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For the Columbia Spy.

SUSQUEHANNA.

There flows no nobler stream than thine,
From creeks where glides the frail canoe,
To Amazon, where ships of line,
Six hundred miles, at least, sail through
Rough waves that cause three thousand more,
From Andes to Atlantic's shore.

Those mighty waters—long the theme
Of poet's pen and traveller's tongue;
Yet Susquehanna's clearer stream,
Has not till now, remained unused;
As still along its winding course
Its way through verdant hills doth force.

The sun basks not in gayer smiles,
Than o'er thy rippling waters fly,
Nor fall its rays on greener isles,
Than in thy shining bosom lie.
Bright shells of varied hues and form,
Thy strew thy beauteous banks along.

Thy whirlpools, rocks and splashing falls,
Mark thee a river wildly free,
Which, leaping, dashing, foaming calls
On those who pass thy waters we,
All dangers and rebuffs to brave,
And leap obstructions, like thy wave.

Swift steamboats have not yet subdued
Thee to their purposes, or made
Thy bosom bear their footsteps rude,
For pleasure's sake, or good of trade;
Though rude built raft or ark well filled,
May float thy current when 'tis swelled.

Should bridge or dam across thee thrown,
Obstruct thy onward course awhile,
A single flood—and all are gone,
Strewn down thy channel many a mile—
Again through unobstructed course,
The flimsy tribes may reach thy source.

Then still flow on majestic river,
And teach thy sons for freedom stand—
Let Penna's proud state to atoms shiver;
Ere tyrants usurp thy land;
And as thou flows, ever be
Thy shores the home of liberty.

Penn's gallant sons still bravely show
That never can they conquered be,
Nor Mexico or British foe
Insult them with impunity—
Supported by her sisters strong,
United, they repel each wrong.

CHIEFS.

From the Knickerbocker for July.

CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"The trench is dug, the cannon's breath,
Wings the far hissing globe of death;
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,
That crumbles with the ponderous ball;
And from that wall the foe replies,
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies!"

BYRON.

Mexico! poor unhappy Mexico! The iron hand of the conqueror is upon thee, and the ruthless car of war is madly driven over thy prostrate children, and crushes them to earth! Yet thou art beautiful, even in thy distress; beautiful as thy dark-eyed daughters smiling through their tears! The warm sun may look down upon thy cities depopulated, and thy vineyards blasted, "beneath the dun, hot breath of war," but thy towering mountains, robed in the hues of rainbow, and thy secluded valleys, far from the din of conflict, and green with soft verdure, still greet with quiet gladness that warm sun's earliest beams.

On the fifth day of March, 1847, while the American squadron was lying at Anton Lizardo, a northern sprang up, and commenced blowing with great violence. The ships rolled and pitched, and tugged at their anchors, as if striving to tear them from their hold, while the sea was white with foam. About noon, General Scott's fleet of transports, destined for the reduction of Vera Cruz, came like a great white cloud bearing down before the storm. The whole Eastern horizon looked like a wall of canvas. Vessel after vessel came flying in under reduced sail, until the usually quiet harbor was crowded with them. A perfect wilderness of spars and rigging met the eye at every turn—and for five days all was bustle, activity, and excitement. Officers of the two services were visiting about from ship to ship; drums were beating, bands of music playing, and every thing told of an approaching conflict.

On the tenth the army was conveyed in huge surf-boats from the transports to the different ships of war, which immediately got under way for Vera Cruz. During the passage down to the city, I was in the fore-top of the United States sloop-of-war Albany, from which place I had a good view of all that occurred. It was a "sight to see!" The tall ships of war sailing leisurely along under their topsails, their decks thronged in every part with dense masses of troops, whose bright muskets and bayonets were flashing in the sun-beams; the jingling of spurs and sabres; the bands of music playing; the hum of the multitude rising up like the murmur of the distant ocean; the small steamers flying about, their decks crowded with anxious spectators; the long line of surf-boats towing astern of the ships, ready to disembark the troops; all these tended to render the scene one of the deepest interest.

About three o'clock, P. M., the Armada arrived abreast of the little desert island Sacrificio, where the time-worn walls and battlements of Vera Cruz, and the old grim castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with their ponderous cannon, tier upon tier, basking in the yellow rays of the sun, burst upon our view—

It was a most beautiful, nay, a sublime sight, that embarkation. I still retained my position in the "fore-top," and was watching every movement with the most anxious interest; for it was thought by many that the enemy would oppose the landing of our troops. About four o'clock, the huge surf-boats, each capable of containing four hundred men, were hauled to the gang-ways of the different men-of-war, and quickly laden with their "warlike freightage;" formed in a single line, nearly a mile in length; and at a given signal, commenced slowly moving toward the Mexican shore. It was a spectacle! On, on, went the long range of boats, loaded down to the gunwales with brave men, the slowly-departing sun resting upon their uniforms and bristling bayonets, and wrapping the fair inland and fantastic mountains of Mexico in gold. On they went; the measured stroke of the countless oars mingled with the hoarse dull roar of the trampling surf upon the sandy beach, and the shriek of the myriads of sea-birds soaring high in the air, until the boats struck the shore, and quick as thought our army began to land. At this instant, the American flag was planted, and unrolling its folds, floated proudly out upon the evening breeze; the crews of the men-of-war made the welkin ring with their fierce cheering; and a dozen bands of music, at the same time, as if actuated by one impulse, struck up—

"The star-spangled banner! O, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Early the next morning the old grim castle of San Juan de Ulloa commenced trying the range of its heavy guns, throwing Paixhan shells at the army, and continued it at intervals for a week; but with the exception of an occasional skirmish with a party of the enemy's lancers, they had all the fun to themselves. In the meantime our forces went quietly on with their preparations, stationing their pickets, planting their mortars, landing their horses, provisions and munitions of war, constantly annoyed with a ceaseless fire from the Mexican batteries which our troops were as yet too busy to return.

On the 24th, Lieut. Oliver Hazard Perry, with a zeal worthy of his illustrious father, "the Hero of Lake Erie," dismounted one of the waist guns of the "Albany," a sixty-eight pounder, procured a number of volunteers who would willingly have charged up to the muzzles of the Mexican guns with such a leader, and taking about forty rounds of Paixhan shells, proceeded on shore, where, after dragging his gun through the sand for three miles, he arrived at a small fortification, which the engineers had constructed of sand-bags for him, and there planted his engine of destruction, in a situation which commanded the whole city of Vera Cruz. Roused by such a gallant example, guns from each of the other ships of the squadron were disembarked, and conveyed to the breast-work, which was as yet concealed from the eyes of the Mexicans, by being in the rear of an almost impervious chapparal, and in a short time a most formidable fortress was completed, which was styled the Naval Battery.

At this period, General Scott, having quietly made all his arrangements, while a constant shower of shot and shell were thrown at his army by the enemy, sent a flag of truce, with a summons for the immediate surrender of the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and with a full understanding that unless his demand was immediately complied with, an attack would follow. As a matter of course, the Mexicans, expecting an assault, for which they were well prepared, and not a bombardment, returned an indignant refusal, and were told that at four o'clock, P. M. they should hear farther from us. In the meantime, the chapparal had been cut away, disclosing the Naval Battery to the gaze of the astonished Mexicans, and the mortars and heavy artillery, which had been planted on the hills overlooking the city, and were ready to vomit forth their fires of death. Every person was now waiting with trembling anxiety the commencement of the fray.

About 4, P. M., while the crews of the squadron were all at supper, a sudden and tremendous roar of artillery on shore proclaimed that the battle had begun. The tea-things were left to "take care of themselves," and pell-mell tumbled sick and well up the ladders to the spar-deck. I followed with the human tide, and soon found myself in the fore-top of the "Albany," and looking around me, a sublime but terrific sight my elevated perch presented to the view. Some two hundred sail of vessels lying immediately around us, their tops, cross-trees, yards, shrouds—every thing where a foot-hold could be obtained—crowded with human beings, clustered like swarming bees in mid-summer on the trees, all intently watching the battle. I turned my eyes on shore. JONATHAN had at last awakened from his slumber, and had set to work in earnest. Bomb-shells were flying like hail-stones into Vera Cruz from every quarter; sulphurous flashes, clouds of smoke, and the dull boom of heavy guns arose from the wall of the city in return, while ever and anon a red sheet of flame would leap from the great brass mortars on the Ramparts of the grim Castle followed by a report, which fairly made the earth tremble. The large-ships of the squadron could not approach near enough to the shore to participate in the attack upon the city, without exposing them to the fire of the Castle; but all the gun-boats, small steamers, and every thing that could be brought to bear upon the enemy, were sent in and commenced blazing away a steady stream of fire like the red glare of a volcano! This state of things continued until sun-set, when the small vessels were called off; but the mortars kept throwing shells into the town the live-long night. I was watching them until after midnight, and it was one of the most striking displays that I ever beheld.

A huge black cloud of smoke hung like a pall over the American army, completely concealing it from our view; the Mexicans had ceased firing, in order to prevent our troops from directing their

guns from the flashes from the walls; but the bombardiers had obtained the exact range before dark, and kept thundering away, every shell falling directly into the doomed city. Suddenly, a vivid, lightning-like flash would gleam for an instant upon the black pall of smoke hanging over our lines, and then as the roar of the great mortar came borne to our ears, the ponderous shell would be seen to dart upward like a meteor, and after describing a semi-circle in the air, descend with a loud crash upon the house-tops, or into the resounding streets of the fated city. Then, after a brief but awful moment of suspense, a lurid glare, illuminating for an instant the white domes and grim fortresses of Vera Cruz, falling into ruins with the shock, and the echoing crash that came borne to our ears, told that the shell had exploded, and executed its terrible mission.

Throughout the whole night these fearful missiles were travelling into the city in one continued stream; but the enemy did not return the fire. At day-light, however, the Mexicans again opened their batteries upon our army, with the most determined bravery.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the gallant Perry and his brave associates, having finished the mounting of their guns, and completed all their arrangements, opened with a tremendous roar of the Naval Battery upon the West side of the city, and were immediately answered from four distinct batteries of the enemy. The firm earth trembled beneath the discharge of these ponderous guns, and the shot flew like hail into the town, and were returned with interest by the Mexicans. Their heavy guns were served with wonderful precision; and almost every shot struck the little fort, burst open the sand-bags of which it was constructed, and covered our brave officers and men with clouds of dust. Many shot and shell were thrown directly through the embrasures; and to use the expressions of one of our old tars, who had been in several engagements, "the redskins handled their long thirty-two's as if they had been rifles!" Several of our men and one officer had fallen, but the remainder of the brave fellows kept blazing away, while the forts and the ramparts of the city began to crumble to the earth. This state of things continued until the twenty-seventh, the army throwing a constant shower of bombs into the city, and the Naval Battery, (manned daily by fresh officers and men) beating down the fortifications, and destroying every thing within its range, when a flag of truce was sent out with an offer, which was immediately accepted, of an unconditional surrender of the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.

The Capitulation.

"I saw an army form their last array
Upon the field; in silence and deep gloom,
And at their conquerors' feet
Lay their war-weapons down.

"Sullen and stern, disarmed but no dishonored;
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there;
The soldier's trial-trial!
Is not alone 'to die!'"

HALLACK.

It was a clear, bright, sunny day on which the surrender took place. By special good fortune, the author of this sketch obtained an opportunity of being present at the capitulation, and a most splendid and glorious pageant it was. The boat in which we embarked put off from the ship at about eight o'clock, A. M., and after a long pull through the fleet of transports, we landed on a white level sand-beach, about three miles to the southward of Vera Cruz. Here we found the encampment of the volunteers; and after straying around among the tents, filled with a ragged motley assembly, and seeking in vain for horses at the marquees of the different quarter-masters, we started off for the "Field of the Grounded Arms."

After crossing the sand-hills which rise from the beach, we came suddenly upon the stage of the "Theatre of War." Cannon-balls were lying all over the plain, like corn upon the thrasher's floor, while here and there might be descried vast caverns ploughed in the earth by the shells from the Castle. Columns of troops were moving about in every direction; general and staff officers galloping around the field on their spirited charges; drums were beating, trumpets braying, bands of music playing, and the "star-spangled banner" floating gaily on the breeze. It was a moment to make one proud of his country. After a fatiguing walk, we came to a long level plain, green with verdure, extending for more than a mile, where the Mexicans were to lay down their arms. Having secured a spot where we had a fine view of the whole field; and while we were congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune, one of General Scott's aids came galloping over the field on his panting steed, shouting:

"Gentlemen, the General directs that this place shall be kept clear. The Mexicans are to march out here; so you see the necessity of seeking other quarters."

And then he galloped rapidly away, his sabre jingling in its sheath, and his long black hair gaily streaming on the breeze.

There was no help for it, so our party separated, each taking up the position that pleased him. An officer of the army, who happened to be off duty at the time, and who had in his possession an excellent telescope, went with me to the top of a high hill, which commanded a view of the whole field, and where a thick chapparal, through whose branches the cool luxuriant winds came sighing, spread its grateful shade above our heads, as we reclined upon the soft carpet-like earth and gazed upon the magnificent view before us. There lay the sandy plain, dotted with the white tents of the soldiers; the green field on which the enemy was to pile his arms; the shattered walls, ramparts and white domes of the city; the time-worn battlements of the old grim Castle, over which the half-masted flag of Mexico was trailing in sadness; and beyond, the great, solemn, sleeping sea, on whose unruined bosom the countless fleet of transports, men of war and steamers, as the long glassy surge came sweep-

ing in, rolled to and fro, with their wilderness of spars and rigging basking in the yellow sunshine. It was a most beautiful sight, and that can never be effaced from my memory.

About ten o'clock, A. M., the American army moved up in two columns; a perfect forest of glittering bayonets, the regular troops, on the right, and the volunteer on the left; and enclosing the extended field in a hollow square, with an opening nearest the city, we beheld his columns moving out in good order, and in the direction of our army.

On they came, the poor, crest-fallen, half-starved, emaciated, creatures, to the most mournful strains ever heard: the long dejected-looking files of troops accompanied by the inhabitants of the city; women and children; the old, the young, the crippled—all bearing off their little treasures—Some could be seen staggering under the weight of old trunks, others loaded down with bags of meal; no doubt their little all. I need not say that I sincerely sympathized with them in their distress; and as I looked around upon the many pale faces of the females, my heart ached for them, and I involuntarily breathed forth a curse upon the inventor of War.

After the soldiers had stacked their arms, and while they were waiting to be paroled, I came down from the hill where I had been seated, and strolled around amongst the columns of the Mexicans, and was surprised to find so many fine looking officers and men amongst them. They had the appearance of being well disciplined, and their arms and accoutrements were in a most excellent condition. Although I was entirely alone, and wore the uniform of the navy, not an insult was offered to me; and whenever I thought proper to salute one of the officers, the civility was promptly and courteously acknowledged.

On I went in a spirit of wild recklessness, stopping to exchange an occasional smile or kind word with the pretty sonnettes, with their large, languishing eyes, raven tresses, hanging down almost to the earth, and with their swelling bosoms more than half disclosed to view; until suddenly looking up, I for the first time discovered that I was alone in the very midst of the armed and swarthy hordes of the enemy, and directly before the principal gate of the city.

To add to my uneasiness, I perceived many dark and threatening glances cast towards me from the sullen coolness of the soldiers; and I have no doubt had they not been restrained by a fear of their officers, they would have sacrificed me on the spot to gratify their thirst for revenge upon the Americans. But let me feel as I would, it was no time to show indecision; so I walked quietly along the walls, examining the loopholes for musketry, and speculating in my own mind whether some of the enemy, as at Monterey, might not lie concealed behind them, and take a fancy to make a target of me. I can testify from personal experience that the spot upon which I stood at the time was not a bed of roses. Had I been made the victim of some deadly marksman, who at such a time could ever have ferreted out the assassin?

Just at this moment, to my great relief, Mr. Crossan, a very brave and accomplished officer, accompanied by three others, came up, having like me wandered on in the advance of the army—After a brief consultation, it was decided to go on at all hazards. Accordingly we crossed the old bridge, and after passing under the ponderous arched gate-way, found ourselves in the almost deserted streets. We were the first Americans who entered the city of Vera Cruz.

What a scene of desolation and distress met the eye at every turn! For nearly a week the American army had rained a ceaseless shower of bomb-shells into the ill-fated city; not a street, and scarcely a house, remained unvisited by these terrible missiles. The pavements ploughed up; beautiful dwellings shattered into masses of ruin; signs of every description broken in pieces, and fragments of shell lying around in every direction; these told the havoc which had been made with our enemies. The few people who remained in the city seemed completely "cowed down" and beaten out with constant fatigue, anxiety, and want of sleep; and as we passed along the echoing streets, they looked out of their broken windows timidly upon us, as if expecting insult and violence.

For myself, I sincerely sympathized with them in their poignant distress; and had I possessed the power, I would not have injured one of the poor pale-faced creatures of that "many-sorrow'd throng" for the universe. There is something in deep distress which claims a kindred feeling in the breast of "humanity," and I separated from the party, and wandered alone over the entire city—During the whole of my peregrinations, wherever I went I was treated with the greatest respect and kindness; and whenever I stopped before a house to gaze upon the damage done by a shell, if the building was not already deserted, some one of the inmates would come to the shattered door, invite me to enter, point out their furniture destroyed, or the time-worn walls stained with the life-blood of a father or a mother, a brother or a sister.

Nor was it the Mexicans alone that suffered. The foreign residents of the town, not expecting a bombardment, but an assault from our army, had remained at their residences; and to use the phrase of the indignant British consul, were "caught like so many rats in a trap!" The gentleman informed me that for a whole week he had not taken off his clothes, and had scarcely slept a moment during the whole of the bombardment. "Whenever," said he, "a person did lie down to obtain a little rest, it was with the comfortable thought that in all human probability he would have a great bomb-shell come down through the roof of his house, and take up his quarters by his side for a bed-fellow!" He went on to say, that during the second night of bombardment he collected a large party of his friends, if I remember rightly, some twenty in number, ladies and gentlemen, who took refuge in the parlor of a large stone house, which being very

strong, was thought to be tolerably safe against the incursion of the shells, though they could be heard crashing into the city like a hail-storm, without intermission. But while the party were congratulating themselves upon their probable security, they heard a dreadful crash upon the roof of the house, which made its firm walls tremble, and in an instant the terrible missile landed directly in the centre of the room, and exploded with a blinding glare and a deafening roar, shattering down the strong building, and destroying twelve of the unfortunate creatures at "one fell swoop!" In fact no place was safe; the palace of grandee and the hut of the wretched peasant shared one common fate.

In the afternoon I visited the hospital, where the wounded were lying; some in the last moral agonies; some with their arms blown off, others with their legs broken, and all horribly mutilated. The old, the young, the rich and the poor, male and female, had been gathered in from all parts of the city to this vast receptacle of pain and suffering—Heart-rending moans arose from every quarter of the building; clouds of flies almost darkened the air; and I turned in horror from the sickening sight.

Before night the town was filled with troops, who kept pouring in, regiments at a time, and a constant stream of baggage wagons were entering at different gates, from the scene of capitulation, loaded down with arms and accoutrements of the vanquished enemy. As the vehicles passed me, rattling over the ruined pavements with their glittering freights, on their way to deposit them for safe-keeping in the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, I could not but think of LONGFELLOW'S beautiful and truthful lines:—

"Is it, O man, with such discordant noise,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?"

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts!"

FROM THE GERMANY CHRONICLE.

ABADIVIER MT. LEBANON, AUGUST, 1846.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE GREEK CHRISTIANS TO THE WATERS OF THE JORDAN.—During the night the camp of the pilgrims was a theatre of licentious revelry, and more resembled the ancient celebrations of the Grecian Mysteries than an assembly of Christians. The present race of Greeks retain almost all of the manners and customs of their pagan ancestors, or rather the vicious part of them, though baptized with Christian appellations.

At 2 o'clock A. M. the soldiers roused the crowd, and in half an hour afterwards they were all on their march for the river. We permitted them to precede us nearly an hour, and then following them leisurely on our horses, observing the scene. The full moon was shedding its mellow radiance over plain and mountain, affording just light enough to bring into view the whole surrounding landscape, yet leaving everything in that kind of gloomy indistinctness that rendered still more dreary the savage desert waste around us—the blaze of large torches of burning pine, carried by perhaps a hundred soldiers at intervals amongst the multitudes, extending some miles in advance, and the glare and flames arising from piles of dry thorny shrubs, set on fire along the road, threw a melancholy light over the fearful solitude—the shouts of the pilgrims—the noise of their animals—the frightful screams of hyenas, jackals, and other beasts of prey, roused from their lairs by our untimely intrusion—the hour, the place, and its historical associations, all awakened sublime emotions, and left an impression on my memory that no time can efface.

The plain of the Jordan, on the west side of the river, is here, I think, about ten miles wide, and, with the exception of some small spots of verdure around the fountains, is a perfect desert, producing only a few leafless, thorny shrubs, and here and there a thistle, seeming as if the earth could bring forth these two elements of the primal curse where nothing else can grow.

Directly across the river here is the plain of Moab, on which the Israelites pitched their tents previous to their invasion of the promised land; and from some mountain eminence above Balaam exclaimed, "From the tops of the rock I see him, and from the hills I behold him. How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" The plain is perhaps three miles in width, and looked a little more verdant than that on the west side of the river. I looked anxiously along the mountain ridge back of this plain for some eminence higher than the rest, that I could fix upon as the ancient Pisgah, but in vain. The whole summit presents a uniform outline, with scarcely an indentation. The summit where the false prophet built his seven altars and repaired to curse Jacob, and to which Moses subsequently ascended to view the heritage of his people, was probably some peak below the general ridge.

The pilgrims reached the river just at the dawn of day, and all plunged into it with as much frantic fanaticism as the pagan Hindoos do into the Ganges. With some difficulty I made my way, on my horse, up to the bank of the river, where I could obtain a full view of the bathers. There were, perhaps, more than a thousand in the water at once, men, women, and children, a part with a little clothing on them, and the rest entirely naked, thrusting themselves and each other under the muddy flood. Mothers would plunge their young infants under the water perhaps half a dozen times in quick succession, until life was almost extinct. And men and women, whose feeble and tottering limbs had to be supported in going down the steep bank, rushed into the river with the suppleness and impetuosity of youthful swimmers; and the blind and the lame seemed to forget their infirmities in the delirium of fanaticism. I had not sat in my place three minutes when I saw one of the thoughtless multitude borne down the stream by the impetuous

current, to return no more. The frantic crowd cast a momentary glance towards the drowning man, and then resumed their orgies as before. In a little time another, and another, shared his fate; and the fourth, a woman, was instantly killed, near the river, by falling from a camel. No efforts were or could be made by the friends of the drowned men to recover their bodies; they must return to camp in another hour, and thence to Jerusalem on the following morning, and leave them to be devoured by wild beasts when they should have floated to the desolate shore of the Dead Sea.

Leaving this scene of fanaticism and death, we made our way down through the dust to the mouth of the river. The Jordan, at the place of bathing, is, I think, about fifty-five feet wide; the banks are at least ten feet high, and it runs with an almost irresistible current. It is skirted on both sides with trees and small shrubs, principally willow, deep green and luxuriant, presenting a delightful contrast with the frightful desert bordering it. As it approaches the sea it becomes somewhat wider; and at the mouth a small delta has been formed, and it disembogues itself through two channels, each perhaps eighty feet broad. Some three or four miles above the mouth of the river, and from thence down to the sea, we saw large quantities of drift-wood, thrown out a quarter of a mile or more from the stream, showing that the Jordan still overflows its banks, as it did in olden times—a fact that most travellers have questioned. The plain, over which we rode towards the ford and the sea, was covered with a fine dust, into which our horses sank at every step half way to their knees. A thin crust had been left on the surface by the late rains, and the whole district resembled a bed of loose ashes which had been wetted by a light shower and quickly dried in the sun. Not the least trace of vegetable existence over the wide expanse of many miles.

A SUCKER'S VISIT TO THE THEATRE.—"Well, I've been there, Jim," said a sucker to his crony.

"Whar, down to Sent Louis?" inquired Jim.

"Well, no whar else," was the answer, "and I've seed some of the darndest things you've ever heered on in the hull animal creation."

"Whar they like?" inquired Jim.

"Oh, all sorts of doins mixed up sorter every way, but the thing that just tuck me straight, war secin' a fjin' woman." Arter the flat boat war hitched, I set to lookin' round, and pooty soon I seed on big boss hills, stuck agin' houses, that a feller named Dan Soos war going to cut up some of the tallest kind of shindys. I war naturally bound to find out what it war like, so I axed, a feller readin' it—and he laugh'd—he said it war only the *the a-ter*. Says, I, that ar a show, aint it? he said, it ar, but it aint no circus show nuther, but all sorts of a handsome show, held in a place as big as our county seat court house. I jest made up my mind I'd go ten cents straight. I found out whar they kept it, and up I goes, but thar they told me the lowest notch war a cool quarter—that staggered me, but I gin it. Root or die when you're in fur it, ses I, so up I goes the alfredest lot of stairs—I thought arter a spell I'd come out somewhere near the moon, but by travellin' a spell I got up whar a lot of folks war. It looked to me like a meetin' house, with three galleries, and lit up like all out of doors in day light!

A lot of fellers fiddled away a spell by thurselves, but cuss me if I could see whar that feller Dan Soos war, and just as I war goin' to ask a chap whar the show war, up rolled the hull side of the house, right afore me, and out sid a gal on her tip toes, whirlin' about like as if she couldn't keep down to the yearth. The way she handled her pins just sot me rearin'—it beat Mary Sellers all hollow, and she aint slow. I asked a feller next to me whar she war, and I'll swear if he didn't say it war, Dan Soos' which, instead of being a man's name, war French for a dancin' woman. I didn't notice at first, but arter a spell I seed the reason she couldn't keep from jumpin'—it made my har kind o' rise—she war not only an angel lookin' creature, but Jim, you kin believe or not, hoss fly, I'll declare she had wings!"

"Here," said Jim, "yo' kin jest take my hat."

"I knowed nobody would believe me," said the Sucker, "I jest knowed it, but I swear I seed her take hold on the tip of her wing, spread it out and jest fly like a bird clean across the hull side of the house. A feller war chasin' her, but he couldn't shine. She shook her toe at him, and slid right out of sight!"

"Thar," says Jim, "that will do—I knowed you could do pooty well a lyin', but that last effort can take the cakes!"

"I aint going" to tell it any more, but will swear I seed it."

"Seed thunder!" shouts Jim. "You seed what the Doctors call *affecatory collusion!*"

CORN COB—Premium for Corn.—R. L. Colt, Esq. of Paterson, stated, in a letter to the American Institute, that in accordance with the request of Mr. Skinner, he had caused a heaped bushel of the ears of Jersey White Corn, to be carefully shelled—the produce being half a bushel and six quarts of shelled corn and a heaped half bushel of cobs, the latter weighing 7 lbs. Now if we raise 500 million bushels of corn, the cobs will weigh 33 million tons. Certainly we ought to take these questions fairly and honestly tested—whether the cob contains any nutritive power, and if so, how much; and next, do the ashes of the cob contain potash, and if so, how much, and how are we to get the benefit of it? Shall the cob be burned, or ground with the corn and fed to cattle, and thus get the potash in the shape of manure.—This is supposing there is no nutriment in the cob, but that Mr. C. does not believe—for, we well persuaded of the value of the cob is that he is building a mill to grind corn and cob together. And so well satisfied is he also, that we do not properly appreciate the value of Indian Corn, that he authorizes the American Institute to offer a premium of \$100 for the best Analysis of the Nutritive Qualities of Indian Corn—the blade, the stalk, the husk, the cob, as also the component parts of the ashes of each.