

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 30.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1854.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1537.

Anti-Nebraska Politics.

For the Susquehanna Register.
Massachusetts.—I have noticed for some time that the Editor of the *Montrose Democrat* has labored very hard to get the people of this county to believe the coming election in this State was in no way connected with the question of slavery. Perhaps it is not so; and perhaps, as he says, he has got his fill of office and honor, and can have no motive for misleading the people. We will grant him all that, for the present, and proceed to pick another bone with him. He is considering how young he is and how small a slave of office he has had, learned very soon the manner and tone of the politicians of the day, which is that they tell the people they know nothing of the politics of the country, nothing of the questions at issue, and nothing of what the people are doing. Even Daniel Webster (and we beg pardon of his name for writing his name on the many pages with that of the above politician) could not answer his chief former political question which he asked him, but told him that feeling, not politics was his business. And so it is; we send men to the legislature and sometimes the first year, generally the second, they tell us we do not know what we do want. What course we shall take to convince office holders after election what we know about our own wants I do not know. As for having had his fill of office and honor, it may be, as I said, he has. Since I read him right, he is now, as has always been since I saw him, a man who expects to be his best card for office and his own hope and expects to be being boosted into some office by the services of his governor, or president, or some other dispenser of political bread and butter.

As to the question. Has the coming election any bearing upon the question of slavery in the territories. If the able editor of the *Democrat* can convince us that the President of the U. S. was not the father of the Nebraska bill; that it did not become a law by the exertions of the Democratic party; that they are not now trying with superfluous energy to drive it down our northern throats, whether we will or not; and that, lastly, that Governor Bigler is not a hero's dog, or at least afraid to say his own mind in the face of getting his eyes blacked in the political fight hereafter, we may believe him. Now, sir, we want a Governor and Legislature sworn to fight the *Slave Law*, the *Nebraska Law*, and every other slave measure attempted to be added on the North, to the death, whenever they shall have the opportunity. As a man, as an American, and as a Christian, I cannot, neither can I see how any man can, support candidates who can have anything to do with these matters, without knowing what they will do if put to the test. I am a Democrat, I hope democratic governments, but at the same time, I won't be long before you get me to believe that the Democratic party is a party of John C. Calhoun in Rome.

Brooklyn, Aug. 8, 54. M. BAILEY.

Tales and Sketches.

By M. LEE.
BY CLEMENT E. BARR.
There, said a friend to me one day, there goes a heroine. I looked around but seeing only a little girl, trudging barefoot along the road; with a basket almost as large as herself, I turned my eyes with a glance of inquiry to the speaker. He answered it by pointing to the unromantic object just described. I mean her, Millie Lee. You think that she is only a poor, shoeless, stockinged child; but I tell you she is a heroine, with a nobler heart than ever beat in the bosom of Joan of Arc, or Margaret Anjou!

My friend was not accustomed to talk at random; hence my curiosity was excited, and I drew from him as we sat in the shade to rest, this history of Millie Lee.

Five years ago there came to our village a laborer named Thomas Lee. He was idle and intemperate, his wife feeble, and he broke their children so pale, so hungry, and so sickly looking, that it made my heart ache to look at them. They had been born in the north shadow of a father's neglect—a mother's hot tears had fallen on their faces as they drew nourishment from her breast, and lay upon her breaking heart. How could they be like other children! On the desert shrub, every new leaflet by its premature scarceness, of the arid said in which its roots are withering. Hence those children never played or smiled. They crept about so still and sad—they ate their hard dry crusts, with such a melancholy look, that you would have thought that their home had been a house of death. And so it afterwards was. Their father would be for hours as one dead!—dead to all the beauties of nature, to all the activities of the world, to all the claims and sufferings of his family; to all the nobility of nature, that was burning to a cinder of everlasting remorse with the fires of ruin. Often have I witnessed those children, crouching together by the door of their home, and tried to draw from them a smile. I gave them food when I knew they were very hungry, and they would thank me sweetly; but not a gleam of sunshine would pass over their faces. They were grateful, but could not be gay.

We tried to do something for his family, but the wretched father would not let any of them leave him, and would squander for rum or destroy for spirit, what we gave him. He had a great deal of manly independence, and our kindness he scornfully refused as an official interference with his affairs. Hence we could only carry food to his starving wife and children while he was at the dram-shop. At last Mrs. Lee died. Never saw I such a scene before, and God in mercy save me from ever seeing the like again! Lee was rolling on the floor, too drunk to understand what was going on, or even to rise. But his tongue was loosed, and he accused the groans of his wife, and sobbings of his children with matches of ribald songs and curses that made my blood curdle in my veins!

I need not dwell upon the funeral. He managed to keep Lee sober until his wife was under the ground. But he seemed to have little feeling, he went to the church and to the grave, like a man stunned, or in a dream. We left the family at night, with every thing necessary for their comfort, intending to provide homes for the children the next day.

In the morning, having made our arrangements, we went early to the cabin. We heard as we approached, a discord of mingled curses, screams, and blows. We entered and there was Lee, in a drunken rage, with the poker in his hand. He had driven the children into one corner, and before the young ones stood Millie, covering them as a hen covers her brood, and meeting the eyes of that brutal man, who never smiled, even on her children's graves. I thought of all she had to fear from him, and I thought of the wretched man had stolen out to one of those low dens, where they would sell to a grinning skeleton if it had only three cents in its hand. There, pawning the clothes that had been given him for the funeral, he prepared himself for the scene we witnessed.

Having dismissed him, and released the trembling orphans, we insisted upon taking Sally and George. Millie said we might take them, and she would stay with us, but she would stay, for, since mother was dead, there was nobody else to look after her.

But Millie, he will beat you, he will kill you!

"May he will, sir," she answered, "but yet I must not leave him. He gets drunk, I know, and then he is cross; but still he is my father."

I looked with wonder upon that feeble child. I thought of all she had suffered, from that brutal man, who never smiled, even on her children's graves. I thought of all she had to fear from him, and I thought of the wretched man had stolen out to one of those low dens, where they would sell to a grinning skeleton if it had only three cents in its hand. There, pawning the clothes that had been given him for the funeral, he prepared himself for the scene we witnessed.

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THE ALBATROSS.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, who writes letters from on ship board during a voyage to Australia, gives the following interesting sketch:

THE ALBATROSS YARN.—One fine afternoon when our ship with her crew of passengers was in the Southern Atlantic, and more properly the Southern Indian Ocean, and far to the Southward than the tracks of most vessels, being, as I remember, in latitude as high as 45 deg., the sea was some about as in unusual numbers. The weather was in the bird-eager for slush or any thing that fell from the ship, and our passengers eager for sport, it being the first week after we had got into the bird-latitude. The Mate, who had the deck, was willing (probably with the Captain's knowledge) to indulge them. Fastening a large hook to a spare log-line, and baiting with a big piece of pork, he soon had a victim out of the flock that were following close astern, and landed him, not without assistance, over the railing upon the poop. We were all astonished at his size, which was so much larger than appeared from the deck, and, as may be supposed, I had a peculiar curiosity respecting the bird of 'The Ancient Mariner.'

The Albatross is the most poetic object on the ocean. There is nothing in all nature so noble, free, ethereal, spiritual—nothing animals that so bring the excess of infinity and mystery and boundlessness in the day-light. His home is in the Southern oceans, below 20 degrees South of the line. Here he ranges alone, or in company, over vastes of water that it takes fast ships from 45 to 60 days to sail across.

His flight is not high; it is long low swings, a mile or two each way. Except in alighting and getting under weigh again, he rarely moves his wings, only sometimes giving a few grand, strong flaps; then sailing away, now on one side, now on the other, now far astern, and again across the ship's bows; he may be watched in any weather, going over a hundred miles of distance to the ship's own. No gale sends him to leeward, no calm lessens the swiftness with which he 'slaves with level wing the deep.' Sometimes there come hundreds of his kind at once, at others I have watched a solitary one for days together. I never saw one alight, or pick up anything that had fallen or was thrown overboard from the ship. Their alighting and rising is so graceful and ungraceful, but once aloft, their motions have an almost superlatively sublime beauty. It is possible they may sleep at night on the waves, but we never lie with them as we did with Cape Pigeons in the dark. I have thought that I could perceive when the latter were tired, after several days of common rough weather, but never the Albatross.

On a ship's deck they are powerless, except to bite with their strong hooked bills. So far from being able to perch on mast or shroud, they are web-footed, and cannot fly from the deck or even stand upon it, except momentarily. Their plumage is white, spotted, often most beautifully, with various shades of brown and black. Fifteen feet is a low average for their stretch of wing; some that we caught measured more than this, and I heard of one being taken that reached twenty-two. The expression of their eyes as they look around them, helpless on the deck, is that which might be ascribed to proud, noble women, made the mock of pirates. Nothing but human ever wore a look so high, so imploring, yet so dauntless. I confess that it filled me with grief and anger, and shame for my species, to see the captives abused by dogs, and men more cruel than dogs. I knew them to be stupid, foolish birds, intent only on filling their stomachs with disgusting garbage, and cruel even to each other, tearing and devouring a disabled one that may be thrown to them, without mercy. Yet I could not bear to see our enterprising young gentlemen cut off their wings to make pipe stems of the little bones, and skimming the feet for parves, while the poor ignorant things were alive. I felt the superstition of the poem, though among sailors, there is not only no such superstition, but the birds are regarded as fair game.

Natural Wonders of Florida.
A writer in the Florida Journal, says the upper stratum of Florida rests on one vast net work of irregular arches of stupendous magnitude, through which innumerable rivers, creeks and mineral waters in silent darkness perpetually flow. Walkulla, Ocala, Wacassia, Crystal, Homosassa, Chesootica, Wickawatcha, and Silver Spring, are the principal rivers.

The crevices of this denomination are too numerous to mention; most of them afford fine mill-sites. They are, too, partly or wholly navigable for the smaller class of steam and sail vessels throughout the entire distances of their subterranean courses. Those that are not, can be made so with comparatively small trouble and little expense. The same writer also says, that the number of mineral and thermal springs in Florida, is more than two thousand. Their principal solid ingredients are the sulphates of lime, magnesia and soda, oxide of iron and some iodine. Their volatile ingredients consist of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen gases. These gases soon evaporate if the water be exposed in an open vessel to the atmosphere; its taste then becomes insipid, in some instances either magnesian or acid. If Florida be so thickly bedded with mineral ores, will it not clash with the theory of Prof. Agassiz who says that Florida was built by the coral worm, and other marine animals? and that it took them upwards of one hundred thousand years to accomplish it.

Why is cutting off an elephant's head so widely different from cutting off any other head? Because when you cut the head from the body you don't separate it from the trunk.

Saw dust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted; if every individual would make his own saw-dust.

HYPOCHONDRIACISM.

A Novel Cure for It.
BY R. M. CARLETON.
"Good morning, friend Carter, how is your wife this morning?"
"Bad as ever. I am most discouraged, assure you."
"Do you still have a physician?"
"Yes, but he can do nothing for her."
"But what does he say?"
"He says that it is the most awkward case of hypochondriacism I ever met with. I am completely worn out. She insists she is going to die to-day, and besought me to the most piteous accents to remain with her, but I have neglected my business too long lately, and can no longer indulge her with my presence, which only makes her appear worse."
"A hard case, indeed, particularly for you, but what do you intend to do?"
"Do! I can't imagine what, friend Bush, unless I become insane and take refuge in a mad house."
"Do not despair; such cases are by no means hopeless."
"I have done with hope,"
"I am no physician, Carter, but I have a plan in my head which I think cannot fail to cure her."
"Out with it, at once. I am ready to grasp a straw if it points out the slightest hope!"
"Have you a good sharp axe?"
"I believe so."
"If you have not, purchase one by all means. When you return at noon, say as little as possible to her but proceed deliberately to cut down the bedstead upon which she lays."
"I did not think you would make my afflictions a subject of mirth."
"I never was more serious in my life. Do this, and leave the rest with me; but if you do not agree to it, I wash my hands of the matter."
"If you are serious I will agree to anything, however ridiculous."
"It is a bargain, then?"
"The friends pushed. Carter proceeded to his store, while Bush hastened to the residence of his friend. As he was an intimate acquaintance, he was at once admitted. He sent word to the invalid that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her, and must see her without delay.

Such a message roused the curiosity of the dying woman, as she termed herself, and she consented to see him. The nurse had evidently got her cue, for she made an excuse for leaving him, and at once proceeded down stairs.

"Good morning, Mrs. Carter, how do you feel?"
"I am dying," she said faintly.
"I will not disturb you." He moved towards the door as if about to leave the room.

"Do not leave me, Mr. Bush, to die alone; besides, you gave me to understand you had something important to say to me."
"True! but it is an unpleasant task to be round them, helpless on the deck, is that which might be ascribed to proud, noble women, made the mock of pirates. Nothing but human ever wore a look so high, so imploring, yet so dauntless. I confess that it filled me with grief and anger, and shame for my species, to see the captives abused by dogs, and men more cruel than dogs. I knew them to be stupid, foolish birds, intent only on filling their stomachs with disgusting garbage, and cruel even to each other, tearing and devouring a disabled one that may be thrown to them, without mercy. Yet I could not bear to see our enterprising young gentlemen cut off their wings to make pipe stems of the little bones, and skimming the feet for parves, while the poor ignorant things were alive. I felt the superstition of the poem, though among sailors, there is not only no such superstition, but the birds are regarded as fair game."

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LOOK AT THINGS—COAL-BEDS.

The Pilgrim left you at the coal fields in Scranton. These he came to examine and admire, and he did it with interest from visiting one of the beds of anthracite.

This bed is entered by a horizontal digging through earth and sand upheld by timbers for a few rods till the coal is reached in a bed perhaps six feet thick, lying in the midst of a floor of rock on the bottom and the top. This bed lies at the base of a hill sloping upward to the west some hundred feet, and containing other beds above, and separated from this and each other by strata of rock, 25 feet between some, and 70 or 80 feet between other beds. This bed extends through the hill, probably, and covers some hundred acres. Here the entrance is nearly horizontal, but the coal often has an inclination to the horizon from 10 to 35 degrees, according to the variation in the upheaving power by which they and the whole rocks have been raised from under the ocean in times long gone by, doubling long before the race of Adam was placed on the earth.

The coal is broken out by blasting, and a great many men and boys are employed in this process, and in removing the coal into the open air and daylight. A path is cut by blasting into the bed, wide enough for the cars drawn by mules to enter. At the proper distances cuts are made at right angles to the main path. These are cut across by paths parallel to the main path, and the coal borne away, thus leaving solid blocks of anthracite, perhaps twenty feet square, to uphold the strong roof of the bed, between which the coal is removed about fifty feet wide. Thus the bed is cut into the figures of a chess-board, the blocks remaining for the support, and not for being moved like chess-men. More than half a mile of these cuttings are already made in this bed. The air within is cool, and ventilation is secured by sinking shafts from the surface above down to the cavity formed. As yet no incombustible is felt from the combustion of the gun-powder or confinement of the air, so completely is the ventilation secured by the process adopted.

The excavation must of course be dark, as the blackest midnight. The workmen use oil lamps to give them light. The boys who drive in the coal carts and drive out the coal have each a little lamp fastened to his hat for his own illumination. Viewed from some distance within the scene is wild and magnificent, and one thinks of pandemonium as the blackened Vulcan comes along with their lighted lamps bobbing up and down. But the jokes, and songs, and pleasantries, and happy activity, soon convince you that this is another sort of pandemonium. The workmen and boys are said to be healthful, industrious, well paid and prosperous, and find a competent support for a multitude of contented families, whose small and comfortable dwellings are scattered at various distances from the bed. The Lockwood rolls on at a little distance, with the power of whitening the coal-bearing faces and bodies of the laborers, especially if employed in adequate quantity.

The whole view is worth a ride to Scranton, even from Rochester. Come and look at nature and art. The coal is brought out but I cannot follow it further.—*Correspondent of the Rochester Democrat.*

INDIAN NAMES HEREAFTER.

Owageo—pronounced by Mrs. Whitaker's captors, Ah-wag-ee—agent on the second syllable. In 'Morgan's League,' he spells it Ah-wag; in the second syllable pronounced as in the word *fa*. Upon Gay Johnson's map, (1771), it is written O-wa-gy. It is also so written in the map accompanying the treaty of 1768, at Fort Stanwix. But in the deed of cession, drawn at the same time, it is spelled Os-wa-gy; showing conclusive inaccuracy, probably, in both.

By our early records it was pronounced, O-wa-gy; as pronounced as in *fa*. In a document of 1791, and letters written in 1799, 1801, and as late as 1805, the writer finds it so written. Mrs. Whitaker, who was acquainted with this point during her captivity, and became a resident in this immediate vicinity, previous or about the time of the extinguishment of the Indian claim, has given it, above; and probably, the most nearly correct. Its significance—'Where the valley widens.' The narrow valley on the west side of the river, and also upon the creek, about five miles from its mouth, to which this name was also given, render that meaning particularly significant as applied to its extended valley or basin, the outlet to which, on all sides is three narrow gorges or passes.

CA-NAN-WA-NEH—in the Seneca dialect Ne-wa-nah, meaning, literally, 'little living water.' So named from the spring at the base of the cliff, on the westerly side of the creek from this locality. Its present designation is an arbitrary transposition of syllables.

SUSQUEHANNA.—In Smith's history of virginia, it is written Sas-ques-han-nah. By Mr. Morgan, in the Onondaga dialect, CA-NAN-WA-NEH. The first and third *a* pronounced as in the syllable, *ah*; the second one as in *fa*; the fourth as in *at*.

CHENANGO.—Upon the map of 1771, before cited, this is given Ols-nin-goo. Upon Dewitt's map, of about the year 1791, it is written Chenango. In Mr. Morgan's work it is given O-ch-nan-goo.

CROCIQUON.—upon the early map it is written Chug-nut. At the treaty of 1768, it is written the same, with the exception of the letter *i*, which is omitted.

OUAGA.—By the early missionaries On-uh-quah-geh. Upon the early map O-uh-quah-gy. By some of the Iroquois, now in Canada, it is pronounced as written by the missionaries.

The western branch of the Delaware—Coo-ka-wo-on on the map of 1791. Upon the one of 1771, Mo-ko-Branch.

Eastern branch of the same river—Po-pach-ton.

TOWANDA.—Upon the early map, Taw-and-oh; as recollecting by Mrs. Whitaker, Tow-and-oh; at the treaty of 1768, A-wan-dah.

WYSEX.—Wes-sau-ken and Wy-sok-ton.

SHE-SH-QUA.—In the work entitled, *Vie de Zeisberger*, published at Neuchatel, it is written Sches-quo-gy. By one of the officers, under General Sullivan, She-she-cun-qua.

WALSHING.—Upon the early map of 1771, Wia-loo-sin. In the life of the pious Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary at Friedenstadt ten—the tents of peace—near this locality, it is written Wih-u-sing.

A party of hunters from Indiana county went on a hunt of several days, to Forest county lately, and had fine success. They killed four deer, and a great deal of small game, caught a great many trout, captured an eagle and two porcupines.

DEPUTYREN.

Dupuytren was the most celebrated French surgeon of his day; he was destitute of faith and by his mind and his heart, he created the individuality of almost every one who approached him. One day a poor cure from some village near Paris, called upon the great surgeon. Dupuytren was struck with his manly beauty and noble presence, but examined with his usual nonchalance, the patient, who said, 'I am afflicted with a horrible cancer, *Ave ceta, il faut mourir*.' (With that cancer you must die,) said the surgeon; 'I do not think, calmly replied the priest; 'I expect the disease was fatal, and only came to you to please my parishioners.' He then unfolded a bit of paper, and took from it a five franc piece, which he handed to Dupuytren, saying, 'Pardon sir, the little fee, for we are poor.' The serene dignity and holy self-possession of this man, about to die in the prime of his life, impressed the stoical surgeon in spite of himself, though his manner he trusted neither surprise nor interest. Before the cure had descended half the staircase, he was called back by a servant. 'If you choose to try an operation,' said Dupuytren, 'go to the Hotel Dieu, I will be there on Monday.' 'It is my duty to make use of all means of recovery,' replied the cure; 'I will go.' The next day, the surgeon cut away remorselessly at the priest's neck, laying bare tendons and arteries. It was before the days of chloroform, and unsustained by any opiate, the poor cure suffered with uncomplaining heroism. He did not even wince. Dupuytren respected his courage, and every day fingered long at his bed side, when asking the rounds at the hospital. In a few weeks the cure recovered. At year after the operation, he made his way to the Hotel Dieu, and there, in a chair, he sat next basket, containing pens and ink-bottle. 'Monsieur,' he said, 'it is the anniversary of the day when your skill saved my life; accept this humble gift. The pens and ink-bottle are better than you can find in Paris; they are my own raising.' Each succeeding year, on the same day of the month, the honest priest brought his grateful offering.

Anti-Nebraska Politics.
Massachusetts.—I have noticed for some time that the Editor of the *Montrose Democrat* has labored very hard to get the people of this county to believe the coming election in this State was in no way connected with the question of slavery. Perhaps it is not so; and perhaps, as he says, he has got his fill of office and honor, and can have no motive for misleading the people. We will grant him all that, for the present, and proceed to pick another bone with him. He is considering how young he is and how small a slave of office he has had, learned very soon the manner and tone of the politicians of the day, which is that they tell the people they know nothing of the politics of the country, nothing of the questions at issue, and nothing of what the people are doing. Even Daniel Webster (and we beg pardon of his name for writing his name on the many pages with that of the above politician) could not answer his chief former political question which he asked him, but told him that feeling, not politics was his business. And so it is; we send men to the legislature and sometimes the first year, generally the second, they tell us we do not know what we do want. What course we shall take to convince office holders after election what we know about our own wants I do not know. As for having had his fill of office and honor, it may be, as I said, he has. Since I read him right, he is now, as has always been since I saw him, a man who expects to be his best card for office and his own hope and expects to be being boosted into some office by the services of his governor, or president, or some other dispenser of political bread and butter.

As to the question. Has the coming election any bearing upon the question of slavery in the territories. If the able editor of the *Democrat* can convince us that the President of the U. S. was not the father of the Nebraska bill; that it did not become a law by the exertions of the Democratic party; that they are not now trying with superfluous energy to drive it down our northern throats, whether we will or not; and that, lastly, that Governor Bigler is not a hero's dog, or at least afraid to say his own mind in the face of getting his eyes blacked in the political fight hereafter, we may believe him. Now, sir, we want a Governor and Legislature sworn to fight the *Slave Law*, the *Nebraska Law*, and every other slave measure attempted to be added on the North, to the death, whenever they shall have the opportunity. As a man, as an American, and as a Christian, I cannot, neither can I see how any man can, support candidates who can have anything to do with these matters, without knowing what they will do if put to the test. I am a Democrat, I hope democratic governments, but at the same time, I won't be long before you get me to believe that the Democratic party is a party of John C. Calhoun in Rome.

Brooklyn, Aug. 8, 54. M. BAILEY.

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BY M. LEE.
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There, said a friend to me one day, there goes a heroine. I looked around but seeing only a little girl, trudging barefoot along the road; with a basket almost as large as herself, I turned my eyes with a glance of inquiry to the speaker. He answered it by pointing to the unromantic object just described. I mean her, Millie Lee. You think that she is only a poor, shoeless, stockinged child; but I tell you she is a heroine, with a nobler heart than ever beat in the bosom of Joan of Arc, or Margaret Anjou!

My friend was not accustomed to talk at random; hence my curiosity was excited, and I drew from him as we sat in the shade to rest, this history of Millie Lee.

Five years ago there came to our village a laborer named Thomas Lee. He was idle and intemperate, his wife feeble, and he broke their children so pale, so hungry, and so sickly looking, that it made my heart ache to look at them. They had been born in the north shadow of a father's neglect—a mother's hot tears had fallen on their faces as they drew nourishment from her breast, and lay upon her breaking heart. How could they be like other children! On the desert shrub, every new leaflet by its premature scarceness, of the arid said in which its roots are withering. Hence those children never played or smiled. They crept about so still and sad—they ate their hard dry crusts, with such a melancholy look, that you would have thought that their home had been a house of death. And so it afterwards was. Their father would be for hours as one dead!—dead to all the beauties of nature, to all the activities of the world, to all the claims and sufferings of his family; to all the nobility of nature, that was burning to a cinder of everlasting remorse with the fires of ruin. Often have I witnessed those children, crouching together by the door of their home, and tried to draw from them a smile. I gave them food when I knew they were very hungry, and they would thank me sweetly; but not a gleam of sunshine would pass over their faces. They were grateful, but could not be gay.

We tried to do something for his family, but the wretched father would not let any of them leave him, and would squander for rum or destroy for spirit, what we gave him. He had a great deal of manly independence, and our kindness he scornfully refused as an official interference with his affairs. Hence we could only carry food to his starving wife and children while he was at the dram-shop. At last Mrs. Lee died. Never saw I such a scene before, and God in mercy save me from ever seeing the like again! Lee was rolling on the floor, too drunk to understand what was going on, or even to rise. But his tongue was loosed, and he accused the groans of his wife, and sobbings of his children with matches of ribald songs and curses that made my blood curdle in my veins!

I need not dwell upon the funeral. He managed to keep Lee sober until his wife was under the ground. But he seemed to have little feeling, he went to the church and to the grave, like a man stunned, or in a dream. We left the family at night, with every thing necessary for their comfort, intending to provide homes for the children the next day.

In the morning, having made our arrangements, we went early to the cabin. We heard as we approached, a discord of mingled curses, screams, and blows. We entered and there was Lee, in a drunken rage, with the poker in his hand. He had driven the children into one corner, and before the young ones stood Millie, covering them as a hen covers her brood, and meeting the eyes of that brutal man, who never smiled, even on her children's graves. I thought of all she had to fear from him, and I thought of the wretched man had stolen out to one of those low dens, where they would sell to a grinning skeleton if it had only three cents in its hand. There, pawning the clothes that had been given him for the funeral, he prepared himself for the scene we witnessed.

Having dismissed him, and released the trembling orphans, we insisted upon taking Sally and George. Millie said we might take them, and she would stay with us, but she would stay, for, since mother was dead, there was nobody else to look after her.

But Millie, he will beat you, he will kill you!

"May he will, sir," she answered, "but yet I must not leave him. He gets drunk, I know, and then he is cross; but still he is my father."

I looked with wonder upon that feeble child. I thought of all she had suffered, from that brutal man, who never smiled, even on her children's graves. I thought of all she had to fear from him, and I thought of the wretched man had stolen out to one of those low dens, where they would sell to a grinning skeleton if it had only three cents in its hand. There, pawning the clothes that had been given him for the funeral, he prepared himself for the scene we witnessed.

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THE ALBATROSS.
A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, who writes letters from on ship board during a voyage to Australia, gives the following interesting sketch:

THE ALBATROSS YARN.—One fine afternoon when our ship with her crew of passengers was in the Southern Atlantic, and more properly the Southern Indian Ocean, and far to the Southward than the tracks of most vessels, being, as I remember, in latitude as high as 45 deg., the sea was some about as in unusual numbers. The weather was in the bird-eager for slush or any thing that fell from the ship, and our passengers eager for sport, it being the first week after we had got into the bird-latitude. The Mate, who had the deck, was willing (probably with the Captain's knowledge) to indulge them. Fastening a large hook to a spare log-line, and baiting with a big piece of pork, he soon had a victim out of the flock that were following close astern, and landed him, not without assistance, over the railing upon the poop. We were all astonished at his size, which was so much larger than appeared from the deck, and, as may be supposed, I had a peculiar curiosity respecting the bird of 'The Ancient Mariner.'

The Albatross is the most poetic object on the ocean. There is nothing in all nature so noble, free, ethereal, spiritual—nothing animals that so bring the excess of infinity and mystery and boundlessness in the day-light. His home is in the Southern oceans, below 20 degrees South of the line. Here he ranges alone, or in company, over vastes of water that it takes fast ships from 45 to 60 days to sail across.

His flight is not high; it is long low swings, a mile or two each way. Except in alighting and getting under weigh again, he rarely moves his wings, only sometimes giving a few grand, strong flaps; then sailing away, now on one side, now on the other, now far astern, and again across the ship's bows; he may be watched in any weather, going over a hundred miles of distance to the ship's own. No gale sends him to leeward, no calm lessens the swiftness with which he 'slaves with level wing the deep.' Sometimes there come hundreds of his kind at once, at others I have watched a solitary one for days together. I never saw one alight, or pick up anything that had fallen or was thrown overboard from the ship. Their alighting and rising is so graceful and ungraceful, but once aloft, their motions have an almost superlatively sublime beauty. It is possible they may sleep at night on the waves, but we never lie with them as we did with Cape Pigeons in the dark. I have thought that I could perceive when the latter were tired, after several days of common rough weather, but never the Albatross.

On a ship's deck they are powerless, except to bite with their strong hooked bills. So far from being able to perch on mast or shroud, they are web-footed, and cannot fly from the deck or even stand upon it, except momentarily. Their plumage is white, spotted, often most beautifully, with various shades of brown and black. Fifteen feet is a low average for their stretch of wing; some that we caught measured more than this, and I heard of one being taken that reached twenty-two. The expression of their eyes as they look around them, helpless on the deck, is that which might be ascribed to proud, noble women, made the mock of pirates. Nothing but human ever wore a look so high, so imploring, yet so dauntless. I confess that it filled me with grief and anger, and shame for my species, to see the captives abused by dogs, and men more cruel than dogs. I knew them to be stupid, foolish birds, intent only on filling their stomachs with disgusting garbage, and cruel even to each other, tearing and devouring a disabled one that may be thrown to them, without mercy. Yet I could not bear to see our enterprising young gentlemen cut off their wings to make pipe stems of the little bones, and skimming the feet for parves, while the poor ignorant things were alive. I felt the superstition of the poem, though among sailors, there is not only no such superstition, but the birds are regarded as fair game.

Natural Wonders of Florida.
A writer in the Florida Journal, says the upper stratum of Florida rests on one vast net work of irregular arches of stupendous magnitude, through which innumerable rivers, creeks and mineral waters in silent darkness perpetually flow. Walkulla, Ocala, Wacassia, Crystal, Homosassa, Chesootica, Wickawatcha, and Silver Spring, are the principal rivers.

The crevices of this denomination are too numerous to mention; most of them afford fine mill-sites. They are, too, partly or wholly navigable for the smaller class of steam and sail vessels throughout the entire distances of their subterranean courses. Those that are not, can be made so with comparatively small trouble and little expense. The same writer also says, that the number of mineral and thermal springs in Florida, is more than two thousand. Their principal solid ingredients are the sulphates of lime, magnesia and soda, oxide of iron and some iodine. Their volatile ingredients consist of sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen gases. These gases soon evaporate if the water be exposed in an open vessel to the atmosphere; its taste then becomes insipid, in some instances either magnesian or acid. If Florida be so thickly bedded with mineral ores, will it not clash with the theory of Prof. Agassiz who says that Florida was built by the coral worm, and other marine animals? and that it took them upwards of one hundred thousand years to accomplish it.

Why is cutting off an elephant's head so widely different from cutting off any other head? Because when you cut the head from the body you don't separate it from the trunk.

Saw dust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted; if every individual would make his own saw-dust.

LOOK AT THINGS—COAL-BEDS.
The Pilgrim left you at the coal fields in Scranton. These he came to examine and admire, and he did it with interest from visiting one of the beds of anthracite.

This bed is entered by a horizontal digging through earth and sand upheld by timbers for a few rods till the coal is reached in a bed perhaps six feet thick, lying in the midst of a floor of rock on the bottom and the top. This bed lies at the base of a hill sloping upward to the west some hundred feet, and containing other beds above, and separated from this and each other by strata of rock, 25 feet between some, and 70 or 80 feet between other beds. This bed extends through the hill, probably, and covers some hundred acres. Here the entrance is nearly horizontal, but the coal often has an inclination to the horizon from 10 to 35 degrees, according to the variation in the upheaving power by which they and the whole rocks have been raised from under the ocean in times long gone by, doubling long before the race of Adam was placed on the earth.

The coal is broken out by blasting, and a great many men and boys are employed in this process, and in removing the coal into the open air and daylight. A path is cut by blasting into the bed, wide enough for the cars drawn by mules to enter. At the proper distances cuts are made at right angles to the main path. These are cut across by paths parallel to the main path, and the coal borne away, thus leaving solid blocks of anthracite, perhaps twenty feet square, to uphold the strong roof of the bed, between which the coal is removed about fifty feet wide. Thus the bed is cut into the figures of a chess-board, the blocks remaining for the support, and not for being moved like chess-men. More than half a mile of these cuttings are already made in this bed. The air within is cool, and ventilation is secured by sinking shafts from the surface above down to the cavity formed. As yet no incombustible is felt from the combustion of the gun-powder or confinement of the air, so completely is the ventilation secured by the process adopted.

The excavation must of course be dark, as the blackest midnight. The workmen use oil lamps to give them light. The boys who drive in the coal carts and drive out the coal have each a little lamp fastened to his hat for his own illumination. Viewed from some distance within the scene is wild and magnificent, and one thinks of pandemonium as the blackened Vulcan comes along with their lighted lamps bobbing up and down. But the jokes, and songs, and pleasantries, and happy activity, soon convince you that this is another sort of pandemonium. The workmen and boys are said to be healthful, industrious, well paid and prosperous, and find a competent support for a multitude of contented families, whose small and comfortable dwellings are scattered at various distances from the bed. The Lockwood rolls on at a little distance, with the power of whitening the coal-bearing faces and bodies of the laborers, especially if employed in adequate quantity.

The whole view is worth a ride to Scranton, even from Rochester. Come and look at nature and art. The coal is brought out but I cannot follow it further.—*Correspondent of the Rochester Democrat.*

Anti-Nebraska Politics.
Massachusetts.—I have noticed for some time that the Editor of the *Montrose Democrat* has labored very hard to get the people of this county to believe the coming election in this State was in no way connected with the question of slavery. Perhaps it is not so; and perhaps, as he says, he has got his fill of office and honor, and can have no motive for misleading the people. We will grant him all that, for the present, and proceed to pick another bone with him. He is considering how young he is and how small a slave of office he has had, learned very soon the manner and tone of the politicians of the day, which is that they tell the people they know nothing of the politics of the country, nothing of the questions at issue, and nothing of what the people are doing. Even Daniel Webster (and we beg pardon of his name for writing his name on the many pages with that of the above politician) could not answer his chief former political question which he asked him, but told him that feeling, not politics was his business. And so it is; we send men to the legislature and sometimes the first year, generally the second, they tell us we do not know what we do want. What course we shall take to convince office holders after election what we know about our own wants I do not know. As for having had his fill of office and honor, it may be, as I said, he has. Since I read him right, he is now, as has always been since I saw him, a man who expects to be his best card for office and his own hope and expects to be being boosted into some office by the services of his governor, or president, or some other dispenser of political