

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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For the Susquehanna Register.

**"Farewell! Farewell! that lonely word!"**

BY GEORGE W. WELLS.

Farewell! farewell! that lonely word is softly ut-  
tered here,  
And what we breathe it sad and low, a shade is on  
thy brow,  
A shade of sorrow on the brow of one so young and  
fair—  
O God, remove it and replace, a smile of sunshine  
there!

True it is deemed that thou and I, too soon, alas!  
must part,  
And bitterly that farewell rends the bruised and  
bleeding heart;  
But sorrows such as these are felt that we may  
better learn  
To prize the blissful moment when the wand'ring  
shall return.

Farewell! farewell! that solemn word chills to the  
aching breast,  
And lips that ever met in love, now closer still are  
pressed—  
Now closer still are pressed, till we shall feel the  
burning heat,  
Embraced within the gentle heart—the source of  
sweetest bliss.

Farewell! I leave thee, and the cares of life I seek  
again,  
But still this heart will cling to thee, as to its idol  
gem,  
But let us hope for happier hours, adown the stream  
of time,  
When I can gaze on thy dear face, and clasp thy  
hand in mine!

Farewell! farewell! that lonely word, fate's dark  
edg'd recalls,  
And even as I utter it, the trembling tear-drop  
falls;  
Farewell! farewell! my angel one, this grief will  
soon be past,  
When I return to give to thee my heart and home  
at last.

## Benevolence.

We copy the following from the Boston Post—  
"Absalom Bliss" is the type of quite a numerous  
class, and many will have no difficulty in recogniz-  
ing similar features in the characteristics of some  
of their friends.

A benevolent man was Absalom Bliss—  
At each and every tale of distress  
He blazed right up like a rocket;  
He felt for all beneath poverty's smit,  
Who were fated to bear life's roughest part—  
He felt for them in his inmost heart,  
But never felt in his pocket.

He didn't know rightly what was meant  
By the Bible's promised four hundred per cent,  
For charity's donation;  
But he acted as if he thought railroad stocks  
And bonds, secure beneath earth's locks,  
Were better, with packets brim full of rooks,  
Than HEAVEN'S speculation.

Yet all said he was an excellent man;  
To the poor he'd preach—for the poor he'd plan;  
To better them he was willing;  
But the oldest man, who had heard him pray  
And preach for the poor in a pitiful way,  
Could hardly remember him rightly to say  
Mr. Bliss had ever given a shilling.

When man and wife at odds fall out,  
Let Syntax be your tutor;  
'Tis what masculine and feminine,  
What should one be but neuter!

## That's his Own.

The Rev. Dr. — is what is commonly denomi-  
nated a "celebrated preacher." His reputation,  
however, has not been acquired by his drawing  
largely upon his own stores of knowledge and elo-  
quence, but by the skill with which he appropriates  
the thoughts and language of the great divines  
who have gone before him. Fortunately for him  
those who compose a fashionable audience are not  
deeply read in the pulpit lore, and accordingly  
with such hearers, he passes for a wonder of erudition  
and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen  
that the doctor was once detected in his plagiarisms.  
One Sunday as he was beginning to deliver the  
sprightly beaux and belles belonging to his congre-  
gation, a grave old gentleman seated himself close  
to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention.  
The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence,  
before the grave old gentleman muttered, loud en-  
ough to be heard by those near him, "That's Sher-  
lock!" The doctor frowned, but went on. He had  
not proceeded much further, when his tormenting  
interrupter broke out with "That's Tillotson!"  
The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again thought  
it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A  
third exclamation of the same kind, however, too  
much, and completely exhausted all his pa-  
tience. Leaving over the pulpit, "Fellow," he cried,  
"if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned  
out!" Without altering a muscle of his countenance  
the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and  
looking the doctor in the face, retorted, "That's his  
own."

ANECDOTE OF OLD DANMOUTH.—In the class to  
which Daniel Webster was a member, there was  
an individual noted for his wagging. One day the  
professor of logic, who, by the way, was not the  
most nice and discriminating in his distinctions,  
was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing re-  
mains the same notwithstanding a substitution in  
some of its parts.

Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee  
art of whittling, at length held up his jack-knife,  
inquiring "supposing I should lose the blade of my  
knife, and should get another one made and in-  
serted in its place, would it be the same knife it  
was before?"  
"To be sure," replied the professor.  
"Well, then," the wag continued, "suppose I  
should then lose the handle and get another, would  
it be the same knife still?"  
"Of course!" the professor again replied.  
"But if somebody should find the old blade and  
the old handle, what knife would it be?"  
"We have never learned the professor's reply."

CHEERFUL PEALING.—For the benefit of many  
choirs who habitually draw or just their words so  
as to render them utterly unintelligible to the hear-  
ers, we give them a specimen of a line we heard  
sung once on a time.  
Read: "Life is a shadow—how it flies!"  
Sung: "Life is a shadow—how it flies?"

## HOW TO HAVE GOOD NEIGHBORS.

"So you have bought the pleasant farm where  
Mr. Dalton used to live?" said Mrs. Emery to  
Mrs. Austin. "It is a pretty place, but, after all, I shall  
not envy you—for there will be the Watsons under  
your elbow, and worse neighbors you never found.  
Watson, you know, spends all he can get for liquor,  
and his wife is little better than himself; indeed,  
some say if she was the woman she should be, her  
husband would be a better man. And their child-  
ren—the pests of the neighborhood, brought up to  
illness and mischief—they bid fair to perpetuate  
their parents' character."

"Poor children!" said Mrs. A., mournfully—  
"what better can we expect of them, than that  
they perpetuate their parents' characters, except  
there be redeeming influences cast around them?  
Their poor mother has much to harden her heart.  
She was an orphan, cast out on the world in infancy.  
Her heart never unfolded the buds of its af-  
fection beneath the genial smiles of parental love.  
Everything in her that was good, was checked by  
the evil influences which surrounded her. How  
can we expect one to be good and kind, who never  
knew what kindness was herself? We do not  
know Mrs. Emery, what she should be, if our fate  
had been like hers."

"True—true," replied Mrs. E.; "but it does  
seem as if she might know enough to let her neigh-  
bors' property alone; but, you know, they say she  
will steal."  
"She does not know that she should not steal—  
but you and I ought to thank Heaven that, strong  
as we think our principles to be, they have not been  
tried by temptations such as hers. We do not  
know what it is to be hungry and cold, and see our  
little ones shivering around us, crying for food,  
while our neighbors have enough, and to spare."  
"Very well," said Mrs. Emery, rather indignantly;  
"we shall see how you like to have your  
clothes—like and your fruit-trees robbed every now  
and then."

"That will be very unpleasant, if it occurs," was  
the quiet reply; "if the family society is guilty of  
a great deal of the mischief it suffers from such  
persons. They are educated in poverty and vice  
no smiles of love fall on their cheerless childhood;  
no kind voice warns them of the evils which sur-  
round their path; no kind hand is extended to raise  
them up when falling; but they are often repelled  
with aversion and contempt by those who profess  
to be Christians and philanthropists."  
"You have singular notions," Mrs. Austin re-  
joined her friend. "For myself, I confess, I cannot  
help feeling an aversion to such people, and wish  
them as far off as possible."

"I never had bad neighbors," said Mrs. Austin,  
thoughtfully. "If it is family living that im-  
proves, it may be very unpleasant living by them;  
but a few days after the above conversation, Mr.  
and Mrs. Austin took possession of their new home.  
They were humble, unpretending people, but they  
were Christians, and they had learned to believe  
it their duty to imitate the example of their Master.  
They were not among those whose sympathies were  
inactive, when excited by miseries which pass be-  
fore their eyes."

They had entered upon a sphere which was to  
give trial to their patience, and an opportunity for  
the exercise of their Christian benevolence. As  
soon as they were settled, Mrs. Austin called upon  
the Watsons. It was not without a feeling of loathing  
that she entered that ruinous hovel; but she  
was resolved to get acquainted with them, and, as  
she felt, to do them good. The children—poor,  
little, half-starved, thin—ran away to hide,  
when she entered; and Mrs. Watson, with a look  
of surprise, arose and offered her a broken chair.  
"We have just come into the place," said she;  
"and I am anxious to become acquainted with my  
neighbors. I have taken the liberty to call."

"People seldom take so much notice of us,"  
Mrs. Austin inquired kindly respecting her health,  
and found that the poor woman was far from being  
well. The children began to cry around. She  
displayed a handful of apples which she took from  
her pocket, and they soon gathered around her.  
She gave each an apple, and patted their curly  
heads, with kind and gentle words. The little  
creatures looked wily at her, as if unable to com-  
prehend the cause of such unlooked kindness.  
When the kind lady arose to depart, she asked  
Mrs. Watson to let Mary—a child of seven years—  
accompany her home, that she might send her some  
medicines.

The child sprang forward with a cry of pleasure,  
and found that in that of Mrs. Austin, looked  
up affectionately in her face; then starting back,  
she looked at her mother, who, she remembered,  
had not given her consent. Mrs. W. told Mary she  
might go, but promised her a whipping if she was  
not back soon.  
Mrs. Austin took the child and departed. It was  
a cold day in November—and the wind fluttered  
poor Mary's frock, and blew the tangled curls from  
her naked brow. Mrs. Austin tied her handker-  
chief over the child's head. "Are not your feet  
cold?" she asked, as she looked down, and saw that  
she had no shoes on.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary; "but mother says we  
shall get no shoes this winter, for father spends all  
he can get for drink."  
They reached home, and Mrs. A. found she had  
a pair of shoes and a shawl for little Mary, and  
some medicine for her mother.

The child had never been so happy before as she  
was when she tripped home that night. She was  
not only delighted with the presents which she had  
received, but the kind words and kind looks of her  
friend had fallen like sunshine upon her heart.  
When Mrs. Austin came home, his wife informed  
him of the call she had made.  
"The situation of the family is truly deplorable,"  
she added; "is there nothing that we can do for  
them?"  
"Indeed I do not know," replied her husband.  
"There is, I doubt not, you will think of it."  
"Watson is terribly besotted; I met him to-night,  
reeling home, probably to abuse his family; and  
yet they say, when he is sober, he is a kind-heart-  
ed, peaceable man."

"He has a good trade; and if he could be pre-  
vailed upon to work without drinking, he could  
support his family well. His poor wife seems in-  
dolent and hopeless; but, if she could see the pros-  
pects of better days, she would no doubt do better."  
"To be sure," replied Mrs. Austin, thoughtfully,  
"he has a good trade, and was once considered the  
best workman in town; but he has become so in-  
temperate, that none will employ him. I don't  
know what supports his family; they must often  
be in wretched destitution."  
"Wretched destitution indeed!" exclaimed his  
wife. "And now I think how we may help them.  
You know we want some one to work on the house  
immediately. Employment—and perhaps by keep-  
ing him out of the way of temptation, and giving  
proper encouragement, we may induce him to break  
off his brutal habits."  
"That is a good idea, Jane, and I will see him  
to-morrow, and try to engage him."

The next morning the Watsons were not a little  
surprised to see Mr. Austin enter their dwelling.  
His heart was glad at the prospect of sin and mis-  
ery among him. The shivering children were en-  
gaged pressing round a table on which there was  
no food except a few potatoes. The father was  
standing at a shelf, preparing his morning pota-

tions; and Mrs. W. with uncombed hair and dirty  
face, stood in a menacing attitude, upbraiding him  
with loud and angry words.  
"Good morning, Mr. Watson," said he.  
"Good morning, sir," replied the poor man, with  
a hiccup. "I don't feel well this morning, and  
was about to take some bitterns."  
"Don't take them—they will do you no good—  
and I want to talk with you about business."  
Watson looked at him with surprise, and then  
pushing the glass from him, seated himself to hear  
what he had to say.

"I wish to hire you to work on my house," con-  
tinued Mr. A. "We have several unfinished rooms,  
and if you will come, I will pay you at Mr. Frost's  
store, where you can obtain groceries and clothes  
for your family."

There was something so different in the kind  
manner of Mr. Austin, from the rude contempt with  
which he was usually treated, that he felt his heart  
expand—the again was a man among men.  
The bargain was closed—and the next morning,  
true to his promise, Watson came to his work. He  
commenced, but his hand was unsteady, and his  
nervous restlessness. Mr. Austin noticed it, and kept  
him engaged in cheerful conversation. Before long  
he asked for cider. He was told he could have none;  
but Mr. Austin sent him a mug of ginger beer,  
which he drank eagerly, for his thirst was in-  
creased. He kept at his work, but evidently suf-  
fered much for the want of his accustomed stimulant.

When night came, Mr. A. took him to the store,  
and paid for his work in some articles necessary for  
his family; and, with a kind and encouraging word,  
bade him good night. When he got home, and ex-  
hibited a large salt fish and a bag of flour, the  
children shouted for joy. It takes but little to  
make children happy. Alas, that that little should  
be denied them! Mrs. Watson's face wore an ex-  
pression of pleasure quite unusual to her, while she  
went to prepare supper.

A tear came into the father's eye as he looked  
upon his half-naked children, and witnessed the joy  
which one day's labor had conferred on them. He  
placed Mary upon his knees, and kissed her cheek  
with parental kindness. His passions had been  
checked, his better nature was aroused, and he sat  
thoughtful and silent through the evening. His past  
life came up before him. He remembered his open  
neglected and hopeless childhood—for he was a  
drunkard's child. He saw that the evil habits  
which he then contracted were working the ruin  
of his posterity, and he determined to make  
himself a better man for the sake of his children.

The next day Mrs. Austin sent for little Mary to  
come and spend the day with her, and take care  
of the baby. Poor little Mary, she was not pretty;  
How could she be, with that cold, hungry look  
which she had on her face! She was not good, for  
she had seen nothing but evil all her days. The  
air she breathed in the cradle was polluted with  
the breath of drunkenness and blasphemy; yet to  
Mrs. Austin she was an interesting child, for she  
was gentle and affectionate; and her little shaggy  
heart seemed to open and expand, when a smile of  
joy fell on it, as she convulsively untold its blooming  
to the rays of the rising sun.

Mrs. Austin washed her face and combed her  
hair. She had pretty yellow curls, and a very fair  
complexion—and the kind lady putting on her  
clean apron, thought her really beautiful! The  
woman's expression had vanished from her pale  
face, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight. She  
seemed for the first time to enjoy that buoyancy of  
spirit which belongs to childhood. All day long  
she was as merry as a bee, and when night came,  
and her father's work was done, she went to Mrs.  
Austin to have the apron taken off.

"Would you like to keep it?" asked the lady.  
"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the child, a tear  
coming in her eye. "I should like to keep it very  
much, but I can't keep it, then, dear, and be sure it  
is kept clean."  
Sweet and happy were her thoughts that night,  
as she tripped home by her father's side; and when  
she lay down on her lone bed, a princess might  
have envied her the beautiful dreams that filled  
her little head. Thus day after day passed. The  
work on Mr. Austin's house went on, and no less  
visible was the transformation that was taking  
place among the Watsons. The children were soon  
comfortably clad; they prattled all day long,  
and Mrs. and Mr. Austin, and when their father  
turned from his work at night, they would all run  
to welcome him with their kisses, and tell him of  
their happiness. The heart of the poor drunkard  
was softened and strengthened—his resolution was  
taken—and each day's labor and joy confirmed him  
in his new life. His wife was now all cheerful-  
ness, and she and Mary regained her health. Their  
home soon became as neat and tidy as that of any  
of their neighbors; and where before dwelt only  
poverty and wretchedness, now plenty and pleasure  
prevailed.

Mr. Austin continued to employ his neighbor  
until he heard of a person who required assistance in  
his business. Mr. A. recommended Watson as a  
good workman, and as a man whom he believed  
wholly reformed. The builder was satisfied,  
and offered to employ him for several months.  
The offer was received with joy, and the reformed  
inebriate was again placed under circumstances  
favorable to his good purpose; and, not long after,  
he was induced, to join a temperance society—of  
which he has ever since been a respectable mem-  
ber.

A year has passed away since the commence-  
ment of our story, and Mrs. Emery came one day  
to visit her friend, Mrs. Austin. The course of  
the afternoon, a well-dressed and decent-looking  
woman came in, leading a little child. Great was  
the surprise of Mrs. Emery, on being introduced to  
this woman, to find that she was no other than Mrs.  
Watson. When she arose to depart, Mrs. Austin  
said, "If you can spare little Mary, I wish you  
should send her here this afternoon; I want her to  
help me."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," was the reply; "Mary  
shall come, for she is never so happy as when she  
is here."  
When she had retired, Mrs. Austin said to her  
friend—  
"You remember your fears that we should have  
a great deal of trouble with these Watsons; but  
there is not a family in the neighborhood who have  
afforded us more pleasure."  
"This is strange indeed!" Mrs. Watson so chang-  
ed, that I did not recognize her! I am sure  
she should have known her in her former ragged  
and dirt!"  
"The whole family are changed, since Watson  
left off drinking. They are industrious and honest  
as any people among us; but you will soon see  
little Mary, who is a most lovely child."

But, tell me what has brought this mighty  
change upon her? Are you the magician whose mag-  
ic wand has brought about this great revolution?"  
"I believe there has been no magic employed,"  
said Mrs. Austin, smiling. "We have given them  
little except kind words and a good deal of kind  
advice."  
"Well," said Mrs. Emery, "you never had bad  
neighbors, and I don't believe you ever will have,  
if you have made good neighbors of the Watsons."

## The Arctic Expedition.

Lady Franklin's Letter to General Taylor.  
From the National Intelligencer.

BAYVIEW-PLACE, LONDON, April 4, 1849.  
Sir: I address myself to you as the head of a  
great nation, whose power to help me, I cannot  
doubt and in whose disposition to do so I have  
confidence which I trust you will not deem pre-  
sumptuous.

The name of my husband, Sir John Franklin, is  
probably not unknown to you. It is intimately  
connected with the northern part of the continent  
of which the American Republic forms so large and  
conspicuous a portion. When I visited the United  
States, three years ago, among the many proofs I  
received of respect and courtesy, there was none  
which touched and even surprised me more than  
the appreciation every where expressed to me of  
his former services in geographical discovery, and  
the interest felt in the enterprise in which he was  
then engaged.

The expedition fitted out by our government for  
the discovery of a north-west passage (that ques-  
tion which for 300 years has engaged the interest  
and baffled the energies of the men of science and  
the navigator) sailed under my husband's command  
in May, 1845. The two ships, "Erebus" and "Ter-  
ror," contained 128 men (officers and crews), and  
were victualled for three years. They were not ex-  
pected home, unless success had early rewarded  
their efforts, or some casualty hastened their return,  
by the close of 1847; nor were any tidings ex-  
pected from them until the autumn of 1847, when  
the Autumn of 1847 arrived, without any intelligence  
of the ships, the attention of Her Majesty's Govern-  
ment was directed to the necessity of searching for  
and conveying relief to them, in case of their  
being imprisoned in ice or wrecked, and in want of  
provisions and means of transport. For this pur-  
pose an expedition, in three divisions, was fitted out  
in the early part of last year, directed to three dif-  
ferent quarters simultaneously, viz: to the westward  
of Behring's Straits, to the eastward of the Straits,  
and to that by which, in case of success, the  
ships would come out of the Polar Sea to the west-  
ward (or Behring's Straits).

Second, to that by which they entered on their  
course of discovery, on the eastern side, (or Davis's  
Straits).  
And, third, to an intervening portion of the Ar-  
ctic shore approachable by land from the Hudson  
Bay, and a coasting voyage, on a distant expedi-  
tion, it being obliged to abandon their ships,  
might be found.

This last division of the expedition was placed  
under the command of my husband's faithful friend,  
the commander of the single ship, the "Plover," and  
Dr. Sir John Richardson, who, in April of  
last year, and intended to join his men and  
which were already in a advance toward the Arctic  
shores. Of this portion of the expedition I may  
briefly say, that the absence of any intelligence  
from Sir John Richardson, at this season, proves  
that he has been unsuccessful in the object of his  
search. The expedition intended for Behring's  
Straits has likewise been a complete failure. It  
consisted of two ships, the "Plover," which, owing  
to a defect in the rigging, was obliged to return  
last year. The remaining and most important  
portion of the searching expedition consists of two  
ships, under the command of Sir John Ross, which  
sailed last May for Davis's Straits, but did not suc-  
ceed, owing to the state of the ice, in getting into  
Lancaster Sound till the season for operations had  
nearly closed. These ships are now wintering in  
the vicinity of a coasting voyage, with a look-  
out for provisions and fuel to enable them to  
stay out another year; but one of these vessels, by  
a great degree, withdrawn from active search, by  
the necessity of watching at the entrance of Lan-  
caster Sound for the arrival of intelligence and in-  
structions from England by the whalers.

I have entered into these details with a view of  
showing that the British Government has not  
forgotten the duty it owes to brave men  
when it has sent on a perilous service, and has  
spent a very large sum in providing the means for  
their rescue; yet that, owing to various causes, the  
means actually in operation for this purpose are  
quite inadequate to meet the extreme exigency of  
the case; for it must be remembered that the mis-  
sion of the ships is not for three years only, and  
that the nearly four years have now elapsed, and  
the survivors of so many winters in the ice, so that  
the probability of their being placed on the very few  
at the last extremity; and also it must be borne in  
mind, that the channels by which the ships may  
have attempted to force a passage to the westward,  
or which they may have been compelled by ad-  
verse circumstances to take, are very numerous and  
complicated, and that one or two ships cannot pos-  
sibly, in the course of the next short Summer, ex-  
plore them all.

The Board of Admiralty, under a conviction of  
this fact, has been induced to offer a reward of  
200,000 sterling to any ship or ships of any coun-  
try, or to any exploring party whatever, which  
shall render efficient assistance to the ships, or  
their crews, or to any portion of them. This an-  
nouncement, which, even if the sum had been dou-  
bled or trebled, would have met with public ap-  
probation, causes however, too late for our win-  
ters, which had unfortunately sailed before the in-  
formation was received, and which, even if the news should overtake them  
at their fishing-grounds, are totally unfitted for  
any prolonged adventure, having only a few months'  
provisions on board and no additional clothing.—  
To the American whalers, both in the Atlantic and  
the Pacific, I look with more hope as competitors  
for the prize, being well aware of their numbers  
and strength, their thorough equipment, and the  
spirit of enterprise which animates their crews.  
But I venture to look even beyond these. If I am  
not without hope that you will deem it not unwor-  
thy of a great and kindred nation to take up the  
cause of humanity, which I plead in a national  
spirit, and thus generously make it your own.

I intend here in gratitude to adduce the example of  
the Imperial Russian Government, which, as I am  
led to hope by his excellency the Russian Em-  
bassador in London, who forwarded a memorial on  
the subject, will send out exploring parties next  
summer from the Asiatic side of Behring's Straits,  
northward, in search of the lost vessels. It would  
be a noble spectacle to the world if three great na-  
tions, possessed of the widest empires on the face  
of the globe, were thus to unite their efforts in  
the truly Christian work of saving their perishing  
fellows from destruction.

It is not for me to suggest the mode in which  
such benevolent efforts might best be made. I will  
only say, however, that if the conception of my  
own mind to which I do not venture to give utter-  
ance, were realized, and that in the noble competi-  
tion which followed American whalers had the good  
fortune to wrest from us the glory, as might be the  
case of solving the problem of the unopened pas-  
sage, or the still greater glory of saving our adven-  
turous navigators from a lingering fate which the  
mind shudders to dwell on, though I should in either  
mind shudder to dwell on, though I should in either  
case regret that it was not my own brave country-  
men whose seas whose devotion was thus reward-  
ed, yet should I rejoice that it was to America we  
owed our restored happiness, and should be fore-  
ever bound to her by ties of affectionate gratitude.

I can not without some misgivings, while I thus  
address you, "The intense anxiety of a wife and  
of a daughter may have led me to press too parsi-  
tously on your notice the trial under which we are  
suffering, (yet not see only but hundreds of others)  
and to presume too much on the sympathy which  
we are assured is felt beyond the limits of our own  
land. Yet, if you deem this to be the case, you  
will still find, I am sure, even in that personal in-  
tensity of feeling, an excuse for the fearlessness  
with which I have thrown myself on your generos-  
ity, and will pardon the homage I thus pay to your  
own high character and to that of the people over  
whom you have the high distinction to preside.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect,  
your obedient servant, JANE FRANKLIN.  
To this letter Lady Franklin appends an explana-  
tory notice of the plan of her husband's expedition,  
and of the routes taken by those who are in search  
of him. We have not space for it to day; but give  
instead, Mr. Clayton's answer to the application of  
Lady Franklin:—  
DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,  
April 25, 1849.  
MADAM: Your letter to the President of the  
United States, dated April 4, 1849, has been re-  
ceived by him, and he has instructed me to make  
to you the following reply:  
The appeal made in the letter with which you  
have honored him, is such as would strongly enlist  
the sympathy of the Rulers and the People of any  
portion of the civilized world.  
To the citizens of the United States, who share  
so largely in the emotions which agitate the public  
mind of your own country, the name of Sir John  
Franklin has been endeared by his heroic virtues,  
and the sufferings and sacrifices which he has en-  
countered for the benefit of mankind. The appeal  
of his Wife and Daughter in their distress has been  
borne across the waters, asking the assistance of  
a kindred people to save the brave men who en-  
gaged in the most hazardous expedition; and the peo-  
ple of the United States, who have watched with  
the deepest interest that hazardous enterprise, will  
now respond to that appeal by the expression of  
their united wishes that every proper effort may be  
made by this Government for the rescue of your  
husband and his companions.  
To accomplish the object you have in view, the  
attention of American navigators, and especially of  
our whalers, will be immediately invoked. All the  
information in the possession of this Government,  
to enable them to aid in discovering the missing  
ships, relieving their crews, and restoring them to  
their homes, shall be spread far and wide among  
our people; and all that the Executive Govern-  
ment of the United States, in the exercise of its  
constitutional powers, can effect to meet this re-  
quisition on American enterprise, skill, and bravery,  
will be promptly undertaken.  
The hearts of the American people will be deeply  
touched by your eloquent address to their Chief  
Magistrate, and they will join with you in an ear-  
nest prayer to him whose spirit is on the waters  
that your husband and his companions may yet be  
rescued to their country and their friends.  
I have the honor to be, your Ladyship's friend  
and obedient servant, JOHN M. CLAYTON,  
Lady Jane Franklin, Bedford-place, London.

The Whigs of Tennessee have nominated Gov.  
Niel B. Brown for re-election.  
The following passage from his address on the  
occasion, will show how his Excellency thinks and  
feels on the subject of slavery as connected with  
the new territories: "It is a bold, eloquent and pas-  
sionate exposition of the enlightened public senti-  
ment of the whole South, with the simple exception,  
perhaps, of the State of South Carolina, and will  
find a responsive cord in the hearts of all true  
Americans in every section of the Union."  
He congratulated the Whigs upon their success in  
the Presidential campaign, and remarked that  
some questions had recently arisen to one of which  
he would allude—the slavery question, arising  
from the acquisition of new territories. He said  
that on a question such as this, he need give no  
pledges—he had in his birth, and education some-  
thing better than pledges. He was in favor of the  
institutions of the South, but he valued the Union  
above every thing else. He deprecated the man-  
ifesto that seeks to array one portion of this great  
Union against another; was opposed to the  
proposition made in some quarters, of non-inter-  
course with the North in case of the passage of  
the Wilmot Proviso; said he would not give one foot  
of ground on Banks, Hill, or Saratoga, or Yorktown,  
for all the land west of the Rio Grande, though all  
his hills were studded with gold, and his valleys  
filled with slaves. He was opposed to those who  
deny the southern people their rights in the newly  
acquired territories, and thought that in the pres-  
ent threatening aspect of things a compromise  
made, but he was for the Union, as our mas-  
ters? for the South so long as he could be con-  
sistently with the preservation of the Union, but  
for the union at all events.

The Honorable at Dinner.—A few days since  
several members of the New York Legislature  
represented some of the latest comings of the  
state, were at a boarding house, where at a table  
they displayed what was deemed by some of the  
honorable titles, addressing each other in the  
style was:  
"Will the Honorable gentleman from Chautauque  
hand me the butter?"  
"Will the Honorable gentleman from Otsego be  
kind enough to pass the butter?"  
"Certainly, sir, we may expect something shyer  
from the Honorable member from Chenango."  
A down east Yankee Clerk, becoming quite in-  
sensible under this display of empty honors, called out  
in a loud earnest tone to the black waiter:  
"Will the Honorable gentleman from Africa be  
kind enough to hand me some onions?"  
The laughter that ensued was so imagined.  
The honorables were henceforth silent.

The dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome have  
recently been opened, and exhibited to the public.  
They surpass in horror the well known prisons of  
Venice. Skeletons of persons were found imbed-  
ded in the solid masonry. A shaft was discovered,  
at the top of which was a trap door, near the en-  
trance of the office of the official. At the bottom  
of the shaft lay piles of decayed animal matter, in  
which silken loaves of hair were discovered. These  
were found, in which were layers of calcined  
man bones. We no longer wonder that the Romans  
refuse to endure a priestly rule.

RETORT COURTESY.—One of our young boys, dining  
at a fashionable hotel a few weeks since, was  
requested by a gentleman to pass some articles of  
food which was near him.  
"Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the ex-  
quisite.  
"No, sir, I mistake you for a gentleman," was  
the prompt reply.

WHAT NEXT.—A genius in Cincinnati has inven-  
ted a cooking stove, to be used by California emi-  
grants. It can be folded up and put in a pair of  
saddle-bags, and when camping time comes, he  
rigged up in five minutes to cook a dinner for 12  
persons. It can be fed with prairie grass. This  
contrivance will add much to the comforts of the  
emigrant's journey.

A darkey set to work to cut down a very  
tough tree, but his ax flew back for some time with  
but little effect. A storm occurred meantime, and  
a crashing shaft of lightning shattered a huge oak  
to splinters near him.

"Bress de Lord!" exclaimed Sambo, "dat  
wall done 'spos you try dis nex, guess you get your  
match, massa!"  
"Hiram, my boy," said a tender father to  
his son, "you must be more careful of yourself than  
you are. You have not got the constitution of  
some."

"Don't believe it, dad—don't believe a word of it!  
I've got the constitution of a horse. There ain't no  
break up or down in me. Thing is, if I don't  
believe I've got the constitution of the United  
States."  
A countryman lately went to a fashionable  
city church, but stopped astonished on the steps  
at hearing a man preach with instrumental music.  
The sexton observing his hesitancy, beckoned him  
in. "No, sir," said Joseph triumphantly, "you can't  
catch me in such a place Sunday—and besides,  
I can't dance."

"Whore!"—The Albany Knickerbocker  
says he saw an Orange in State street, the  
other day, that measured two feet in circumference,  
and eleven inches in diameter. An old lady who  
was passing by, stopped to inquire the price of  
pumpkins. She was "some."  
"Latorn Mauborg lost his leg at the battle  
of Leipzig. After he had suffered amputation with  
the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying or  
pretending to cry in the corner of the room—  
"Some of your hypocritical tears, you old dog-  
skin master! You know you will have only one  
leg left, and you will have only one leg to clean  
instead of two."

MONK BOORS.—An advertisement in one of the  
morning papers says:  
"I have a female who has a knowledge of  
filing books of a good moral character."  
"We suppose there is a good moral character,  
are such as have white teeth."  
"That's a country gentleman, after being present  
in the chains of wretchedness, was asked by one of  
the guests, a friend if he had paid the parson, to which  
he replied, "Oh no, he's owing father for a sack of  
beans, and will make a turn."  
"A man was boasting about his knowledge of  
the world, when a wag in company asked him  
he had never been in Algebra. "I