

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 28--NUMBER 26.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1484.

"Pot's Corner."

Katy Darling.
Oh, they tell me that art dead, Katy Darling,
That they smile we may never behold!
Did they tell thee I was false, Katy Darling,
Or my love for thee haggard grown cold?
Oh, they know not the loving,
Of the hearts of Erin's sons;
When a love like to mine, Katy Darling,
Is a goal to the race that we run.
Oh, hear me, sweet Katy,
For the wild flowers grow on each tree;
And the love birds are singing on each tree;
Will thou never more hear me, Katy Darling?
Behold, love, I'm waiting for thee.

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy Darling,
This world is all a blank world to me!
Oh, couldst thou hear my weeping, Katy Darling,
I think, love, I'm sighing for thee!
Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light;
And thy heart was melting, Katy Darling,
Couldst thou hear the love I'm giving thee?
Oh, listen, sweet Katy!
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy Darling,
And the love birds are nesting in each tree;
Will thou never more hear me, Katy Darling,
Or know, love, I'm kneeling by thee.

A FEARFUL NIGHT RIDE.

"Is my special engine ready?"
"In a moment sir, the engine man will be here directly. What speed do you wish?"
"At least a mile a minute."

"Very good, sir; the line is perfectly clear, and with only one light carriage it can be easily done."
"I shall not want even that; I have all my despatches ready in my pocket, and shall go upon the engine."
"You will hardly have eyes left in your head if you do sir. Better have a first rate carriage put to it."

"Never fear; I am tolerably accustomed to that sort of thing. Never blink an eye in the longest of your tunnels."
"Very well, sir; you know best. 'Tis your train, and of course you may either ride on the engine or in a carriage, as you please."

"The engine, then; and be smart; every moment spent here is lost."
"The platform of an extensive railway station in a large town in the north of England. My interlocutor was the resident superintendent. I was the bearer of despatches of great importance for a London morning newspaper, and somewhat more than three hours was the utmost space of time I could afford to spend over the 200 miles of rail which separated me from the office in the Strand."

It was a pleasant summer evening and the rich radiance of the setting sun streamed through the sky-lights of the huge iron roof, and sparkled among the web that interlaced bars and bolts which stretched in vistas of angles and lozenges, and all manner of mathematical figures beneath it—the metallic rafters of the terminus. On the half dozen rails which divided up two platforms lay as usual long strings of first and second class carriages in the process of being furnished up by a lazy gang of corduroy-clad porters. On the left line of rails stood my special engine, bright and brazen, and rickety as it shot its spiral column of smoking, whistling steam upwards from its brazen cone, which appeared to act as a chimney for the fierce vapor.

Some half dozen porters, policemen, and news vendors, stood carefully about to see the start; and the stoker of the special, a greasy mass of solid fluster, with a wonderfully dirty face, clambered mechanically about the engine, after the manner of his tribe, listlessly rubbing the gleaming metal with a handful of oily rags.

"What can be the matter with Westhorpe?" exclaimed the superintendent. "He does not stay long here if that's the way he likes his duty."
"I have sent two porters after him, sir, and a policeman; he reported himself fit for duty this morning."

"What's he been ill?" said I.
"He's never been the same man, sir, since Mary Slane died so suddenly," replied the policeman.

"Oh, bother! I can't allow love-sick engine drivers on this line," struck in the superintendent.
"But why don't you let me have another man if this Mr. Westhorpe of yours is not fit for his work? You have plenty of hands, I suppose?"

"Why yes sir; but the fact is that our men have been worked a good deal lately, and as Westhorpe's been back word this morning that he was ready to come back to duty, we made our arrangements accordingly."

"Seven o'clock past," I replied, glancing at the station dial; "if you do not start me in five minutes I countermand the engine, and will have my remedy by law."
But before the five minutes were elapsed, the tardy engine man made his appearance. He was muffled up in a shagreened pea jacket, a handkerchief was round the lower part of his face, and the brass bound front of his cap was pulled down over his forehead, and I could observe the bright hollow glare of his eyes and the clammy palor of his cheeks. Attributing these appearances however, to mere passing indisposition I took no notice of them; nor did I remark with any attention although it was visible enough, the less nervous state in which the man appeared to be; his hand trembled, he glanced quickly around from face to face, and then began in an odd fidgety manner to button and unbutton a button in his jacket. These appearances might have

alarmed me at another time, but I was too eager for the start to attend to them.
"I say, Westhorpe," exclaimed the superintendent, "if this is the way you choose to treat your employers, I can tell you that you shan't long be one of their employed, my fine fellow!"
The engine man muttered something, I know not what, and mechanically got up on the engine.

"You shan't the three o'clock train at Bramsby station—do you hear, Westhorpe? I and the one o'clock goods train at Thornley Cross; they will wait for you on the sidings. And, I say, mind you keep a sharp lookout; don't spare the whistle; and go easy through the station."

"Oh, I'll look after all that," I exclaimed, nodding at the superintendent as I clambered upon the engine. "You know I am an old railway bird. Good night. We shan't let the great grow under our wheels. Come now, Mr. Westhorpe, go ahead and let 's have a taste of the quality of the Tartarus."

The engine man touched his cap, pulled one lever down, thrust another back, the driving wheel stirred, slid violently round a dozen times without advancing, and then, "biting," according to the technical expression we moved along the platform the superintendent following us and reiterating instructions to the driver.

The loud rattling "chee—chee—choo" of the engine rapidly grew quicker, and we rolled along the outskirts of the station, by policemen with bundles of red and white flags, and porters leaning upon switch handles; and with trivial jolts from our intruding line of rails to another, glancing long motionless lines of massive trucks, and by the opening of sheds, from which the livid gleams of furnaces and rattled; and by hissing steam, and pilot engines, now motionless, the hot cylinders dropping all glowingly beneath them, and crawling backwards and forwards as engines at railway stations always do, as if they had something on their minds and could not rest peacefully. And then came the loud tearing rush with which we flew under bridges; the whistle and the dismal shriek, and the smothering blast of steam and damp rushing at us as we tore through a short tunnel, and soon we were fairly upon our way into the open country, the lights and high chimneys of the great manufacturing town sparkling and towering behind, and before us the fields stretching away on just losing their distinctness in the rising evening mist.

"Oh, Mr. Westhorpe I crack on! A good supper, and a better bottle of wine for you, when we get to town!"
"Thank ye sir!" said the man, but without looking into my face; and then turning away, he began to grope for something in the matting on which he stood, muttering all the while to himself. There was something odd, indescribable, in the man's manner; and I observed that the stoker looked at him with evident uneasiness, and addressed him not a word.

All this while the speed of the engine was rapidly increasing. The clattering of the opening and shutting valves, as they alternately let on and cut off the steam, grew faster and faster, and they rattled like the continuous roll of a drum. The heated by the wayside flew in a long, dusky line, which might have been shrubs or stone wall or wooden palings. The swaying motion of the engine grew to be a quick, swinging jolt. The white poles which supported the wires of the electric telegraph flew by us as though defying in rapid procession; bridges loomed a moment before us, like dark stripes cutting the sky, and then with a steam shriek and a bound were left behind. On! Along high embankments; down with a sweep between deep cuttings; past stations, with their neat waiting rooms, high signal piles and railed platforms! On, on! Mile stone after mile stone flew by. The steam monster seemed instinct with life. It bounded like a mad thing on the rails; the couplings of the tender creaked and strained; the glare from the furnace and the light-green flashes of smoke beyond, along the green slopes of cuttings; the red hot cylinders from the chimney went sparkling aloft into the air; and although not a breath of wind was stirring, a hurricane, cold and piercing, such as the eye could hardly withstand, appeared to be tearing by us back into the loathsome night. So far all was well. We were going with a great but not unprecedented speed, and I was too well acquainted with railway travel to feel nervous. I knew the line was clear, and the night was quite bright enough for us to perceive any signal flag a mile off.

Meanwhile, Westhorpe stood fidgeting with the engine. He was never still for a moment. The stoker leant against the rails, clutching them as it struck me, and in an alarmed, anxious manner. I could observe all this by the light of the lamp, which hung close to the gauge which tells the height of the water in the boiler.

"On, on! on! on! On by dark clumps of trees—and past the lights of villages and solitary farm houses, and across long, dim expanses of wild open country. We might be from twenty-five to thirty miles on our journey."
"Tartarus goes bravely," said I making an effort to speak, and shouting the words into Westhorpe's ear.

The stoker came up close to me, and listened for a reply.
The engine driver looked quickly from one to the other of us, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and then he suddenly exclaimed to the fellow laborer:

"Coke, Jeffries, coke! More steam, more steam!—the gentleman must have more steam!—Never mind life!—steam, steam!"
I was startled by the outburst; so was

Jeffries, as I found the stoker was called. He hesitated.
"Coke—coke!" shouted Westhorpe. "By the heaven above us there, do your duty, or over you go on the rails!"
The man still lingered with the spade in his hand. Westhorpe kicked open the furnace door. I heard the roar of the fierce fire above the howl of what appeared to be the tornado we were storming.

I interposed.
"I think we are getting over the ground very well," I faltered.
Jeffries made a motion, as much as to say, "There you see!"
"You don't want to go quicker?" said Westhorpe, speaking low and very fast. I shook my head.

"Well, I do!" roared the excited man, "Coke, Jeffries, coke!"
And he struck the stoker a violent blow with his clenched fist. For a moment I stood stupefied. I would have given all the world to be safe and sound on the dreariest spot of the dreary common we were passing. Jeffries without a word took up the spade and threw the black masses into the fire which crackled and roared again. By its glare, as he stooped, I saw that over his mark of smut, his face was deadly pale.

And still on, on! The engine appeared to fly. The quarter mile squares seemed to shoot by as quickly as did the telegraph poles a quarter of an hour ago, and the sway was terrific.

"Music!" shouted Westhorpe, "music! we'll have music! Here's my boiling water organ!"
And as he spoke, he set on the steam whistle; it screamed went through and through my brain. The stoker looked at me. I saw he was trying to catch my eye, and the expression of his face was one of exasperation and horror. All at once the horrible whistle ceased.

"It might give warning," Westhorpe muttered, "and besides it's wasting the steam."
I shuddered. Suddenly the driver turned from the engine, and stepping to the tender gazed anxiously back. Jeffries took advantage of the motion and clutched me by the arm.

"Hush!" he then said breathlessly. "What's the matter with the man?" I said.
"Hush! He is mad. I thought so these two days."
"Mad!" I felt the cold sweat break out at every pore. A mile a minute with this!

"We must master him between us," gasped Jeffries.
"We can't," said I, "it is our only chance. Come on!"
The words were hardly uttered ere Westhorpe sprang—bounded round.

"I heard you!" he shouted; "I did! Treachery, treachery! two to one! But come, come!"
There was a moment's pause; not one of the three stirred. Then I saw Jeffries' hand gliding towards a heavy hammer which lay close to him. The hammer, for such he was, glared from one to the other of us. I could not fix my eye, but I felt that he watched my every movement. I gasped for breath. Jeffries' hand was close to the hammer, with a yell that rung high into the air, amid the thunder of our onward pace, Westhorpe flung himself upon the stoker. He had observed his maneuver to obtain possession of the hammer.

"You would, would you?" the madman growled between his clenched teeth; "then take it!" He flung his arms around the wretched man who clutched convulsively at any object within his grasp.

"Save me!" he screamed, "save me for dear God's sake!"
But I was paralyzed. With one superhuman effort Westhorpe tore the wretch from his crouching position, and with his muscles, tossed the strong man in his arms, and shouted a maniac, yelling laugh.

"Help! help!" screamed Jeffries, oh! oh! My wife at home!
These were his last words.

"Then go home to her!" shrieked Westhorpe, and with another dermotic laugh he heaved the struggling victim high into the air, and I heard the dull, dully, plashy dunt with which he was dashed to pieces on the stony ground.

Westhorpe turned suddenly round—"Mad!" he cried at the full pitch of his voice—"mad, I believe you!—I am—I am mad, mad, mad!" He clenched my collar and drew me to him—I was a mere child in his arms.

"Mad," he cried, "yes!—I tried to keep it down! oh, I fought with it! And I said to myself, no, I am not mad, when I knew I was. Mad! I believe you!—I am mad! I feel it now! I know the pleasure of it! God! who would be sane!—ha, ha, ha, if he knew what a life a madman's is!"

He unloosed his grasp of me, and I sprang into a corner of the space before the boiler almost unable to articulate. The paroxysm appeared to pass away for the moment, and he stood muttering. Catching up the spade, he set himself to trim the fire anew. A thrill of horror again passed through me; we were going at a pace to which all others that I had ever travelled were child's play. I tried to compose myself to my fate. If the engine did not leap off the rails it was evident that sooner or later, we must arrive at the obstruction, which would be with one mighty blow, smite us into the dust forever.

Again he turned round to me, and drawing me towards him, looked me in the face. The mad man had the mastery. Supporting himself by a side rail, he gazed at me. Oh, that instant bloodshot eye!—that ghastly, working, twitching visage! At length he spoke, slowly, nay calmly.

"We are now going faster than ever

mortals man travelled since the world was a world."
He paused, and the frightful swaying of the engine, and the lightning like play of the rattling mechanism, fearfully attested his words.

"How fast do you think we are going?" inquired the maniac, still speaking with the greatest apparent calmness.
"Not much under a hundred miles an hour," I gasped.

"Full that," he replied. "Now tell me, do you think spirits can fly as fast?"
Never shall I forget the sepulchral tone in which the question was put. He paused, but without however, appearing to wait for an answer, and looked wistfully at the furnace door, its dimensions marked by four lines of red light.

I imagined that in this present mood I could soothe him down, and regain that moral mastery over him which the sane, by coolness and self-possession, so frequently acquire over the victims of mental disease. Cheered by this gleam of hope, I looked him steadily in the face, and began to speak in mild, coaxing accents.

"Do you think we need trouble ourselves to keep the engine as speed?"
"I fear we must be said sadly; 'there would be danger in a mile an hour less.'"
I paused, completely puzzled. What were the train of ideas passing in the madman's brain?

"You have been ill," I continued, in the same coaxing, fondling tone.
"No—yes, yes—oh, very, very ill!" Westhorpe spoke with apparent languor and difficulty.

"Particularly within the last three days?" I resumed.
"He started back, and exclaimed fiercely, 'Ill, no, not ill—drunk!'"
A flash of light crossed me—the man was suffering under delirium tremens.

"Yes, drunk!" he shouted with all his former wildness. "Drunk! yes! I've been drunk since her death; I shall be till my own! Drunk or mad, there's little difference! I tell you I must drink—it lays her—it keeps her off from me! She haunts me, she persecutes me, and I must have drink! drink!"

He darted back, struck his forehead with his clenched fists, and then suddenly producing a small empty phial, he turned away his head, and in a half-motivated voice said, "Read the label."
"Drussic Acid—Poison."
He sprang round as though he had been shot.

she did—but she took it because I said she should never be my wife. I am her murderer—her murderer, though I did not give the poison! I murdered the only woman I ever loved—I did! God help me! Oh, Mary—Mary Slane—but you shan't be revenged! You have never left me since! You hang over my bed at night; you walked by my side in God's sunlight in the streets; you sat with your clammy hand in mine at the theatre; you rode with me on the engine! I have seen you everywhere! Ah! ah! I see you now! you are following us! follow us through the night—but you shan't catch us!—you shan't!"

And the maniac started up, and with a howl like a wild beast urged on the levers, and, actually screaming with terror, tugged and strained at any portion of the rattling machinery he could reach, as though to increase the speed.

"I shrunk back. At that moment we flew into a tunnel. Another moment, and we were again beneath the open night."
The paroxysm appeared to have passed for the instant, and the maniac again turned to me, and the maniac again said her face, oh! wasn't it ghastly! It was just so she looked out of her coffin—just!"

I said a couple of words. I knew not what.
"I'll show her something," muttered the madman, after a pause. "I think she'd like to see it."
Another pause.

"Open this," he said at length, and I received a carefully tied brown paper parcel from his hand. He turned away when he had given it, as though unable to watch the opening. "Untie it," he said, with his back to me.

I did so. The first envelope was one of brown paper; under it was another of somewhat more delicate texture; then came a wrapper of wadded paper, and I thought I undid them with trembling hand, that the whole packet would prove a mere bundle of waste paper. I was deceived, however. I came at length to a carefully folded envelope of silk paper. I tore it open, sheltering it from the rush of air, and, to my utter amazement, found its contents to be—a half dozen withered blades of grass! An involuntary exclamation escaped me.

"Have you done it?" muttered Westhorpe, gushing the very words between his teeth.
"Grass," I exclaimed. "Here's nothing but grass."
"See, Mary Slane, see! Grass from your grave, Mary! Grass pulled by your murderer, Mary! O God! night after night have I passed upon the road that carried you; and whenever I left it I carried the grass against my heart. O Mary! mercy—pity! Oh! I loved you!—indeed, Mary! I did! I would have been a good husband, Mary, indeed! I would! It was not to be, my love, lost Mary!"

He paused; the moon at the moment burst from behind a silvery cloud, and shone gloriously down upon us, upon the dusky country side, the speeding, gleaming, roaring machine, and the distorted face and foaming lips of the engine driver.

As he paused he appeared to listen. I watched him narrowly. The expression of his face changed, he clasped his hands, raised them; and the countenance which a moment ago was harrowed and convulsed by mad terror, its every muscle relaxed, and risen, gradually relaxed; a smile stole round the mouth—you could see it

beneath the froth which still oozed from the lips; and then every feature became insistent and dilated with a yearning, grateful joy.

"I forgive you! Oh—no, Mary, Mary, say those words again! God bless you, Mary; your face is like an angel's now. Do say them again—I forgive you!"
"He listened, and Heaven help me! I listened too; for the spirit's voice! I heard but the roaring of our iron race. Not so with Westhorpe; his face gleamed and his eyes sparkled."

"God's thanks, Mary! God's thanks, I am pardoned!" and then covering his face with his hands, he burst into a load fit of weeping; and in a moment sunk down, a sobbing, quivering mass, upon the engine mat.

Now was my time—now or never. I looked forth. Ahead of us sparkled the lights of D. They were miles—many miles away; but minutes at our present pace would shoot us in splinters through the walls of the station. Washburn lay sobbing hysterically. I had enough acquaintance with the locomotive to know the mechanical process of shutting off the steam, and grasping the handle of the lever. I turned the tide of the force vapor from the machinery.

The wheels had not spun round a single turn when Westhorpe, as if by instinct, sprang up, and with a roar of hoarse fury, dragged me from the machinery. One of his huge hands was clutched around my throat—I writhed under the working of his iron muscles—while with the other he wrenched the lever, and I felt the steam set on again. I groaned faintly. He raised his hold of my neck, and grasping me by both shoulders, drew me to him. I made one effort, one struggle. Trailing my leg round his with a sudden wrench, I succeeded in flinging him backwards with a heavy crash, partly upon a box destined to contain grain, tools, and other useful implements in case of accidents. The advantage was but for a moment; I felt his strength rising beneath my weight like a Titan's. With one bound he was on his feet, grasping me, a struggling man, in his arms.

"There go after Jeffries!" he roared.
"My muscles involuntarily contracted, I seemed to shrink into a ball, as I felt by the winding up, as it were, of the muscular power of his arms, that he was almost in the act of flinging me down the high embankment we were then shooting across. All at once he screamed out:

"D—! D—! there's the lights—the green signal to stop! Stop!—ha—ha—ha!—stop!—D—the station we'll go through it. Through—through walls, houses, streets! My head spun round and round, blue and yellow flashes appeared to illumine my brain; the quarter milestones seemed tumbling past, one on top of the other; the sway of the engine increased; it rocked, and bounded, and roared down the incline leading to the station. I saw gleaming past, the lights in the engine and baggage sheds. I heard the exciting scream of the maniac mingled with shouts, and whistles, and the ringing of bells, which seemed to rise on every side. I saw the dimly lines of standing carriages; I saw the glitter of the brilliantly lighted station; I saw the flying groups upon the platform; I saw pillars, lamps, engines: one mass—so confused, gleaming shooting mass! I gasped; then with a yell which seemed to transform all nature into that wild, ghastly death shriek, we dashed on—

"Now then, tickets, please! Gentlemen, get your tickets ready! D—station, gentlemen. Ten minutes more for refreshment, gentlemen!"
I started up with a stammering cry.
"Hallo! hallo! what's the matter with you? You're been groaning and moaning in your sleep for the last half hour."
Westhorpe! Westhorpe! I gasped.

"The man's asleep still! What the deuce do you mean by Westorpe! Bouse up man, and let us have some stout and sandwiches!"
I sank back.

"It was a dream, then? I muttered.
"Ay, a railway nightmare, my boy! Did not I warn you of that bestreak job at Leeds? But what was it all about? You were thinking of some of your expressing work, were you not?"

"I was, thank God, it was but a dream; as you say a Railway Nightmare!"
Justice to the Ocean.

The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, a Whig paper, after the result of the election was known, says:

"We use no words to express our feelings on this occasion. We are in the condition of the hero of the following anecdote:

"Once upon a time (so the story runs) there lived a man whose chief business it was to go from house to house and peddle class ashes, which he deposited in a cart made for the purpose, and then conveyed to the ashery on the top of a high hill. This man was noted as the most tremendous swearer in the whole region round. He possessed an immense collection of profane phrases, which he would pour forth when irritated at anything, with amazing volubility. One day, after filling his cart, he proceeded to the ashery. By some means or other the lid in the back of the cart became slightly raised, and a small stream of ashes poured out all the way as he went up the hill. The neighbors saw the mishap, and followed, expecting when he saw his misfortune, to listen to an extraordinary and unprecedented exhibition. But they were disappointed, for, after looking at his empty cart, the long streak of ashes all the way up the hill, and the gaping crowd, he put his hand upon his heart and said, in a subdued tone: 'Neighbors, it's no use! I can't do justice to the occasion!'"

Rain on the Roof.
When the humid storm-cloud gather
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woe,
As I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

Then I fancy comes my mother,
As she used to years ago,
To surrily the infant's sleep,
Ere she left them till the dawn,
I can see her bending o'er me
That her heart was all untrue,
I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little sister starts,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene, angelic pair,
Gleam around my wakeful pillow,
With their pale and mild repose,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eye's delicious hue;
I forget as gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue,
I remember that I loved her,
As I never may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountain,
Whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—
That subdued, pulsating strain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Remarkable Life and Adventures of Dr. John Kane.
He was born in Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1822, so that he is at present about thirty-one years old. In 1843 he graduated, after a seven years' course of studies, at the Pennsylvania Medical University, and soon after he entered the United States Navy as assistant surgeon. While acting in this capacity he was appointed as physician in the first embassy to China from this country. His naturally adventurous disposition led him to reject a visit to the interior, but the difficulties were so numerous, that he could not accomplish his purpose as fully as he desired. He, however, succeeded in traversing the interior of India. His travels through those regions were full of adventures and perils; but perils to a man of Dr. Kane's temperament appear only to have the effect of making them more attractive.

While in India, he descended the crater of the Taal of Luzon, attended by a band of ruffians from a projecting scoria that towered above the interior scoria and debris over two hundred feet. This act of daring nearly cost him his life, for the natives regarded it as a sacrilegious act, which could only be effaced by the death of the impious offender. Dr. Kane, however, escaped their pious vengeance, and afterwards went to the Ladrone Islands with the celebrated Baron Loe, of Prussia, where he was attacked by a whole tribe of the savage inhabitants of those islands. Against these, he successfully defended himself; but the hardships he and his companion subsequently underwent, were more than the latter could endure, and he sunk under them. Dr. Kane alone passed over to Egypt, ascending the Nile as far as the confines of Nubia, and remained during the whole season among the ruins of ancient Egypt, in antiquarian research. Leaving Egypt he visited Greece next, which he traversed on foot, returning to the United States in 1846. When he arrived, his love of adventure would not allow him to remain inactive, and he applied almost immediately after his return to the government for a commission to Mexico. Failing to obtain this, he accepted an appointment on board of a United States vessel bound to the African coast. Arriving there, he could not resist the temptation to see the slave marts of Whydah, but was met in his journey by that terrible enemy of the white man—the African fever. He was brought home in a state of extreme ill health and emaciation; but, although almost unable to move, he made his way to Washington from Philadelphia against the warm entreaties of his family, and scolded himself, with shaven head, tottering limbs, to President Polk, and demanded what before had been refused to him—a commission to Mexico. The President could not deny his request, and entrusted him with important despatches to the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Scott. He was given, as an escort through Mexico, the notorious company of Colonel Dominguez, who started with him from Vera Cruz. As they were approaching Nopalucan, near Puebla, they were informed by a Mexican that a large body of Mexican soldiers were on their way to intercept them, and at that time were at a short distance off. Dominguez refused to proceed any further, and was about retreating when Dr. Kane commanded him to remain with him, threatening the vengeance of his government, if his company should leave him. Having succeeded in preventing him from turning his back upon the enemy, he finally told him to attack them. Placing himself at the head of his escort, Dr. Kane took advantage of a rising ground to sweep down upon the Mexicans, who were thrown into confusion by the intrusiveness of his charge. Rallying, however, they made a stout resistance, and it was not until after a severe skirmish that they were defeated, and the principal part of them taken prisoners. They consisted of a number of distinguished officers in the Mexican army, who were on their

way to join their commander. Among them was Gen. Torrejon, who led the cavalry at Huera Vista, and Major General Antonio Ganoa and son. The latter was dangerously wounded by Dr. Kane, who, in a personal encounter, ran him through the body with his sword. When the skirmish was over, the doctor, finding that his antagonist was seriously injured, had recourse to his surgical skill; it was his life, and the result proved that it was of no ordinary character. With other instruments than the bent prong of a fork and a piece of pack-thread, he tied up an artery from which the life of the young soldier was fast ebbing, and placed him in a condition that he could be conveyed safely to Puebla. No sooner, however, had he concluded this business, than he was informed by young Ganoa, that he overheard Dominguez say he would take the life of his father, because he had at one time put him in prison. Dr. Kane instantly interfered; placed himself between the escort and his prisoner, and threatened to shoot the first man who attempted the life of Major Ganoa. Dominguez became infuriated, ordered his men to charge; but the first man of the company, named Pallason, fell before the fire of Dr. Kane, who, while his revolver was fatal effect on all who came within its reach. With a severe lance wound in his thigh, and a bullet passing through his bayonet, he saved his life, and his fury, until he arrived in Puebla, where they were placed under the charge of Gen. Childs. Dr. Kane, whose wounds were very serious, was detained there for many days, during which he was attended and nursed with the most tender care by the family of Maj. Ganoa, who is now among the most ardent friends and admirers of our noble and gifted countryman. There is one thing in this romantic adventure which we should not omit to mention.

Dr. Kane thought, and still thinks, more of the surgical skill which he displayed at that skirmish, than of his capturing the prisoners or defending them from the treachery of his escort.

Here we must close our brief sketch of the life of Dr. Kane. It is unnecessary to say anything of his first expedition to the Arctic regions; for that is already fresh in the minds of our readers. Of his second, we can only express our unbounded confidence in the abilities, the indefatigable perseverance, and the indomitable courage which Dr. Kane brought to it; and we believe there is no man living who is better suited by nature for the noble enterprise in which he is now engaged.

It is important scientific discoveries. We wish him, therefore, God-speed, and a safe return to his country and friends.

Beautiful.
The other day I came down Broome street, I saw a street musician, playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied I saw, in the woman's Italian face, an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and melancholy to the lively "stranger tunes" in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed to cling to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird in keeping with the organ. Two other young ladies came and leaned on her shoulder, and still the song on. Blessing on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected around the organist; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully towards the open window, waived their hats, and called out, "More, if you please!" One whom I knew well, for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat. Heirs were kindled, and the silver foil in freely, in a minute four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but gave such a look! "Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine?" said my kind-hearted friend. She answered in tones expressing the deepest emotion, "No, sir, God bless you all—God bless you all!" (making a courtesy to the young lady who had stepped back, and stood shrouded by the curtain of the window.) "I will play to more to-day—I will go home now." The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for the deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus express our sympathies, and still the genial, earnest of nature, by formal observances and restraints!

A. WATTS, ROBINSON—A Cuckoo—There is near the bridge across the Leeward Creek, at Montrose, Bradford Co., Pa., a pair of Robins, one of which is a pure white! On inquiring in regard to this white bird, we were informed that it was there last year with its mate, and left through the winter—returning again about the last of March.

Not Bad—At the Tom Moore dinner in Boston, ex-Mayor Quincy, while scanning upon the Irish chit-chat, observed that although he had never been at Cork, he had been to many a dinner of it that evening. He felt himself almost an Irishman!

A destructive hailstorm passed over the counties of Lancaster, Dauphin and Columbia Pa., a short time since, causing much injury to the growing crops.