

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"  
HENRY B. MASSER, } PUBLISHERS AND  
JOSEPH EISELY, } PROPRIETORS.  
H. B. MASSER, Editor.

[OFFICE IN MARKET STREET, NEAR DEER.]

THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid. No subscriptions received for a less period than SIX MONTHS. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.



The following beautiful poems, one by Bulwer, the other by Moore, were brought out by the late arrivals from England. They are gems by the most gifted authors living:

**The Wife to the Wooer.**  
Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure  
The love you press so blindly,  
For once your reasons I'll endure,  
And answer follies kindly:  
I'll grant that you, more fair and gay  
Than Luke to some may be;  
But light itself, when he's away,  
Is never gay to me!  
Then go—then go; for whether or no  
He's fair, he's so to me!  
His words your summer-love may breathe  
In fond smiles and gladness;  
His lips, more often, only breathe  
The trouble and the sadness—  
But ah! so sweet a trust to truth,  
That confidence of care!  
More lax your grief of his to soothe  
Than all your bliss to share.  
Then go—then go; for whether or no  
He grieves, 'tis bliss to share!  
You say that he can meet or leave  
Unmoved—content without me;  
Nor woe that makes sweet night may weave—  
Too heedless e'en to doubt me.  
Ah! jealous cares are poor respect;  
He knows my heart, my guide;  
And what you deem to be neglect,  
I feel is to confide;  
Then go—then go; for whether or no  
I'll think he does confide.  
And Luke, you say, can sternly look,  
And sometimes speak severely;  
Your eyes, you vow, could ne'er rebuke—  
Your whispers breathe unseverely.  
How know you of the coming cares  
His anxious eyes foresee?  
Perhaps the shade his temper wears  
Is sought for mine and me!  
Then go—then go; for whether or no  
His frown has smiles for me.  
But Luke, you hint, to others gives  
The love that he denies me;  
And hard, you say, in youth to live,  
Without one heart to prize me!  
Well, if the parent rose be shed,  
The buds are on the stem;  
My lutes: his love can ne'er be dead,  
It's soul has fled to them.  
Then go—then go! His rival! No!  
His rival lives in them.

**Oh, No—Not Ev'n when first we Loved.**  
Oh, no—not ev'n when first we loved,  
Wert thou so dear as now thou art;  
The beauty then my senses moved,  
But now thy virtues bind my heart.  
What was but passion's sign before,  
Has since been turned to reason's vow;  
And, though I then might love thee more,  
Trust me, I love thee better now.  
Although my heart in earlier youth  
Might kindle with more wild desire,  
Believe me, it has gained in truth  
Much more than it has lost in fire.  
The flame now warms my inmost core,  
That then but spark'd o'er my brow,  
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,  
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.

**We must Live Apart.**  
BY THE MRS. SOUTHWICK.  
'T is past: we've learned to live apart!  
And with a faint and gradual ray,  
All hope hath faded from my heart,  
Like sunset on the autumn day.  
Forgetful of those hours of pain,  
They tell me I shall love again.  
Perhaps I may! We laugh at jests  
Some buried friend at random made;  
Peace steals within our grieving breasts,  
As sunbeams pierce the forest shade.  
We learn to fling all mourning by—  
Even that which clothed our memory!  
Therefore I do believe this woe,  
Like other things will fade and pass;  
And my embled heart springs up and blows,  
Like flowers among the trodden grass:  
But ere I love, it must be long—  
The habits of the heart are strong.  
Ere my accustomed eye can seek  
In some new unfamiliar face,  
The smile that glowed upon thy cheek,  
And lent thine eye a softer grace.  
When in the crowd I turned to thee,  
Proud of thy certain sympathy.  
Ere my poor ear that hath been used  
To live upon the angel voice;  
Its daily sustenance refused,  
And forced to wander for a choice,  
Can listen to some other tone,  
And deem it welcome as its own.  
Ere the true heart thou couldst deceive,  
Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,  
And from another's lips believe  
All that thy lips so falsely swore!  
And hear those vows of other years  
Without a burst of bitter tears.  
Ere I have half my mind explained  
To one who shares my thoughts too late,  
With weary tongue and spirit pained—  
And heart that still feels desolate—  
Have travelled through those by gone days,  
Which made life barren to my gaze.  
What years must pass; in this world's strife,  
How smiling was my portion then!  
The fainting energies of life  
Will scarcely serve to live again,  
Love! to the pale, uncertain flame,  
The fervent God denies his name.  
No! Let no wronged heart look to mine;  
Such fate the wanderer hath in store,  
Who worships at a ruined shrine,  
Where altar fires can burn no more;  
Vain is the license—vain the prayer—  
No deity is lingering there!  
O! never more shall trust return,  
Trust by which love alone can live;  
Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn  
For answers thou wert wont to give,  
And my faint sighs shall echo here  
Of those I breathed long since to thee!

\*It is known that the husband separated himself from the writer.

# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, July 9, 1842.

Vol. II—No. XLI.

## From the New York Tribune. DISCUSSION ON MORMONISM.

Boston, June 25, 1842.

Considerable excitement has been created here during the past week by a public discussion of the subject of Mormonism. It closed last night, having been continued five evenings. The disputants were Dr. West, an English gentleman, and Elder Adams, a minister of the Mormon sect.—The former is a man of strong and well cultivated intellectual powers, and, when excited, an effective speaker. He came here, as I have been informed, from New York, for the purpose of delivering lectures in refutation of infidelity, and is highly recommended by some of the leading clergymen of that city as well qualified for the proposed task. Elder Adams is a man of strong, but uncultivated mind, and possesses no small amount of tact and ingenuity. As a speaker, he is rough and uncouth, and treats the King's English as unmercifully as he does his own lungs.—Precisely how the parties came in conflict, I cannot tell you; but I believe the Mormon was the challenger. Mariboro Chapel was the scene of conflict, and the tickets of admission were sold for 12½ cents. The audiences at first were small, but it increased as the controversy went on, until the Chapel was at last pretty well filled.

Dr. West affirmed that the doctrines and principles of the Mormons involved hypocrisy, lying, fraud, treason, plunder, murder, blasphemy, &c.; and these charges he endeavored to substantiate by quotations from their writings and by proofs drawn from other sources. The laboring oar, consequently, was in his hands, while his opponent stood in an attitude of self-defence. The former had the prejudices, and generally the deep-rooted convictions of his audience, in his favor, while the latter enjoyed, as an offset, that sympathy which the human heart involuntarily feels when a fellow man is on trial for a serious offence. In this respect, perhaps, the advantages of the conflict were as equally divided as they could have been before an audience whose opinions were chiefly on one side of the question.

During the first three evenings I was not present; but those who were, assure me that I heard the pith of the discussion on Tuesday and Friday evenings. On the former evening, the chair was occupied by "Father Taylor," as he is familiarly called, the well-known Seaman's preacher. The debate was opened by Dr. West at 8 o'clock, and closed by Elder Adams at 10; the parties occupying twenty minutes each, alternately.

Dr. West requested the Secretary to read from the Mormon Book the account of the mysterious discovery of the golden plates, and of their subsequent translation by commandment of the Lord. From this it appeared that the Mormons claim the power of working miracles and affirm that they are directly inspired by God. Dr. West contended that this was blasphemy, and an attempt to impose upon the credulity of the people. Elder Adams admitted that it would be blasphemy if the claim were not founded in truth; but he contended that there were living witnesses that miracles had been performed by Joseph Smith and others; and he affirmed that it was contrary to Scripture to suppose that the day of miracles had gone by. To support his views, he quoted the declaration of Christ, "these signs shall follow them that believe," affirming that it was not merely a promise to the Apostles, but to the whole body of believers. He quoted for the same purpose v. 14, 15: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." The modern church, he said, was false and spurious on its own confession, as it did not even pretend to do the works which Christ said would be done by believers, and its ministers did not claim to speak from inspiration.

Dr. West ridiculed this claim of miraculous power on the part of the Mormons, and read a statement of some thirty or forty citizens of Palmyra, N. Y., and vicinity, intended to show that Joseph Smith and his associates were men destitute of moral character, and therefore unworthy of confidence. He stated also, on the authority of an individual who assisted in printing the Mormon Bible, that when it was going through the press, the workmen purposely concealed one of the sheets in order to see whether Smith could supply it by another translation from the golden plates, and thus test the genuineness of the book. This caused a great flurry, but Smith pretended to furnish another copy verbatim. On comparing, it, however, with the first, it was found to be a very different affair. This account raised a tremendous laugh at the expense of the Elder. The Doctor also told the following story to illustrate the Mormon method of working miracles. Two priests of that sect were traveling somewhere at the West. One of them, by agreement, went for-

ward of the other, and put up at the house of a farmer for the night. After going to bed, he feigned severe sickness, and before morning apparently died. The next day the other priest also called at the same house, as a stranger, and being told of the death of his companion, avowed himself a Mormon, and told the host that he could raise the dead man to life. The farmer suspected some trick, but acquiesced in the proposals of the priest, and called in his neighbors to witness the miracle. The arrangement being completed, the farmer inquired of the Mormon if he could restore a man to life who had been dead for a long time. "O yes," he replied. "Could you do it if his head were cut off?"—"Certainly," said he, "that would make no difference. 'Well, then,' said the farmer, lifting his axe as if he intended to be as good as his word, 'I'll cut off this man's head before you begin.' No sooner had he said this, than the dead man sprang to his feet, without any miraculous assistance whatever, exclaiming, 'I ain't dead—don't murder me!' The noise which followed this story was tremendous. The audience was convulsed with laughter, and made the house ring with applause.

Elder Adams declared that there was not one word of truth in these stories. They were lies, made out of whole cloth, and intended to substitute ridicule for argument. Let the part of the Mormon Bible which was concealed by the printers be compared with that book as it stands, or else let the story be branded as a silly falsehood, concocted by the priests. Let the name of the farmer alluded to, and also the names of the Mormon Elders who practised the deception alleged by his opponent, be stated. Let him give to the story a local habitation. He dared him to do it; and if he did, he (Mr. A.) would pay the expenses of bringing the persons concerned before the audience.

Dr. West said the whole question would be settled in a few months. Let his opponent work a miracle on the spot, if he had the power, and thus convince the people that he was no deceiver, but an honest man. He demanded this as a means of settling the whole controversy. A large portion of the audience appeared to consider this a reasonable demand, and the most intense curiosity was exerted to know how the Elder would get out of the difficulty. He did so, however, in a manner which fairly turned the laugh against his opponent. He affirmed that neither Christ nor his Apostles ever wrought miracles on the demand of unbelievers, as a means of convincing them of the truth; and he offered, if the Dr. would refer him to a case where the Apostles had done any thing of the kind, to do the same thing himself. It was an ungodly and audacious generation which demanded a sign from Christ; but he told them that no sign would be given them, but the sign of the Prophet Jonas. Dr. West did not attempt to refer to any instance in which the Apostles had wrought a miracle, on the demand of unbelievers; and the feeling was strong throughout the audience, as I thought, that on that point, where he had so confidently expected to nail his opponent to the wall, he had signally failed. Father Taylor, however, was so excited, that he pronounced the conduct of Elder Adams to be wholly unjustifiable, and declared he would no longer preside over such a discussion, and then the meeting broke up in confusion.

Last evening, considerable time was spent in endeavoring to get some one to take the chair. Several persons were chosen, but they all declined; whereupon it was voted that the Secretary preside. The discussion then proceeded, but it was made up chiefly of positive assertion on one side and equally positive denial on the other. Most of those present, with all contempt for Mormonism, must have felt, I am sure, as I did, that the Doctor's arguments were exceedingly lame and illogical, and scarcely worth a moment's thought in connection with the serious charges which he undertook to support. He had evidently entered upon the discussion with a somewhat too high opinion of himself and a too mean estimation of the powers of his opponent. Thinking that he would have to deal with a very gross error, he evidently had not prepared himself for the contest as he ought to have done; while his opponent was armed at all points, and found it no difficult task to answer him. The issue was not well made up. The Doctor's charges were so sweeping as to produce a feeling in the audience that they were extravagant and unjust, even if Mormonism were ever so gross a delusion. By attempting to prove too much, he failed to prove any thing clearly.

Elder Adams has determined to seize upon this as a favorable moment to spread the Mormon faith in this city, and has accordingly announced his intention to preach at Bevelton Hall next Sabbath.

He that has no bread to spare, should not keep a dog.

## The Thames Tunnel.

The completion of this work—justly considered one of the most extraordinary efforts of civil engineering in modern days—has excited the following notice from a writer in Blackwood's Magazine:

This extraordinary work is now on the point of completion; and the boldness of the enterprise, the indefatigable labor with which it has been prosecuted, and the remarkable skill which has been exercised in bringing it to this point of unquestionable success, place it among the most remarkable scientific performances of the age. We know that any thing may be laughed at, and that the world is fond of laughing the most at the gravest things; but we have no inclination to join in ridicule of a work which exhibits so singular a combination of the daring and the practical—of the lofty speculation and the profound science, both so characteristic of England, and so honorable to the national character.

It is true that the chief engineer of this stupendous work is a Frenchman, but we see much less ground for national jealousy in his origin, than for national honor in his employment. England boasts, and justly, of her attracting the commerce of the world; her still prouder boast should be that of her attracting the talents of the world. A nation can give no higher evidence of its superiority, than its disregard of littleness of all kinds. The Roman never gave a clearer evidence of his being marked for the master of the world, than when he borrowed the aims of the conquered nations—when he adopted the lance of the Samnite, the shield of the Volseian, and falchion of the Tarentine. We only wish that our adoptions were larger and more frequent, that we had the power of calling to our country the talents of every great sculptor, architect, and painter of Europe, and that we had thus nobly monopolized Thorwaldsen, Canova, and the builder of the Pantheon of Paris, and the still lovelier Madeline.

The Tunnel has now completely reached across the river—a distance of 1200 feet—and the projector and engineer had the gratification, a short time since, of being the first who walked from bank to bank, to the shaft on the London side. Those shafts on both sides of the river, which are intended for foot passengers, are really grand things. They are a succession of staircases going round a vast circular excavation, between seventy and eighty feet deep, and when they shall all be lighted with gas, will be among the most extraordinary parts of the whole structure. Even now they strongly realize the poetic conception of the descent into the caverns of the Egyptian mysteries; and the view of the interior, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, lighted with a long succession of melancholy flames, would probably have suggested to a Greek the image of an entrance into Tartarus.

But, in our day, the sublime is well exchanged for the practical, and this vast and formidable looking cavern will be stripped of its poetic associations by the passage of carts and waggons, bales of goods and herds of bullocks. Still it will be almost impossible to divest ourselves of the recollections really attaching to this work. We have before us altogether a new attempt to conquer nature—a great experiment to make rivers passable without boat or bridge—a new and capable contrivance for expediting the intercourse of mankind. The stone bridge is at all times the most expensive edifice in the world, and the bridge of boats is always liable to accidents, and almost certain to be broken up in every instance of a flood. Besides this, the fixed bridge blocks up the navigation of the river for all vessels beyond the size of a barge or a small steambot. The expense of the stone bridge also is enormous. Waterloo bridge cost upwards of a million—London bridge about as much more—Westminster and Blackfriars bridges, which are built at a cheaper rate, and in cheaper times, so constantly demand repairs, that they probably have cost more than either of the modern ones; but the Tunnel has the advantage of giving a passage from side to side of the Thames, where from the breadth of the river, a stone bridge would have probably cost nearer two millions than one, and where no bridge could be thrown across without blocking up the most important part of the Thames, that portion which may be called the great wet dock of London. Yet the expense of the whole has not amounted to more than £100,000; and even this is to be remembered, as an expense greatly increased by the utter novelty of the experiment, by difficulties unforeseen in the commencement, by several eruptions of the river, by the dearness of workmen's wages arising from the peculiar peril and singular nature of the labor connected with the undertaking carried on at all hours and wholly by artificial light. All this, too, in constant hazard of an influx of the river, and the various difficulties belonging to working in a mine. The weight of a vast body of water above, acting alike during summer and winter which at any moment might break in, and against whose incursions

it was as necessary to fortify the outside of the tunnel as the interior, added greatly to the undertaking.

The original object of the tunnel was, to convey cattle, passengers, and general traffic from the rich counties on the Kent side to that great mercantile region of the metropolis—the London and East and West India Docks. How far this will be now effected, is a question which remains to be decided by experience.—There can be no doubt that if the traffic be not impeded by the fear of passing under the river, it must be immense. The convenience of escaping the long circuit up to London Bridge, which, from the various obstructions in the streets, and the general difficulty of passing through the most crowded portion of the city, must now occupy many hours, would obviously direct the whole current of the traffic into the Tunnel.

Hitherto, no expedient has been adopted to shorten the passages of the traffic; and the contrivance by which 1200 clear feet are substituted for at least three miles of the most encumbered thoroughfare imaginable, must be adopted as a matter of the most palpable advantage. Still there may be difficulties in the way which practice only can exhibit. But any fear of the structure itself we would regard as altogether visionary. The building of the Tunnel seems as solid as a rock. During the whole period from the commencement, we have not heard of a single instance of its giving way, vast as the pressure was above, and trying as were the damps, the ground springs, and the extreme difficulty of building under water.

At this moment the roof is obviously as free from damp as the roof of St. Paul's!—and unless an earthquake should burst it, the whole fabric seems much more likely to last than were it exposed to the diversities of temperature, the heats and frosts above ground. The especial advantage of the system of the Tunnel is that it can be adopted in any part of the course of a river, and even in its widest part, (for few European rivers exceed the breadth of the Thames at Rotherhithe, unless where they spread into marshes or lakes,) and yet offer no impediment to the navigation.

But we regard it as having a still higher character; we consider it as a noble and essential adjunct to the railway system, and to have come exactly at the proper period for completing a system which is now spreading over Europe, which is obviously meant as a great instrument of civilization, and which without it must suffer a full stop at the banks of every great river. For we cannot look to any resource in the chimney and always insecure contrivance of a bridge of boats or masonry, incurring great loss of time, requiring change of engines and carriages, with a hundred other disadvantages; while, by a tunnel, the whole train might sweep along wholly unobstructed, and be many a league on the course before a traveller could have crossed the bridge. We shall thus probably see the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone passed below their beds, if the Governments of their countries shall have the funds or the common sense to follow up their present projects for the rail-roads. Our impression decidedly is, that the tunnel is essential as a part of the railway. England has a right to pride herself alike on the scientific intrepidity and the palpable value of the undertaking to mankind. Brunel has been knighted on the completion of his work. Both his perseverance and talent deserve a more productive distinction. We hope that he will give us a history of this great, new, and decided triumph over nature.

A MODERN HERCULES.—Mons. Paul, now performing at the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, exhibits most astonishing feats of strength. The "Spirit of the Times" says:—

"Among his exploits, he placed his body in a position so as to form a carriage for a cannon of 500 lbs., the weight of which he sustained with perfect ease. He then formed a platform, on which were placed 1800 lbs. weight, which he lifted by the strength of his back.—He fastened next a bandage around his loins and across his back and shoulders, and then two horses were harnessed to him while he stretched himself flat on his stomach on a platform, and they were unable to move him from his position. On the contrary he moved along on his belly and dragged the horses after! Then two horses were attached to a rope of thirty six strands but their strength could not break it. The same rope was also broken with perfect ease by this modern Hercules. He also picked up two stout men and swung them around till they became dizzy and reeled as drunken men, when he put them down!"

The New Orleans Picayune contains a list of thirty-five of those who perished in Santa Fe expedition, which is as complete a list as could be gathered, and is believed to be very nearly correct. Of this number 16 were shot by the Indians on the route; 6 were shot by order of Mexican officers; 1 had his brains knocked out by order; 2 were shot accidentally; 1 died of fatigue, and 10 died of disease—principally small pox.

## PRICES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 insertion, . . . . \$0 50  
1 do 2 do . . . . . 0 75  
1 do 3 do . . . . . 1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, . . . . 0 25  
Yearly Advertisements, (with the privilege of alteration) one column \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Without the privilege of alteration a liberal discount will be made.  
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Sixteen lines make a square.

## A Pilgrim.

In the ship ONTARIO, at New York from England, came passenger Miss Harriet Livermore, returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

This, if we mistake not, is the second visitation which that extraordinary woman has made, without any attendant, to Jerusalem—wandering in the valley of Josphat, bathing in the stream of Jordan, washing her feet in Kedron, straying to the manger at Bethlehem, and back to the summit of Olivet, gathering pomegranates in Gethsemane, kneeling on Calvary, and stretching herself in the sepulchre "hewn in stone."

Armies of mailed men, that went to redeem the temple and the tomb, whiten the plains of Syria with their bleached bones; and guarded caravans fall a prey to robbers from the Desert, as they journey towards Jerusalem. And yet a lonely woman, with no kindred on the sea, no knowledge of her language, and no money to bribe to protection, goes up from the shores of the Levant, and the plague touches her not. Civil war, that devastates, spares her. The robber, whose trade seems to have the prescription of ages, assails her not in her progress. And in the city, where poverty and suspicion bar the door, and the zeal of the Moslem makes a merit of pouring misery or death to the christian pilgrim, there the wicket gate of the convent opens for her reception, and the wasting meal, and the decaying course of the mendicant, seems to be blessed to increase, for her comforts.

It is delightful to sit and listen to the tales of the wayfarer towards Jerusalem, and the pilgrim within its gates. Others go hedged about with firmans and decrees, defending with spear, supported with staff, and provided with script. They enter not the innermost recesses of the houses and heart of the people, and attempt to describe their manners and their morals, by what they see at the wells, and help at the caravansaries. It is not strange that such should find all barren and waste, moral and physical, from Dan to Beersheba.

But the traveller, whose wants require, and whose sex warrants, that she should be of the inmost chambers, that she should sit down with mother and children, she can learn the secret of their living, which is not revealed to the wandering world of travellers. She can tell what is devotion, and what is suffering. She can see and judge, and she will know, that beneath the interior of strange customs, and binding laws, the feelings of the women are the same in Syria as in America. And though the tyranny of custom may bind or crush them, these feelings, yet they will, like the healthful herbage, force a growth, and perhaps sweeten and ornament the very object that has pressed them down.

We shall learn something of this from this returned pilgrim.—*Philad. U. S. Gas.*

Dr. W. L. WHARTON, of the U. S. Army, has sent as a gift to the National Institution at Washington, a *knife*, of which the following account is given in the letter annexed:  
PORT LEAVENWORTH, (Mo.) March 17, 1842.

DEAR DOCTOR: Agreeably to my promise, I send you the knife of my father, Col. Daniel Boone, which you are at perfect liberty to dispose of as you may think proper.

In the fall of 1780, my father Daniel Boone, and his brother Edward, left their post for the purpose of hunting buffalo. After procuring as much meat as they could pack upon their horses they set out on their return home and came to a large deer lick near the bank of a creek at which to rest themselves. They were scarcely seated on the bank when a deer walked into the lick. Edward Boone shot it down and dragged it into the shade, where my father sat cracking walnuts. Just at this moment a party of Indians fired upon them from a neighboring canebrake. Edward fell dead; my father Daniel Boone, sprang to his horse and attempted to throw off the load from his horse, which he did not effect, for the Indians rushed out so suddenly that he was compelled to take to immediate flight on foot.—In the bustle he lost his knife. Finding himself closely followed by the savages, he entered a canebrake, which concealed him from their sight; they then pursued him with their dogs, and it was not until he had killed two of these that the Indians abandoned the chase. The knife remained lost until the summer of 1822, at which time some persons drawing a seine in the creek brought it up from the bottom, immediately at the lick alluded to. This creek and lick are in Clark county Kentucky. From the time of the recounter I have described to you, in which my uncle Edward lost his life, they have been known by the name of Boone's lick and Boone's creek.

Very respectfully yours,  
N. BOONE, Capt. 1st Dragoons.

Botanists record 56,000 species of various plants—38,000 are to be found in catalogues. Humboldt makes the species of insects 41,000; of fishes 2,500; of reptiles 700; of birds 4,000; and of mammiferous animals 5,000.