

with an assured voice, which seemed to announce a certain triumph said: "I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant for it also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies, which are the fairest!"

"The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered."

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration in our sex. Consequently those ladies who are most admired and beloved, and respected by the gentlemen, that there is not a nation on earth where women are so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated as in the republic of the United States, therefore, the American ladies are the fairest. But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I now have the honor of expressing my opinion were in my country, we should think them Americans."

"The applause was enthusiastic; after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee."

A SPEECH WORTH HEARING.

The Quincy (Illinois) Whig, contains the following report of a recent speech in the Senate of that State, on the bill for repealing internal improvement. The railroad, which the speaker did not like, is otherwise called a roadway road, and consists of wooden rails laid across."

"Mr. Speaker—I rise, sir, not to make a speech—speech-making is not my trade—but to tell the friends of repeal, that I am firm about them, although I hate railroads as I abhor any man on this earth, and I have a good reason to hate them, yet I shall vote again repealing them because all my constituents on this side of the river decidedly are for them, and a good many on the other side too. It is a fact, Mr. Speaker, I know very little about railroads, but I guess I know as much as some other folks do. We have had a railroad in Clinton for some years; across the bottom there at Carlisle and one over Crooked Creek bottom, in Marion, and of all infernal roads for roughness, they bang the better. Gentlemen may laugh—but it's no joke; my constituents have lost, in the single item of breakage of eggs, six a handsome fortune."

"Scott who keeps tavern in Carlisle, and a rate tavern too, not one of your Springfield grocers, but a right up chicken fix-in-tavern, told me that no mortal man could tell the eggs that had been broken, in bringing them to market across that infernal rail road, and Tully told me the same thing exactly about Crooked Creek rail road—some smashing of eggs. You know Huey, Mr. Speaker? I wish you could have heard Huey curse, the time his carriage was jolted up into eternal smash, crossing this same rail road. [Here the speaker, unable any longer to control his risible faculties, laughingly observed, the gentleman must confine himself to the question, and the rules of the Senate.] Well, sir, as I was saying, he cut, and he cut, and he swore, and fairly snorted again, but still he's for rail roads. These are my notions, Mr. Speaker, and I could not sit here without believing it out. [Here the orator turned his head and in an audible voice addressed the speaker to his right—"Uncle Peter, what's the name of your wolf bill?" but receiving no answer, he then, straightening himself up, he again addressed the speaker.]

"As I am up, Mr. Speaker, I will give you my notions on Uncle's wolf bill. [Here the speaker interrupted him again, by reminding him that the wolf question was not before the Senate, and therefore its merits could not be discussed.]—You are mistaken in your man, Mr. Speaker; I am not a cussing character, and if I was, I should be very far from cussing Uncle Peter's wolf bill. 'No, sir, I want you and this Senate to understand that I am no Jupiter-Isariot, on this or any other matter; I'm for that bill and ears—no mistake in that tail—'Go it, sir, on the loud. One more thing, Mr. Speaker, and I'm done—the gentleman from Shamrock county—I don't think that's the name exactly either—but the tow headed gentleman over there said the other day—[Here the speaker assuming as much gravity as possible, called the gentleman to order, and requested him to take his seat.] After looking the speaker steadily in the eye for at least twenty seconds, with a wink of assent he said—'Are you in real earnest, Mr. Speaker? If so be you are into me about a feet, I'll pose you think; but sir—look out! I warn you sir, to keep a skin'd eye for terrapin traps and mecessin' traps. I have rights, sir, as the tow headed gentleman over there [pointing to the gentleman from Hancock] said the other day, that shall not be troden on nor treated with discern. I'm done, sir—I would, however, before I set down, say to my friend from Union, not to look so serious when he tells his funny stories, in his speech, but to give us a sort of a smile, as I do, when he comes to the nub, or laughing part, so that we may know when to laugh too. I have now got all I was arter, Mr. Speaker, and I will conclude this speech."

"Two witnesses are better than one in a doubtful case, and if the sun and moon speak false we will summon the stars to prove their perjury. At what hour are we off in the morning?"

"Four precisely. Good night."

"What is called the South Mountain rises up abruptly like the wall of China, six miles south of Carlisle. The Baltimore turnpike road leads directly to it. It is four o'clock in the morning and all is ready. Are the dogs in the carriage? Have you put up some cold ham and bread to bait with? and although last not least, have you a drop of the 'righteous,' some thirty years old, in your wallet?"

"All's right, go ahead."

"Just as the morning like a 'lobster boiled, was turning from grey to red,' or to use a more courteous phraseology towards dame Nature; just as the sun was firing the proud tops of the Eastern pine trees, you might have seen a barouche whiffing along at a brisk trot, near the foot of the mountain, and suddenly stopping at the 'Gap Inn.' The dogs poked their noses out from under the seats of the barouche, and the moment their collars were slipped, as is usual with good dogs, were intensely eager to commence work, and manifested by a thousand frisks and gambols how delightful was their task."

"One of the dogs had at times when jovial, a peculiar expression of countenance, joined with a singular sinuous contraction of the back bone, that a phrenologist would literally interpret into a laugh. The other dog was more staid in his demeanor, but would laugh sixty yards in his sleeve when his master made a capital shot. His hilarity bore some resemblance to that of 'Leath' or 'Snooking,' who rarely laughed outright."

"Are you sure you have the flask of brandy? The gentleman is too much exposed, and it might meet with accident; transfer it to your coat pocket, where it will be less liable to danger."

"A spirited sportsman can well appreciate a drop of the 'creature,' when hungry and tired in the deep solitude of the mountains, beside some gushing spring he swallows his simple but delicious meal, with hunger for his sauce, savoring the contents of his wallet with his faithful dogs as they cast a modest but imploring look at their master for more."

"You are just going to say, Mr. Editor, we have heard enough about the brandy; it is time you were beginning to shoot.—But things of far less importance have oftentimes had their commentary, and why should not this too? The contents of the flask was the last precious remnant of a small quantity of transcendent liquor, that had been incarcerated in aristocratic vaults for half a century, a morsel of which had found its way into the cellar of the stone house in which General Washington had his headquarters when in Carlisle during the revolutionary struggle. The house is now owned and occupied by the accomplished gentleman who made one of the party of this day's hunt."

"But let us linger a moment around the flask containing the precious relic of the precious remnant of the precious liquor.—Homer's gods would have reeled the live long night in Bacchanalian revelry if they had got their noses within a league of liquor like this. It was old enough to speak for itself; but although it had often been the cause of eloquence and wit in others, itself was mute."

"It was as old as Methuselah, as strong as Sampson, and as mild as Moses. It's venerable age, it's prodigious strength, and its soft, insinuating character, might have shaken the saintship of Father Matthew himself. And then it's odor! why, it outdid the breeze that fans the summer on Caylon's isle."

"We are half a mile up the mountain.—See, how hot the days are. We are on the pheasants.—Heed Point! There is a dead set. They burst upon the wing, their noise resembling distant thunder, heard remote. Four barrels are discharged in quick succession—each volley tells that pheasants cease to breathe—each shot is death, but that's not hard to do, where bushes are so rare."

"Non-Committal.—A candidate for office in New Orleans, on being questioned as to his political opinions, replied that he was in favor of all the great questions of the day."

From the New York Spirit of the Times. ADVENTURES on the Alleghanies, OR, PHEASANT SHOOTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Pray, Mr. Editor, were you ever in Carlisle? A charming town in the central part of Pennsylvania, the seat of elegant hospitality, high intelligence, lofty morals, fair women, and brave men. Carlisle reposes in the bosom of Cumberland valley, girt round with equi-distant mountains, and without straining too hard for a simile, it may be said to resemble "beauty sleeping in the lap of terror."

"The very boys manifest a tremendous proclivity for hunting there, and can pop a partridge on the wing before they can decline stella, or conjugate amo. I presume the early settlers of Old Mother Cumberland were remote lineal descendants of the Nimrod family, and perhaps to this these juvenile predilections may be traced."

"Why were not Audubon and Wilson put into our hands, instead of Differential and Integral Calculus, when at Dickinson College? Ah had they been, there would have been some rare specimens of scholarship in certain branches, and then our learned would have found it indeed a "delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot."

"On a bright September evening a very short time since, you might have seen two keen sportsmen walking carelessly along the streets of the aforesaid town, (who sometimes sought relief from the languor of constant employment, incident to their honorable and useful occupations,) breathing threatening and slaughter against a congregation of pheasants that had their dwelling place upon the South Mountain."

"Do you think to-morrow will be a clear day?"

"Certainly; 'The weary sun hath made a golden set. I go by the moon; see how she sits in her first quarter like an Indian emcee on Lake Superior, whose waters are as deep and clear as the western sky. Her position is horizontal, and to adopt the vulgar notion, she will hold water. I yield implicit faith to her 'token of a goodly day to-morrow.'"

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Your pheasants make a pretty show in a game bag; you shall soon be encumbered with them, but not so much, I should suppose, as the sportsman who, in giving a detail of a day's hunt in India (see "New Monthly") says he killed and "bagged" twenty-four elephants before breakfast."

"That was not a bad beginning; each of us killed right and left. I never like to be too fortunate at first, for there is invariably a falling off. My mind forebodes something of the kind to-day."

"Bah! you are superstitious."

"We are now upon the summit of the mountain; was ever sight so beautiful.—There lies Carlisle, like a quarter of a dollar in the crown of your hat. If the sun was shining brightly you could see the dome of the capitol at Harrisburg, rising up like the forehead of Shakspeare. Cumberland valley like the happy valley of Rasselas, runs east and west as smoothly as a billiard table, and greater farther than the human eye can pierce; across there, within a mile, and bare as the brow of a bachelor, lies what is called 'the Devil's race course'; by some it is designated as the 'rattlesnake pasture.' It's nothing but a natural turnpike, consisting of large stones from base to summit of the mountain, where shrub or tree was never seen, and never will be. Down there, within canon gull, is the remnant of an old boring mill, where heavy artillery was finished during the Revolutionary war. There are two spurs of the mountain sheared of their timber, as bare as the back of a sheep on the thirty-first of May, and dim dull coal pits emit their lazy smoke, dotting the clearing like black lozenges on a chequer board. The forge and furnace men are bearing on. Listen, with what surprising distinctness you hear the woodman's axe, although at a considerable distance, as it vibrates upon the clastic mountain air.—The leaves on the cloaked tree first begin to quiver, like the leaves upon the aspen, when the air is mute; then the tree cracks, as the trunk is severed from the stump, starting the wooden rivets that centuries have forged, then its gnarled arms come crushing to the earth, like a platoon of musketry, scaring the wolf in his den, and the eagle from her nest. Away beneath, you hear a bound that has escaped from Captain Edge's kennel bay—deep-mounded vengeance as he instinctively pursues the gray fox. I say gray fox, although he is two miles off; for if he was a red one he would have holed long ago. Away in the valley you indistinctly see the morning train of cars; you first detect it by the smoke—seen in the dim distance it seems to creep."

"We have looked about us long enough; shall we traverse Hook's bottom, or make to Edge's forge? The latter road is the rougher, but the pheasants have not left the hills so early in the season. The latter let it be; I would cheerfully compromise for one hard fall, upon the steep rock, we have adopted a man must be circumspet in his walk, if not in his conversation.—We now set in to hunt in good earnest.—The day was damp, and the leaves wet, and of course the scent of the dogs was fine, and our tread noiseless, but somewhat slippery. We hunted with various success for about three hours, when we counted down upon a moss-grown rock eleven pheasants."

"I think we have game enough to give a nice little supper to our friends. 'Suppose we diverge, take a dog ahead, and meet two hours hence at the head of Edge's dam? Our shadows are growing short, and as you perceive, now that the sun shines out a moment, he is near meridian. By the time we reach the mill-dam we shall be hungry and thirsty both. May the ground be smoother here we meet. Take care, there's a turn against a tree; try and fall up hill—turn a back summer-set and light on your feet! catch hold of a twig! Ah you much hunt!"

"I believe no bones are broken, but I am bruised considerably."

"Why, your 'Joe Montan' rattled among the rocks like a pair of cybals; another fall like that, and I shall wear your epitaph. We must proceed more cautiously."

"I know not whether I have my wits about me, considering what a tumble I have got, or indeed, whether I am in another world, but it seems to me as though the air were perfumed with odors too ethereal to belong to this one."

"There must be something in it; I almost doubt the evidence of my own senses, but I never dreamed that a man's olfactory could be the ministers of such intense enjoyment. Never before did odor such as this greet human nostril."

"Art thou not precious odor, sensible to sense as to smell? or art thou but an odor of the mind; a false creature, my nose is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest."

"Away we started, in different directions on our sinuous track, meeting with game occasionally, and discharge of our fowling pieces, sending its report indefinitely among the thousand echoes that sleep on that romantic mountain. 'Two hours have elapsed since we parted company, the firing seems to have ceased. I have halted until I am hoarse, and my throat is dry—I hear the echo of your answering shout, but that is all, and still I think you are nearer than before—we resemble the asymptotes of the parabolic curve that continually approximate but never meet. I am as thirsty as Achioteph, although my tongue is not so hot. Ah there is the spring-dam clear as a diamond, and here's the spot to bait, and here is our other dog, his master cannot be far, and here you are yourself—'Now for a slice of cold ham and a drop of the righteous. Lazarus never had a keener appetite nor Dives better liquor; what luxury is thirst when you have the where-withal to quench it; out with your antediluvian. You look ill! I fear you are the worse of your fall!"

"Thunder and Mars! the brandy flask is broken into ten thousand pieces in the bottom of my pocket! I have it not cause to look ill?"

"Firebrands, arrows and death I contradict myself! It cannot, must not be!"

"It is even so; alas! I ne'er endured calamity till now. Mourning, lamentation and woe: we are your synonyms."

"Oh! what a fall was that my country-

men! why did you not break your leg, your arm, your ribs, your neck, your any thing, except that brandy flask? why—'t's contents were fitter to kiss the stomach of an emperor, than to baptize the barren rock. You said this morning that I was superstitious: do you say so now? Now the cause of that delicious perfume, that like the offence of Hamlet's step-father 'smelled to heaven,' is no longer a secret. Whilst that precious brandy was wasting its fragrance on the desert air, I thought it was transported to 'Araby the blest.' But the voice of repining is unmelodious: stand as still as Lot's wife after she looked behind her, (would that our brandy was in as good a state of preservation as she is, although our brandy like her salt has lost its savor. Peradventure, a small remnant of the flask may yet be saved in the bottom of your pocket which contains a thimble full. Let us feel it gently while I hold your coat tail stiff for fear of over setting it. The flask is damp—let us wring it."

"These are precious drops!"

"Had I a dozen sons each equal in my love, the first human principle I would instill into them, would be to forewear glass bottles on all shooting expeditions. If pheasants were on the South Mountain this day as thick as autumnal leaves are strown in Valambrosa's vale; I would not load my gun again."

"Let us go home."

October 23, 1841. FORT PITT.

From the North American. The Tower of London.

A large space in the London papers of the 1st, 2d and 3d instant is occupied in giving the details of an extensive fire which occurred in the Tower of London, on the night of the 3d of October last. In order to enable our readers generally to form some conception of this interesting pile of buildings, we have prepared the following brief historical account of this place, so intimately connected with the history of England, having for a period of nearly five hundred years, prior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, been at times the residence of the royal family. The ill-fated Ann Boleyn, and the good, accomplished and wise Lady Jane Grey, were confined within its walls and perished on the block. It is equally memorable as the spot where, among a host of others, were beheaded Edward, Bishop of Rochester, in 1535; Bullen, Lord Rochford, in 1536; Thomas Cromwell, in 1540; Queen Catherine Howard, in 1541; Seymour, Duke of Somerset, in 1542; Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, in 1553, and Scott, duke of Monmouth, 1685, whose headless bodies were deposited in the Church called St. Peter, in Vinuela, which was saved from destruction by the perseverance of the garrison and the firemen."

"The Tower stands on the north bank of the Thames, at the lower extremity of the city, adjoining St. Katharine's dock. It is supposed to have been built by William 1st, at the commencement of his reign, and garrisoned with Normans. It is enclosed by strong walls, and contains an area of 12 acres and 5 rods. Outside the walls is a wide ditch, 3,166 feet in length, which is semicircular in the rear and parallel on the flanks. Cannon are mounted at intervals round the walls, and command every avenue to the Tower Hill, on part of which the Tower is situated. The front of the Tower, along the front of the building, on the Thames, and on the south side of the Tower, is an arch running from the river, called the Traitor's Gate, through which state prisoners were formerly brought in."

"The principal entrance is on the west, and is wide enough to admit a carriage.—This entrance has two gates on the outside of the ditch—a stone bridge or entrance and a strong gate within. These gates are opened and shut with great ceremony, a yeoman-porter, a sergeant, and six yeomen of the guard being employed in performing this service daily, and at night the keys are deposited in the Governor's house.—Near the Traitor's Gate is the Bloody Tower, in which Edward the 5th and his brother are said to have been smothered by order of Richard 3d. The principal buildings are the White Tower, the Church of St. Peter, Old Mint, Record Office, Horse Armory, the Grand Storehouse, in which is the Small Armory, (both destroyed by the late fire,) the Lion's Tower or Menagerie, and the Beauchamp Tower."

"The Grand Storehouse was a noble and imposing edifice, standing north of the White Tower, 345 feet in length, by 60 in breadth, and built of brick and stone; the doorway ornamented with four columns, an entablature and pediment of the Doric order. It was begun by Henry 2d, and completed by William 3d. The upper story was occupied as the Small Armory, and contained from 200,000 to 250,000 stand of small arms always ready for use."

"The White Tower is a large, irregular and massive square building, erected in 1070 by Gundolph Bishop of Rochester. The walls are 11 to 18 feet in thickness and three stories in height. Underneath the building are commodious vaults. The ascent is by a winding staircase, and the top is covered with flat leads, and provided with a reservoir for supplying the garrison with water, if required. From its height and position, the prospect from this point is extensive and very imposing. The first comprises two rooms, one called the Sea Armory, containing muskets and other warlike implements for the sea service, the other known as the Volunteer Armory, containing arms, &c. for 30,000."

"The ancient Chapel of St. John is within this tower. It was formerly used by the English monarchs. The architecture is Saxon, and it is considered one of the most perfect specimens of this order existing. The form is an oblong square, rounded at the east end, with five short round pillars, surmounted with five square capitals, ingeniously sculptured, and each terminated by a cross. This chapel now forms a part of the Record office. The Parade, near this tower, is much frequented on the Sabbath, the entrance to the tower being open to the public on that day."

"South of the White Tower is the Model Gibraltar, in which are accurate models of Gibraltar and other military posts, which are never open to the inspection of strangers."

"The office of Keeper of the Records, in which are deposited all the rolls from the reign of King John to Richard 111, is ornamented with a well carved stone doorway. In the Wakefield Tower, which forms part of this office, tradition says Henry VI. was murdered."

"The Crown Jewels Office—in which is deposited the regalia or crown jewels, is an exceedingly strong, dark room. The Imperial Crown, Golden orb, Queen's Crown, golden sceptre and cross, golden wine funnel, sceptre and dove, curtains, or sword of mercy. State salt-cellar; gold spurs, armilla or bracelets, ampulla or golden eagle, golden spoon, St. Edward's staff, crown of state, silver baptismal font, and a large collection of plate are kept in this building. Also all the jewels used at the Coronation."

"The Horse Armory is a modern building, erected in 1825, and is 150 feet in length by 33 in breadth. It contains full length figures, mounted on horseback, clad in armor, and arranged in chronological order, many of the suits being the identical ones worn by the personages represented. The first is King Edward 1st, 1272; Henry VII., 1485; Edward VI., 1553; Henry VIII., 1509; Henry VIII., 1520; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, 1520; Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, 1535; Edward VI., 1552; Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, 1552; Dudley, Earl of Leicester, 1560; Jea, master of the armory, 1570; Devereux, Earl of Essex, 1581; James I., 1605; Sir H. Vere, captain-general, 1606; Howard, Earl of Arundel, 1608; Henry, prince of Wales, 1612; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1618; Charles, Prince of Wales, 1620; Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, 1629; Charles I., 1640; James II., 1685."

"The Grand Store House—(Destroyed by the late fire)—Contained, in addition to the arms, a variety of trophies captured in battle—a curious Maltese cannon, taken from the French, the shield and carbine of the Earl of Mar, and a great variety of interesting flags and trophies."

"The Asiatic or Queen Elizabeths Armory contained a variety of arms, of various descriptions, used before the introduction of fire arms, such as the Bill, Glaive, Ransur, Partisan, Spontoon, Pike, Halberd, two handed Battle Axe, Sword and Backler, a Matchlock Arquebus, a Matchlock Petrol. Also, the arms captured from Tippoo Saib and other India princes. At the end of one of the rooms is a striking and spirited effigy of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a cream colored charger, held by a page. Sir Walter Raleigh, among other prisoners of state was confined in this tower. These apartments also contain various instruments of torture, captured from the Spanish Armada, such as the thumb screw, the bilboa, or neck yoke, the cravat, &c. At the entrance of this armory are two figures called Gin and Beer, of the time of Edward 6th."

"The Lion's Tower, or Butwerk, built by Edward 4th, is a strong building on the right of the inner entrance of the Tower, for many years occupied as a menagerie. The Beauchamp Tower is celebrated for the many illustrious and ill-fated persons formerly confined within its walls. Among them were Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Catharine Howard, &c. The memorable letter to Henry 8th was written by Anne Boleyn, in a room called the Mess House, in this building."

"Such is a brief outline of the Tower of London, one of the most interesting objects to a stranger, to be found in that great commercial emporium, London."

"I believe in the law and the profits," said the lawyer said when he pocketed his fee.

"I understand," said a deacon to one of his neighbors, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink easier."

"Sanbo, do you know dat colored lady?" "Yes, Caesar, tink I do. Wind and wender permit, she and dis nigga will be one flesh before next Christmas." "Whew! Sanbo, den you will hab a great addition to your coprosity."

"The Lafayette Chronicle says there is an old toper in that place who actually sold his wife's 'bustle' to buy rum.—Shocking!"

"Delicacy.—A very modest young lady in Richmond got exceedingly offended because a clerk in a dry good's store offered to show her some undressed Irish linen. She went right home and told her ma!

Capital Punishment.—Being kissed to death by a pretty girl.

Rhode Island gives her Governor \$400 per year. He is styled "His Excellency, Governor, Captain General, Commander-in-Chief of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." Too much for the price.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from the doorstep. "Oz he sends me to take it," answered the wretch.

"That's what I call a real finished sermon," remarked a man as he was coming out of church. "Yes, finished at last," replied his neighbor, "though I began to think it never would be."

A man in Richmond has vinegar so sharp that he shaves with it.

A woman in England, the other day, actually dislocated her lower jaw, while scolding at her husband. He compelled her to nod affirmation to a solemn oath that she would not scold again, before he permitted the surgeon to mend the dislocation.

Sporting Anecdote.—Two sporting men, discoursing about a horse that had lost a neck one of them, by way of apology, observed, "that the cause of it was an accident; his running against a wagon; to which the other, who affected not to understand him, archly replied, "why, what else was he fit to run against?"

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—The editor of the Kennebec Journal keeps a pig, which, in his opinion, is a remarkable and thriving one. One of his singular properties is thus described by the observing editor:

"Since we heard Dr. Collyer, (a lecturer on Animal Magnetism,) we have made an experiment on our pig, and find notwithstanding he is by no means of a nervous temperament but rather lymphatic; yet he can be easily magnetized. The experiment was tried by scratching his back with a begar to operate upon him, was evident by his closing his eyes and grunting audibly, while his slender tail curled around in a very peculiar way. In ten seconds more, he showed an inclination to repose, by bending down his back; and in two minutes more, he was reclining on the floor of his pen, in a perfect somnambulist position.—I've alluded to him he invariably responded 'ah,' which might be translated to mean almost anything! The stupor lasted so long as the scratching was continued, differing in this respect from the subjects of Dr. Collyer, who can only be waked by backhanded manipulation, like unwinding a ball of yarn after having wound it up."

"Those who wish to see the experiment tried will be good enough to call soon as there is no knowing how soon the susceptibility to magnetic action may be lost; or if it should increase by practice, as is said of the Doctor's subjects, we shall be constrained to discontinue the experiments, least the pork should become too highly magnetized."

An Incident.—An incident of peculiar interest, occurred during the burning of the Presbyterian Church in Oswego, New York. The schooner Essex was out—owing to the darkness of the night, was unable to discover the light house, and must in all probability have been lost but for the light of the fire, which pointed her to the harbor and lighted her safely into port.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT. PLEDGE OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

"We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not get any in drinking liquors nor traffic in them as a beverage; that we will not receive them as an article of entertainment; that we will abstain from employment, and that, in all our business transactions, we will not use substances that contain alcohol."

For the Herald & Expositor. Mr. Editor.—We have noticed for some time, that the Temperance cause was getting some very good popular poetry on its side. All that seems to be wanted now is to apply it to some popular airs; and the following lines will perhaps suggest to the reader where he may draw for his music. —GLENN—

The Temperance Reform. As sung by the "Pollard Total Abstinence Society" of Buffalo.

What means all this great commotion, motion, motion, all this? The country through? Why this the drunkard's waking up? To life new and temperance too, And to pure cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

Old Boston next follows suit, agit, agit, "A long farewell to you, To the worst of drunkards all reclaimed To life new and temperance too, And to pure cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

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And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come. And to clear cold water they come, come, come, And to clear cold water they come."

And to clear cold water they