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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"Poet's Corner."

"Be not Faithless."

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Be not faithless, ye who tread
O'er a hard and thorny way—
Tempted oft to turn aside
In some easier path to stray:
Be not faithless, but believe,
He who trod the self-same road,
Knows the best, the safest way
Leading to his own abode.

Be not faithless, ye who see
Dark some clouds above your head—
All along whose dreary way
Chilling gloominess is spread:
Be not faithless, there is light,
Though it meets not now your eyes;
Soon those clouds will disappear,
Leaving bright and pleasant skies.

Be not faithless, ye who bend
'Neath a heavy load of care,
Struggling on awhile, and then
Almost fainting in despair.
There is help—He'll give you strength—
Strength to bear the weighty load;
Grace will make the burden light—
Cheer your heart along the road.

Be not faithless, unto each
As his needed strength is given;
And when earth is dark and drear
Steadfast fix your eye on Heaven:
Still above the thickest clouds
Shines a pure, undying ray;
Faith alone may pierce the gloom
Heaven's brightest glory to display.

Sonnet.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Last thou not seen an aged rifted tower,
Meet habitation for the Ghost of Time,
Where fearful ravage makes decay sublime,
And destitution wears the face of power?
Yet in the fabric decked with many a flower
Of fragrance wild, and many dappled hue,
Gold, streaked with iron-brown and nodding blue,
Making each ruinous chink a fairy bower?
En such a thing methinks I fain would be,
Should heaven appoint me to a lengthened age:
So old in look, that Young and Old may see
The record of my closing pilgrimage,
Yet to the last, a rugged wrinkled thing
To which young sweetness may delight to cling!

Selected Miscellany.

ANDREA ORCAGNA.

CHAPTER I.

In the long and narrow street running from the Piazza del Palazzo to the magnificent church of Santa Croce, stood the office of the Guardia of Florence, one of the civic functionaries, who, about the middle of the fourteenth century, exercised jurisdiction corresponding with that of our sheriff. One day, in the year 1354, an immense crowd gathered about it, attracted by the sale of the goods of a citizen under seizure for debt; and the more than usual number of bargain-hunters drawn thither—a class as numerous then amongst the good citizens of Florence as amongst the inhabitants of any of our country-towns in the present day—proved that the occasion was one of no ordinary importance. Nor did they seem likely to be disappointed in their object, for the property, though consisting of rich stuffs, splendidly mounted arms, and furniture in the most exquisite taste, was selling off at the lowest prices.

"They seem determined to ruin the man, that's certain," said a weaver of the Strada del Carmine, shrugging his shoulders at the same time with a most resigned indifference.

"And if that infamous Duke of Athens had not stripped us of everything," rejoined a woman standing next to him, "what bargains of beautiful gowns I might get now!"

"I can't but think," said the weaver, "that the Signor Guardia bears the owner some ill-will; it looks very like it at all events; and after all it is a pity."

"It is scandalous; it is infamous, friend," exclaimed a citizen, who now came up.

It was the owner of the seized goods; and if the Castilian dictum be true that asserts—

"On the brow, and in the eye,
The index of the mind doth lie."

his mind was a noble, an upright, an honorable one. But there was a frown on the lofty brow, and a flash of indignation was in the intelligent eye, as he gazed on the Guardia, who returned the glance with a look of irrepressible exultation in the evident but impotent anger of his victim. For some time, however, the latter remained a silent spectator of the utter sacrifice of his property; but, at length, as if losing all patience, he made his way to the official, and begged that he would discharge his duty a little less harshly, and a little more impartially. But the Guardia whom an old rivalry in a love affair had rendered his implacable enemy, noticed his remonstrance only by a contemptuous smile! and the sale went on as before. The citizens loudly expressed their indignation at the odious proceeding of the Guardia; an indignation, however, that in no way seemed to lessen their enjoyment in the bargains of rich stuffs they were securing at the expense of the unfortunate owner. No sooner was the sale over, and the work of spoilation completed, than he boldly made his way through the crowd, and suddenly leaping upon the platform erected for the purpose of the auction, sadly, but calmly and proudly, addressed the assembled throng:

"Citizens of Florence," he cried, "God knows—and many of you, my fellow-countrymen, know too—that I have lived in all honor, honesty, and peace until this day. Who can say that I have borne malice or hatred to living man? Harmlessly and quietly have I gone in and out among you; but the work of this day has changed my whole nature. I am not what I was when I first saw this morning's light. Let him who has made the change look well to it; for he shall yet dearly rue this day's work. I will not use sword or dagger; I know the use of no other weapon but my pencil; and I need no other. I will tell you what has brought me to this, that you may know how your magistrate can reward a man for doing a citizen's duty. The widow of my dearest friend was in urgent need of a sum of money, and I raised it for her, on my personal security. Death snatched her away before she could repay it, and I asked in vain for a delay of three days. Nothing would satisfy the Guardia but the ruin of an honest citizen Yet, methinks, a Florentine magistrate might well have deemed a little more courtesy due to Andrea Orcagna. Well! Signor, you had your turn, and mine is yet to come. You have worked your purpose, so will I mine; and here I swear, before assembled Florence, that I will plunge you, while yet alive, into hell."

And while the last words were yet upon his lips, he sprang to the ground, and the crowd giving way before him, he went off in the direction of Santa Maria La Novella.

"If we did not know him to be Andrea Orcagna, the painter," said a woman in the crowd, "we might take him to be Cecco d'Ascoli, the great magician, with his spells and his witchcraft. To hear him talk of sending a man down to hell alive makes my blood run cold."

"To my thinking he had good reason to complain," said a respectable-looking citizen. "He deserves better of the citizens of Florence, than that they should quietly stand by to see him ruined. Why, he is not only a painter, but a poet, a sculptor, and an architect, and, what is better, a friend of the people, always ready to stand up for our rights."

"That's true, friend," said the weaver; "and while he was speaking, I could not help thinking it was Alighieri Dante's ghost come up to upbraid Florence with its ingratitude. But the Guardia has ordered the streets to be cleared; so we had better be off."

CHAPTER II.

Six months after, a crowd was again assembled in the streets of Florence; and again on account of Andrea Orcagna. But this time the artist was the voluntary and gratified cause of its assembling He had just finished adorning the church of Santa Croce with the two master-pieces, "Paradise" and "Hell"—a design conceived from Dante's great epic—and he announced to the nobles of Florence that his labors were completed, and solicited the honor of their presence on the day when they were to be first presented to the public gaze.

The artist's mission was then regarded as high and holy one; pen or pencil was not then prostituted to the service of despotism. Half a century had scarcely elapsed since the Florentine people, in enthusiastic admiration, had borne in triumph through the streets that Madonna of Giovanni Cimabue; nor were they now less ready to hail the production of a genius, the glory of their city. The populace flocked to the spot as well as the nobles; and foremost in the throng, impelled by malignant envy, was the Guardia. The splendid paintings called forth acclaiming bursts of admiration, alike from noble and from artizan, and some, who were nearest to him were congratulating Orcagna on his brilliant success, when a peal of laughter made the lofty aisles re-echo. It was followed by the cry; "The Guardia! the Guardia!—Look at him! Sure enough, there he is! in the very middle of hell. Bravo, master; bravo, painter. You have kept your word."

And the weaver of the Strada del Carmine, for his was the exclamation, pointed to a full-length figure of the Guardia, distinguished by the three crimson lilies in his white cap, pursued by a demon with a fiery crook. Close beside him was the judge who had signed the warrant against the artist, and also the likeness of Cecco d'Ascoli, a celebrated magician of that day.

A shout broke from the assembled populace, and the pitiless official, who before the weaver's exclamation, had half suspected, notwithstanding their hideous distortion, that he was gazing on his own lineaments, rushed towards the door, actually howling with indignation, followed by the jeers and hisses of the crowd.

"I am at last avenged!" murmured Orcagna.

"Friend," said Sylver to di Medici, emphatically; "beware of this man; he has the cunning as well as the venom of the serpent"

"Well! at all events," said the artist, carelessly, "I have filled his teeth tolerably, and extracted a few of his fangs"

"Nevertheless, Orcagna," said a voice from the crowd, "beware of the Guardia, for he will follow you, were it indeed to hell!"

And the crowd dispersed, leaving Andrea to triumph in a mode of vengeance which he was the first to devise (though several instances of a similar kind by celebrated artists have been handed down,) and the terrors of which, in a superstitious age, we can now scarcely estimate.

CHAPTER III.

Orcagna had received from monks of Santa Croce only a small sum in advance, and, confident in the enthusiasm excited by his gigantic work, he immediately repaired to the abbot to request payment of the stipulated sum. The revered father gave him to understand it was not possible to meet his demand. The church was poor; they had fallen upon evil days; the first love was growing cold, and the faithful no longer gave their wonted abundant alms. In short, he was told that he must wait; whether patiently or not, was his own affair. In vain he appealed to the civil authorities; the Guardia's influence was at work, and his complaint was dismissed.

And now commenced a series of persecutions, till at length the artist felt that he had no resource but to quit Florence; and, unfortunately, he gave too loud expression to his determination.

Before he quitted forever his ungrateful country, the great painter wished to retouch the frescoes with which he and his brother Bernardo had adorned the Capella di Strozzi, in Santa Maria La Novella. In order that the work might not be interrupted, the chapel was shut up, and none but the painter admitted. On the eve of the day when it was again to be thrown open to the public, and while the artist was yet putting the finishing-stroke to his work, it was discovered that a reliquary of great value and a pyx with the host had been abstracted from the chapel. All Florence was in commotion at the news; the first day eager inquiry was passing from mouth to mouth as to who the sacrilegious plunderer could be; the next day, the name of Orcagna was whispered; and the third day, the Guardia, exulting in such a pretext for the ruin of his enemy, openly denounced him before the Gonfaloniere of the republic, and the celebrated artist was thrown into the state prison.

In the middle ages, the penalty for sacrilege was death or perpetual imprisonment. Heavy therefore, was the charge against the unhappy Orcagna; and, innocent as he was, his heart sunk within him, for he well knew the fickle character of the Florentines; and besides, disgrace and ignomy must rest upon his once-honored name.

He underwent two examinations, and vehemently, passionately indignant was his protest against the accusation of theft. "Many may have been my faults and errors," he said, "but thus to degrade myself to the vilest of criminals—my lords, you do not yourselves believe it possible. This hand, that has obeyed the inspiration of my high and holy art, in adorning the shrines of Santa Maria and San Pietro Maggiore—think you this hand could be that of the nightly marauder, the base plunderer of the sacred vessels of the chapel of the Strozzi! In any other city but Florence, Andrea Orcagna need not have asserted his innocence."

But what were protestations and assertions to minds predisposed to believe in the guilt of the accused; or, at least, determined to condemn him as guilty. The Guardia had gained over the Gonfaloniere, and prejudiced him against the unfortunate artist, by insinuations that the party of the nobles would strain every nerve to screen him from the just indignation of the Florentine people; and since the expulsion of the Duke of Athens, the whole power was vested in the hands of the popular party. The Gonfaloniere, himself a straight forward, honest man, had no suspicions of the malignant motives of the Guardia, and seconded him vigorously, believing that he was thereby thwarting the Guelf faction. All seemed to promise a triumph to the Guardia, and the unhappy Andrea was about to be put to the torture, had not Sylvestro Di Medici, a noble, but on the popular side, made strong objection, and succeeded in influencing some others to interfere in favor of the artist.

But no interposition availed to alter the determination of the head of the republic, whom the Guardia completely influenced; and he had sworn to be content with nothing short of the utter ruin of Andrea. At length proclamation was made that the last day of trial was over, and the day appointed for passing sentence.

Florence heard that the scaffold was to rob her of her most illustrious painter; and that city of the arts was moved to its very centre; and her cry of indignation and regret was re-echoed by the tributary towns. The Aretini and the inhabitants of Empoli came in crowds, and the citizens of Pisa sent a deputation to demand the release of that Andrea who had immortalized their Campo Santo. But all was in vain.

The tribunal assembled to pass sentence. Vas was the concourse of the people. The lips of the inexorable Gonfaloniere were already parting to utter the terrible decree, and a thrill seemed to pass through the immense multitude, as if it had been one man, when suddenly a voice was heard, crying, "Make way! make way!" and a figure rushed through the crowd, and stood in front of the judgment-seat.

The intruder was a young man, and he now vehemently exclaimed, "The great artist is innocent."

"Thanks be to God," burst from a thousand voices.

The flush of triumph so lately kindling the Guardia's brow, gave place to a deadly paleness, but he stooped, and whispered a few words in the ear of the Gonfaloniere.

"I was wandering in the Valle di Chiusa," resumed the stranger, "when I learned that the life of Andrea Orcagna was in jeopardy, and as I had my own good reasons for knowing he was innocent, I thought it best to lose no time in coming here."

"And who are you? asked the Gonfaloniere, in stern tones.

"I am called Ciro Sinistro, the bandit; for it may be some curiosity to know my trade as well as my name. Three months ago I was a prisoner in one of your man cages here. One night I heard the door of my dungeon grate upon its hinges at an unusual late hour, and a man stood before me. He was masked so I did not see his face; but what he said was more to my purpose. "I come to offer your freedom, he said, and moreover, fifty ducats, if you be willing to earn them. I was willing as he could desire, and I obeyed his command to follow him. He told me that he only wanted me to steal away the Strozzi reliquary. This was no trifle, but after a little hesitation, I undertook the job; and having been let into the church, I got over the rood screen, and soon had the reliquary in my possession. While my hand was in, I thought I might do a little business for myself; so I broke open the tabernacle with my poinard, and took off with me the Pyx, which is just now with a Jew in Ferrara. As to the money, I put it honorably—for there is honor amongst thieves—into the hands of my employer, and having received the promised fifty ducats, I made the best of my way to Arezzo, hoping to escape to Rome."

"The name of that man!—his name! I say!" cried Oreagna; and the demand was echoed by the now shouting multitude.

"His name I cannot tell you," answered the robber; "and, for the best reason, I do not know it. But what I have said is not the less true. Solemnly protest to you, my lords, I was horror-struck when I heard that the consequence of my night's work was death, or perpetual imprisonment to the good Orcagna. It is not however, because he is the pride and boast of our country, that I am so ready to risk my head for his, but he once saved my life from the scaffold. I had made too free in taking what he was not willing to part with, and in the hope that I was then young, I might leave off my evil ways, he did not give me over to justice, and Ciro Sinistro is not the man to forget this good turn."

Great was the excitement in the vast assemblage, and many a heart throbbed with pity for the self-sacrificing bandit. But the Guardia was unwilling that his victim should thus escape him, and soon his harsh voice was heard above the murmurs of wonder and satisfaction, exclaiming, "Was there ever such manifest collusion? It is a fine story, my lords, and does some credit to those who have got it up. It is easily seen that this poor wretch has been bribed. Orcagna is guilty; he must die."

Muttered exclamations were heard in the assembly at this persevering malignity; but the shrill voice of the robber was again raised and gave fresh stimulous to the excitement of that excitable multitude. "Signor Orcagna," said he "you asked me the name of my liberator; I knew it not, nor yet know it, but tell me what name is borne by the signor there?" And as he spoke, he pointed to the Guardia.

"The Guardia, the Guardia!" exclaimed Orcagna, to whom the question was as a blaze of light on the whole transaction. "Well, then, it is the Guardia who has in his possession the Strozzi reliquary; he it is who opened my prison-doors. I recognized at once the voice that offered me liberty—a prisoner is seldom likely to forget it."

The eye of the malignant adversary quailed before the concentrated gaze of the vast multitude, and, for an instant, he buried his face in his hands; but the next moment he raised his head, and haughtily claimed the protection of the court against such foul and calumnious imputations.

The artist now endeavored to plead his cause. "Let your excellencies but deign to consider the rancorous hatred borne to me by this man. It is well known that he has long sworn to work my ruin; and what else could have had influence sufficient to release a criminal from the dungeons of the state."

"All this is mere assertion: nothing has been proved," said the Gonfaloniere; "we are but wasting time to no purpose."

"But here is proof to some purpose—proof sufficient that a viler wretch than the Guardia walks not the earth;" and Sylvestro di Medici made his appearance, triumphantly holding up to the gaze of all the missing reliquary. No sooner had the bandit uttered the words, "I put it into the hands of my employer," than the young noble, actuated by instant and intuitive suspicion, left the court, taking with him four arches of the guard, searched the house of Orcagna's enemy, and returned with his prize, the irrefragable proof of his friend's innocence, and of the guilt of his implacable foe. Amid the acclamations of the whole court, the wretched Guardia was sentenced to die the death he would have inflicted on the innocent. Need we tell how the people bore Orcagna in triumph through the streets of Florence—how, from that day forth, the government loaded him with favors—how nobly he evinced his sense of them by that wonderful monument of his genius and his gratitude, the Loggia di Lanzi, and by those master-pieces of art still seen in the churches of their city? Need we say that the poor bandit was pardoned, and proved his penitence by the whole course of his after life, passed under the protection of the grateful Orcagna!

☞ "Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stand dar on de railroad."

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase if de cars sees dat mouf ov yourn dey will tink it am de dope, and run rite in."

CANNON AM.—There are now deposited in the Navy Yard, in Charlestown, Mass., no less than seven hundred cannon, for the defence of that part of Boston, and the supply of the U. S. Steamers, and other vessels stationed there. The cost of the whole number would not be far from $200,000.

☞ "The alarm of fire last night," says the Albany Dutchman, "was occasioned by a redhaired woman sticking her head out of a fourth story window, and singing "Scotland's Burning," to her squint eyed lover beneath.

☞ The monster elephant Columbus, nearly equal in avoirdupois, to Barnum's whole nine elephant team, died at Lenox, Mass., on Saturday last, from injuries received recently while sailing through a bridge near South Adams.

A Fish Story.

The following remarkable case of the prodigious powers of a whale, is related by Captain Deblois, the master of the unlucky ship Ann Alexander, who arrived here in the Cherokee on Saturday last. The Ann Alexander sailed from New Bedford on the 1st of June, 1850, for the Pacific Ocean, and had taken 500 barrels of oil in the Atlantic. She called at Paita on the 31st of May, and was proceeding on her cruise to the South Pacific when the unforseen disaster occurred.

"On the 20th of August last she reached what is well known as the 'Off-Shore Ground,' in lat. 6 deg 60 South, lon. 102 deg. West. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood, and about noon the same day they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time the whale turned upon the boats, and rushing at them with tremendous force, opened his enormous jaws and taking the larboard boat in actually crushed it into pieces as small as a common sized chair. Capt. Deblois immediately struck for the scene of the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded against all expectation in rescuing the whole of the crew of the demolished boat—nine in number! How they escaped from instant death when the whale rushed upon them with such violence and seized their boat is known only to 'Him who holds the waves as in the hollow of his hands.'

There was now 18 men in the starboard boat consisting of the Captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats.—The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship and the waist boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated and proceeded at some distance from each other as is usual on such occasions after the whale. In a short time they came up to him and prepared to give him battle. The waist boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him he turned his course suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean.

Capt. Deblois again seeing the perilous condition of his men at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time, succeeded in saving them all from a death, little less horrible than that from which they had, twice, so miraculously escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; when the order was given they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his jaws widely extended! Escape from death now seemed totally out of the question. They were now six or seven miles from the ship—no aid even there to afford them necessary relief, and the whale maddened by the wounds of the harpoon and lances which had been thrown into him, and seemingly gloating with prospect of speedy revenge, within a few cables length! Fortunately the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship and they all got on board in safety.

After reaching the ship a boat was dispatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars sail was set and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her they hauled on the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and as it was near sundown they concluded to give up the chase.

Capt. Deblois was at this time standing in the night heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots when looking over the side of the ship he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! In an instant the monster struck the ship with tremendous force, shaking her from stem to stern. She quivered under the violence of the shock, as if she had struck upon a rock! Capt. Deblois immediate descended into the forecastle, and there to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water rushed impetuously! Springing to the deck he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking very rapidly.

The Captain went into the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he however succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant and chart. Reaching the decks he ordered the boats to be cleared away and to get water and provisions, as the ship was sinking under. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing, he then came upon deck ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat! The ship was on her beam ends, her top gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a short time. Upon examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water and not a single mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each; were leaky and night coming on they were obliged to bail all night to keep them from sinking!

Next day at daylight they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the Captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet the Captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes around their bodies, got into the sea and cut holes through the decks to cut out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer, so they set sail on their boats and left her.

They were then in a dreadful state of anxiety, knowing that in a very few days, unless a kind Providence should direct them to fall in with some ship, they must all die by starvation and thirst, or, that to sustain life, they would be obliged to eat each other's bodies as soon as life had departed! However, as long as they had strength, they knew it was their duty to watch patiently, and trust to that Good Being who had twice so signally saved them from the jaws of the monster of the deep, the day previous. Their only hope was in trying to reach a rainy latitude that from the rains that might fall they could sustain life.

With this hope they directed their course northwardly, and on the 22d of August, at about 5 o'clock, P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made a signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nanticket, of Nantucket, Mass., Capt. Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality.

On the succeeding day, Capt. Gibbs went to the wreck of the ill-fated Ann Alexander, for the purpose of trying to procure something from her, but as the sea was rough, and the attempt considered dangerous, he abandoned the project. The Nantucket then set sail for Paita, where she arrived on the 15th Sept; and where she landed Capt Deblois and his men. Captain Deblois was kindly and hospitably received and entertained at Paita by Captain Barthurst, an English gentleman, residing there, and subsequently took passage on board the schr Providence, Captain Starbuck, for this port arriving here on Sunday last, the 12th instant."

This is certainly a most extraordinary instance of the capabilities of the monsters of the deep, and we believe that the like has occurred but once before, which happened in the case of a Nantucket ship, many years ago.

☞ The following seasonable and appropriate remarks from the *Penn'a Inquirer*, though intended for city readers, are well worth the attention of people in villages and country:

"Living like other People."

"Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast a splendid banquet once a year."

One of the most prevalent foibles of the present times, is a disposition to imitate and rival our neighbors, even with means more limited than theirs. It is an error of false pride. We fancy that the world can be deceived by outward show, that we can make it appear that we are affluent and independent, no matter what the facts may be. This is a sad weakness, and it is often attended with serious consequences. This idea of living like other people, without the means possessed by other people, is indeed absurd and suicidal. It is only calculated to involve us in difficulties, and to take from us the very independence that we assume and aspire to enjoy. The progress of luxury and extravagance is indeed extraordinary. Magnificent mansions and costly furniture are now the order of the day. The spirit of imitation and of rivalry is everywhere apparent. In social life is is an every day occurrence, to hear individuals indulge in gross exaggerations, when describing their own affairs. No matter what may be the condition of another, a disposition to rival and excel, is too apt to prevail, and thus in many cases, the most absurd pretensions are indulged—nay, the grossest falsehoods are uttered. True these fabrications are in a measure harmless, because they are so transparent as to deceive no one. And yet the habit is vile, and calculated at once to destroy confidence and impair respect.—Moreover, an individual who is known to falsify on one subject, is very apt to be distrusted on every other. Still the desire to excel, to appear in the enjoyment of fashionable position, is so powerful, that all other considerations are lost sight of.

The manner of living at the present time, is, in too many cases, characterized by the wildest extravagance. This is displayed in a variety of forms—in dress in furniture, in gay parties, in opera displays, and in all kindred exhibitions. It is well observed by a co temporary, "that persons of moderate circumstances, are carried away far beyond their means by an insane spirit of imitation. They vainly expect to be esteemed in proportion to the ostentatious display they may be able to make; and are not aware that true gentility is marked more by gentility of manners and dress, and by dignity of deportment, than in the flash and glitter in which many modern fine people seek to acquire notoriety. The creditors of such people are too often found to be the real parties who contribute to the expense of the show. The effect upon society is extremely pernicious, hurrying many into pecuniary embarrassments with the loss of character, reason or life, often disqualifying women for the discharge of the paramount duties of domestic life, and retarding and defeating the establishment of young men at the head of families." Is not all this true? Is it not particularly applicable to large cities like Philadelphia? Are there not many persons in our midst, who are living beyond their means simply with the object of living like other people? Are there not many wasting their substance, in the empty and idle pursuits of fashion, or in an effort to obtain a position, not of high respectability and elevated character, but of idle importance, in the gay, the giddy, the fashionable world?

It is well enough perhaps, for the rich, for such as have large incomes, to indulge in all the elegancies and luxuries, so characteristic of affluence, refinement and splendor. But for the individual who has a fortune to make, who is engaged in an uncertain and hazardous business, and whose future therefore, is by no means clear and unclouded, to imitate all this extravagance, and to tread in the footsteps of some millionaire, is folly at once egregious and deplorable. Vanity, so empty and idle, pride so false and unsubstantial, are almost invariably the handmaids to ruin. Nevertheless, there are hundreds at this moment engaged in this phantom pursuit. They are taxing their energies to make a dashing appearance before the world, and at the same time are neglecting the real sources of ease and independence—economy and prudence in the management of their affairs. The true policy is if possible to live within one's means. Unnecessary luxuries should only be indulged when we have "enough to spare." The mechanic, the trader, or the shopkeeper, who is getting along smoothly, quietly and successfully, who is able to provide his family with the comforts of social existence, and at the same time to lay by something for a rainy day, is indeed mad, or worse, if tempted by the idle vanity of display, to appropriate his annual surplus to some unnecessary extravagance, and thus to make his condition one of constant dependence. The misery of such a condition cannot be too vividly described. Ostentation in the out door world, will never pay for wretchedness at home. Companionship with the fashionables of the hour, the butterflies who flutter in the sunshine of flattery and of envy, can never compensate for the loss of real independence, domestic harmony, and peace of mind, which are indeed among the brightest jewels in the moral treasury of our nature. The folly of living to dazzle and astonish others, to excite envy, and gratify pride, while all the purer and holier objects of life are neglected, can only be likened to the delusion of the poor moth, which flutters around the very blaze by which it is doomed to be consumed.

DON'T SHOOT.—As Professor J. W. Hatch was last summer lecturing to a class in Cortland county on Astronomy, he brought out his telescope one evening when the moon was at its full, and just rising, for the classes to view the luminary through his splendid instrument. The telescope is about the size of a six-pounder; and just as they got it level and ready for use, a long yankee, and wife's mother in company, came round the corner in an old-fashioned "boat-wagon."—Seeing the cannon, as they supposed it, just ready to be fired, he stopped the horse, jumped out, and taking his steed by the bits held on to him with all his caution. Out leaped the wife and old woman, and stood waiting the explosion with trembling anxiety, the ladies holding their ears. The Professor, who likes a joke, told the boys to keep perfectly quiet and await the result, while he kept levelling the instrument as if about to discharge it. After waiting some ten or fifteen minutes, Jonathan became impatient and sung out:

"Hallo, there, Mister, ef yer going to fire yer pesky gun, I wish you would be arter doing it; we're tired of standin' here, and the mare won't stand fire, we want to be goin'."

An uncontrollable roar of laughter from the whole class followed this speech, when the Professor stepped out to the road and informed the stranger that he could not get it exactly right; they might get in and he would not fire until they got past.

CORRUPTION OF WORDS.—Take, for example, the word kerchief. There is no doubt that this word is derived from the French word couvre chief and obviously meant the covering for the head. Brevity converted couvre chief into kerchief. This was well enough for coloquial purposes, and no great harm done. By degrees, however, having occasion to enlarge the application of the word for our convenience, we flung etymology to the winds, and coined the word handkerchief, which, broken up in component parts, means literally a head cover for the hand. The force of absurdity would seem incapable of going beyond this. But worse remains behind. Having reconciled our conscience to handkerchiefs, there was no difficulty in finding kerchief in like manner for all possible purposes; accordingly we have manufactured a pocket, and a neck handkerchief, or head cover for the hand to be tied round the neck and put in the pocket.—Exchange.