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POETRY.

A Psalm of the Night.

Fades from the west the farewell light
Flung backward by the setting sun,
And silence deepens as the night
Steals with its solemn shadows on!
Gathers the soft, refreshing dew,
On springing grass and floweret stems—
And lo! the everlasting blue
Is radiant with a thousand gems!

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine;
Yes, bright as then ye smiled, to catch
The music of a sphere as fair,
Ye hold your high, immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

Source of all life, and joy, and light!
Creator of each starry sphere,
That o'er me on the arch of night,
Gleams like a diamond bright and clear;
Oh! as I gaze, transported now,
Upon this blue respendant dome,
Deign but to hear my prayer that Thou
Wilt call my erring spirit home.

Home, from the world's fast fading bowers
Frail vision and deluding dreams,
To that fair clime of Eden's flowers,
Sweet airs and softly gliding streams;
Oh, make me feel that while I stay,
A sojourner and stranger here,
My soul must seek its homeward way,
Far, far beyond each starry sphere!

I kneel before thy gorgeous throne,
Upon thy footstool, King of Kings!
And gazing on the glories shown
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wing—
Abject and weak, my awe-struck heart
Would from Thy dreadful presence flee,
If, Saviour, Thou did'st not impart,
Rays of undying hope to me.

As yonder faint and glimmering star
Receives its lustre from the sun,
Though from its fiery splendors far;
So from Thy love Almighty One
My spirit drinks immortal light—
Oh, never may that light decay:
But like yon diamond of the night,
In Heaven's own beauty melt away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WIREY ANECDOTE.—The Magnetic Telegraph is causing great wonderment throughout the country among the rural population, of whom many anecdotes are told. We find the following in a country newspaper:—Last week we were informed, a young genius from a northern town, who had been disturbed in his agricultural retirement by the vague reports of the wonderful lightning despatch, walked into the railroad house in this village, and inquired when "the telegraph would be along?" Some mischievous boys, seeing a chance for sport, gravely informed him that it was about time for it, but that he would have to look sharp to see it, it went so quick—assigned him a station on a wood pile, and directed him to fasten his eye along a direct line between two of the posts. Our philosopher obeyed instructions, and shivering in the wind for an hour or less, with his eyes strained on vacancy, and his head slowly revolving from "pole to pole," to the no small amusement of the bystanders. His patience at last gave way, and with much indignation, he exclaimed—"By golly, I believe that are telegraph am a humbug." "Humbug! sir. Why, what has given you that impression of it?" said one of his instructors; "did you not see it?" "See it, be darned! Their haint nothin' passed between them posts, no how." "Most certainly there has. You must have winked, or you'd have seen it spitting fire as it snapped past about five minutes ago." "Wall, I did wink wonce," said our hero, "but I winked as quick as I could. Who'd a thought it?" And the poor fellow returned home disappointed, resolving that the next time he would look without winking.

In Waterbury, Conn., there is a pin machine which makes eighty millions of pins each day.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

A SNAKE-BIT IRISHMAN.

AN ORIGINAL TENNESSEE HUNTING INCIDENT.

As a 'Mounseer' would say, 'one gran, magnifique, pretty good' Deer Hunt came off a few weeks since in the mountains of Morgan county, Tennessee. The party—made up of the best material—consisted of Judge A——, J. M. W——, J. A——, and some two or three other veteran hunters, rife for sport and full of fun. As my object is not to give a detailed account of the hunt, but only one of its incidents, I shall content myself with merely saying, that after a few days' hunt the three gentlemen named returned with twenty pair of hams and divers specimens of smaller fry. J. A—— killed a fine buck at 160 yards off hand, shooting at the head and hitting it. Judge A—— (an ardent sportsman and splendid rifle shot) also killed a 'longtaw.' But a turce to this, and now for the incident.

As every day had its night and every rose its thorn, so this mirthful party had its 'pest' in the shape of a huge, raw-boned, loquacious Irishman, who, uninvited, had quartered himself in the camp, boarding and lodging at the expense of the crowd and contriving in countless ways to render himself a nuisance when awake, and when asleep accomplished the same praiseworthy end without any contrivance at all—it being a natural gift, and used by the professor with most tormenting effect. *The man snored*—and *how* he snored, will presently appear; suffice it to say, a more unmitigated nuisance was never abated in a more summary manner.

They soon learned by his conversation and behaviour that he was afraid of snakes generally, and 'ould *snakes*' in particular; indeed I think that the sequel warrants the bold assertion that he would have given long odds in favor of a Stock Creek gouging, rather than face an 18 inch mocasin with 'bells on his tail' as he termed rattles. The man had heard some awful snake yarns or tales since his 'laving the sod;' this was evident from the morbid dread, yes, horror, he felt of the crawling tribe. Well, with the Queen of Sheba he might truly say 'the half had not been told him,' after a night's experience at a hunter's camp in Tennessee.

On the second night of his intrusion he made himself more than usually welcome, 'getting sir,' somewhat, sir, shot!' as Tom Turray said when an ounce of lead took up its lodgings in the 'fork of his breeches, thinking (if lead can) no doubt that it had more *room* there than in the powder bed of an old brass boring iron. He told long dry yarns, all having a more or less remote bearing on his own prowess or skill, and more than once insinuated a desire to make a demonstration by having the use of the skull of 'onny gentlemin present, and of a two fut thorn, for just a minit!' Well, all this was very pleasant, and I have no doubt perfectly satisfactory, so far as he individually was concerned, but with his hearers it was quite a different thing; yet they still endured it; but the cup of patience was nearly full, and that night it overflowed, bearing on its boiling current, the cause of the 'rise,' to regions far away and unknown.—After he had wearied himself with his 'blather,' and showed symptoms of turning in, Jim A—— told *him a few* yarns bearing on the much dreaded snake subject, and particularly on their size, variety and amiable temper in those parts, dwelling at length upon their *apparent* social disposition, assumed only with fell intent to those whose *nearer* acquaintance they sought.

This evidently did not sit well on the excited stomach of this pugnacious sprig-of-self-shillalah, as was manifested by the furtive and uneasy glances he ever and anon cast at his blanket and 'location,'—but bed time came, and after reconnoitering his sleeping ground he proceeded to count his beads and the chances of being 'snake-bit' before day, then 'tucking in' his blanket and wishing the 'sowls ov all the snakes in these parts in particular,' in a country where, to say the least, they would have but a slim chance for indu'ging in their natural torpidity, he fell asleep.

And now the storm began. His snoring grew fast and furious, loud and long: occasionally a sort of half snort, half grunt, terminated with 'snakes, by japers, blast their sowls! uh! uh!' when there came the variation or chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth that threatened to drive them through his jaws or crush them to powder; by way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds and then snore again, and such snoring! my stars, that I could spell it! It was sort of cross between the breathing of an asthmatic elephant and the braying of a superanuated donkey, whose will last longer than his wind. Well it thus continued with the regularity of the whip-poor-will's cry until, say half an hour before day-break, when J. M. W., (Jim W. we'll say,) whose stock of patience had long evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, 'humph, I'll stop that infernel concert or start the maker of it, see if I don't! Umph!' He then awoke Jim A. and the Judge, when the plot was laid and thus carried into execution.

W. got his hunting knife and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of gurr, and securing the ends with twine to retain the contents, he tied the one end of it fast and tight to a corner of Paddy's shirt-tail that had wandered through a 'rent' in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake like and true. All things thus arranged, the conspirators laid down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage-horn snores with the "snake sowl' variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, HU WEE! HU WEE! *A big copperheaded black rattle snake, eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches and is tying himself into a double bow knot round my body!*" giving the Irishman, with every word, a furious dig in the side with his elbow, with a running accompaniment on his shins with his heels! Of course all this noise and hunching awoke him quick and wide. In his first movement he laid his hand on the nice cold coil of gut at his side. Hissing out a "Jayzus" from between his clenched teeth he made a bound that carred him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip! Casting one wild blazing look behind he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp in a circle of some forty feet across and at every bound shouting, or rather yelling, "Saze 'im! saze 'im by the tail!—Oh, howly Vargin, stop 'im! Och, St. Patrick! tare 'im till jabletts!—A wha! wha! Bate 'im to smitereens with a gun, can't yees! He's got me fast howled by me——! och he has by japers! *an he's meadin his hoult* a wha! Howly Father he's got a shark hook on 'is tail! Oh, murther, he's forty fut long!" On making this last circuit he ran through a part of the smouldering camp fire, and the twine at the aft end of the gut caught fire.—This brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his rate; round and round he went; 'He's a fiery sarpint. Och, help! I'm swallowed (jumping a log) intirely all but my hed! He's saxty fate long if he's a fut! Thread on his bloody, fiery tail, will yees? Thry to save me!' then as if inspired with a new life and hope, he roared out, 'Shoot 'im! Shoot 'im! but *don't aim at 'is head!* Shoot! Shoot!'

Now here was a picture. There stoood the Judge hugging a sapling with both arms and one leg, his head thrown back, emitting scream after scream; here lay Jim W. on his back, with his feet against a tree, his arms elavated like a child's when he wants you to help him up, and it was scream after scream with the Judge. All sounds at all like ordinary laughter, had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the vocal frame of a dozen panthers, accompanied by the frog whistle of a steamboat. Yonder stands Jim A.—"fat Jim"—with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake!—*Snake!!*—SNAKE!!!" at the same intonation, but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags, and "Snake! Snake!" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eyes carefully and closely followed the course of poor Paddy round the camp. After running round the camp about thirty times, the persecuted one flew off in a tangent into the dark woods and the medley sounds of 'snake! murther! saxty fate! Holy Virgin!' &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

'Umph,' said Jim W., (after stopping his laughing hiccough,) 'umph, I thought *that gut* would stop snoring at this camp at least, umph.' The next evening the Patlander was seen travelling at a mighty rate through Knoxville, with a small bundle under one, and a huge shillalah in the other hand, poked out ahead of him in a half defensive, half exploring attitude, when he was hailed by Archy Mc——— with 'Which way, Paddy?' Casting round at the speaker a sort of a hang dog, sulky glance, he growled forth, a word at a step, "strate to Ireland, by Japers, where there's no snakes!"

You cannot say "snake" to either member of the party yet, without its costing a set of vest buttons or producing a "stitch in the side."

An Amusing Anecdote.

We transfer to our columns the subjoined amusing story, from the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser:

"We notice in an Eastern paper a report of a recent action against a London chemist, on account of a hair dye that instead of turning complainant's whiskers to a jetty blackness had raised a blister, in consequence of which, whiskers, skin and all peeled off. This case reminds us of another attempt at hair dyeing, the consequences of which, if not so distressing, were serious enough to the party. In a country village in this State, some twenty years ago, the village Doctor was chosen Deacen in the Congregation Church. The Doctor, though a hale, hearty man, had turned gray very early in life, and at the time we speak of, his locks had become of almost snowy whiteness. He was a gallant man, though a sincere Christian, and his hoary honors somewhat annoyed him. So to grace his new dignity, the night before the Sabbath when 'the Sacrament,' as the communion was termed, was to be administered, he undertook to dye his hair to a becoming brown, more suitable to his age. We know not what application he made use of, but during the morning service, while the new Deacon sat under the pulpit, as was customary, the action of the light rapidly worked a chemical and almost magical change in the outward adornment of his head. Some of the locks deepened into a rich brown, while others flashed into a fiery red, and some gently subsided from their pristine whiteness into a most delicate pea green. All unconscious of these variegated honors, at the close of the ordinary service, the Deacon undertook to officiate, bearing round the consecrated bread and wine. The communicants were humble, sincere christians feeling deeply the solemnity of the occasion, but the new Deacon's hair was too much for most of them. There was a grim relaxation of the features of the older among them, who might have sat for pivtures of the old covenanters, while the younger could scarcely refrain from an unequivocal smile. The venerable apostolic man, who ministered to the congregation, and who, with the most fervent piety had a quick sense of the ludicrous, soon noticed the unwonted bearing of his flock, and its cause, and as the Deacon returned to the table, quietly requested him to refrain from farther service in favor of an old brother, to supply whose place and infirmities of age, he had been chosen. The next day when the Doctor started to visit his patients, his head was clothed with a nicely fitting new black silk skull cap, and several months elapsed before he again officiated as Deacon."

FINDING STORE.—A chap from "the bush," was patrolling the streets of Boston, a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs, when one which was labelled "General Finding Store" attracted his attention. He entered, chewing his gingerbread, and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed, "I swow! you must be darned lucky chaps to *find* all these here things,—I s'pose you aint found my umbriller nor nothing, are you?"

TALL KISSING.—During the late sleighing, it is said that fifteen hundred gals were kissed in the State of New York alone. They were generally delighted with it; only two of them pouted, and one slapped the fellow in the face, but, as her hand was very small and soft, he looked up and asked if it was snowing, as he thought he felt a snow-flake fall on his cheek.—*Boston Yankee.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE

STEAMER UNICORN.

EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Oregon Question in the House of Lords—Later from Poland—News from India—Relations of England and America, Aspect of Affairs Favorable—General Want and Distress in Ireland.

[From the New York Sun, Extra.]

The Royal Steamship Unicorn, Capt. ——, with eight days later intelligence from Europe, was telegraphed at 20 minutes to 1 o'clock P. M. this (Friday) afternoon, and arrived at her wharf, East Boston, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

The Unicorn came beautifully up, passed the Cunard wharf, stretched across the harbor, and touched at the end of Commercial wharf, where she landed her newspaper packages.

The Revolution in Poland has been put down by Austrian bayonets.

Bonded flour and wheat are to be admitted in England at low duties, on the third reading of the new corn law.

The latest reports from the manufacturing district are, we regret to state, of an unsatisfactory character. Leeds, a small business is doing.

Within the last day or two, however, a rather better feeling seems to have gained ground, and the general opinion is that the worst stage of the reigning stagnation has passed, and that a livelier business is close at hand.

We are indebted to Adams & Co's Express for the early delivery of our files by the Unicorn.—They also report a sad accident to the magnificent steamer Oregon. In passing through Hurlgate, this morning, she became unmanageable and ran upon a reef of rocks. She now lies in danger of becoming a wreck.

Mr. Whitney engaged M. Delamoie to bring over the steamer Unicorn, who it is said knew little about the business.

We made our extracts chiefly from the European times.

Cotton market unchanged, provisions nominal, flour and grain as before.

There has been a debate in the English House of Lords on the Oregon question, and another war excitement, with great blustering in the newspapers.

The Unicorn has brought orders to a considerable extent, some of which will require two or three months to complete. A greater activity has, therefore, prevailed at the Cloth-hall.

The packet ship Virginia, late Captain Hiem, reached Liverpool on the 6th, we are sorry to say, without her commander, he having been killed whilst on her passage by a blow from the quarter-boat, which was drove through the house on the deck by a heavy sea.

Agitation and suffering continue in Ireland, and to add to the evils of the time, the Irish Coercion Bill has passed the House of Lords.

Free trade is spreading in Russia and France, and a commercial treaty has been made between Russia and Sardinia.

[From Wilmer & Smith's Times.]

The Oregon Question.

"We have given in another column the conversation which took place in the House of Lords relative to the state of our relations with America, between the Earl of Clarendon and the Earl of Aberdeen, on Tuesday evening last. The speech of the foreign Secretary, it will be seen, was conciliatory but determined. He expressed the strongest desire for peace, coupling it with the assurance that it could yet be preserved, and intimated that nothing would be left undone to preserve it, consistent with the honor of our country.

But he gave no information as to the state of the negotiations; he refused to produce all the papers marked for, and only consented to submit a portion of them to the house, alleging, as a reason, that the public interest would suffer by the inspection of the whole. Nothing can be inferred from the tone of this conversation, as to the turn which matters are likely to take on this mooted subject.

The general belief in this country is, when the question had been left in Mr. Polk's hands a message from the Queen will afford Ministers an opportunity of declaring their *ultimatum* to Parliament.

That the worst is anticipated, is evident from the extraordinary, the unprecedented activity, in all the different dock-yards.

The other day, at Portsmouth, in order to test how soon a line of battle ship could be got ready for sea, the Bellorophen, which was dismantled at the time, and her masts rigged, her guns pointed, her stores housed—in short, everything appertaining to this splendid man-of-war was put in "apple-pie order in sixty hours by the officers and crew! This feat is considered the most remarkable in the history of the British navy; but it was rendered ridiculous by the authorities when the experiment had been completed, ordering the vessel to be again dismantled."

THE OREGON QUESTION.

House of Lords, March 17.—The Earl of Clarendon moved for such portions of the diplomatic correspondence respecting the Oregon negotiation, as the Earl of Aberdeen might think it consistent with public duty to produce. Nothing could be further from his wishes than to embarrass the Government; but though the language of the British and American Governments had been entirely pacific, yet it could not be denied that the two countries were insensibly drifting toward a war. It was time, he thought, to break the silence so rigidly preserved on this side the Atlantic, and to furnish the House with all the information that could prudently be furnished.

He was convinced that an abler negotiator than Mr. Pakenham could not be found, and that the government had acted most judiciously in every step it had taken in the matter; for it had declared to the world that it would not engage in war until every means of keeping peace were exhausted. It was morally impossible that two such nations as England and America should embroil themselves for a comparatively worthless territory, and he should conclude by moving for the correspondence, and by asking what course the government intended to pursue in the event of the Senate concurring in the twelve months' notice.

My lords, I think that the desire expressed by my noble friend is quite natural and reasonable. I think, when we are receiving, from time to time, from the United States, information and documents of the highest interest and importance, affecting us in the manner in which these transactions do, it is quite natural that your lordships and the public should desire to receive from the government of this country authentic information as to those transactions, accompanied by such other information as it may be safe and proper to give.

I therefore think I have no valid reason for objecting to the production of those papers for which my noble friend has moved; especially as a great portion of them be already known to your lordships and the public. But I must reserve to myself the discretion of, for the present, suppressing a large portion of the correspondence which has taken place between her Majesty's minister in the United States and myself, the production of which, at this time would be injurious to the public interests.

But, my Lords, on the other hand, it is certainly possible, (though I would reject the motion) that all our efforts may be unavailing. In that case, I can only say that it will be my endeavor not only to secure the support and countenance of every one of your lordships, but the sympathy and approbation also of every state in Europe, and of the whole civilized world. (Hear. Hear.)

My lords, I think my noble friend will, perhaps, not expect me to go farther into the subject at present, and I will conclude the few words which I have thought necessary to address to your lordships, by repeating emphatically what her Majesty has been graciously pleased to say from the throne—"That no effort will be spared, consistently with the national honor, to bring this question to an early and a successful termination."

Lord Brougham referring to a statement that had been made respecting a globe said to be in the possession of Mr. Everett, on which the Oregon boundary was marked favorably in America, said he had yesterday received a letter from Mr. Everett, which quite confirmed the truth of the assumption which he (Lord Brougham) had offered at the time.

It appeared that Mr. Everett had ordered the globe through another person, and that the tradesman had marked the boundary in the manner referred to, perhaps with a view to pay a compliment to Mr. Everett, but without the previous knowledge of that gentleman.

With respect to the question before the house, he could only join his hearty wish, and express his confident hopes, that all these negotiations, troublesome as they might be would lead to a happy issue; and also his entire confidence in his noble friend and the rest of her Majesty's Government, and unhappily for us, for America, and for humanity at large—these just expectations prove unfounded, mankind would find out to whom the blame should be imputed; and further that although the calamity of war would be looked at by all with the utmost possible aversion, by none would it be regarded with apprehension or alarm.

Lord Ashburton felt sure that all which caution and prudence required in this negotiation would be observed by his noble friend and that the honor of England would not be tarnished. When he looked at the probability of two countries like England and America rushing madly into war on a question in which nothing was at stake but their honor, he could not for a moment doubt that, whatever might be the ebullition of popular feeling here or in the United States, the sterling good sense which especially characterized those two countries would prevail, and preserve both from that ultimate alternative which he could not contemplate without feelings of the utmost horror.

He held it to be hopeless for either to seek to obtain advantage over the other in what are called the terms for negotiation. The only question was, how to settle this disputed right in this manner which would be best for the two nations. The negotiation could not be in better hands than those of his noble friend, and he felt also, on the other hand, confidence that the people of the United States would at least come to a fair and honorable, and a safe conclusion on the subject.

IRELAND.

The various accounts received from Ireland since the sailing of the last steamer, are far from being of a satisfactory character. Want, or at least its immediate prospect, on the one hand, and crime, the details of horrid and sanguinary deeds, on the other, form their chief feature.

The people of Mayo have been greatly excited in consequence of a contested election, which took place for that county during the week ending March 7. The repeal candidate was a Mr. M. M'Donell; his opponent, a liberal in politics but not a repealer, was a Mr. Moore. The result of the contest was Mr. M'Donnell's return by a majority of 60. The military and the peasantry came into conflict with each other during the course of the election, when the former were obliged to fire upon the populace. One life was lost, and some few others wounded.

Daniel O'Connell's health is rapidly failing. It seems now a pain for him to make a speech in the House of Commons on behalf of Ireland, and when he does so, it is delivered in such a tamed, weak, and subdued tone, that one can hardly recognize in his person the great and popular agitator who harangued the countless thousands on the Hill of Tara, and Mullaghmast—who led on his marshalled bands throughout three provinces, in defiance of the monarch's denunciations, and the almost unanimous opinions of both Houses of Parliament. But time has made traces upon his constitution; and from the general report it would seem that he now requires ease, and relief from the care and toils of public life.

The Dublin Evening Packet has published a statement of the receipts of the Repeal Association. The income of 1843 was £47,914; 1844, £43,306; 1845, £17,969. The total receipts from 1840 to the present time is set down at £127,869 11s. 7d.

The Irish Coercion Bill, which originated in the House of Lords with the Earl of St. Germains, has passed through every stage of that branch of the Legislature, and now awaits its fate in the other House. Some of its most stringent features have been reduced, but the measure is still highly penal, and the severities of its enactments, unless they are still further modified, stand a chance of rendering the measure, a dead letter. The bill is being fiercely opposed in Ireland, and the liberal press in England is opposing it tooth and nail.

POLAND.

Poor, prostrate, subjugated Poland, the Ireland of the Continent, has been making a fruitless, bloodless effort at a revolution, or as the failure of national patriotism is always termed—an insurrection.

The little Republic of Cracow, which is now in possession of the Austrian troops, has been the head quarters of this unfortunate attempt to restore the nationality of the Poles; but the conspiracy had extensive ramifications in Prussia, Russia, as well as Austria.

CRACOW OCCUPIED BY THE AUSTRIANS.

Subjoined is the official account of the occupation of Cracow, as drawn up by Gen. Collin of the Austrian forces:—

CRACOW, March 4.—The insurgents retired from the city on the night of the 2nd instant.

The conditions on which the Austrian General received the capitulation of the citizens of Cracow were,

1st. That they should deliver up to him all the the known leaders of the rebellion who remained in the city, or point out to him their residences.

2d. That a total disarmament of all the inhabitants should take place, and that all weapons should be deposited in the castle before noon on the 5th instant.

And 3rd. Any person, who during the stay of the Austrians in Cracow, appeared with weapons in his hands, or in whose dwelling arms of any kind should be found, should be judged by court-martial within twenty-four hours.

According to the Silesian Gazette, that portion of the insurgents who surrendered to the Prussians who promised pardon on the condition of submitting to the arrangements which may be made in their regard by the three protecting powers.

The Bresian correspondent of the Wese Zeitung, states that it was generally believed there on the 6th inst., that the great body of the insurgents would retreat to the mountains of Gallicia, and there commence a guerilla warfare.

According to the same correspondent, the incorporation of Cracow with the Prussian monarchy is openly desired by the citizens. The Manheim Abend Zeitung also expresses the opinion that the Polish insurgents will retire to the Carpathian mountains, and there act the part of the Circassians.

INDIA.

The latest accounts from the East show that the condition of the British empire in that part of the world is the reverse of satisfactory. The blood which flowed on the banks of the Sutlej, on the three memorable days of December last, has been shed in vain.

The Sikhs have been punished, but not subdued; and they return to the conflict with increased numbers, and apparently additional determination.

In the meantime, the interest of the next and succeeding Indian accounts, will turn exclusively upon the Sikh war. The March mail will bring the details of another, perhaps of several bloody engagements between the British forces and the Sikhs. The best must be hoped for; but the worst is possible.

The hope which was entertained that business on the Continent of Europe would before this resume its steady and regular course, after the stagnation which prevailed so long, remains unfortunately yet unfulfilled.

☞ Colonel Crockett once said "that popularity is like soap; it hardly stiffens before it goes back to lye and grease again."