Montrose Hotel

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 52 MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1853. WHOLE NUMBER, 1502

"Poet's Corner."

From the National Era.

The Indian Summer.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

'Tis the time
When the chime
Of the seasons' choral band is ringing out,
Smoky brightness fills the air,
For the light winds everywhere
Censers full of flowery embers swing about.
There is sweetness that oppresses,
As a tender parting blesses;
There's a softened glow of beauty,
As when Love is wreathing Duty;
There are melodies that seem
Weaving past and future into one mild dream.

To her bier
Comes the year,
Not with weeping, as mortals do,
But, to guide her way to it,
All the trees have torches lit,
Blazing red the maples shine, the woodland thro';
Gay witch hazles in the river,
Watch their golden tapers quiver;
Flickering burn the birches yellow,
With the oak and walnut mellow;
Dark, sad pines stand breathless by
Mourners sole, and mourning that they cannot die.

Through the trees
Tolls the breeze,
Tolls, then rings a merry peal, then tolls again;
Dead leaves shaken by the sound,
Slowly float, and drop around;
Memory so can wake and silence thoughts of pain.
Dead leaves lie upon earth's bosom,
Side by side with many a blossom—
Gentians, fringed with azure glory;
Sky flakes dropped on meadows hoary;
Asters, thick and bright as sparks
Struck by angel oarsmen from their starry barks.

Oh! to die
When the sky
Smiles behind the Indian summer's veil!
Thus to glorify decay,
Going in life's best array
Unto groves where death is a forgotten tale.
Falls a sorrow on the spirit!
Heavenly hopes are springing near it;
Earth, a happy child rejoices,
Singing with low angel voices,
When such autumn days are done,
There's a Crown behind thy rays, O setting Sun!

Miscellaneous Selections.

Young America Pluck.

There has been a diplomatic fashionable *emeute* in Madrid, between Mr. Soule, Jr., of the American Legation, and the Duke of Elba, which has thrown that capital into a state of excitement. The Paris correspondent of the *London Chronicle*, writing on the 27th ult., gives the following particulars:

Private letters from Madrid speak of an affair which took place in that capital on the *fete* day of St Eugene, and which has not resulted in an affair of honor.—Saturday week being the *fete* day of St. Eugene—a Saint not often heard of till Louis Napoleon chose to give her renown by creating an Empress of the same name—the Marquis de Turgot, the French Ambassador at Madrid, gave a ball, which was attended by all that is brilliant in the Spanish capital, in the shape of nobility or diplomacy. Among the guests was the Duke of Elba, the brother-in-law of the Empress of the French, and Mr. Soule, the son of the newly appointed Minister of the United States. In the course of the evening, Mr. Soule, Jr., while walking through the ball room with Mrs. Perry, the wife of the United States Secretary of Legation, overheard a ... Duke of Elba (who has recently been in Paris, and is therefore ... judge of Ladies' dress) make some contemptuous remark on the style of dress adopted by the wife of the American Minister, (mother of young Soule.) It appears that the lady had adopted a costume which was not, quite *a la mode de Madrid*, in so far that it covered her person up to the throat; whereas, the most approved fashion among the Madrid damsels is to exhibit as many of the graces conferred upon them by nature as come within the bounds of decency. The remark of the Duke was, "There goes Mary of Burgundy." Mr. Soule, on hearing the contemptuous expression, left the lady with whom he was walking, and going up to the Duke, informed him *qu'il etait une canaille*, and accompanied this information with a—push. Great excitement ensued, and Mr Soule's father, having interfered, took away the young man, who subsequently addressed a challenge to the Duke, which has not yet been accepted, the Duke having found it convenient to represent the whole affair as political—which it certainly is, if the dress of the American Minister's wife was not strictly in fashion. At all events, no fighting had taken place at the period when the last despatches left; but the affair was the topic of conversation everywhere, and the feeling was that Jonathan's position in it was preferable to that of the Hidalgo.

How to be a Man.—When Carlyle was asked by a young person to point out what course of reading he thought best to make him a man, he replied in his characteristic manner:

"It is not by books alone, or books chiefly that a man is in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever things in your actual situation, then and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid down to your charge—that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that is your duty."

☞ A great man is one who, in some sense or other, adds to the world's possessions; be it in government, in poetry or philosophy, he is a bringer into life—a builder, a creator, a plastic, an inventor in some sort; a doer of that which nobody else has done before him, and which nobody, then, besides himself, seemed willing or prepared to do. Now it is very certain that the world really loves none of its possessions ... A truth once known, is known forever.—*Hazlitt.*

"Lead us not into Temptation."

In the Spring of 184—, we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland county town in Pennsylvania. It was Court-week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad of but tender years, whose sad and pensive countenance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the Judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother.—We turned with sadness from the scene to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more! The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would oftenest see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the Jury the necessity of making the "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and his faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for or expected aught else but a conviction.—The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as it, fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks—among which we heard a fellow close by us say, "He forgets whom he is. Thinking to take hold of some puilerous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

... and the young attorney flush with anger, and turning ... eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no other book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober Judge on the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the Jury this sentence:

"*Lead us not into temptation.*"

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the Jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address whose influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again—and, before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the Court that was not moist.—The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spellbound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the Jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when the whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the Foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip.

The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the *tempter*, than of the *tempted*.

The above incident, narrated by a correspondent of Arthur's *Home Gazette*, occurred in the Court at Harrisburg. The "youthful attorney" alluded to, who made such a brilliant debut, was John C. Kunkel, now one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in that judicial district.—For several years he represented Dauphin county in the popular branch of the Legislature, and was subsequently elected to the State Senate, of which distinguished body he is now the Speaker.

☞ The price of a wife in China varies according to her rank, age and beauty.... The highest article sells for two hundred dollars, while the refuse of the market goes off heavily at sixty dollars.

"No God."

'This day year,' said Frank Atley, 'I shall be a happy man.'

As the wind lifted his brown curls from a brow of perfect moulding, I thought I never gazed upon a prouder, brighter and more beaming face.

'I have seen Paris and my future wife,' he added, laughingly; 'to hear from which one may fairly date his existance. One year from to night I promise to show you as fine a house and as beautiful a bride as any other man in this fair country.'

'God willing?'

Frank Atley turned-turned with a toss of his proud head, and bent his flashing eye on the pale speaker.

'*Myself* willing' he exclaimed with angry emphasis—'*I know no God!*'

There was a look of almost mortal anguish on that white face, as the younger brother turned from the little group.—He heard not Frank's impious wager with his gay friend, that if he failed to appear on the very night designated, in high health, and with his young Parisian wife, he was to forfeit fifty thousand dollars!

Alas! poor Atley the model of everything in man, generous, heroic and princely, had returned from his European tour—an atheist!

'*I know no God!*'

Night after night I woke up with that frightful sentence ringing in my ears.—The sneer that darkened Atley's handsome face with the stormy hate of a fiend, seeming to float palpably before me in the darkness.

* * * * * *

A note of invitation to Frank Atley's bridal—'I shall go!'

Vari-colored light blazed along the avenue fronting the princely mansion, and through the old trees, whose branches the soft south wind stirred not, ran strains of enchantig melody.

The bride was more lovely than Frank Atley had pictured her. Her robes were almost royal in their shining and costly beauty. A rich veil fell half way from her tresses of gold. The orange wreath, braided with jewels, gave a beautiful lustre to her white happy brow. But when she looked up in such childish confidence, in those deep loving eyes—trusting so wholly in the man who '*knows no God!*' horror thrilling all my veins!

'Won my wager!' exclaimed Frank, exultingly when the guests were departing. 'You might as well transfix lightning as tie my mind down to these old orthodox notions. Here you see I am in my house—yonder is *my wife*; my *will* would have it so, and I tell you there is no God *but* will. Come over and help me drink my first bottle in a social way. Bring Mary, and we'll compare brides. English and French beauties are quite dissimilar, you know,' and bidding his friend good bye, Frank vanished.

I heard his merry laugh, as I left mingling with the silvery strains of Van Auber's waltz.

I was about retiring when the startling shout of "fire!" "fire!" broke the stillness of the night.

I sprang to the window. The whole heavens were kindled to flames. On, on, rolled the red light, until every object seemed dyed in blood—for a while it hung with quivering glow, as if its heated wings were tired—then faded and sunk in fitful flashes into gloom again.

In the morning almost before daylight, I received the fearful intelligence, that Frank Atley's new mansion was a heap of burning cinders; and more than all, he a raving maniac.

No consolation for the bereaved husband—no penitence for his awful boast—no altar had he; no star of mercy to lead him out of the cloud.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to know no God.—*Olive Branch.*

Hardships of the Russian Soldiers.—We read in a letter from Constantinople, of the 7th of November, published in the Journal des Debats:

"One of the Russian prisoners captured by the Turks in a fort on the frontier of Asia Minor, was taken the other day before the Seraskier, and there he underwent, in presence of several persons, a short interrogatory. This is what one of the witnesses of the scene has related to me:—After having addressed several questions to the prisoner as to the corps to which he belonged, and the military regime of Russia, an offer was made to him of passing some days at Constantinople, and then of being sent to Prince Gortschakoff on condition that he would every where say what he had seen, and that he would tell his comrades that the Turks do not eat the Christians. The soldier refused, saying that he did not know what awaited him on his return—that the best that could happen to him would no doubt be to be sent back to his regiment, but that he has enough of it. 'But,' it was said to him, 'you can see your family again.' 'My family!' replied the soldier, 'I have now been separated from it 18 years, and since the day I was taken from my village, I have had no news of my father, my mother, or any of my relatives! They be perhaps all dead, or forgotten me! Here me here until the peace; there will always be time enough to give me up!' This declaration produced a very strong impression on the auditory, and it was related everywhere. Some of the loaves prepared for the Russian soldiers were taken in his affair, and they were so disgusting, black, sour, and detestable, that the captors placed them on board the steamer charged to bring here the trophies. They have been exhibited and do not produce less effect than they did on the frontiers of Asia Minor."

The bit of striped bunting is still kept flying, says the *Boston Post*. The Postmaster General has appointed Mrs. Susan M. Bunting postmistress at Cottage, Montgomery county, Md. vice Charles Bunting, deceased.

Long may she wave.

Japan and the Japanese.

The dress of both sexes, and of all ranks in Japan, is very similar in form, differing chiefly in color, fineness, and value of the materials. It consists of a number of loose, wide gowns, worn over each other—those of the lower orders made of linen or calico, those of the higher rank generally of silk—with the family arms woven or worked into the back and breast of the outer garments, and all fastened at the waist by a girdle. The sleeves are very wide and long, and a sort of pocket is made in them by sewing up that portion which hangs below the arm. In addition, the bosoms of their gowns and their girdles, serve also as pockets, where the more valuable articles are carried. No Japanese uses a handkerchief, but carries about with him squares of clean white paper, which are thrown away after being soiled.

Gentlemen wear a scarf over the shoulders, the length of which is regulated by the wearer, and which also regulates the bow with which they greet each other; etiquette requiring that in bowing, the ends of this scarf should touch the ground. To these, upon occasions, of full dress, the garb of ceremony is added, which is a cloak of peculiar form. With the cloak is worn a curious kind of trousers called *hakama*, resembling an immense full-plaited gown or robe, sewed up between the legs and just leaving enough open at the out side to allow free locomotion. An additional mark of rank is the wearing of swords. While the hakama is only worn on occasions of great ceremony, the swords are carried all the time, the highest orders wearing two on the same side, one above the other; the next in rank, one; while the lower orders are prohibited from wearing any, with the exception alluded to in the mention of the 6th class of society.

Their shoes are of the rudest and most inconvenient kind: they are little more than soles, of matting, straw, or wood, kept on principally by a pin or button held between the toes, or sometimes a ring of horn. The difficulty of lifting the foot thus shod, from the ground renders their gait extremely awkward and shuffling. Within doors these sandals are taken off, and socks put on. The principal difference between the appearance of the sexes is in the mode of arranging the hair. The men shave the whole front and crown of the head, while the rest of the hair is carefully drawn forward and tied into a tuft on the bald spot. Bud-hist priests and physicians shave all the head, but surgeons retain their hair and gather it into a knot at the top of the head. The women arrange theirs in the form of a turban, and decorate it with costly ornaments of tortoise shell polished to look like gold, and the more her hair is filled with these the better the lady is considered dressed.

The face is painted red and white, the lips stained purple, and in addition, a Japanese married lady blackens her teeth and plucks out her eye brows. None wear any covering to the head, except as a protection from rain, the fan, which is the inseparable companion of all, serving to screen them from the sun, as well as to fulfil various other purposes. Upon a fan visitors receive dainties; the beggar, alms; the Japanese dandy plays with his fan as ours do with a cane; the schoolmaster uses it to punish unruly boys; and a fan, presented upon a peculiar kind of salver, indicates to the criminal of high rank that his hour is come, and his head is struck off as he bows to this token of his fate.

... of more than one entire story. They are constructed of a mixture of clay and chopped straw, coated on the outside with a cement which gives them the appearance of stone. For glass in the windows, they substitute stout paper, and towards the street make use of Venetian blinds; each house is also encircled by a verandah, upon which all the houses open. The better class of houses have a large portion where the palanquins, umbrellas, and shoes of visitors are left, and where servants and others wait.

Every house has a garden attached, laid out in landscape style, with rocks and mountains, lakes, &c., and into this the back part of the house which the family inhabit, projects triangularly, for the benefit of additional light and cheerfulness. Owing to the combustible nature of these dwellings, the valuables of the family are kept in a store-house detached from the house, and built fire proof. Their temples, always located upon sites selected for their picturesque beauty, are often surrounded by gardens which are the habitual resort of pleasure seekers, and in which are to be found apartments unconnected with religious worship, which are left for banqueting rooms, and where also, in places which have no inns, travellers are accommodated.—*Boston Transcript.*

One Happy Heart.—Have you made one happy heart to-day? Envied privilege. How calmly can you seek your pillow? how sweetly sleep! in all this world, there is nothing so sweet, as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn—there is no moment that tears are not shed, and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those tears, and those sighs, are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother, by acts of unkindness and ingratitude. How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours, and unkind thoughts. How many wives, by angry recriminations estrange and embitter their loving hearts. How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex each other, making wounds that no human art can heal. Ah, if each one worked upon this maxim day by day, strive to make some heart happy, jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in contemplation of adding to the happiness of others, that there would be no more room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, ye discontented, forever grumbling devotees of sorrow, self caused; it will make that little part of the world in which you move as far as Eden.

Little Mary.

Little Mary has gone home. Earth, with all its flowers and sunlight and sky-light, its glorious sky and winding rivers, was not bright enough for her. The angels loved her with a better than earthly love. The Father gathered her among his little lambs that play by the still waters in the green pastures.

Her eyes were very blue, and her hair was very golden. As the buttercups spring up thickly on the green, green fields, so friends gathered about the little Mary. They praised her face, and said that never a garden gave such show of crimson as her cheeks. But gentle friends, and love, and every earthly beautiful thing, could not keep little Mary from her native heaven.

Farewell, little Mary. Your chair with its wee arms sits in its accustomed corner. Your little slippers and your pretty frocks lie folded sacredly away. And still the round stocking moulds to the arched instep. Still the white robe falls full as it last fell over the rarely sculptured limbs. Your books are in their oaken shelf, and whosoever's eye glances that way, some trembling voice says, 'They were little Mary's.' There is a picture hangs against the parlor wall; it is little Mary.—There is a tiny chamber that is seldom opened, save by a pale woman with blue eyes, who goes there to weep; it was little Mary's.—There is a milk white kitten which gambols in the sun with a cherry ribbon tied on her neck; but the dimpled fingers that fastened it there are dust. A fairy tea set stands in the wilde closet; it was little Mary's.

Dear heart—how every thing seems blended with memories of her! Wherever the sunlight arches over the reach of a little child's hand in the olden home, Mary's fingers have moved. Wherever it has woven tendrils of gold through the empty rooms, over the pleasant garden, along the river bank, Mary's feet have hallowed every spot. Wherever it has let down its golden arrows in the old orchard to mellow the heart of the apple, her graceful limbs have swayed like leaves set dancing by the summer winds.

And sometimes, of a starry hour, when the fireflies light their lamps on Mary's little grave—sometimes in the young moonlight, when the shadows flicker like a spent flame, and the heart of evening beats so softly that the birds sleep over its pulse,—something bright gathers in the gloom, and takes the shape of a little child's face.

That face—with its wondrous eyes, its wavy clouds of amber curls rippling in every arch motion, with its ruby lips and glowing cheeks, its eager love glances, its coy blushes, its fitful laugh half shrouded in tears, its pure heaven-like brow—that face is little Mary's.—*Olive Branch.*

The "Mud Lumps" or the Mississippi.—The New Orleans Picayune contains an interesting account of the formation of what are termed 'mud lumps,' in the Delta of the Mississippi. At frequent intervals, small islands composed of clay and alluvium, make their appearance above water on either side of the channel, jetting forth mud and water from an orifice in the centre, like a small mud volcano. This action sometimes continues until an island is formed, rising twelve or fifteen feet above the level of the water. These volcanoes never occasion, excepting when in great disgust and perplexity of the pilots, an island often appears suddenly under the lee. Many theories have been suggested for the explanation of these phenomena. Professor Lyell suggested a subterranean connection with the springs of more northern latitudes. Mr. Sidel thought it might be caused by the evolution of gasses, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter buried under the alluvial deposites of the river; and the pilots of the Balize have ascribed them half seriously to magic or witchcraft.

During the examination of the bar by the board of engineers, preliminary to the recent excavation of the channel, it was found to consist of alternate layers of mud, clay and sand. It rises like a gentle hill, from the bottom of the river, presenting an inclined plain, both to the current of the river inside, and to the waters beyond the Gulf. Major Beauregard of the U.S. corps of engineers, after a consideration of these facts, came to the conclusion that many basures must exist in the clay strata, which form, as it were, regular tubes extending through the bar. The force of the current at the inner end of one of these tubes would fill the interior with the floating mud lying at the bottom of the river; and the mud would be driven through the tube, and made to issue at the outer extremity with force enough and in sufficient quantity to form an island around the orifice, varying in height according to the force or pressure of the current, or the height of the water in the river over that of the gulf. If the outlet of this tube occurred in the channel, the rapid flow of the current would carry on the mud which passed from it, unless it might be in the still water under the lee of a ship aground.

Theology and Education—A Fable.—One winter's night, a poor boy went out with cold and hunger, lay senseless before a rich man's door, and the rich man seeing him, was moved with pity, and carried him into his house. In a little while the warmth of the fire, which was blazing in the room where the boy was laid, restored him to life, and feebly opening his eyes and raising his head from the floor, in a faint, low voice, he cried, 'I have had nothing to eat these two days; give me food, or I shall die.' Bread and meat and wine were placed before him; but as he stretched forth his hand towards the food, the rich man removed it from within his reach saying, 'Stop! before you eat you must say grace,' which he ordered the boy to say after him. But another man who was a dissenter, interrupted him, and cried, 'Your words are wicked, the boy shall not utter them; *this* is the grace which he must pronounce—and then he gave another form of grace, which he would have spoken. And when he had finished talking, a third man, who was a Catholic, more vehemently than the other two, exclaimed, 'Both of you are wrong; I cannot suffer the boy to sin by doing as either of you would urge. *This* is what he ought to say'—and he repeated, in a loud voice, a third form of grace. And then all three spoke together, each one insisting that he *alone* was right. And they became angry, and abused one another and the altercation continued for more than an hour, for they could come to no agreement. And as they were still debating and quarreling, they heard a groan. Then suddenly they stopped talking, and turned towards the boy, and found that he was dead.—*Diogenes.*

The Circassian Cavalry.

The noble Circassians who have been fighting against Russia independently of Turkey, and who have so long set at defiance the whole power of the Autocrat, have, within a short time, been taken into the Turkish army. A description of this remarkable cavalry may, therefore, be interesting at this time, as they are, probably to play a conspicious part in the present war between Turkey and Russia. It is furnished by a Prussian officer, who seems familiar with them and their mode of warfare. He says, they wear a pointed steel helmet, with a long horse-tail pendant from it. A net of steel work hangs down from the lower part of the helmet, protects the front and nape of the neck, and is looped together under the chin, underneath a short vest cut in the Polish fashion. He is clad in a species of coat of mail, consisting of small bright rings of steel interwoven. His arms, from the wrist to the elbow, and his legs, from the front of the shin bone to the knee, are guarded by thin plates of steel. He also wears close pantaloons and laced boots. Two long Turkish pistols, as well as a poniard, are stuck into his girdle. He has a leather strap, with a noose, like a Mexican lasso, hanging at his side, which he throws with great dexterity over the head of his enemy. A Turkish sabre and a long Turkish musket are slung behind his back, and two cartridge holders across his breast. The skill with which the Circassians use their weapons, is really beyond belief. He states that he has seen them repeatedly fire at a piece of card lying on the ground, at full speed, without ever missing. They will pick up a piece of money from the ground while executing a charge, by bending themselves round below the horse's belly, and after seizing the piece, suddenly throw themselves into the saddle. They form the choicest body of cavalry in the Turkish service, and when charging, they attack their opponents with a sabre in each hand, managing their reins with their mouth; they will spring out of their saddles, take aim and fire from behind their horses, then jump into their saddles again, wheel round and reload their guns as they retreat in full career. They are perfect madmen in the attack, and few troops could withstand the utter recklessness of danger they evince.

Another Pocahontas.—Col. Stevens, who has lately completed the survey of the Northern route for a railroad to the Pacific, thus speaks of Mr. Culbertson and his wife:

In May I met Alexander Culbertson at St. Louis. With an experience matured by twenty years' residence in the Indian country, I found him endowed with the requisite characteristics to carry our expedition safely through the Indian territory. Knowing every man in the Upper Missouri, he knew just the men we wanted, and could secure for us the sturdy hunters we needed for our mountain exploration. Subject to the approval of the Indian Bureau, I appointed him special agent among the Blackfeet Indians. Leaving his business, and devoting his energies to the labor, much of our success with the Indians I must ascribe to his valuable influence. His peerless lady too, a second Pocahontas, commands my hearty thanks for her good offices. She is a pure Blackfoot woman, of the "Blood" tribe and in all her husband's labors has she shared, securing the affectionate regard of every member of the expedition.

Apprehending a possible collision between our men and some of her own people, she asked to accompany us, to prevent difficulty. The night before we left Fort Union, she said to her husband, "I will go with you. I will do what I can to settle differences, and when you die, I will die." Her presence has alleviated the annoyances of campaign life, and encouraged us on the march. She commands my warmest regard, and has her reward in the assurances of the friendly feeling between these children of the plains, and the men from the far off lands, whose approach to the country in times past was much dreaded.

A New Republic.—Among the items of intelligence by the late arrival from California is an account of the adventures of a band of forty-five reckless fellows who left San Francisco on the 17th of October, under command of one William Walker, and on the 3d of November took possession of a miserable little village in Lower California, hauling the Mexican flag by that of the United States. They went through the form of declaring the independence of Lower California, and of electing Walker President of the Republic. On the 6th a new government started, as St. Louis, whose chief purpose is to make the country. On their way they captured Col. Robidoux, who was on his way to supersede Semmes, the Governor whom they had seized. A party of six, while on shore to procure ... was fired upon by some Mexicans, returned to the vessel without ... man. A party of thirty then landed ... attacked the town, which they took ... out loss, killing and wounding six or ... en of the Mexicans. Thus ... ended the battle of La Paz, ... our efforts with success, raising ... er California from the tyrannous ... Mexico, and securing the establishment of a new Republic.

The Harpers.

The following history of the immense establishment of the Harpers, may not be uninteresting at the present time. We take it from the *Times*:—

The establishment of the Harpers was founded by James Harper, the eldest of the four Brothers who now constitute the firm. He came to this city in 1810, a boy 15 years old, and served an apprenticeship of 6 years to Paul & Thomas, the leading printers at that day. His brother John soon followed him, and learned the trade of Mr. Seymour, a printer in John street. In 1817, with the small capital James had saved, the brothers opened a small book and job office in Dover street. The first book they printed was *Seneca's Morals*; the second was an edition of the *Methodist Catechism*. The first book they published on their own account was *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*. They toiled with unremitting industry, and maintained the highest character for enterprise and integrity.

In 1820 the third brother, Joseph Wesley, joined them, and six years later Fletcher became a member of the firm, from that time until now they have carried on publishing business with a degree of well directed energy, which has few parallels. They removed to Cliff street, about 1820, and have added one building after another to their establishment as the demands of their business required. The amount of books they have issued is almost incalculable. For the last few years they have published on an average, *twenty-four volumes a minute* for ten hours a day—and from three to four thousand persons have obtained a livelihood from their employment.

Education in Turkey.

The Boston Atlas gathers from a late English work some facts in regard to the diffusion of popular instruction in Turkey, which will probably be new also to many of our readers. In 1846 a council was formed, by imperial decree for the management of all questions of public instruction and the supervision of the new university. The state of the primary schools under their charge is of the most satisfactory description. Elementary instruction in Turkey is not only free but obligatory! The law requires every citizen, as soon as his sons and daughters have reached their sixth year, to inscribe their name in the books of one of the public schools, unless he can provide means of educating them at home! Constantinople the most recent reports show the existence of eight hundred and ninety free schools, frequented by twenty-two thousand seven hundred children of both sexes. After five years passed in one of these schools, the pupil can enter a secondary school, where instruction on all points is also gratuitous. There are now six of these schools, with about a thousand pupils. There is also a polytechnic school for young men intended to fill civil appointments, a college founded with the same view, a normal school for the education of ... and imperial schools of medicine, of military ... naval and agricultural school. The Sultan ... self the superintendent of these ... and visits in person at their examinations. The pupils are said to be duly examined to him. The public library of Constantinople contains eighty thousand volumes. During the reign of the present Sultan protection and toleration have been extended to all religions. Christians have been admitted to take situations among the servants of the ... to share in the administration of ... affairs; some have been ... important embassies. Old abusive ... taxes have been done away ... monopolies have been abolished. A national bank has been established, and is now in successful operation. Railroads are in course of construction. Polygamy is on the decrease, and slavery has been suppressed.

Empire of Queen Victoria.—Such is his Boundaries of Empire, rather grandiloquently dishes up the wonder and greatness of Queen Victoria's Empire, as follows:

"The Queen of England is now a sovereign over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. She waves her hand, and five hundred thousand warrion march to battle, to conquer or to die. She bends her head, and at the signal a thousand ships of war, and a hundred thousand sailors, perform their bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth, and one hundred and twenty millions of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of England! Acknowledge the superior extent of her dominions, her untarnished military glory, her unsullied honor. The Roman Empire was not so wealthy. The Grecian Empire was not so extensive. The Persian Empire was not so powerful. The Assyrian Empire was not so splendid. The Egyptian Empire was not so ancient. The Spanish Empire was not so widely used. We have created a greater extent of territory than Alexander, the prince of Greece or Julius! We have ... and dethroned more kings than the Emperor of Russia. We have done more than Napoleon in the ... We have ... large ... Large ... ever ... his ...