

he was grave, frigid and polite—but, alas! not loving. Now this was exactly the contrary to what Miss Pallister wished; she had no objection to coquette, but she had a great aversion to being found out. She knew that her uncle would not allow her to make a fool of any man, if Jones were to make a declaration in consequence of any public coquetry, she must either at once accept or incur that nobleman's displeasure; and she was always uneasy if any difference took place with that relative, to whom she was sincerely attached.

But all things come to a close; so did Miss Pallister's visit to her uncle—and Mr Jones had neither made a declaration nor seemed inclined to do so; and left alone in her carriage as it bore her to London, her reflections were none of the most pleasant. She felt that in playing the game of coquetry, she had not only failed in her object, but had lost her heart—and doubts & fears possessed her breast, that perhaps Jones, disgusted with her conduct, might direct his attention elsewhere—and she burst into tears at the thought.

Now, Lord Pallister had seen the game his niece was playing, and was pretty well aware of the state of her heart, and it rejoiced him that her affections had fallen where they had; but he laughed heartily at the thought, that a mere country squire like Jones should completely outmanoeuvre a practised coquette like his niece. "Jones likes the girl," said his lordship to himself, "and shall have her, but let her suffer a little," and suffer she did. Letters from his sister-in-law described his niece as not well, pale, out of spirits. "So," said his lordship, "she is in love at last, is she. I must give her another chance I suppose."

Lord Pallister's next letters mentioned incipient symptoms of the gout, and affectionate niece soon arrived to nurse him, but he was shocked to perceive that she looked horribly ill. "Poor thing," thought he, "I must be merciful," but in the course of the day he gave her a hint respecting her country beau, Mr Jones—and Miss Pallister, in a passion of tears, threw herself at her uncle's feet, and confessed at once her love, and besought him not to alude again to her wicked and foolish conduct.

"It was wicked," said she, "because I intended to injure the happiness of the worthy man, and I suffer now justly."

Lord Pallister thought to himself, "Thou art a good and honest girl after all and shall be Mrs Jones yet."

Lords have great power no doubt, but how his lordship contrived, a few weeks after, to detect Mr. Jones in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the lips of the fair Elizabeth, we cannot tell; neither have we heard that either his lordship or his niece expressed any violent indignation at the audacity of Mr Jones. Nay, it has been insinuated that the said kiss was given with the full approbation, not only of Lord Pallister, but also with that of his niece—but this seems incredible.

From the Charleston Courier, April 4. THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

The explosion advertised by Messrs Taylor and Goodyear, the proprietors of the sub-marine armour, took place yesterday afternoon, off the White Point Garden. A numerous body of spectators gathered to behold the spectacle; the afternoon was again bright and beautiful; and the enterprise was successfully achieved. Previous to the grand explosion two smaller ones of great beauty were exhibited, upheaving the snowy spray, with its arched iris, after its pristine dyes, to a lofty height. After these signales came the *caustroph*—the bulk of a schooner, of about 40 tons, was torn to fragments, nay, almost to atoms, by the explosive force of a keg of powder, containing 75 pounds, submerged and attached to her bottom. The convulsed waters lifted up their burthen, and held it up for a while as in a bowl, until with tremendous force it burst into innumerable fragments, shooting high into the air, and falling with an impetuous plunge a wide circumference. The spectacle was one of interest and grandeur, and illustrated very strikingly the terrific nature of the torpedo, with which Brother Jonathan was wont to scare John Bull out of his seven senses, when he paddled his canoe too near our coast. Many of the fragments fell among or between the numerous craft, which lay on their oars observing the exhibition—and we learn that one fell with such force as to break an ear—no one however was injured, so far as we are able to learn.

We have been furnished with the following statement of the times of the several explosions, after the lighting of the match: 1st explosion, 36 seconds; 2d do. 42 seconds; 3d, grand explosion 2 minutes 40 seconds.

A mode of detecting counterfeit coin.—The following simple experiment, which has laid the foundation of one of the most splendid of modern sciences, readily enables any person to discover spurious coin. Take a clean slip of common sheet zinc, about two inches by one half, and lay it upon the tongue, place a genuine silver coin under the tongue and in bringing the silver and zinc together, a pungent and disagreeable taste will be perceived. Substitute, now a coin, suspected to be counterfeit, in the place of the genuine coin, & a very slight taste will be perceived. The false coin of half dollars, quarters, dimes and half dimes, is made mostly of German silver, and produces scarcely any galvanic action with a piece of zinc. The above test is almost infallible, and recommends itself from its simplicity.

Dreadful state of the times in Mississippi.

The rumors we have had of the extreme pressure and pecuniary embarrassment among the planters of this rich State, are, we regret to say, fully confirmed. A number of the Banks have suspended specie payments, and we observe in the *Denton Banner* of March 16, no less than 15 or 16 columns of the paper exclusively occupied which Sheriff's Sales! such is the alarm created, that meetings have been held there, and at Yazoo city, to devise means to avoid the sacrifice of property under these executions. A state more stable and opulent in pecuniary resources, derived from her great staple (cotton), does not exist in the Union; yet, from some defective arrangement in the banking system, or from the malign experiments Van Buren, Benton, Kendall & Co. upon the currency of the country, the machinery of the circulation has received a blow from which it cannot recover. It is to be hoped that the revival of the hard currency commerce with Mexico, and the augmented importation of specie from thence, together with the renewed confidence and activity in business among the mercantile classes in the North, from the peaceful aspect of our relations with Great Britain, will restore trade to its accustomed prosperous channels, and prevent the extension of the calamitous event in the South and West, which at present threaten a convulsion more formidable than that of 1837.—*N. Y. Star.*

Baltimore, April 4.

THE MURDERER OF ZELLERBACH.—Yesterday afternoon, Musciman, alias Kobler, the individual arrested in this city, supposed to be the murderer of the Jew pedlar, near Lancaster, Pa., underwent an examination before Justice Kemp, which resulted in his commitment, to await the requisition of the Governor of Pennsylvania. No witnesses were examined, except a German girl, who, however, could throw no light on his transactions elsewhere than in Baltimore, and for a day or two in Philadelphia.

Sundry queries were put to him, the subject of a communication from the mayor of Lancaster, to which he answered though not very satisfactorily. He appeared to have entirely forgotten every thing like dates, and his story is one which will require a Lancaster *Dutch* Lawyer to unravel. The youth, Wilman, who was with him in the capacity of a servant, seems to be an unsophisticated genius, perfectly good humoured, and altogether incapable of thinking a wicked action, let alone doing it. *Sun.*

FROM THE FRONTIER.

Things are in a said state in the North. Hardly a night passes, without a burning on one side or the other. On Friday of last week, a barn and a shed owned by Charles Miller, of St Armand, was burned down, together with their contents, consisting of eight horses, ten cows, two oxen; five calves and a quantity of hay, the *Missiskoui Standard* says, that the perpetrators of this act were traced several miles in the direction of Swanton, but that suspicion does not rest upon any person in particular.

As a matter of course this led to retaliation, and on the following night two barns were burned on this side, one of which, we believe, was owned by John Barr, Esq. of Highgate. Two companies of the Highgate militia were under arms on Monday, and a gentleman who came through on Tuesday informed us that excitement was at its highest pitch.

We further learn that the incendiaries on this side were in one instance recognized as belonging to the volunteers. They were fired upon and returned the shot, but without any effect on either side. A messenger has gone to Shoremans, to represent the matter to Gov. Jenison. We hope his Excellency will adopt prompt and efficient measures to bring to justice every individual concerned in these atrocious deeds, whether citizen or refugee.—*Burlington Free Press.*

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.—It will doubtless be highly gratifying to the numerous friends of the Rev. Alexander Gordon Frazer, late of Bottle Hill, New Jersey, to learn that the business which called to Scotland bids fair to result in the triumphant establishment of his claim to one of the finest estates in that country. We are informed by a letter received by the mother of Mrs. Frazer, who resides in this village, that on the 16th Feb. last, Mr. Frazer, according to the forms of Scottish law, was proclaimed, at the Cross in Edinburgh, heir to the title and estates of the Barony of Lavat, &c. &c.—*Norwalk Gazette.*

LYNCHING—SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE.—The *Easton*, (Pa.) Democrat of the 28th ult. says:—On Tuesday night last we had a specimen of the Southern amusement called lynching, enacted in our borough, which created for a day or two, considerable excitement. A young student belonging to Lafayette College, on his return to that institution from an evening party in the borough, was seized by some half dozen chaps in disguise, on the Bushkill bridge and after being run until he was nearly out of breath and life they cooled him off in a shower of tar and Spanish brown. He reached the college in a deplorable plight, and the next day took several hours to remove the vilanous compound from his head and body. A new suit of clothes was nearly ruined—

and so great was the terror of the poor fellow; and his weakness from the effects of running, that it was feared serious consequences would ensue. The affair made a great stir.

The chief Burgess was waited upon by the college principle and some of the trustees, and a most rigid investigation took place on the persons of several young Eastonians, who were suspected of having instituted this lynching affair. Nothing, however, was elicited for some time and the chief Burgess, at the request of the trustees, was on the eve of issuing a handbill offering a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of the culprit, when, lo! and behold! it was ascertained that some of the students themselves had played Judge Lynch upon their own kind, for some fancied injury, and that the Easton larks were innocent. Here was a denouement indeed! As soon as it was ascertained that it was your bull that goared my ox, the college director said that the faculty could settle the matter among themselves—that it was merely a boyish caper, &c.—but Justice Heckman very properly refused to let the matter pass so lightly, now that the investigation had commenced, and bound over two of Judge Lynch's deputies to answer the charge at the next April court.

THE FLORIDA WAR—ITS COST AND ITS RESULT THIS FAR.—The picture of this war is thus drawn by Senator Benton in his speech on the bill—which was lost in the House—for the establishment of a sort of Military Colonies in Florida.—*N. Y. American.*

"Troops have been tried, and have failed in accomplishing the object. Evere species of troops has been tried—regulars, militia, and volunteers, horse and foot—they have made campaigns and fought battles for three years, and have done all that men could do under such circumstances, and they have suffered more than ought to be required to suffer in such a war; and all without accomplishing the object. Three years have been consumed in military operations; and at what cost and with what results? At the cost, in money, of nearly twenty millions of dollars; in lives, of nearly forty officers, killed or died of wounds; of the climate, of many wounded; of nearly four hundred soldiers killed and wounded of the regular army, besides heavy losses among the militia and volunteers. This is the cost! and what are the results? The results are, four counties of Florida depopulated—the Indians ravaging the country from Cape Sable to the Okefenokee swamp—the frontiers of Georgia attacked—depredatons carried into the suburbs of St Augustine and Tallahassee—the light-house at Florida Point burnt and destroyed—ship wrecked mariners on the coast of Florida massacred—and all cultivation suspended over a large district of country, part of which was settled and cultivated under the dominion of Spain, when Florida was a province of that kingdom. These are the results, after three years of military operations—after this great cost in money and in lives."

Office of the Picayune,
New Orleans, March 26.

CASE OF MRS. O'NEILL.—Yesterday the examination of this case came on before Recorder Baldwin. The only witness examined was a little girl about 15 years of age, on whose affidavit Mrs. O'N. was arrested, charged with the murder of a stranger, as stated in our paper of Sunday. The testimony of this girl was false and contradictory from first to last. She commenced at first to repeat what she had previously sworn to in her affidavit, viz: That about a year ago while she was living in the house of Mrs. O'Neill, a stranger came there to board, and that on the second night of his stay in the house, Mrs. O'N. the bar keeper and herself all went into the room where the stranger was sleeping; that while she, (witness) held a lighted candle in her hand, and the bar keeper was standing by, Mrs. O'Neill struck him two blows on the head with a hatchet and he immediately expired. This is the amount of the girl's testimony, and it was sworn to in her affidavit so positively and seriously, as to give it very strongly the semblance of truth. When asked by the Recorder why she had not disclosed the truth before; she answered that she was afraid to do so, and that she had no ill will towards Mrs. O'Neill that induced her to make such a statement now. On being cross examined she very soon committed herself, became embarrassed, and made a number of contradictory statements. She admitted that she had told an untruth in her affidavit and that she had been prompted to the step by a man named O'Brien. After some further investigation she finally confessed that no such man had influenced her to make the affidavit, but that she had done so of her own accord; and that it was altogether without foundation.

The Recorder then ordered Mrs. O'N. to be discharged, and stated that no possible suspicion could rest upon her from the statement of the witness.

The girl was committed to prison, where she will be kept in the hope that some clue can be obtained which will lead to the apprehension of the malignant wretch who must have instigated her to set afloat the unfounded and wanton story.

LOSS OF LIFE BY FIRE.—Mr. Stephen Cole, a respectable farmer of Fairfield (N. J.) perished in an attempt to rescue his horses and cattle from the barn which was on fire. Two horses and eight head of cattle were destroyed.

Fire at Constantinople.—A dreadful conflagration has destroyed the Vizier's palace, called the Sublime Porte, and which included the different ministerial and administration offices. The catastrophe occurred at an early hour on the 21st January, and in a few hours the palace was burned to the ground. The greater part of the archives, which were deposited in subterranean apartments, were saved, but almost all the papers remaining in the offices were destroyed. The loss occasioned by this disaster is estimated at nearly 20,000,000 of piasters. When the flames were perceived, the Pachas, and all the authorities of the capital proceeded to the scene of conflagration, and exerted themselves with the utmost activity and zeal, especially the captain Pacha. The tomruck, or prison of the Sublime Porte had been provisionally transferred to the palace of the Seraskier. This is the third or fourth accident of this kind that has happened within fifty years. The last fire took place in 1827, and the new palace was reconstructed in 1829. A coffer containing 60 jewels of great value, had been left during the fire, and the Government had requested all the Ambassadors to have the luggage of every traveller examined before leaving the city, in the hope of finding it.

RIGHT SPUNKY.—Heads up, bachelors! There is nothing like looking aloft when the fairer portion of creation frown upon you, or letting your dander rise when you have overcome the humiliating rejection of the rulers, of the lords of creation. The bachelors of Muncy have taken the right view of this matter, and held a large and respectable meeting at the house of Col. John P. Schuyler, in said borough, on Saturday evening the 23d instant, at which divers resolutions were passed defining and defending their rights against the attack of the ladies of Somerset county, forming themselves into a *Matremorial Junco*, and urging the Legislature to pass laws making it penal for a lady to refuse the first offer, without sufficient cause, or to give any gentleman the 'glove.'—*Pa. Telegraph.*

We take the following resolutions from the proceedings, until we can give them in extenso.

Resolved, That if a tax be laid, any gentleman getting the sack three times shall be exempt from Legislative taxation.

Resolved, That if a lady 'pops the question' to any member of the Junco and he backs out, he shall be expelled without benefit of clergy.

Resolved, That the gentlemen of Somerset who have have so long basked in the sunshine of the smiles of the petitioners and rubuliously resisted their attractions, deserve to go down.

To the vile dust from whence they sprung Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Resolved, That one great reason of the single blessedness of the gentlemen of Muncy and its vicinity, has been the great dearth of marrying ladies.

Resolved, That the only thing necessary to stay the crime of celibacy here is an importation of the petitioners.

Resolved, That we will, at all times, be in readiness to furnish the Somerset ladies with husbands, upon personal application being made to the club; and that we may easily recognise them, we request that they come conspicuously labeled as follows:

{ From Somerset county }
warranted genuine.

Resolved, That we feel proud in being able to inform the ladies of Somerset county that we live in a rich valley on the West branch of the Susquehanna, and that we have every thing that is good to eat in abundance, and downy beds to repose on.

Great Fire at Portsmouth.

Destruction of life and property.—Several persons dangerously wounded.—We learn, with regret, from an Express ship received last night at the Exchange, that a dreadful fire broke out at Portsmouth, Va. at 12 o'clock on Wednesday night. The handsome edifice in which the Post Office and several stores were situated is a heap of ruins. The flames burst forth from the bookstore of Mr Anderson, which together with the Post office, and all their contents were entirely consumed. The office of the Portsmouth Times newspaper, shared the same fate, as well as the Hall of the Odd Fellows, all in the same building. The next house, a tin and copper factory belonging to Mr W. D. Roberts, was destroyed; and the adjoining dwelling, a cabinet furniture ware house took fire; but here the raging element was stayed by the activity of the firemen some citizens and marines, who had an able auxiliary in Lieut. Piercy, of the Navy—whose exertions are spoken of as daring and praiseworthy.

While Mr Godwin, proprietor of the cabinet warehouse, was employed in saving part of his goods, the chimneys of the post office fell in with a tremendous crash and buried him in the ruins. He was taken out a corpse. Mr G. was a highly esteemed citizen, and has left a wife and family to deplore his loss. Messrs. W. Brooks, John Nicholas, Reynolds, Burdett, Jack, and a marine were also wounded—several others dangerously; and more than one, we are sorry to say, are scarcely expected to survive. This melancholy event has thrown quite a gloom over that part of the country.—*Pa. Inquirer.*

The Slanderer.

"He who steals my purse steals trash, But he who fishes from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, But makes me poor indeed."—SHAKESPEARE.

All that is damnable in the black catalogue of guilt, all that is foul and corrupt in the store-house of human iniquity, all the demon-like traits of moral deformity, and the blighting mildew of detraction and defamation, are treasured up in the base and cowardly heart of the malicious slanderer.

The individual who aims a pistol at my breast, with the threat that "death's leaden messenger" shall cut the "brittle thread of life," or tells me his sword shall smother its vengeance in my bosom, gives me at least the privilege of defending myself against his atrocious assaults, but he who, from the dark recess of his perjured soul, pours forth the venom of the asp to poison my reputation, whose breath is like the sirocco, and tongue the "destroying angel," who can sport with my "good name" as a "trifle light as air," and blast at one fell stroke all that I hold most dear, then turn and smile upon the ruins, deprives me of the power of acting on the defensive, until character is a wreck, reputation gone to the four winds, and honor as though it had not been.

See the degraded wretch, as he issues from the charnel house of sin and pollution, the green earth is too pure for his unhalloped step, the light from the "glorious orb" of day has no charms for him, virtue and innocence fly from his approach, or are crushed beneath the wheel of his ire, and he sinks back again to the society of congenial spirits, whose unholly community is more horrid than the "mingling" of Macbeth's witches.

MAIDENS BEWARE!

Ren away from the undersigned, a man by the name of Charles Rogers, calling his name David Emery. He is the father of three children, and the husband of two wives, and how many more I know not. He is from 30 to 35 years of age, of middling size, having light brown hair, and light blue eyes, a large mouth and nose (he said nose bearing a scar between the eyes) and downcast look; but, on the whole, rather good looking. He went away, March 12, 1838, wearing blue pantaloons, a striped frock, and an old fur cap. He tells great stories, is light fingered, and drinks a little when he can get it. I should advise all young ladies to beware of him, on their own account, for he is a great deceiver, and as he has deceived me, he may others. The reward of one cent will be paid to any one who may put him in close confinement.

ELIZA EMERY.

Printers are desired to notice.
Croydon, March 12, 1839.

A WOMAN KILLED BY A QUACK DOCTOR.

The New York Sun of Monday gives the following distressing account of malpractice on the part of a physician in that city. On Saturday night about 9 o'clock, Mrs. Justine Cozzens, wife of Joseph Cozzens, of No. 328 Madison street, who hitherto enjoyed excellent bodily health, was taken in labor and sent for Doctor Septimus Hunter, of the corner of Grand street and East Broadway, to attend her. The Doctor came, and about 10 o'clock a healthy female infant was born. The usual after delivery was not however effected, and the Doctor went his way. In about three hours, as the lady had become extremely ill in consequence of the Doctor's neglect to complete his business—he was sent for again, and, on arriving, with much difficulty effected the required removal.

Still he thought he had not done enough, and declared that something yet remained for removal. He therefore applied himself with great assiduity and force, and after another hour of horrible butchery, in which the lady cried out in her agony, "you are tearing my heart out," and was evidently dying under the diabolical treatment of the physician—he finished his infernal task by tearing out the lady's uterus, and she died under his hands, a martyr to his empirical practice.

Dr. Hunter, the ignorant author of all this murderous mischief, coming to the house where the inquest was held, was immediately taken into custody by the corner, placed in a carriage, and escorted to prison to answer for the dreadful effect of his quackery.

HARD KNOCKS.

In what school did Mr. Van Buren learn the art of Intrigue!—*Miss. Herald.*

He took it naturally just as duck does to swimming, or a sub-treasurer to stealing.—*Prattree.*

If a Whig were born in the sea, he would be a gudgeon.—*Pa. Democrat.*

If a shark were born on land, he would be a sub-treasurer.—*Prattree.*

A loco loco paper in Indiana begs us to take notice, the administration appoints no drunkards to office. We do not know that. It has at least appointed several to office who are more than half seas over.—*Prattree.*

A man in Indiana by the name of Long-tale lately hung himself in a fit of blues, says an exchange paper.—*St. L. Gazette.*

The family of Long Tailed Blues will wear crape on their left arm for thirty days.—*N. O. Picayune.*

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

The Murderer taken and the Murder Confessed.

We presume that our readers have all heard that Kobler and Wilman, the two men upon whom suspicion rested of having participated in the murder of Lazarus Zellerbach, were arrested on Wednesday last, in the city of Baltimore. We have since learned that a letter has been received in Philadelphia in which it is stated that they had confessed their guilt! We have this from authority, and are assured of its entire correctness.

There is no occurrence, which has transpired for a long time, in which the public mind has been more interested than in this atrocious murder. The excitement prevailed not in a mere locality; it affected, in a manner, the whole country, and occasioned the profoundest sympathy for the unfortunate deceased, and the most earnest hope that the murderers would be taken. We are pleased to have it to announce, therefore, that such has been the case not only, but that the deed is acknowledged. The Sheriff of this county, Peter Reed, Esq. started on Sunday last for Baltimore, intending to bring on the murderers to Lancaster.

For the arrest of these murderers in Baltimore, and the circumstances which led to their detection, the public is deeply indebted to Mr. Geo. Hughes, of this city who exerted himself very much in endeavoring to ferret them out. He elicited a number of the facts which have mainly resulted in their apprehension.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—We think the annals of prisons will hardly furnish a parallel to the following facts, says the *Norwalk Gazette*, for which we are indebted to a correspondent:

About the year 1820, James Osborne, of Sherman, in this county, was convicted upon a charge for assault and battery, and sentenced to pay a small fine and cost. The precise amount of the whole we do not recollect, but was quite considerable. The amount not being paid, he was committed to the jail in Danbury, where he remained eighteen years. As the law has stood during that period, he could not be discharged from his imprisonment, only upon either paying the fine and cost, or giving his note for the amount. This he ever steadily refused to do. The judges of the County Court, the sheriffs and state's attorneys have all endeavored to get rid of him, and to persuade him to execute the note, for without the note, neither one nor all of them had any authority to release him. But all has been in vain and he has remained a tenant of the prison.

During the session of the legislature in May last, a representation of these facts was made to that body, and a resolution passed ordering him to be forthwith released unconditionally. Even then he refused to leave the jail, and was forcibly turned out. He returned to his native place, but friends and acquaintances, with only few exceptions, had disappeared. Some had removed, and others were no longer among the living; and he found their places occupied by another generation of men. He was a stranger in the land of his fathers, and sighed for his former habitation within the walls of the prison. He wandered about for a few months, and in October last returned to the jail in Danbury and sought admission. The jailer received him and there he now is, occupying one of the cells of the jail, and paying the keeper two dollars per week for his entertainment.

A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.—The following request appears in an Ohio paper under the advertising head. What a pity it is there are not more Mr. Goddard's in the world: "Those of my good neighbors who are in the habit of borrowing from me without my leave, and that too when I am asleep, are requested not to take any more *Potatoes* from the hole they last opened—they are my seed potatoes. Take from the hole west of that, and be sure not to leave the hole open, for they will freeze. Yours, with respect.

R. T. GODDARD,
Posey Township, Dec. 29, 1838."

Mr. Bennet says, in his letters from Washington that, at the late birth night ball in that city, Amos Kendall was seen filling his breeches pockets with ham and his coat pockets with cold chicken.

COAL BED ON FIRE.

The Wilkesbarre Farmer says:—The large coal lands owned by the heirs of the late M. Hellenback, about two miles in the rear of this borough have been for some time past on fire, which is at the present time burning with considerable violence. The vein is the largest in the valley, being twenty-five and thirty feet in thickness and supposed to extend at different elevations and thicknesses throughout the whole extent of the Wyoming coal region. The bed on fire is at so great an elevation above the surrounding water courses, that water in any quantity cannot be communicated to it. The mouth of the bed and all the outlets have been filled up but fissures continue to open in the range of the fire, caused by the intensity of the heat, and the air thus finds access to the flame and continues its excitement.

To triumph over our passion is, of all conquests the most glorious.