

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 29—NUMBER 23.

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## Original Correspondence.

For the Register.  
Notes from Central New York.  
BY A. FERRY.

Good Reader of the Register, as you can not from the heading hereof, form any accurate opinion of the character, or general scope of what will follow, so neither will I, at the present, lay down in set terms what the particular features shall be, but will merely indicate in passing, that the 'Notes' will be the occasional jottings and observations—penned at odd moments—of one who seldom finds that quiet and repose in his everyday life, so eminently necessary to the successful prosecution of literary pursuits.

The turmoil of the crowd—the ceaseless round of business life—the many cares and responsibilities which are ever rushing in upon the mind, all seem to tire out, and completely unfit it for any such effort. It seems to me now that the only recreation for the mind and spirits thus prostrated, is a long, careless stroll, away out in the fields—the wild old woods, and the fall-off hills. The quiet country life of old Susquehanna, I remember with a sort of lingering regret when I consider how completely I have become alienated from her green quiet valleys—her still winding streams and her rugged and everlasting hills. Broad, far-stretching fields and plains are not hers, truly, neither are her lands eminently susceptible of agricultural improvement, yet methinks the herdsman will there find green pasture for his flocks on a thousand hills. The beautiful, wild, and picturesque scenery along the Susquehanna River, has long since become the theme of many a glowing description from the passing traveler. From personal observation, in wandering over that section of the country, I can remember with equal interest, the regions along the Staronca, the Canawacta, the Tunkhannock, and the Lackawanna. How touchingly beautiful are the lines of one of our most distinguished female poets, on one of the meetings of the Susquehanna with the Lackawanna.

Brush on glad stream, in thy power and pride,  
To claim the land of thy promised bride;  
She doth haste from the realm of the darkened mine,  
To mingle her murmurs with the tawny line.  
Ye have met, ye have met, and the shores prolong  
The liquid notes of your nuptial song.  
Methinks ye weep, as the white man's son  
And the child of the Indian, bid from thee;  
I say thy bride, as the strew in vain  
To change her brow from the carbon stain;  
But she brings thee a dowry so rich and true,  
That thy love must not shrink from the tawny hue.  
Her birth was rude, in a mountain cell,  
And her infant freaks there were none to tell;  
The path of her beauty was wild and free,  
And she doth and forest the path bid from thee;  
But the day of her final captive is o'er,  
And she seeks to part from thy breast no more.

On, on, the vale where the brave ones sleep,  
Where the waving foliage is rich and deep,  
I have stood on the mountain and roamed thro' the  
glens.  
The beautiful homes of the western man,  
Yet thought to that gem of enchantment could see,  
So far as the vale of Wyoming to me.

Being prevented, as I have been of late years, from now and then paying a strolling visit to some of the wild old haunts of those regions, perhaps inclines me to invest them with more of interest than they were thought to possess in the times of Langensyn. But when we consider human life in all its changes and various phases, the fancy may be easily explained. In childhood and youth, romantic visions are ever floating through the mind—high aspirations are felt—lofty air castles are built, and life is colored, in the mind's eye, with all the variegated tints of the rainbow; when, therefore, we recur to those things in after years, all the old associations are remembered to be clothed with the romantic coloring of other days. But not to dwell longer at present—On bygone scenes and friends of other years—let us turn to what is passing in the present scene—and falling in with the spirit of the old song, believe "The happiest time is now."

I am inclined to think that whoever has canvassed the country comprising Central New York, with appreciative views of the beautiful in scenery and landscape, will have noted many a theme for the painter's pencil and the poet's pen. Who that has floated over such waters as the Seneca, the Cayuga, the Oswego, and the Skaneateles, and contemplated the rich and varied scenery on their shores, and heard, as you went gliding by, the many old traditions therewith connected, who, I repeat, is there, that has thus traversed these lakes and the adjacent regions, but must feel that he has seen some of the bright places of the earth.

I have never visited the classic regions of the old world—never climbed the Alps—never sailed up the Rhine, or the Nile—in fact I have never been what could be called a traveller or a tourist, therefore my observations on these matters are merely those of an amateur; but methinks, did we, as a people, study and appreciate more the natural beauties of our own country, we should find pleasure and profit in the result.

Nature, throughout this region of the country, has been lavish and luxuriant with her charms; and would that man, instead of in too many instances, desecrating and destroying the beauties which she has bestowed, had assisted in carrying out and perfecting her glorious plans. The beautiful in Nature is getting to be entirely too obsolete a matter for the attention or thought of this wise and fast generation, and the same might be said of the really beautiful in art. The grand key-note forever ringing on your ear is, it don't pay. The farmer will never cultivate anything, but that which will yield a certain increase, or gain, upon his acres; the speculator in houses and lots will only have erected such buildings, as shall net him a large

per cent on money laid out, without reference to neatness of design, or appropriateness to the intended object; and many a man, I have known, who, in building a residence for himself, worked more to a standard, as the saying is, that would sell, than to his own private ideas of a neat artistic home. It is a mercenary age.

But come hence with me, in a quiet ride to the shores of the Oswego. The sun is just dropping away in the west; and now that we have got our way, clear from the dust, the noise and confusion of the town, turn and see how beautifully his rays are gilding and burnishing the domes and spires of the 'loveliest city of the plain.' The great dome to the westward that looks one high mass of shining silver, is that of the Court House, one of the largest and best edifices of its kind in the state; the great pile of stone buildings with its high windows, on the rising ground far to the eastward, is the Theological Seminary, which, has sent far and wide its messengers of the Gospel; the dozen spires and cupolas, which you see between are made up of the various churches, academies and hotels which are the necessary concomitants of a large town. The bronze figure, far to the northward—the last rays of the setting sun, are lighting up—is in the front tower of the old State Prison. There a 'Copper John,' as he is termed in the vulgar, has kept his watch and ward for many a long and weary year—alike ever the hardened criminal, and the poor helpless victim of circumstantial evidence and uncertain justice.

The immense brick structure below us to the right, is the Oswego Lake Mills—the ravine in which it stands is called the Oswego outlet. These mills have become a very extensive woolen manufactory.

Now we are quite out in the open country. There is a cooling freshness about the air, as it comes floating across the fields. Already methinks

"The shadows lift,  
From my waking spirits and sighs."  
Do you see yonder great stone house to your left, far up among the trees, with those tall chimneys? That is Melrose, the home of Judge C., our late minister to Mexico.

A few more, turn beyond Melrose and our road breaks abruptly upon the beach of the Oswego. How beautifully quiet lie the azure waters as they stretch far away to the Southward!

"O what a landscape for the eye to view,  
In passive contemplation, what a scene!  
Of sweet delight—a beauty of the earth!  
A glory of creation! Here the sight  
May revel, and the heart may feel  
The cooling beauty steal away its thoughts.  
From cars of earth and pour upon the mind,  
A calm emotion, what it ascends  
In sweet emotion to the hand benign.  
Where shall I drink the lovely prospect framed?"

Our way leads us up the left shore through groves here and there, of luxuriant trees overhanging our way, and at times shutting out from view the waters of the lake. The farmer's cottage peeps out here and there among thick clumps of shrubbery, partially revealing to the passer-by, the true home of happiness and calm content.

But we are now approaching the fairy regions of Willow-Brook—the house of one of our distinguished fellow citizens—perhaps most distinguished for the amenity of his social character, his generous philanthropy and public spirit, his elegant and unostentatious hospitality.

All around our way are beautiful trees—mainly of the willow—and the richest and rarest flowers and shrubbery. A small stream comes winding down from among the fields and groves, and passing beneath a rustic bridge, is lost to view among the "willows bending low," till some distance away, down to the left, it pours its murmuring waters into a quiet cove, which sets back from the lake.

Down the winding carriage-way, among the rare exotics and planted trees, stands a neat Italian villa—the tower or lookout rising elegantly in an angle, formed by the two sections of the main building. The broad projecting cornice, supported by neat brackets, gives it all an agreeable and artistic appearance.

The gardens and grounds surrounding Willow-Brook are completely enchanting. It seems to me that no mind can become so entirely debased but must feel a purifying and elevating influence, from contact with such scenes as these. Here are rural summer houses with inviting seats, wherever to rest while you gaze down the long vistas of quiet shade—even to the pebbly shores of the Lake. Here are winding walks, leading now among cultivated shrubbery, and now among the shaded grass plots, which stretch far away to the water's edge—grounds often sought by, and as often generally opened to the picnic or fishing party.

But hark! the bells are pealing forth, from the distant church towers, the solemn warning of the fight of time—it is nine o'clock, and we must return. We have only seen a commencement of the Oswego scenery.—Some other time, peradventure, we will with more leisure, turning across the foot of the lake, thread our winding way far up the western shore, even to the extreme head of the lake,—which is I believe some fourteen miles distant.

Only a few minutes ride, and once more we "strike the pavement" and the ruddy glare of the gas-light—revealing the anxious faces of men hurrying to and fro—their minds intently revolving many a scheme of future acquisition. For the present

A country girl, writing to her friends says of the polka, that the dancing does not amount to much, but the hugging is heavenly.

## Tales and Sketches.

### A GREEK GIRL.

From Household Words,  
EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

She is a baggy damsel, with a quaint, sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

She is dressed to day; it is St. Somebody's feast, and every body is idling away their time in consequence. It was St. What's-his-name's day, the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Who's-it's day, to-day, after to-morrow. Though our balloons and aqueducts are idling, it is with a busy idleness; for she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about fruit, jellies, and sweetmeats, with strong raw splits in gilded glasses, and little cups of unstrained coffee. A very singular and amusing picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, trying in hand before her father's guests. She is pretty. Yes there is no doubt of that. But she has done almost everything possible to disfigure herself. Though certainly not seventeen, with the rich clear complexion of the Greeks, she is rouged up to the very eyes. Where she is not rouged, she is whitened. Her eyebrows are painted, and she has even found means to introduce some black annihilation under her eyelids to make her eyes look larger. Her hair would be almost a marvel if left to itself; but she has twisted it and plaited it, woven gold coils into it, and tied it up with dilly handkerchiefs and ginnings and hunched it, till every tress has grown distorted and angry. Her ears are in themselves as sly and coquettish a pair of ears as need be, and they peep out beneath her tortoise shells, as if they would rather like to have a game at bo-peep than otherwise; but they are literally torn half an inch longer, than they should be, by an enormous pair of mosaic ear-rings bought of a pedlar. Her hands might have been nice once, for they are still small, but they are as tough as horn and as red as chaps can make them, with sheer hard work, scrubbing and washing about the house. All Greek women I think, have been housewives since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more generally baggy than her trousers. It bulges out into the most extraordinary bumps and fulness. A short jacket—as much too small for her as the brigand attire of Mr. Keeley of the Theatre-Royal, Adelphi—does not make this general fulness less remarkable; and she has a superfluous pair of legs, which are one of the late King's Christy's sides of full dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief in the fine piercing cold of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is, love making, cleaning, and house-keeping, and many of her notions, which she has picked up from the late King's Christy's sides of full dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief in the fine piercing cold of a Greek February.

When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes unaccountable from fat; when she is old, she works until she becomes a skeleton. None have any respector love for her, nor would she be now worthy of it, if they had.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying that if a Greek girl be such as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be!

### Warlike Preparations.

A late scientific journal of France notices the wonderful increase of warlike weapons and means of defence, which are now being manufactured in the eastern Empire. A triple-barrel cannon projects, with a single charge of powder, three balls connected by chains, which move down rank after rank, and even the masts of ships and smoke-stacks of steamers. A learned savan of Paris has discovered a liquid which spreads over the surface of water, and spontaneously inflames, thereby destroying vessels and human life. A cunning artizan has concocted a balloon, which, by the guiding influence of a cord, in the hands of the operator, can be directed to a position over a city or fort, and then, by a current of electricity, be made to explode and scatter death-dealing projectiles on every side. Lances and javelins with tips of flame, and shields unimpressible to lead or steel, are also spoken of. There is a terrible meaning in this activity of what would seem to be a diabolic ingenuity, and is by no means suggestive of the long expected period, when swords shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and man shall learn the arts of war no more.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to, her neighbors; and she spends her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. This she does herself, but she has a little ally, (a child of a girl about seven years old, and looking about forty, that you meet in the houses of all the islanders), who is in the lookout all day.—No one ever enters a Greek house, but the neighborhood knows it. All down the street, and in the next, and every where, these little girls are watching and flitting about on cunning errands as stealthily and swift as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that your own cousins never saw her alone or spoke a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy, she has some acquaintance of her own; and she is generally on terms of starting friendship with the young man servant, who forms almost part of the family in all Greek houses! On summer nights, too, when good people should be asleep, you will see closely hooded figures flitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Greek girls. What they are about nobody knows. For hours, looking for the moon which will not rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall, also, you will see young gentlemen sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them singing songs, but low as the humming of a bee; so low that they do not disturb even the timid owl who sits cooing among the ruins of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and all of the same kind. They are about equal in point of composition to the worst of our street ballads; full of the same coarse wit and low trickery. They are sung to dreary monotonous airs, and always through the nose.—Never had the national songs of a people so little charm, or distinctive character. You seek the strong sweet language of the heart in vain among them. They have neither grace nor fancy.

With all this, the Greek girl is pious.—She would not break any of the severe fasts of her church, even for money, though they condemn her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time; nor would she neglect going to church on certain days on any account. She has a faith in ceremonies, and in charms, relics and saints, almost touching; but there her belief ends. She would not trust the word of her own father or the archbishop. She cannot believe it possible that any one would speak the truth, unless he was obliged and she judges correctly, according to her own experience. She herself would promise, and take an unsworn oath, in deceiving her own mother on a question about spinst head; but she would scrupulously avoid doing anything she had promised; and the only way even to prevent her accepting a husband, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wit would toil night and day to find

means of escape; and find them she would, to change her mind the day after she was free.

She has no hope dearer than all the rest. It is that she may one day wear Frank clothes, and see the Great Constantinople. This is no exaggeration; the wrongs of the nayah have eaten into all classes of society in Turkey, until even women hiss, and children prattle vengeance. It is so strong, that it has made the Greeks hate one of the prettiest remaining costumes in the world as a symbol of their most bitter, and cruel servitude.

By and by, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant, she will then sink into a drudge, and her head will be always bound up, as if she had the chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days, or groaning and squabbling upon others, as she cleans their dishes for dinner. She will have become so old at thirty, that it is impossible to recognise her. Rouge and whitening will have so corroded her face, that it looks like a sleepy apple, or a withered melon. Her eyes are sunken into nothing. Her teeth will have been eaten away by her old and noxious tooth powder. Her wig will be bald when she does not wear a toweling wig, that only comes out on St. Everybody's days. The plump figure and all its bumps, will have shrivelled into a mere heap of aching old bones, and her only pleasure in this life, will be scandal and curiosity.

You will find her cravering about, watching her neighbors do the most unseasonable times. She will know many more things than men are true, and tell them with singular readiness and vivacity. She will be the terror of her neighborhood, and there is no conciliating her. Kindness, good humor—even money which she prizes as much as she did when a girl, and grasps at it as eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and hatch troubles, or she would die. The instinct of self preservation is strong; so she will go upon her old courses, some what wily. She will be a terror even to her own daughter.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long, that she has learned to consider money as the chief good. She has been subject to be beaten; to be carried away into the Harem of a man she has never seen, and has lost all natural feeling. All grace, tenderness, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a hot iron. She has been looked upon as a mere tame animal until she has become little better. She has been doubted until deception has become her glory. She has been imprisoned and secluded until trickery has become her master passion. She has been kept from healthy knowledge and graceful accomplishments, from all softening influences and ennobling thoughts, until her mind has withered.

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### A NICE MAN.

The other day, by some mistake of one of our mailing clerks, a package of our morning papers, which should have gone to Plover, Illinois, was sent to Racine, Wisconsin. On yesterday we received the package, sent back to us from that office, and with the following elegant remarks, written upon the cover by the Postmaster of that place.

"Domine you! Send no more of your damned papers here!"

Now we happen to know this worthy official of Racine, very well. He is a very nice man, as approved by the following interesting little episode in his life. It must premise that he is a fine partly looking gentleman, with a very finely arched, and with a fair round belly with good caplin lined. Shortly before President Pierce's inauguration, this friend of ours took it into his head to go to Washington and see the elephant, of course without the slightest idea of obtaining an office. Oh, no! He arrived there on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning ascertained what church the President attended, and which seat he occupied, and procured one for himself directly before that of the President. The next day, the President sent for this Sabath, was to be preached a discourse which turned upon the awful and sudden death of the poor little boy of Mr. Pierce, whose death created such an universal sympathy for his father. Now as the sermon proceeded, the burly form of this Wisconsin gentleman was seen to swell and heave with suppressed emotion; his eyes filled with tears; his red bandana was drawn forth and unceasingly wiped; his nose required incessant wiping, and his whole frame quivered with grief. As the preacher proceeded, and the interest of the subject became more intense, the agitation of our friend became more and more irritable, until at last, upon the preacher giving a direct allusion to the bereavement of the President, he bowed his head upon the cushion before him, and burst forth in a strain of lamentation and weeping which drew the attention of the whole church upon him, and effectually suspended the progress of the sermon. The President sent for him the next day, and was so struck with his piety, and his sympathy, that he rewarded him with his present situation. But behold the change! The saint has fallen from grace and now he vents his emotion in oaths from the very same lips which once prayed then ascended! What shocking depravity! What will Mr. Pierce think of this Wisconsin friend when he reads this, as he will read it, for he gets the Tribune every morning. He and Douglas take it in partnership.—Chicago Tribune.

THE REVOLUTIONARY CONFLICT FOR OUR FREEDOM, our clergyman were not found preaching submission to unjust human law, nor claiming the throne of iniquity in fellowship with God, because thrones are ordained of God, and the spirit of 1776 has not entirely died out, but that in the coming struggle he will prepare and set forward both men and leaders that can neither be bought nor dismayed. He will surely do this, if it be his good pleasure to use our country for the freedom of the world; for a living nation cannot advance much further towards the conquest of the world for Christ, with the carcass of slavery chained to its embrace, and diffusing a moral pestilence through its system.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPANISH.—The British Government has revived a most disgraceful practice—that of forcing seamen who have been taken prisoners of war to serve in the navy, where they are, of course, likely to be called upon to fight against their own country. A Russian barque, the Argo, from Mantanzas, bound to an English port, the master of which unfortunately coincided in the generosity of the British Government, or was not aware that war had been declared, was captured while going to port. The cargo, which was on British account, was released, but the vessel was delivered over to the prize commissioners. The captain was set at liberty on parole, and twelve of the crew were drafted on board her British Majesty's ship Crocodile.

The barbarous custom of impressing prisoners of war was enforced, it will be recollected, in the last war between England and this country, many an American was forced at the point of the bayonet to fight against his own countrymen. Its revival is an evidence that, although the principles of humanity may have become more widely prevalent among individuals, civilized war has been robbed of none of its barbarous features.

## From the Council Bluffs (Iowa) Eagle.

### Nebraska—Its Natural Advantages.

This territory now causing so much excitement in the world, enjoys broad general extent is overrated. It is not a perfect paradise. There are storms and winds, cold and heat, sandy plains and fertile valleys—the very best and the worst of lands in its limits. There is no country on the globe that will suit every person. What some will call advantages, others will consider a fault, thus it is with the tastes and judgments of the human race. There is certainly no more fertile land on the continent than may be found in the proposed territory of Nebraska—upon the streams and in the valleys this may generally be found. The country lies in high waving swells like the waters of the ocean in a tempest with an occasional broad level like a prairie just gently ruffled by the breeze.

There is in many places a scarcity of timber, though there are good groves in the valleys, on the hill sides and margin of the streams. The principal varieties are, various species of oak, elm, linn, hickory, black walnut, hackberry, coffee, bean and mulberry. The country is well adapted to corn, (which nowhere grows more luxuriously), wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, beans, potatoes and all other western roots and vegetables raised in Ohio. Fruits will doubtless grow freely as is indicated by the abundance of wild fruits every where found. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, do well—many of these are indigenous to the climate and grow in profusion.

There is an abundance of limestone and coal, iron ore and magnesia have also been found. Game is plenty, in the western or mountain portions vast herds of buffalo make the earth tremble with their thundering approach. Deer, elk, antelope, bear, mountain sheep and wolves are also common in the same region. Fish are generally abundant, but decrease in numbers as you approach a greater elevation.

The Nebraska or Platte River, nearly direct South, through its whole Western extent, forming a natural highway and an almost completely graded road for near eight hundred miles on an almost direct westerly line towards the Pacific and the Golden State. Although much has been and still may be done by interested parties to turn the attention of the American people to other routes for the great Pacific Railroad, and routes that are impracticable and impassable, should this great natural work ever be consummated, nothing can hinder it from taking this route. We have traveled twice the whole length of the Platte river and speak from personal experience. There are a number of large streams passing through various portions of this territory, among which on the North of the Platte, are the Loupe Fork, Elk Horn and Running water rivers, with a number of smaller streams interspersed through the country. On the South side are the Kansas, Big, South Fork, Laramie Fork, &c.

On many of these are excellent sites for motive power for mills and machinery. The climate is salubrious and delightful, there being little snow in winter with much pleasant weather, the greatest inconvenience being from the winds. There is scarcely a day in the year but there is a little cool and wholesome breeze blowing, and sometimes more than that. The water in the rivers is excellent both from springs in the hills or to be found by digging—there is nothing to indicate an unhealthy, but its pure water, salubrity of atmosphere and rough uneven character would indicate a healthy locality.—There is no country on the globe where the roads are so smooth and good the most part of the year, both summer and winter, as in this territory and western Iowa. Both soil and climate and productions are similar in these countries, and in the opinion of the writers being milder here, would compare with the Western portion of Ohio—a portion of this territory west of this place will probably be opened for settlement before snow flies next fall.

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## THE NEW TERRITORIES.

The boundaries of the new Territories are as follows:—

TERRITORY OF NEBRASKA.—Beginning at a point in the Missouri river where the fortieth parallel of north latitude crosses the east boundary of the Territory of Utah, on the summit of the Rocky Mountains; thence east on the said summit northward to the fortieth parallel of north latitude; thence east on said parallel to the western boundary of the Territory of Minnesota; thence southward on said boundary to the Missouri river; thence down the main channel of said river to the beginning.

TERRITORY OF KANSAS.—Beginning at a point of the Western boundary of the State of Missouri, where the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude crosses the same; thence west said parallel to the eastern boundary of New Mexico; thence north on said boundary to latitude thirty-eight; thence following said boundary westward to the east boundary of the Territory of Utah, on the summit of the Rocky Mountains; thence northward on said summit parallel to the western boundary of the State of Missouri; thence south with the western boundary of said state to the place of beginning.

From each Territory are expressly excepted and excluded all tracts of land which by treaty with any tribe of Indians are not to be included within the territorial jurisdiction or limits of any State or Territory without the consent of such tribe, until its consent be obtained.

The law reserves to the Government of the United States the power to divide either Territory into two or more Territories as Congress may at any time deem proper.

It should be borne in mind that one and the same law provides for the organization of both Territories; the latter sections being a mere repetition of the former, except a difference of boundaries, names, &c. The votes in the two Houses on the final passage of the bill, were as follows, viz:—House, 118 to 100; Senate, 35 to 13.

That portion of the bill, which expired the most opposition was the following:—

"That the constitution and laws of the United States, which are not locally inapplicable shall have the same force and effect within the said territory of Nebraska as elsewhere within the United States, except the 8th section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 9, 1820, which was inconsistent with the principle of non-interference by Congress with slavery in the States and territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850 (commonly called the Compromise Measures), is hereby declared inoperative and void, it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or State nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States: Provided, That nothing herein contained, shall be construed to revive or put in force any law of regulation which may have existed prior to the act of 9th of March, 1820, either protecting, establishing, prohibiting or abolishing slavery."

## FASHION.

Of all the queer things for speculative people to doze over, we scarcely know anything that will afford as much interest, at as small an expense of thinking as the fashions. The changes introduced by that emissary of the devil, a Parisian tailor or mantua-maker, seem to be the thing of the days of Puck or the Caliph Harun, and it may be well while to notice them. Without laying claim to any very extended experience—and painfully conscious that we have never felt the profound regard for the matter of fashions which would seem due to such a very important subject, we have nevertheless, seen some changes which deserve notice. And first of the ladies' sleeves, of such portentous magnitude that a half barrel of potatoes could be most conveniently stowed away in the bands of the assembly, which were clamped so tight as to be the knee brooches of the age of George III. We have seen them so long that they flapped over the wrist hand and under the elbow, and we have seen them so short that there was nothing of them. We have seen ladies dressed with waists half a foot, and at another time a half a yard in length. A few years since small dots of flowers and subdued colors were the fashionable pattern; now mammoth plaids and tartans are all the go. We remember bonnets whose Patagonian proportions and singular cut, projecting forward into space like Italian balconies, vastly approximated them to the old fashioned two bushel cod cuttles, and we see Little Lilliputian contrivances, about the size and shape of an ice cream saucer, holding on tenaciously to one or two hairs, apparently with infinite trouble. We have seen dresses fitting like riding habits, close under the throat and dragging entirely too late and ending too soon. Lastly, to conclude this short catalogue of feminine changes, we have seen—ahem! bustles!

Nor, have the gentlemen been a whit less fickle. Straight edged beavers have given place to the curved and deeply dished hats of Beebe and Genin. We have seen calf skin give place to cloth and patent leather. Spectacles have come into fashion and gone out, and we have seen the time when every other man almost had his nasal bridge with gold. We have seen that duo of button, which marks the Mason & Dixon's line, between the body and tail of a coat move up and down gentleman's backs, through a space a foot and a half in length. We have seen illimitable waists and inappreciable coat tails, and we have seen as inappreciable waists and as illimitable tails.

Once pantaloons had a "Falstaffian roundness which allowed the propulsory apparatus of male humanity.

"Ample room and verge enough."

Once solid colors were the rage, and all anti-Puritanic figuring was eschewed with holy horror. Now, heaven save us, the latest agony is a pair of tights, with the capture of the gorilla on one leg and Niagara Falls on the other. We remember distinctly when a monstache and long beard were proof positive that a man was an artist or a rowdy; now the hair's appendage is worn by gentlemen. Plain Bosoms have given place to frills; cuffs have come into fashion; tight sleeves have been supplanted by others shaped like a trumpet; a thousand changes have been made in the cut of garments. Nay, the story is not complete till we say that ladies have donned the breeches and gentlemen enveloped their frames in latitudinous shawls!

## WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

This Territory, which was organized by Congress last year, constitutes the extreme northwestern corner of the Union. It was formerly a part of Oregon Territory. It has the Pacific on the west, the Rocky mountains on the east, the British possessions on the north, and Oregon on the south. Although in a higher latitude than the State of Maine, the winters are not severe. "Instead of the bleak winds of New England," says a letter written in December last, "we have the healthy, beautiful breeze of the month of May, with a clear sky, beautiful sunshine, and many of nature's sweet flowers." The grass continues green all winter, and affords good grazing for horses, cattle and sheep. "Some of the soil is good, while in other sections it is poor. Wheat, oats, barley and potatoes do well, turnips grow to an immense size—some of last year's yield weighed as much as thirty-five pounds. A wheat worth from \$2 to \$4 per bushel, potatoes \$2.50, turnips \$2.50, beets \$3, and onions \$5 per bushel." Some farmers last year gathered over five hundred bushels of potatoes from an acre of ground, and their turnips looked as large as pumpkins. Peaches and apples do well. The forest furnishes an extensive harvest of wild fruit about nine months in the year, which serves as a substitute for cultivated fruit. Already the territory is known as a fine country for lumber. The timber grows very large. Many trees are from thirty to fifty feet in circumference, and from two to three hundred feet high. The forest continues green all the year, and presents continually the appearance of spring.

Puget's sound which lies in Washington Territory abounds with fish of almost every kind, and it is thought that it will rank among the best fisheries in the world. The salmon in this sound rises and falls about 20 feet. This inland sea is well adapted, from its great depth of water, and bold shores, for the safe navigation of the largest ships; and probably the harbor is sufficient to accommodate, at one time, all the fleets and ships in the world. Extensive mines of coal are found at different points of the sound.

There are about seventy tribes of Indians in the territory, who own all the land as yet. But they are rapidly dying off, with contagious diseases. The letter above referred to says: "One of the many strange customs that exist among them, is taking the life of their doctors when they fail to cure a patient. A case of this kind occurred here last week. The doctor had attended on his brother's son. The son died, and was buried. The brother, who could not feel consistent with the principle of non-interference by Congress with slavery in the States and territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850 (commonly called the Compromise Measures), is hereby declared inoperative and void, it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or State nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States: Provided, That nothing herein contained, shall be construed to revive or put in force any law of regulation which may have existed prior to the act of 9th of March, 1820, either protecting, establishing, prohibiting or abolishing slavery."

The climate of Washington Territory is represented as remarkably salubrious. The emigration last year was large, and the influx of settlers will probably be still larger, the present season. A new overland route, direct to the Territory, is preferred to the old route. Gov. Stevens, in his message to the Territorial Legislature, on the 23rd of February, stated the number of voters as 1682, and of inhabitants, 4000. Churches and schools are being established, and the new settlements present all the evidences of thrift and enterprise that spring up spontaneously around the Yankee, whether in the clearing, or in the woods, or on the shores of Puget's sound.

## PROCESS OF COINING GOLD.

A United States mint has been completed in San Francisco, and is probably ere this time in active operation, coming down daily vast treasures of golden ore. It was intended that it should be prepared to mint thirty millions of dollars yearly. The following description of the system which is about to be established there, will afford a good general idea of the ordinary process of coining gold.

The metal, after being received in the deposit room, is carefully weighed, and a receipt given. Each deposit is then melted separately in the melting room, and moulded into bars. These bars next pass through the hands of the assayer, who, with a chemical test