

# Illustrated

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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## A CHARMING SKETCH.

### HOME;

Or, the Power of Early Impressions.

Perhaps no more beautiful passage could be cited from any historian, than Xenophon's description of the feelings of those who were in the same retreat he had himself led—the remnant of the renowned Ten Thousand. After all their danger, after all their escapes, they at length reached the summit of a sacred mountain, and the sea broke upon their sight. Uttering a shout of joy, they dashed off their bucklers and rushed wildly on. Some laughed with delight, others wept aloud in the fulness of their hearts; while very many, falling on their knees, beseeched the gods to send them blue waters, like those of the sea birds, the memorials of their homes and of their weary souls. There are few, indeed any, who cannot sympathize with their feelings, though they are best understood by those persons who have watched the waves, and felt the breezes which have been wafted from a home from which they have been long and far away, and to which return seems more than doubtful.

The strength and constancy of local attachment has been proved in every situation of life. The successful and the unfortunate are alike under its influence. How often do those, surrounded by all that can interest and excite, pine after their homes, lonely and secluded though they be; and, amidst the cares of life, how does the troubled spirit look back to the haunts of former days—the paths so often trod, the songs of birds amidst the old familiar trees, and the wild flowers headlessly gathered in gay, childish sport! Though these are but bills, they are among the dearest treasures of memory.

There are so many associations with the scenes we love, that, after a long absence, even the addition of an embellishment, or the removal of a fault, is seen with some degree of pain. We can well enter into the feelings of Cicero, when he went on a visit to his father's house, where everything brought back the memory of early days. "I proceeded to the mansion," he says, "I remarked that the large gate labored under its weight of difficulty of opening; and this circumstance brought the same scene with a gush of tenderness. A word, an allusion may bring back to the mind the most vivid local impressions. Dr. Rusk of Philadelphia, mentions, in one of his introductory lectures that while at school in Cecil, in Maryland, it was a favorite amusement with him and his schoolfellows, to go to the fields to see an eagle's nest, and to watch her at the time of incubation. The daughter of the farmer used sometimes to accompany them. After some years had passed, the little girl grew up and married, and, as it happened, settled in Philadelphia. A change, too, had come over the school-boy, when she and Dr. Rusk now a medical practitioner, met again. In their chance interviews, those early scenes were often repeated, and the eagle's nest, the romantic path, and, above all, the eagle's nest in her father's field. Forty years ago, more had gone since those merry days, when he was called on as a physician to visit her. She was in the lowest stage of a typhus fever at the time. As Dr. Rusk entered the room, he caught her eye, and he said, in a cheerful tone, "The eagle's nest!" She was unable to speak, but he had touched the right chord. She seized his hand, and its countenance expressed all the emotions which her heart awakened—the home of her youth, her early companions and her friends, and all the innocent enjoyments of childhood rushed at once to her recollection, and produced a reaction in her state. From that moment, the complaint took a favorable turn, and she is cured. So possessed was she with the conviction that these simple words had effected her cure that her first salutation to Dr. Rusk for ever after was: "The eagle's nest!"

Dr. Rusk mentions another striking case, in which a vivid recollection of home was suddenly awakened, by which an immediate physical effect was produced. It was that of an old African slave, who had been absent from his country for fifty years. His long course of slavery had induced a torpidity of mind and body. With a master's leave he went to see a lion, which was conducted as a show through the state of New Jersey. The effect was instantaneous. The sight of an animal which brought back all the associations of home, friends, and liberty, burst at once upon his recollection. The effect was truly marvellous. Mind and body at once revived, and he vented his feelings by jumping, dancing, and the most vehement exclamations. Dr. Brown thinks it is the presence of part of the reality which awakens such vivid impressions, which seems to accord with Dr. Brown's theory. He had gone abroad for professional study, and had been absent from his country for three years, when it chanced that he heard an English air, which the manager of a theatre had selected in compliment to him and his companions. It happened to be one which was so popular that he could not resist the temptation to sing it. He had never heard it since. He felt a strange emotion as he listened. The home he had left, the friends he loved, the society which he had enjoyed, all seemed to urge his return, and he set out immediately for England. Nothing, indeed, brings us back to former days more instant than old familiar sounds. We all know under some circumstances, how the sound of the Scotch pipes, even the sound that float in the air wafted by no man's hand, assume the tones of some melody from home. While on the wide seas sailors frequently think they hear their village bells; and the author of *Bothan*, mentions hearing the chiming from his native village while travelling in the desert. Simple objects are invariably those which awaken the most tender recollections; nay, their very insignificance, under some circumstances, enhances their effect. "What was it at dinner?" says Capt. King, in the miserable hut, on the banks of the Awakata—the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarcely acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe—a solitary half-worn pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our atten-

tion; and on examination, we found it marked with the word "London." I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxieties, and tender remembrances it excited in us. We are told of a visit which Johnson paid not long before his death, which gave him infinite delight. It was to a blow tree at L. C. of which he had been very fond in his boyish days. The memory, in speaking of local attachment says that it is generally found strongest in great minds. He quotes from Lord Clive's letters to show how, in the scenes of excitement and grandeur, his heart yearned after home. "If I should be as far distant," says he, "as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the centre of all my wishes, all that I could hope for or desire would be presented before me in my own view." He tells us how powerfully Warren Hastings was attached to the seat of his ancestors at Dylesford, in Wroster-shire; the family being unable to keep it had sold it to a merchant of London. Alonzo goes on to say: "The daily seeing the lands which his ancestors had once possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. One bright summer day, the boy then just seven years old, lay out the basis of the finest which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isère there—at three and ten years later, he told the tale—rose on his mind the scheme, which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned; he would recover the estate which had belonged to his father—he would be the possessor of Dylesford. When, under a tropical sun, amidst the cares of war, finance, and litigation, still pointed to Dylesford; and when his long painful life, so singularly cheered with good and evil, with glory and obscurity, had at length closed for ever, it was to Dylesford he retired to die." It is, indeed, most affecting to see the home which has been hallowed by affection, and endeared by the earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers. Poor Cowper, in his youth, had this to lament; it had never occurred to him that the glebe where his father had belonged to the parish rectory he held, and was not his own property; the sorrow he felt was he would not tell him, I felt, for the first time, as another, is so affectingly touched on by himself, that it would be to grieve in another world. "There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation; and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend my father in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived; and when the funeral was over, I found that time and my native place were destined for ever. I signed a long adieu to fields and woods from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauty, as just when I had left them all behind me, to return no more."

The early habit of imaginative persons influence to a great degree their delightful reveries—the scenes in which they had fallen away—the scenes of the past, the scenes of the future, as streams from whose pure fountain inspiration was not numbered, are worth all the fame and fortune that other years can give. It is a fact, and one that is good authority, that when the Marquis of Wesley was an old man, after he had been governor general of India, and had filled one of the highest ministerial offices in England, he one day went to the New Forest. Sixty years had elapsed since he had been last, out of its countenance, and he was so sensible of their beauty, as just when I had left them all behind me, to return no more."

Memorials are scattered here and there, which tell how the thoughts of a long absent one have been in the home of his fathers. We were much interested by an account of a faithful servant, who was leaving the service of a cardinal in Rome that he might pass the rest of his days in his native village. His master, wishing to give him some substantial proof of the estimation in which he held his long-tried fidelity, desired him to name any article in the palace which he would like to take with him. The servant declared his choice; it was the picture of our Saviour's removal from the Cross, by Guido, at which he had often looked in the cardinal's gallery. It was what he would like to take with him to the church of his native village. The good cardinal was somewhat confounded, but his promise was given, and he allowed the picture to be taken away by the servant; and in the little church of the remote village of Petit Bernard, in a wild secluded valley, this noble specimen of art, by one of the first masters is to be found.

Overdoing it. A well known Methodist minister, who was travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry summer's day at a cottage by the road side, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country round seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady, and remarked about the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have 'rain soon, all my best cabbages and cucumbers will be good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain." The worthy vine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish, accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of Heaven might be opened, but showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather, and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended, and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There," said she, "that is always the way with those tarral Methodists, they never undertake to do anything but they always overdo it."

Spiritualism vs. Common Sense. The Spiritual *Harpings*, one of the sublimely ridiculous advocates of spiritualism and rapping, is now the following sublimation of nonsense: "In the twelfth hour, the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord of God, the Holy Procedure, shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect discursive illumination. Then shall the Creator, in effulgence above the divine scraphalm, arise into the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolving galaxy of supreme benedictions. The Creator, O! thus reply responds. Then shall blockheads in the jackassical dome of discursive procedure, all the first great leather fungus of Peter Nip-ninny-go, the Gooseberry Grinder, rise into the dome of the disclosure, until co-equal and co-extensive and conglomerated luxures, in one comprehensive mux, shall assimilate into nothing, and revolve like a bottled pussy-out after the place where the tail was. One is quite as intelligible as the other; indeed, the response, if anything, has the most spirit."

Sometimes the cottage whose roof shelters all that is dearest—appear within the dreamer's grasp, and transported by the illusion, he casts himself among the billows. Among all the miseries of their lot, the poor negro slaves are particularly subject to the fatal heart sickness, they have been frequently known to commit suicide; under the impression that, when freed by death from slavery, they would be transported to their native homes.

The *mal du pays* utterly baffles medical skill. Kava-kava has its salutary effect in keeping off the fatal disease, or in preventing its spreading; it is sometimes spread like a contagious disorder. In regions which are commanded by harsh and ungenial officers, it has been known to prevail to a great extent. Medicine, instead of relieving aggravates the symptoms. The only cure which ever was, or probably ever will be, found for it, is the promise of a speedy return home. The magical effect of this is known to those who have had an opportunity of watching the progress of the complaint; they have seen it to revive those who were reduced to the last extremity. Zimmerman tells us of a young student at Göttingen, who endured such anguish while separated from his home, that he fell into this disease, and became as it was supposed, a confirmed hypochondriac. He was so thoroughly impressed with the idea, that if he even soiled his hands with a bowl of water, that no excretion could prevail on him to stir. When told that arrangements had been made for his immediate return home, every bad symptom vanished, as if by magic; he instantly jumped up; he traversed the length and breadth of the town, to take leave of his friends. The most desperate cases cured in like manner are on record. There are, indeed, instances of the powerful effect of local impressions in every form of disease. There is not one which could be named, where the patient's life would not be endangered by removal, in which the physician, to give him a last chance, has not recommended his native air and scenery; and their efficacy has been often found all-powerful when everything else has failed. There is not a day of our lives when we might not be led to acknowledge the influence of local impressions as a part of our very nature. The affection for home seems to have been beneficially inspired to shed a blessing on every lot; the most bleak and rugged home is equal to its inmates as the finest landscapes argue those whose destiny places them among them. "Home is home, be it ever so homely," is a common adage that conveys a world of meaning, although it may be sometimes expressed in a manner to make us smile. A servant that his master had taken over from Ireland to London was asked what he thought of that marvellous city. "It is a fine town, to be sure," replied he, "but it's nothing to Skibberden."

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## A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

### BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and, although the sun was shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold, bracing feeling in the air, and a keen, northwest wind, which quickened every step. Just then, a little child came running—a poor, ill-clad child; her clothes were scant and threadbare; she had no cloak and no shawl and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand, and a weeping child; a Jew's I, who could do nothing else, patted her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain; but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a huge and costly mantle, came out from a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me—How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! 'Oh, I cannot,' said the child; 'I cannot wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to her.' 'To-night,' said the beautiful woman—'to-night?' 'Yes,' said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—'yes, for the great bill to-night, and these satin slippers must be spangled and—' The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed and then turned pale; but I, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of a slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written; but—I shall not tell it.

"And where does your mother live, little girl?" So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very cold and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl; but she gave her something else—no, not even one sixpence, and turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Handsome she came back, and stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then with her little bare feet, colder than they were before, ran quickly away. I went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small dark room; and I saw her mother, her sad, faded mother, but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the babe slept; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then after awhile, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a little piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and, folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams—of warm stockings and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright sunbeams glittered on the satin slippers, came there no repinings into the heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of dry bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling!

If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low, in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me, for thou dost all things well, and I will trust thee." Just then the door opened, and an angel? Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed quietly before the mother and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone; only, as she went out, I heard her say, "better than diamonds—better than diamonds!" What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too; and I went to a bright room, where there was music and dancing, and sweet flowers; and I saw young happy faces, and beautiful women, richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew, until one passed me whose dress was of simple white, with only a rose bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper treaded upon her foot; but she moved as one of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed an angel of God.

"Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" said a brother judge to Curran. "Nothing but the head," he replied. "Jamie," says one honest Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive—"What is that smoking baste?" "Sure," replied Jamie, "I don't know at all, unless it is a steamboat splurging along to get to water."

## Reception of President Pierce.—His Speech.

BALTIMORE, July 12.

The President, accompanied by Secretaries Guthrie, Davis and Campbell, arrived at half past five o'clock last evening. They were met at the Depot by an immense concourse of citizens and a large turn out of the military, who escorted him to Larnum's Hotel. The President rode on a white horse. He was enthusiastically received all along the route. The President was introduced by Mayor Hopkins, who made a brief address, in which he thanked the people for their enthusiastic reception. Secretary Davis and others also spoke.

The following is the substance of the President's speech:

Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens of the City of Baltimore.—My heart is full, and it would be difficult to express the depth of feeling with which this cordial welcome has impressed me. (Cheers.) You receive me by your partial friendship and more than generous confidence, previously imposed on me a debt of gratitude, which year after year I shall endeavor to discharge in common country can scarcely cancel. (Cheers.) To be thus surrounded by a population not less distinguished for its civility than for its patriotism, is peculiarly gratifying and among the pleasant memories suggested by the occasion, who can fail to be regarded with the banner of unbridled and unqualified religious freedom, which was first freely given to the breeze. You cannot be in such an atmosphere without feeling its vivifying influences. Every man who has a patriot's lungs must feel it, because every man knows that religious toleration lies at the foundation of civil liberty. (Applause.)

No transient traveler can enter the city without being struck with the evidence of enterprise and honest thrift, which everywhere meets the eye. Baltimore has stood forth prominent in that astonishing progress of our country, which may be truly said to have outmarched all progress. Her great advantages in a commercial point of view, have, of course, always been marked and apparent, by her commanding geographical position, so far as internal improvements are concerned. This was forcibly alluded to by Gen. Washington as early as 1790, and is only beginning to be appreciated even by ourselves. A great and noble progress among the resources at the bidding of your enterprise, and the judicious application of your means to those internal improvements, which leave the destinies of Baltimore as one of the great cities of the world, no matter of doubt. (Cheers.) But after all, it is not the increase of your population and wealth, the augmentation of your shipping interest, your crowded depots teeming with the products of the agricultural and mineral wealth of the interior, the erection of splendid edifices, arising as it were by magic, nor all these combined, which chiefly engross the thoughts of a patriotic citizen, and give his pulse a quicker and prouder throbb as he enters your environs, and sees the monuments at a distance. They may crumble; that is their destiny; nay, they will moulder and mingle with the common earth, but the inspiration of the deeds of valor they commemorate, which saved you from the presence and the shame of the tread of a foreign soldiery, will perish never! (Applause.) Who shall say, what has been the extent or power of the example of self-sacrificing heroism which signalized the defence of North Point and Fort Henry in 1814? (Applause.) It was a dark and trying hour; we were perplexed, but not in despair; we were down, but not destroyed—when your example and valorous conduct, and confidence everywhere, it was felt that that shield of protection, superior to all human power, and always recognized by our fathers during their great struggle, was still over us.

Let us remember and acknowledge it with grateful hearts. Who shall say, especially, how much your monuments for those who fell, and your reverence and affectionate esteem for those who survived the conflicts of the anxious days of our struggle to which I have alluded, Maryland blood upon so many fields of Mexico? [Applause.] The fathers of the Revolution taught their sons that they owed their first duty to their country—a duty not to be avoided, but to be cheerfully fulfilled in the face of all consequences, and at every hazard, and at every sacrifice. Blessed to us, their descendants, their example, their experience, and their lesson. Nobler praise cannot be bestowed than to say that no State in the confederation has furnished a more impressive exemplification of the power of that teaching than that before whose people I have now the honor to stand. [Applause.]

Mr. Mayor.—A pleasant incident at this moment comes to my memory, to which I may not be considered for a thing. Soon after the bark Kepler anchored with a portion of the 9th infantry, near the castle of San Juan de Ulica, about the 30th of June, 1847, another transport came to anchor within a cable's length. We could not discern the ship, but in a few moments we heard peeling from her deck the stirring notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The effect was electrical. I thought, probably from association, that the ship was from Baltimore, and the fact verified the impression. Boats were lowered, and friendly greeting commenced between the sons of Maryland and New England, which I trust may never be interrupted. The President concluded with immense applause.

## Great Storm in New York.

NEW YORK, July 12.

Yesterday evening a terrific thunder storm with lightning, occurred. Many buildings were struck, houses unroofed and demolished. The Crystal Palace was flooded with water, and some of the glass was broken. A new frame building near the Palace was blown down, and three workmen were killed, and several others injured. A brick building on the North River was blown down, and a man named Charles Flynn, who was passing at the time, was crushed to death. The storm was also very severe at Williamsburgh. The steeple of the Rev. Dr. McLane's Presbyterian Church was blown down, carrying with it a part of the roof. The dwelling of Mr. Johnston, adjoining, was also greatly damaged. The steeple of the Rev. Mr. Porter's Dutch Reformed Church was also torn off, and fell across an adjoining dwelling. Many other buildings were damaged, and the loss is heavy.

## Influence of the Mind Upon the Body.

"A large body of sailors resorted to Sadler's Wells theatre one night, and among them a man who was deaf and dumb, and had been so for many years. This man was placed by his shipmates in the front row in the gallery. Grimaldi was in great force that night, and although the audience were in one roar of laughter, nobody appeared to enjoy the fun and humor more than this poor fellow. As the scene progressed, Grimaldi's tricks and jokes became still more irresistible, and at length after a violent peal of laughter and applause, which shook the theatre, in which the dumb man joined most heartily, he suddenly turned to his mate who sat next to him and cried out with much glee—"What a damned funny fellow!"—"Why Jack, shouted the other starting back with surprise, 'can you speak?'—"Speak," returned the other, 'ay, that I can, and hear, too.' The man, who appeared as intelligent and well-behaved fellow, said that in the earlier part of his life he had both speak and hear very well, and that he attributed his deprivation of the two senses to the intense heat of the sun in the quarter of the world from which he had recently returned. He added, that he had for a long time felt a powerful anxiety to express his delight at what was passing on the stage, and that after some feat of Grimaldi's, which struck him as particularly amusing, he had made a strong effort to deliver his thoughts, in which, to his great astonishment, no less than that of his comrades, he succeeded."

When Grimaldi, worn out by premature old age, was almost deprived of the use of his limbs, so as to be scarcely able to stand or walk, he was visited by a friend, and when, with much difficulty, he had descended from his bedroom to the parlor, his friend informed him, with great care and delicacy, that his son was dead.

"In an instant, every feeling of despondence and bodily weakness left him, his limbs recovered their original vigor, all his lassitude and debility vanished, a difficulty of breathing, under which he had long labored, disappeared, and starting from his seat he rushed to his wife's chamber, tearing, without the smallest difficulty, up a flight of stairs, which a quarter of an hour before it had taken him ten minutes to climb. He hurried to her bedside, told her that her son was dead, heard her first exclamation of grief, and falling into a chair, was once again an unfeeling and crippled old man."

"At the siege of Buda, that city had suffered from the effects of a long conflict, and the inhabitants had experienced the miseries of fatigue, bad provisions, and anxiety of mind. The security had also made great progress among the besieged; the place was on the eve of being surrendered to the enemy, when the Prince of Orange introduced letters to the men, promising them speedy assistance, a medicine which was represented to possess wonderful efficacy, and to be almost beyond price, was forwarded for the use of the garrison. Three small vials contained this precious panacea were given to each physician; this stratagem was completely successful. It was stated that three or four drops were sufficient to impart a healing virtue to a gallon of liquor. Invalids flocked in crowds to the physicians, many who had not moved their limbs for a month before, they were walking the streets perfectly well."—*Hydrophagy and Homophagy, by Isaac Lee, Esq.*

## From the Journal of Commo. The Grinnell Arctic Expedition.

We are permitted to publish the following extracts of letters from Dr. Kane, U. S. N. Commander of the second American Expedition for the rescue of Sir John Franklin, jointly fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, and Mr. George Peabody, formerly of Danvers, Mass., now a Banker of the city of New York.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, July 16. Here we are, safe and sound, at St. John's. I will delay at this place not one hour beyond absolute necessity. Inglefield will soon be at Disco, and I am most anxious to catch him. My stay, therefore, will only be until the oxen are slaughtered, and the butcher promises their delivery at 4 o'clock, A. M., to-morrow.

The kindness of these good people surpasses conception. The Governor gave me an elegant dinner at his mansion, this afternoon, and our vessel has been overrun with visitors.

Three o'clock, P. M.—I have taken in nearly twelve hundred pounds of prime fresh beef, matted it with salt and saltpetre, and then rubbed it down with twine, and hung it in the rigging, carefully shielded from the sun with canvas.

The Governor, Mr. Hamilton, is a brother of the Secretary of the Admiralty. He takes a great interest in the Expedition, and has presented me with a fine team of dogs, accompanied by four barrels of seal-lippers, used for their food. This present is very valuable. I have purchased for them a set of harness and a sledge.

The Governor, his lady, the Surveyor-General, and the officers of the regiment, visit us at 9, and by 10 o'clock I hope to be under way for Disco.

Snow shoes, and moose-skin, of very good quality, and cheap, I have also obtained; and also fresh, or rather quarter-cured salmon, which costs but 8d per pound, and will be, I think, a very useful winter diet.

The Newfoundlanders are about to make a large contribution to your Industrial Exhibition. The vessel leaves on Tuesday, with Messrs. Winter and Moore as Superintendents. The process of seal-fishing is illustrated by a model, and stuffed specimens of the seals accompany it.

The letter preceding this will tell you how well satisfied I am with the officers of my men. Both working with a will, and I think, and hope, are beginning to get attached to me. I allow no wearing on deck, or to the crew, and no threats as to knocking down, &c., &c., which I find to be rather a favorite performance in the merchant service. Neither is any liquor used on board. [Mr. E. Merism, in a communication to us, concerning substantially the same facts above, says: "Up to the present time, but one vessel has reported meeting Arctic ice between this port and Europe. The inference therefore is, that the Northern seas yet retain the ice formed during the last winter."—Eda. J. of C.]

A monster tree is said to have been discovered in California, which measures two hundred feet in height and eighty feet in circumference.