the present United States Bank, under a new charter from the general government, or an entirely new and separate institution, the measures of the next administration will soon determine. The United States Bank in its present crippled condition, is little better than a dead weight upon the community. If the friends of Gen. Harrison have determined upon establishing another United States Bank, we trust it will not be a new one, but a resuscitation of the old institution. By this means we would at least rid ourselves of the present bank, and the whig party effect their object without increasing the present enormous banking capital.

In relation to a moderate protective tariff, we believe a large majority of the people of the United States would be in favor of such a measure. The tariff is never regarded in the light of a party question. The mechanics and manufacturers of this country are of both parties, or rather, we should say, of all parties, and are all equally interested in the encouragement and protection of home industry.

**FOR THE AMERICAN.**  
**A COMMENT.**

In all ages since the days of Homer, there has been a class among the literati, denominated critics. Some are wise, and their lucubrations have been beneficial to the world; others, making pretensions to learning, by their sophistry and preposterous abuse, have repressed the ardor of genius, and banished the highest order of talents to an unmerited obscurity. Too often either the tomshawk of unjust criticism has immediately felled the writer; or sectional feeling and party prejudice have rejected productions of unquestionable excellence. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was almost totally unknown until the publication of the Spectator. And now there are works unknown to the world, which never had a fair trial at the tribunal of public taste. There is one which I will venture to draw from the rubbish of by-gone ages, and presenting it to the public eye, solicit attention to its uncommon beauties. It has been basely banished from our libraries, and shamefully neglected, perhaps at the instigation of a prejudiced critic, so that its existence is known but to a few, who have by chance stumbled on it in their antiquarian researches. The work to which I allude, is a poem. It is the production of a mighty mind, which gathered up all its energies for the task. Such a condensation of ideas, and at the same time so lucid, is unparalleled; for within the short space of four lines he expresses a world of wisdom. But the author—who, and where is he? Alas, the fate of genius! He, like the inventor of that invaluable utensil the plough, is unknown. Perhaps, deced and pursued by the "bloodhounds of literature," "yelect critics, he fled to his miserable abode in a garret, where he perished from want of the necessaries of life. It may be, like the dying swan, he expired in the composition of his sweet melody. But, kind reader, it is absurd, like the Athenians who erected an altar to the unknown god, to vent your sympathy for a poet whose works you have never seen, and of whom you have never heard. Therefore, I will now spread before you the epic in full:

Peter said unto Paul,  
There is Tobacco for u all.  
Paul said unto Peter,  
I am no Tobacco eater."

In this elegant effusion, the sentiments are plainly, grammatically, puritanically, and beautifully expressed. The metrical harmony appeals delightfully to the ear, while an imaginary demand is made for the exercise of the olfactory themselves. The subject of the poem is that odoriferous weed called Tobacco. It is unnecessary to enter upon an elaborate argument to prove the subject of the poem to be one of taste. No one, possessing the five senses and a sound intellect, can dispute the assumed position. At the same time, the author described a thrilling incident in the lives of Peter and Paul. Who this Peter and this Paul were, are somewhat at a loss to specify. Though it is certain, they could not be the respectable worthies of old, of the same name. For mankind, anterior to the days of Christopher Columbus, was ignorant of the delightful accomplishment of tobacco chewing. We of this civilized and refined day, cannot but wonder how they who lived in the dark ages could possibly enjoy their existence, since they were ignorant of so many of the pleasures of taste. Certain it is, that the Peter and Paul here intended, flourished subsequent to St. Walter Raleigh, who first smoked a tobacco pipe in England. An ancient commentator makes the following sagacious remark: "Peter appears to have been a gentleman of liberal principles, as all whig key drinkers and tobacco slobberers." Carefully perusing the poem, we infer that there was assembled a company of boon companions. Doubts had arisen as to the quantity of weed on hand being sufficient to meet the demand. Peter, the elegant and liberal Peter, with his check distended by a quid of an ounce weight, and his teeth and lips tinged by the yellow narcotic, casts a glance benignly over the surrounding gentlemen, and then fixing his eyes upon Paul, (who I think had just been introduced,) draws forth a piece of cavendish, or a roll of plug, or ladies twist, and gives utterance to the second line of this sweet poem: "There is Tobacco for us all." Peter appears to have used the word "all" an-

der the impression that Paul, who I imagine was a stranger, had also attained the accomplishment. We can all imagine the confusion of poor Paul, when he found himself in the midst of such elegant gentlemen, while he was compelled to exhibit his ignorance and stupidity. "Birds of a feather flock together," and doubtless the common Paul "took up the line of march" for society of inferior attainments. I am aware that there are a number of persons in the community, who are behind the age. They have a fondness for the good, old, clearly habits, which were prevalent prior to the discovery of America. These people are alarmed at the improvements and innovations induced by the rapid march of mind. These refinements of taste, they pronounce disgusting, and would if they could, muster the nations of the earth, and beat a retreat to original barbarity. Such persons will say "that Peter was a filthy, stinking fellow, but Paul was a nice young man." They tell us that the brats of the field, the swine of the mire would not touch the abominable stuff. But these antiquated folk do not remember that man is the lord of creation; a highly intellectual, moral, and accountable being. It is but proper, that an intelligent free agent should assert his superiority to the grovelling swine, by accustoming his palate to an article which is so extremely offensive to the inferior creatures. By a parity of reasoning they might condemn the good old fashioned mince pie. If you should place the "mince pie of twenty ingredients," swimming in brandy, before a porker, I doubt if he would eat. He might deign to place his nasal organs to it. But that is all. He would turn away shaking his twisted tail, and give vent to his sentiments in a peculiar grunt, as much as to say, "this is the food of him who hath dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." But what does all this prove? only, that the hog is fool enough to obey the instincts of his nature, and that he never knows when Christmas comes. No, Peter, thou wast a clever fellow. Thou hast numerous followers, who, despite the upturned noses of the antique and fastidious, move in society with distended cheek, yellow lips, and odoriferous habilitments. The experienced, universally, will pronounce Peter to have been a gentleman of foresight, who was anxious to make all the advancement possible in the few days allotted to man. He knew that tobacco chewing was a stepping stone to the drinking of grog, a still higher and nobler accomplishment. Indeed, Peter was a "whole souled fellow." He was certainly in a fair way to go the "entire animal." The elevated independence of this gentleman is truly admirable. He disregarded the senseless intricacies of friends, and scorned to cringe to the *ipse dixit* of any one. He was aware that the fairer portion of creation were against him, but he knew that they were also the softer portion. If Peter ever perpetrated matrimony, he could never have been so inconsistent, as to "strut at a gnat and swallow a saw-mill," by announcing his wife with his discoveries of speck, blemishes, &c., in his food. The fact that Paul was such a plain, common, cleanly youth, so obsequious to the opinions of others, forbids any exercise of fancy on his case. Though, it is not improbable, that he committed himself so far as to place his name on a Temperance pledge; and perhaps did an abolitionist, to the last affirming his steady adherence to what is called "the good old way."

The author, in his incomparable work, has selected two characters the very antipodes of each other. In the most expressive style he has given us their sentiments in their own language. From their expressions we are enabled to form correct estimates of their characters; and though the poem is brief, describing but a single incident, yet the event is so remarkably striking, that we are at but little loss to infer their after fortunes. The Peters of this day will doubtless admire the noble independence of the accomplished hero of the poem. And there is a class of considerable respectability, who will bestow due encomium on Paul. So that there is something in the poem to please all parties. It is to be hoped, that, though in a darker age unjust criticism has consigned this excellent production to the heaps of officious literature, the journals of Europe, as well as of America, will now come forward and support its obvious merits.

**FOR THE AMERICAN.**  
**LONGINUS.**

**Mr. Editor:**  
I observed an article in one of your late numbers signed "Epicurus," which by some has been deemed inimical to temperance reform. I do not, however, pretend to say that such was the writer's design; nor that there was any impropriety in giving publicity to an article of that character. It cannot be expected that an object of such deep and vital importance to the community as the reformation of mankind from that great moral pestilence, Intemperance, can be accomplished without such opposition. It is but right that such subjects should be thoroughly discussed and properly understood; and if Temperance Reform, as I shall contend, is based upon correct principles, its friends can have nothing to fear from the most thorough exposure of these principles. As a friend to the great cause, I shall always most willingly listen to any objections that may be urged against Temperance Societies, or the great principle of Temperance Reform, when discussed in a proper tone and manner.

The idea of dispensing with brandy in the article of mince pies, seems to have weighed heavily upon the mind of Epicurus, hence the innumerable difficulties, spectres and hobgoblins that have been conjured up in his terrific imagination. He evidently sets out with the position that good mince pies cannot be made without the use of brandy, and that to dispense with it, we must of necessity be deprived of one of the greatest luxuries of the table.—Upon this sandy foundation he then proceeds to build up his list of grievances, and gravely asks if mince pies can be made without brandy. Now, to prove the affirmative of this question, is, I presume, all that is necessary to overturn the arguments as well as the sophistry of Epicurus, and as this will probably be the shortest and most decisive way, I will proceed to answer Epicurus, by stating

that "regular-built" mince pies have been made for many years past without the use of brandy, and that many epicures of the most exquisite and refined taste in the science of gastronomy, prefer them without it. To prove this fact more fully, I might refer to several excellent treatises on the art of cookery. The ancients, who carried the culinary art to a greater degree of perfection than has ever been attained by modern epicures, knew nothing of brandy, and, of course, never used the article in the almost innumerable exquisite dishes, which were served up so sumptuously at the tables of the great. Yet, according to our modern epicures, we presume, they would be considered a set of gormandizers, simply because their tables were not graced with mince pies saturated with brandy. I might, if necessary, dilate upon the evil tendency in using an article in any form, to the taste of which, by frequent use, we become so addicted that it oftentimes requires the utmost efforts to abstain from it.

**ANTI-EPICURUS.**  
We enjoy the following excellent thoughts from the United States Gazette, which, the editor says, he has translated from the French, "for the benefit of those who are ever sighing after what they have not, and neglecting the means of happiness which they possess." They contain many useful lessons, from which almost every reader may derive some benefit.

**CONTENTMENT.**

As there is no absolute point of happiness for man, he can judge of happiness only by comparison.—Those who have an excess of what he desires, appears to him most happy; but he is greatly deceived. One class of men is just as happy, or if it will suit better, just as unhappy as another; there is no difference. A man who has no temperance is sicker than the sick. A rich man who has no curb upon his cupidities, is poorer than the poor.

Add to all this relative happiness, which dazzles and renders the passion more craving. Alexander wished another world to conquer, and the Treasurer desires a piece of gold; and though the pieces of gold which he has should outvalue the sands of the sea, yet that piece of gold which the poor man desires would not be among them. One loaf of a rose filled in the couch of Sminideris, the sycamore, is more annoying to him than a thorn to Epicurus, or a burning coal to Guatemoten. Croesus suffered perhaps more privations than Tristan l'Herminie.

There is nothing so odious as envy, and nothing so stupid, "Who would not wish to be the admirer of the wise, like Plato?" Yet Plato's dream show himself in the city; the children ridicule him in the street, because he was too broad shouldered; and I am much deceived if we know the philosopher by any other name than the nickname given him by the mob.

Who would not wish to give laws to a nation like Lycurgus? Yet Lycurgus was one-eyed, in a country where corporal beauty passed before every thing else, and he hung his head upon his breast that he might not be recognized.

Who would not wish to take possession of the new world desired by Alexander, and to dispose of it like Fernando Cortez? Yet Fernando Cortez, who conquered so many kingdoms, scarcely escaped dying of hunger in the streets.

Who would not be rich and happy like a King? This is a foolish expression of the vulgar; for, not to go beyond the history of France, we will suppose it is King Charles VI, to whom they allowed a clean shirt once in three months. Would it be Charles VII, who could not obtain credit of a shoe maker of Bourges, and who had to give up the boots which he had upon his legs for want of money to pay for them?

Or should it be like Louis XI, who had new sleeves put to his old doublet, and who, as well as Gregory XIII, sent his three year old beeches to be mended?

Or should it be like Charles the VIII, who left the principal officers of his in pawn, and Philip de Comines with them, to a merchant of Lyons for means to make a voyage to Naples, whose crown he was going to unite with his own?

(I should be curious to know what would be preached in these days over Phillip de Comines.)

Should it be like Henry IV, who wrote to Sully before Amiens: "I desire to inform you of the situation to which I am reduced. I am near the enemy's line, with scarcely a horse upon which I can ride, and no armor to put on my back; my shirts are torn to rags, and my doublet out at the elbow; my camp kettle is half the time bottom upwards; for the last two days I have taken my meals just where I could catch an invitation, and my purses have no means of furnishing my tables, as they have not received a dollar these six months."

Would it be like Louis XIV himself, who not unfrequently suffered severe hunger in his own chateau of St. Germain, and perhaps would have died of hunger but for the pious devotion of an old domestic?

Do you believe that these people have endured misery with more painful impatience than Diogenes the cynic, or Iras the beggar?

As to the kings of genius, all history bears testimony of them: It is Homer driven out from Cumae like a vagabond. It is Sappho, exiled at Athens like an idiot. It is Tasso, fettered in a dungeon or languishing in hospital. It is Rousseau, copying music to earn his bread.

Alas! for greatness—alas! for fortune—alas! for glory.

The happy man—if such a one is to be found, which, by the way, I do not venture to assert—is the man who takes life as it goes, who does not expect impossibilities, and is content with his situation.

**Success of Col. Moore's Expedition.**—The Houston Star contains the following: We learn by letter from Austin, received by last night's mail, that on the 21st ult., the troops under the command of Col. Moore came in sight of a large Comanche encampment, on the head waters of the Colorado.