

AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER, North West corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Tribune Buildings, (opposite City Hall), N. York. South East corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, and No. 12 State street, Boston.

JACOB M. WESTHAFFER, Lancaster city. WILLIAM A. FIERCE, Travelling Agent.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A railroad collision occurred yesterday afternoon about four miles below Lancaster, by which two men were killed and a lady seriously injured.

FIRE.—A fire broke out last evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, at the lower end of Fourth street, in a house owned and occupied by Michael Dellan, (colored). The flames communicated to an adjoining house occupied by William Shollick, and both buildings were consumed.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Jacob Hinkle, a young man aged 26, engaged as boatman on a sectional boat car, met with a dreadful accident on Monday evening, on the Columbia Railroad, about 13 miles from the city. He was seated on the bow of the sectional boat to which he was attached, when the coupling broke, and he was thrown upon the track by the jar.

HOME MANUFACTURE.—One of the most magnificent trunks we have ever seen, is one manufactured by Mr. J. C. Pfahler, of this place. It is superbly mounted on the outside, and within are several apartments adapted to the convenience of the traveller.

WE understand that the Marietta, Bainbridge, Falmouth and Portsmouth Turnpike road has been condemned by a jury appointed by Robert Spear, Esqr., on complaint made, and the gates on the road have been thrown open to travellers.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—A boy, named Royal Tarran, engaged as driver on the Canal, was kicked on the head by a horse in Mr. List's stable, on Monday last, and the skull badly fractured. Dr. Clarkson was called, who, upon examination, found that a hole had been knocked in the skull of nearly an inch in diameter, and pieces of the bone were found lodged in the brain.

TRADE IN GODS.—Strange, and even profane, as this title may sound, it is literally a fact. La Democrat Pacificque states there is a warehouse in Paris, with the title, "Depot for African Gods."

PROBABLE DISCOVERY OF THE HISTORY OF A FORMER RACE.—The Lower Sandusky (Ohio) Democrat states that, about two miles from that village, on land known as the "Kerr tract," there is an ancient mound, circular at the base—about 39 feet in diameter, rising oval to a point which is surmounted by an oak stump probably originally two feet in diameter, which is almost totally decayed from age.

POLICE AFFAIRS.

Before Justice Spear.

Wm. Lockard, arrested for the larceny of two fishing nets, the property of George Geiger. Defendant made his escape from the Magistrate's office.

John Alleman and Peter Waller, Supervisors of the highways in East Donegal—complaint of Ab'm. Shock that defendants neglected their duty. After a hearing of the parties, the proceedings were stayed for the present, defendants promising to repair the roads complained of.

Isaac Mellon, charged with the larceny of some boat furniture, the property of F. Smith. The title of the property appeared to be disputed; the matter was finally adjusted.

Joseph Hughes, for assault and battery on Warren Miller, and threatening to take the life of Warren Brown was committed in default of bail.

John M. Heller—complaint made by his wife for threatening to take her life—defendant gave bail for his appearance at Court. The wife gave bail to prosecute.

George Hoover, obtaining goods under false pretences, with a fraudulent intention, from James L. Fretzman—defendant gave bail for his appearance at Court. He resides in Lancaster.

Henry Dickerson, assault and battery, complaint made by his wife. The quarrel arose from a suspicion on her part, that he was too intimate with another woman. The parties finally "kissed and made up" in the Magistrate's office.

George Kane, assault and battery on the body of Edward McKittrick, a boy about 10 years old—parties reside in Washington. Defendant gave bail for his appearance at Court.

John Minor, alias Sumpter, was arrested by Constable Baily, for drunken and disorderly conduct on the street, and sent to Lancaster for 30 days as a vagrant.

Dennis McFadden, found drunk on the street, was sent 30 days to inhabit the "Fleet."

Michael Trump, obtaining goods under false pretences, gave bail for his appearance at Court.

Isaac Sweeney, for obtaining goods under false pretences from Jeremiah Brown, was discharged, upon paying the greater part of the claim.

William Waters, assaulting and beating his wife, with intent to kill, jealousy being the cause. Defendant gave bail for his appearance at Court to answer.

Jacob Dursh, alias Duck, found drunk and making a noise on the street—refused to give any account of his residence or occupation. Committed for 30 days as a vagrant.

As a youth, some 16 years of age, displayed wherever he went, a page on which were printed sundry signs for deaf-mute readers, and some lines of German text. The boy pretended (and if you doubted, was offended) to be as deaf as any adder, and twice as dumb; his face than Jeremiah's sadder, his tongue was mumm. Fate marked the day for his disaster: he spiced a horse without a master, and seizing up a small potato, (inscrutable the ways of fate, O,) he gave it to the horse to taste, but such the horse's eager haste, he caught the hand that kindly fed him, and seriously bit and bled him. The fingers dressed, the boy proceeded to offer services not needed, as, for example: to whip his weight or more of drivers, with sundry acts and threatenings divers, and wish to trample upon the laws.

Juliet Wilson, in default of bail, for threatening Delia Jenkins, was sent to jail.

Henry Dickson, assaulting and threatening Martha Wilson, was committed in default of bail.

Daniel Herner, obtaining goods under false pretences, with a fraudulent intent, from Jacob Purkettle. Defendant committed in default of bail. Parties reside in Marietta.

William C. Patterson, obtaining goods from Capt. Herr, under false pretences, with fraudulent intent. Defendant was arrested and gave bail for his appearance at Court.

For the Spy and Columbian. CUI BONO.

Well, Haggerty is hung, and the majesty of the law is vindicated. The thirst for his blood has been drowned out, think you—no! glutted for the present, to burn more fiercely for another draught. The examination of his cranium (while yet warm with the heat which God had given it) has proved that, to the Cero Gordo and Buena Vista virtue of bloodshed, he added the deep enormity of a deception to save his life. No wound had ever injured his brain, until the faculty got hold of it. The great truth has gone forth that, after months of imprisonment, and fifteen minutes choking, the good people of Pennsylvania are matches and overmatches for John Haggerty.

And how have we profited by this great moral lesson? That is the great question now; for his gain by the operation of choking with the newest and most approved apparatus, invented and recommended by a member of the healing profession—be the same more or less—is now a fixed fact. So, there is no use of discussing that matter.

But, I would most earnestly ask, what have we profited by the death of this man? I shall feel grateful to you, if you are a supporter of the gallowes, or to any friend of the death penalty, for a full statement of the now gain to mankind of the experiment with the newly invented choking machine, on Friday last. M. D.

Manor, July 25th, 1847.

DEVICES OF THE OLD THIRTEEN STATES.—It is said that when the first Congress met after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it was contemplated, but afterwards abandoned, to have the seats of each delegation wrought with some device, descriptive of the staples of their several States viz: New Hampshire to be represented by a pine tree; Massachusetts by a barrel of fish; Rhode Island a hamper of cheese, Connecticut an ox; New York, a hoghead of branched; New Jersey, a bag of wool; Maryland, pig and bar iron; Virginia, a hoghead of tobacco; North Carolina, a barrel of tar, South Carolina, a bag of cotton; Georgia, a barrel of rice.

CAPE ISLAND, July 22, 1847.

Dear Spy:—I arrived here this afternoon at 9; minutes past four, (I always like to be particular as to time,) on board the steamer Ohio, as substantial a craft as ever rode upon the Delaware; the Captain of which, is a jolly wholesome sort of an old codger, and the very embodiment of a good liver, and of course one who furnishes his passengers with the choice delicacies of the season, such, as cakes, crabs, cucumbers, cabbage, corn, cauliflower, crout and custards; and the way the three hundred and ten passengers walked into the above catalogue of good things, was a caution to the elements that produced them.

Our ride down the Delaware was delightful, barin, the sea sickness that we were all permitted to share in. Well, having landed, the next important matter to be attended to, is the procuring of quarters. I have heard a certain very amiable and elegant divine in your diggings say, he "never cried quarter to old Sam," but I cannot say so of the hotels on this Island; I had, however, a pretty good offer of lodging apartments at the Columbia House, provided I would agree to sleep on the third story of all out of doors. That I concluded was a greater altitude than I wanted to attain to, so I made application at the American house. And here I must give you somewhat in detail the interview I had with the very amiable looking Landlord, for I cannot yet form any definite opinion apart from looks.

Well, I was ushered into her private parlor, (think of that,) and introduced as a gentleman in search of quarters. I supposed from her blushes that she expected the servant to say wise instead of quarters. I can tell you, I made my very best bow about that time. Said she, (and she turned pale when she said it too), "gracious heaven, where did all these people come from?" Said I, Madame don't be frightened, there were only about three hundred came down to day. "Three hundred! did you say three hundred?" I thought she was about to fall, and sung out for heartshorn, camphor and cold water, all at the same breath, but in a moment she became composed and thanked me for my kindness, and in consideration of which, she very graciously permitted me to stay in her house, provided I would sleep on the floor and dress in a barber's shop on the opposite side of the street; to these terms I readily acceded, and feel that I have done well in comparison with some others that arrived in the same boat. In my next, I will give you a description of this beautiful village, and some of the sayings and doings here. Yours, &c., SMIKE.

CAPE ISLAND, July 27th, 1847.

Dear Spy:—I promised at the close of a former letter to write to you again and give you some of the sayings and doings of the visitors on this sea washed Island.

I presume that your five thousand readers know where Cape Island is, if not, I can inform them that it is situated between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. John's river, and if this is not sufficiently explicit, just advise them to step on board the steamer at Philadelphia, and be crowded and jostled and sea sickened for a few hours, and they will be safely landed on the Island amongst the assembly composed of persons worn down by wasting disease—of grim, hollow-eyed consumption, of the grey headed victim of rheumatism—the gay and fashionable belle in her teens—the steady matron of forty—the care-worn Merchant, the serious looking Parson—the chivalrous Lieutenant, and in fact, all classes and grades of society, who meet here to spend the dog days "and for other purposes."

But I am wandering from my subject, which was to tell you how we get along here. Well, the first evening after my arrival I attended a concert for the benefit of Mrs. Phillips, at the "Kursaal" she had quite a respectable house, both as it regards numbers and appearances. Mrs. P. sings like a nightingale, and performs well on the piano, she was assisted by a Mr. Somebody, that would be quite a good singer were it not that he has a little too much affection. Jenkins was also there, and sang several coarse and thread-bare negro break-downs; pity that Mrs. Phillips should associate with such a man.

The next evening there was a ball in the same room in which the Concert was held, which was thronged by the beauty of the Island, and you may rely upon it, that joy sat upon the countenances of many young men and maidens that night, they danced the Polka quadrilles, but I have a notion that those new fangled dances are no comparison to the real old fashioned corn huskings. Saturday night, Mrs. Watson had a blow-out, well attended—audience delighted, &c., &c.

Sunday we all put on our grave faces and went to church, some of us three times, to hear as many very poor sermons. It is passing strange to me; at least, that some of the very best preachers do not go down to the Capes, and not have the people bored by such intolerably dull augurs.

The balance of the time is put in, in various ways, such as gunning, fishing, carriage riding, ar'ring, shooting, bathing, eating, drinking, sleeping and love making. I noticed several of your townsmen and one of your town ladies, and you may take it for granted, they were not overlooked in the general crowd.

I have been a close observer of things here, particularly of the congregated beauty of the place, and after all, I am constrained to say—and I say it too after having once paid a visit to your beautiful borough—that if you could persuade some of the fair of your town to go to Cape May, the aggregate beauty would be much greater than it now is.

But I must close by saying, that of all the fashionable watering places in the country, none can exceed this, taking all things into the account: such as the wholesome, agreeable and almost constant sea breeze, the luxury of salt water bathing; the enchanting moonlight rides upon the beach; the kind attention, and agreeable manners of the proprietors of the various hotels and private boarding houses on the Island, the abundance and variety of the good things of the land which which they greet their guests at every meal, the various kinds of innocent sports which have been devised to while away the time, and last, though not least, the very agreeable society that one meets here assembled from all parts of this vast Union.

I may possibly have something more to say, before I leave. In my meantime, I remain, Yours, &c., SMIKE.

ETHERIZATION.—There is something peculiarly interesting in the history and composition of what has been called the Lethæan Vapor, now so extensively known in surgery, and of which so much has been said regarding its effects and so little in relation to its true chemical qualities. "Pneumatic medicine," is the name by which the treatment of diseases by inhaling gas, is known. The first person who greatly distinguished himself in the study of the effects of gases upon the human system was Sir Humphrey Davy, who nearly lost his life when very young by inhaling hydro-carbonate gas for an experiment. The discovery of nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, was made by this great chemist. As early as 1795, it is stated, that Dr. Pearson recommended the inhaling of ether for a number of diseases, and his mode of applying it was to pour one or two spoonful of sulphuric ether into a saucer holding it to the patient's mouth to be drawn in while breathing.

Sulphuric ether is a subtle fluid volatil, obtained by the distillation of concentrated sulphuric acid on rectified alcohol, and a little alkaline salt should be added to the ether thus obtained, in case that there might be an excess of acid. The strange effects of some gases upon the human frame, have long been known, although it has but recently been brought to light that ether is a destroyer of sensation, by Doctor Wells of Hartford, Connecticut, and most extensively made known by Doctors Jackson and Morton, of Boston. It is related in the London Lancet, that more than forty years ago, an old gentleman in that city discovered that the fumes of ether lulled him into forgetfulness of all mental disquietude attending a chequered life. When his mind was disengaged, he would get an ounce or two of ether and leisurely sniff up the vapor until all unhappy thoughts vanished and he felt—"O'er all the ills of life victorious."

When interrogated by his friends who witnessed the inhalation, he would answer "soothing sirs, soothing in a remarkable degree."

It seems that the ether is applied in various ways. To children it is applied by laying a cambric handkerchief dipped in ether over the mouth and nose. To grown up persons, by the gas-bag, and let on by a stopper gradually to prevent coughing, which at the commencement of the operation affects disagreeably every patient. In the course of twenty minutes at most, the patient sinks into forgetfulness, his chest blows like a bellows, the pulse sometimes beats rapidly, then ceases to be felt, the eyeballs become glassy, fixed and void of speculation, as full evidence that the etherization is complete and the operation may be proceeded with.

Under the influence of ether the most difficult operations have lately been performed, without the recollection of pain by the patient, although sometimes abrupt exclamations of pain, would be uttered, but generally the patient is motionless. The effect of the ether vapor upon the system is soothing in the extreme. Those who take it once are said to have an after predilection for it, as a tippler for his glass; these things, however curious some may be affected, are but minor accompaniments of the great tranquilizer, and Providence has now opened up to man a simple manner of alleviating misery and pain in surgical operations, and under circumstances which render it probable that it will never fall into disuse. It is likely to achieve in operative surgery, says Dr. Ingraham, that which surgeons have long sought for in vain.

TO CONSTRUCT A CHEAP GALVANIC PILE.—To exhibit experiments in Galvanism, on a small scale, a pile may be formed at a very trifling cost, as follows:

Procure about twenty cent pieces, (if worn smooth so much the better) or get some sheet copper cut circular, and of a large diameter, and the same number of similar pieces of zinc. The latter may be formed by the experimenter himself, being very easily melted, it may be cast in a mould like lead, or it may be procured in a sheet, and cut, similar to the copper. Then provide the same number of pieces of cloth, which must be soaked in a solution of common salt water; or, what is better, a liquid composed of one part of sulphuric acid, two of nitric acid, and sixty of water. After this is done, place one of the pieces of zinc in a tea-saucer, and on it put one of the pennies, or pieces of sheet copper; on this place a piece of cloth, and so continue making the pile—zinc, copper, cloth—until they are piled on one another; taking care to observe the same arrangement throughout. The piece on the top, which will be a cent, should have a copper wire, which for some experiments, should be tipped with platinum wire, soldered to it, and the lower piece, which will be zinc, should be treated in the same manner. From the ends of these wires a stream of the Galvanic fluid will constantly issue, until all the acid is absorbed from the pieces of cloth; and although the apparatus is on a very small scale, a variety of exceedingly interesting experiments may be performed with it.

A cheap cement for cementing voltaic plates in wooden troughs is made with 6 lbs. of resin, 1 lb. of red ochre, half a pound of plaster of Paris, and half a pint of linseed oil. The ochre and the plaster of Paris should be calcined beforehand, and added to the other ingredients in a melted state. The stronger the junction is, the thinner the stratum of cement that is interposed. There is another cement made of 16 parts of whiting sifted and thoroughly dried by a red heat, adding when cold a melted mixture of 16 parts of black resin and one of bees-wax, stirring it well when it is cooling.

Capt. BRAGG'S BATTERY, to which belongs the honor of having saved the day at Buena Vista, was, we understand, discharged, each gun, over two hundred and fifty times during the battle. We are told by one whose authority is unquestionable, that when the battery opened upon the Mexican cavalry as they were making their last and seemingly overwhelming charge, the horsemen were so near that as the ram rods were drawn from the guns for the first fire they struck the enemy's men and horses. The next discharge stayed the charge, and the next sent them to the right about.—New York Courier.

IMAGINARY TROUBLE.—Half our griefs are imaginary. Before you have recourse to arsenic, therefore, try what virtue there is in an emetic. Instead of your business being deranged, it may turn out to have been nothing but your stomach.

Two-thirds of the melancholy in the market is nothing but indignation.

A FIRST DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION IN PARIS.—"The scene of a first representation—the scene, that is, in the theatre, and upon the stage—is certainly an amusing one to witness to a foreigner who has not been initiated into all its mysteries.

"Of the disposal and plan of war of the author's auxiliary troops, the claqueurs, under the command of the General "Success-Contractor," we have already spoken. The chief forces of the enemy, the newspaper critics, upon whose dictum the fate of the piece is more or less supposed to depend, are placed for the greater part in the orchestra stalls; and against this part of the hostile troops the manoeuvres of the author's battalions are directed. A pit-full of hands without heads it is opposed to an orchestra-full of heads without brains; and the enemy is not so easy to be subdued. One of the strongest weapons is the ill humor with which he sets to work upon his criticism. So many hundred new pieces, of all descriptions and grades, pass before his eye during the year, that he arrives at the theatre half dying of a surfeit. Can any one be surprised at the acidity which is sometimes spit out upon his criticism?

"The theatre is crammed full; and really, in spite of the ridicule attached to so big a word upon so little an occasion, its aspect would be quite solemn, were it not for the toilettes of the belles courues in the boxes. And in these regions the solemnity is disturbed by an eternal flutter, due not only to a smart dress, but the curiosity attendant upon the recognition of the so-called celebrities of the day, among the journalists, hommes de lettres, and other soi-disant great men scattered about the theatre. There is Jules Janin! Does he laugh? Has he applauded? No; he has never moved a muscle or nerve. The piece is damned. Look at Theophile Gautier, whose hair has grown longer and more genius-like than ever. What a sneer he puts on! And yonder stands Alexandre Dumas, like a negro Adonis, a Lovelace-baboon, a Shakespeare from the Cannibal Islands. He has just laughed in the midst of a pathetic scene. And there is Frederick Schalle, looking as diabolical as the essence of one of his own novels—and Alphonse Karr not less Asmodean—and George Sand staring upon vacancy, with her large lustrous eyes, in utter indifference—and Balzac has positively gone to sleep, like the fat, jovial, sarcastic old monk he so well represents. Oh! the piece is damned! Such are the murmurs that hover round the boxes and the balcon. But the piece is not always damned because the great spirits of the pen, ink, and paper have signed its death-warrant. In spite of the knock-down blows it often receives upon first representation, it sometimes lifts up its head again, and lives, and thrives. If it could be killed by anything, it would be by the smothering influence of those bursts of misplaced admiration, and overacted transports of enthusiasm, which, when not met with hisses, are annihilated as effectually with killing disdain, which crush the well-intentioned applause of friends, and which are often more fatal than the open attacks of the enemy. A new piece is an awful battle for the author, and it is really a wonder he gains it so often. The interest of the fight, in which so many envious, jealous, rivalries, heartburnings, intrigues, cabals, manoeuvres, backbitings, interested motives—in short, all the seven deadly sins—and no end of the other little moral peccadilloes besides—are concerned, may be taken also as some reason for crowds of spectators it is always sure to attract. And the Planer recommends the sight of all these agitations to those who wish to see in Paris a scene truly Parisian."

AMERICAN BATTLES.—The following are the comparative losses of the battles of the Revolution, arranged according to priority.

Table with columns: Location, Date, Dr. loss, Am. loss. Includes battles like Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, etc.

NEW PROFESSION IN PARIS.—Upon a brass door-plate, in the Rue de Lauroy, in Paris, is inscribed "Ambroise Fortin, Fourteenth." Upon the common superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number at table, this gentleman has founded the profession of diner out—holding himself ready, at his lodgings, from six o'clock till eight, in full dress and appetite, to receive any summons and fill a vacancy at any table. His fitness for his profession consists, moreover, in unsuspected morals and complete acquaintance with the topics of the day. He passes his morning in collecting the political hear-says, the private scandals, the bons-mots, and the rumors of forthcoming gayeties. He begins to converse whenever looked at by his host, and ceases and cats when the attention is withdrawn, or when a real guest has anything to say. For this ready supply of a very common necessity to dinner-givers, he makes no charge—as he unites with this profession that of wine-recommender, and is paid handsome sums by different owners of vineyards for speaking his mind as to the wines he finds on the different tables to which he thus has professional access. There are five well-known professed "Quatorzemes" (Fourteenthes) in Paris, and as it is estimated that there are five hundred houses in that city where dinner-parties are given, the fatal number of "thirteen" happens often enough to give full employment to these. It is supposed, indeed, that the profession will be largely increased before the publication of the next census of trades in the vlnmanack. Monsieur Fortin is described as a very handsome young man, of dignified manners and an stagger-able self-possession, an ornament to any table, and claiming no subsequent acquaintance, unless by the expressed wish of his employer.

WITTNER'S LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND.—In one of my hunting excursions abroad on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright green leaves which looked profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time, in pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle, I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for a deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me; and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he uncoiled his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eyes directly upon my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger, and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him—or, at least, it sounded in my ear—a strange, sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of the humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened and changed, and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild, curious, woven circles of strange colors, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism—a world of mysterious colors; and the tints varied and darkened and lightened up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing, until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came like a shadow over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind—all definite ideas of peril were vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream,—and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to bear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind—not a muscle stirred; and I stood still, as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

Suddenly a new sound came on my ear—it was a human voice—but it seemed strange and awful. Again—again—but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrid spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife clinging with terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon me. My wife was the victim! The fatal fangs pierced deeply into her hand, and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work of death, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him in pieces upon the rugged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I had yet strength enough to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom.—Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us—and there—alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her—and she died.

INSECT SLAVERY.—The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants, is the propensity, possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red or pale colored ants, and the slaves, like the ill-treated natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves, extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems especially provided; for were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery to which they appear to be doomed still, even that office must fail were the attacks to be made on their nests before the winged myriads have departed, or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind.—When the red ants are about sailing forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which the colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlements; and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest, the negroes rally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene