The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1855.

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TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (16 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (32 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (48 ")	1 50	2 25	3 00

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¼ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
½ " " " " "	1 50
¾ " " " " "	2 50
1 " " " " "	4 00
BLANKS, foolscap or less, per single quire,	1 50
" " 4 or more quires, per "	1 00

☞ Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

The Law of Newspapers.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May be the the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me.
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hill;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me:
For, to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same.
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light!
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression, with its title,
As the pebbles in the sea.

SHEARING SHEEP.—A patent has been granted to Palmer Lancaster, of Burr Oak, Michigan, for nothing less than the shearing of sheep by machinery, instead of a pair of sheepshears—the common way.—The machine which is small and neat, is hung by a strap to the arm of the operator and placed on the body of the sheep to be shorn. By simply turning a handle back and forth, and moving the machine over the body of the sheep, the wool is made to fly in double quick time. It is well known that the most skilful hands at sheep shearing do not cut the fleece even; and besides, the skin of the animal is invariably clipped out by the shears in many spots. This instrument cuts the fleece rapidly and evenly, never cutting any part of the wool twice, and it avoids cutting the skin of the animal; it is therefore a humane as well as a good contrivance.

Miscellaneous.

LAST WORDS OF NICHOLAS ABOUT THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE.

The New Orleans Bee publishes the following passage from a letter addressed to an eminent foreigner, now in that city, by a Russian friend, residing in St. Petersburg. The Bee says it may be "regarded as entirely authentic:"

ST. PETERSBURG, February, 1855.

Before my letter reaches you, you will probably have received intelligence of a loss that will spread a gloomy veil over all Russia, for the death of such a man is a blow that not only strikes his own country, but resounds from the shores of the whole world. In my last letter I did not dare openly declare what we were expecting from day to day, for we were unwilling to accustom our hearts to an idea which our minds were incapable of conceiving. The last days of the Czar are a whole century in the history of Russia, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Do not imagine that he was exasperated with foes.—Quite the contrary! Impartially, like a prophet, he gazed upon the present situation of the different European powers, and predicted the future with the accuracy of one who looks far beyond the present.

"England," said he "has reached her culminating point either for life or death. There is no middle point for her to pursue. One thing alone may save her, and that is a free confession, not only by the Government, but by the whole aristocracy, made to the people, that they have been absurd, from first to last, that the Crown is no longer to maintain its power, and that the people must rise and unite together as one man, to save the honor or preserve the independence of the country. A candid acknowledgment of the truth may even now save England, if her corrupt aristocracy can be brought to the stool of confession. France, on the contrary, can maintain herself only by falsehood and deception. The Emperor may proclaim to his subjects that he governs and influences the affairs of Europe; that not a shot can be fired without his permission, and France is the first power in Europe; but a single shock, one speech of a demagogue may overthrow him and darken the star of Napoleon forever. I had offered him my hand, the hand of reconciliation, but he refused it. He wishes to avenge Moscow upon me, and St Helena upon England. Short-sighted man, who seeks to avenge the sins of the fathers upon the children! As for Germany, Austria and Prussia, they would not now exist, if I had not saved them, when they crouched at my feet six years ago: they think to strengthen themselves in the mighty struggle between the nations of Europe. But they have been and never will be more than secondary powers, satraps holding authority by the clemency of my House, or by permission of the Western Powers. Yet one consolation is left to me in the midst of all this ingratitude and villany, and that is the silent sympathy of the high-hearted people on the other side of the Atlantic, the only hearts in which I hear an echo of my struggles against united Europe. Never have I forgotten the least kindness shown to me or the least of my subjects; let my children never forget what we owe to America, and if ever an hour of danger darkens around the Union, let her find a faithful ally in my family."

These words may be of interest to you, my friend, because you are now living among the Americans; and I mention them knowing your sympathies have bound you to a foreign land nearly half a century. One learns to recognize his true friends in the hour of danger, and you may rely upon it, that as long as a Romanoff sits on Russia's throne, the American States will never need a friend.

The above (says the Bee) is a faithful and almost literal translation from the letter which is written in German, by one of the nobles of Courland, residing in St. Petersburg. From the source whence we receive it, we have no hesitation in guaranteeing its authenticity.

Eloquent Speech.

FELLER CITIZENS.—This is a great meetin'. It is a sponteraneous bustin' out of feelin'. It is a pertinashus bublin' and bilen' over Law, that is foreir' thro' the land like a raleroide or a megnetic penegraff broke loose? This, feller citizens, is what we've met this ere night to consider. What is it then, I ax yer again? Is it a combustation of the diurnation of the lager beer barrels? Say? Why its about the onholiest thing ever skeered up in a free, unmitigated country. It's agin the constertusion, it's again the nat'ral and inexplicable rights and parquisites of civilized man, and is calkerlated to onhang the instertutions of the whole world and the rest of mankind in general.—This Mane Law of public endurance. What is this Mane Law, a hethenish abominashun of desternation. Whar did it cum from? Why feller citizens, from all the larnin' I have upon the subject, it was dug up about a year ago, in a little town called Mane, on the very outspirits and tip-eend of this great illuminous republican empire, and is now spreadin' over the land with the speed of a bullgine on a down-hill track, with the cars onhitched, and accordin' to all accounts, it's just the pisonest thing ever set again'. Feller Citizens! pause and reflect on your ignominious sterashuns, your penliferous posishuns. Will you submit to have nothin' but cold water put down your free and independent throats, 'till they ain't no better than town pumps, and your abominable reguns are big reservoirs? I know you won't. I see the old fire of Libertee sparklin' out from your noses, I see your bosoms swellin' with eternal indignashus commoshen, like mountaneous billoas of the specific oshun. Feller citizens, strike for your rites;

Strike, till this orful foe conspires,
Strike for your liberty and sires,
Strike for your freedom to swallow just what kind of liker you most admires;

And when you strike be sure you hit, and knock this comprehensive measure into the onmitigated shades of the future. It threatens to ondermin the very teathook of huma nity and sap the founderations of individual generations, besides breakin' things in general. Fellar citizens, will yer do it? Will you, echo repetes the cry, will you?

From the Phrenological Magazine.

The Life of a Giantess.

Miss Sylvia Hardy, the lady now being exhibited at Barnum's American Museum, as the "Maine Giantess," is a woman of peculiar and remarkable characteristics. She was born in 1825, in the village of Wilton, Franklin county, State of Maine. Her father, who died at 36, and before she was six years old, was born in the same village. Her mother, who still lives, and is now 57, was born in Falmouth, Maine. Her grandmother was born in the same town. Her grandfather was born in Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Miss Hardy was, at birth, one of the smallest of infants. Dr. Barker, of Wilton, who attended her mother at the time, used to remark that he had never seen anything, even of the twin kind, so diminutive. Her twin brother died at a very early age. Both together only weighed, we are assured, three and a half pounds.

Miss Hardy remained a child of very ordinary size until she was twelve years of age, when she suddenly took to growing with a rapidity that alarmed her friends, and startled all her acquaintances. As she had five sisters, one of whom was older than herself, all of whom were rather below than above the common stature of the sex, her growth was the more surprising.

At thirteen Miss Hardy was tall. At fourteen she was a novelty. At fifteen she was a wonder. She increased in this extraordinary manner until she attained her twenty-first year when she remained stationery for about four years. During this period of rapid growth, it was impossible to make her clothes with any common accuracy. She seemed to alter each day. She probably altered each week.

The dress that became her one month was therefore useless the next; and thus, for nine years, it was necessary to make all her apparel with superfluous tucks and folds, in order to accommodate them to her condition.

One effect of this elongating process was, of course, constant ill health. She was excessively thin, and could not, under the circumstances become any stouter. She was so weak as to be almost unable to stand.

Her bones could not strengthen in substance sufficiently fast for their rapid expansion, and so grew painfully brittle. In attempting to walk, therefore, one day, she fell to the ground and fractured a leg seriously. Nature however in the celerity of her physical developments, soon remedied the evil, and thus the cause subsequently aided in the cure.

Miss Hardy is now about 30 years of age.—She has grown about seven inches since she was twenty one, and is nearly eight feet high at the present moment. She weighs three hundred and forty-six pounds, is massively proportioned, robust, matronly in her appearance, symmetrical in figure, but inclined to stoop, (as most people are,) a habit acquired in her native village, where her gigantic height subjected her to a scrutiny on the part of strangers, most annoying to her bashful nature.

Her features are large. The expression of her face, if not handsome, is amiable; her disposition is mild and gentle to a pleasing degree. Her voice is somewhat coarse but not unmusical. Her movements are easy and graceful, although, having never before left her village home, she is as yet unsophisticated in fashionable ways, and moves and acts with a timidity that a little more acquaintance with public life will readily remove.

The Rev. Wm. Badger, of Wilton, Dr. Barker, Dr. Peaslee, Columbus Gray, Esq., attorney at law, of the same place, indeed, all of the respectable portion of the population of Wilton and East Wilton, know Miss Hardy well, and speak of her moral character in terms of the highest regard. She certainly is one of the most natural phenomena of the age.

What it Costs to Bombard a City.

That war is an expensive occupation the British Government and People are beginning to understand by means of augmented taxes, and the opening of the fires of the Allies suggests a calculation as to the cost of the iron balls which have been thrown into Sevastopol by the five hundred cannon which have vomited them in what Gortschakoff called "an infernal fire."—The accounts of the *Asia* represent that each of these guns fired one hundred and twenty rounds a day, which gives a total for the five hundred of sixty thousand rounds. This fire had been continued for thirteen days, and making an aggregate of seven hundred and eighty thousand missiles rained upon the city.

The weight of the shot fired from the guns of the Allies varies probably from nineteen to one hundred and forty pounds, and the shells from fifteen to one hundred and ten pounds would probably be a low estimate for an average.—This would give a daily delivery of iron to the Russians, amounting to two million seven hundred thousand pounds, and a total for the thirteen days of thirty-five million one hundred thousand pounds—the prime cost of which in the rough, at the average price of pig iron in England for the last year, was not less than three hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars. This is, of course, without any regard to the enormous cost of transportation to the Crimea.

If the cannon balls fired from the Allied lines, during the thirteen days, were rolled into rail bars, weighing sixty pounds to the yard, the bars would extend three hundred and thirty two miles; or if laid as a railroad, would suffice for a single track road 150 miles, with all the necessary turn-outs.

The charge of powder for each gun would probably average about six pounds, which would show an expenditure for the thirteen days of four million six hundred and eighty thousand pounds of powder. Such powder is worth here eighteen cents a pound, but in England would not, probably, cost more than fifteen cents, at which price the powder cost seven hundred and two thousand dollars.

Swearing.—The absurdity and utter folly of swearing is admirably set forth in the following anecdote of Beelzebub and his imps. The latter went out in the morning, each to command his set of men—one the murderers, another the liars, and another the swearers, &c. At evening they stopped at the mouth of a cave. The question arose among them who commanded the meanest set of men. The subject was debated at length, but without coming to a decision. Finally, his Satanic Majesty was called upon to decide the matter in dispute. Whereupon he said: "The murderer got something for killing, the thief for stealing, and the liar for lying, but the swearer was the meanest of all, he served without pay." They were his majesty's best subjects; for while they were costless, their name was legion, and presented the largest division in his (Satan's) employ.

Kansas Territory.

The St. Louis Intelligencer states as a fact within its knowledge, that agents are out from Western Missouri, striving to excite the people of the rest of the State to join them in the violent proceedings they have already started in Platte county.

A letter from Washington speaks of the prospects of a famine in the new territory—there being no supplies of provisions, and the season being very unfavorable for a crop. It observes that this must prevent the immigration of men from the North—and many of the Northern settlers have already left the territory on account of its disorders and turbulence.

It appears that in the new city of Kickapoo, a paper has been started in the pro-slavery interest, and named the *Pioneer*. It is full of villainous suggestions and bitter revilings against the abolitionist settlers. Speaking of the new election to take place on the 22nd inst., to supply vacancies, it states this will be another opportunity for the pro-slavery party to prove true to their principles, and observes:—"We must again make a clean sweep—we must prove to the friends of the 'dear depressed black' that we do not intend to sleep as long as there is work to be done—as long as there is an abolitionist in Kansas."

We find the following important statements made, upon the authority of an eye-witness, by the editor of the Cincinnati *Democrat*:—

The scene of the most bitter state of feeling, in reference to the settlement of Kansas, has been located in the six counties of Atchison, Godaway, Holt, Andrew, Buchanan and Platte These counties form a triangle, extending from the junction of the Kansas river on the Missouri river, to the north line of the State, the base resting upon the south line of Iowa. The territory of land comprising the six counties above named was once free, under the Missouri compromise, and was laid open to slavery through the agency of Benton, by act of Congress in 1837, and was the first violation of the Missouri copmromise.

It is composed of a very fertile, rolling country, and contains some of the most flourishing and populous counties of Missouri. Platte county is the mostly densely settled of any in the State, and the most populous, aside from those containing the large cities.

The old boundary of Missouri was the meridian line, and was changed, as we have stated, to the Missouri river in 1837, Col. Benton taking advantage of the careless inattention and apathy of Congress to secure the object.

About July 1st, 1854, four slaves fled and escaped from Weston and its vicinity, when a public notice of the fact was put in the newspapers, in which all Northern men were denounced as to be suspected and watched.

A meeting was called in the Platte Argus, Atchison's organ, and the Platte County Self Defensive Association was formed, the constitution of which made every member a secret agent, to inquire into the views, opinions, plans, business and pursuits of every man; and make all northern men's affairs—and especially those of clergymen—their own; and empowered each member to call upon the others to help him to drive out, hang, drown or kill, in any way, all who were suspected of tampering with slaves, or of inculcating abolition or freesoil principles.

The expression of the opinion or hope that Kansas might be free, was deemed and declared conclusive evidence of abolition opinions upon which the Association empowered themselves to seize upon and try any individual, before a committee of three or more of the Association, and to find him guilty upon the testimony of any person; and to punish him at once, without appeal, and without recourse, by such penalty as their self-constituted tribunal might judge fit, from hanging or drowning, to tar and feathers.

Thomas A. Minard, formerly a Sheriff in the State of Iowa, was the first man arraigned before the tribunal consisting of members of this Association, on July 10th, 1854. He was tried upon his own evidence. He was a man of influence and character, and had many strong friends among that portion of the population not ultra upon slavery. He was seized and bound and carried before the tribunal, and there upon being questioned, stated that he had said repeatedly that he hoped to see Kansas a free territory and a free State; that he believed it would be for the best interest of the country that it should be so.

He was solemnly pronounced an abolitionist, and was sentenced to receive forty-eight lashes unless at the end of forty-eight hours he was found missing from the State of Missouri. He choose to take another course; rallied his friends, armed himself, and openly defied them. He lives among them yet, and the sentence has not as yet been carried out.

Mr. Osborne was tried, and convicted upon testimony of a slave—testimony not admissible in any southern court—of the offence of ordering to write a pass or permit for a slave, showing that the slave was about his regular business in travelling from place to place. He was imprisoned three days, and had his head shaved.

The Association has had up before them men of the most quiet and respectable character, who have been constantly assailed by abuse, vilification, obscenity and insolence; have been roughly treated, and dismissed with hoots and jeers, after every effort has failed to implicate them, even in the ready judgment of this slave tribunal.

A Sphinx in the Cabinet.

A Washington paper says that Mr. De Leon, the United States Consul General in Egypt, has sent over to Mr. Marcy, for the State Department, an antique Sphinx, having the body of a lion and the face of a young woman, and carved all over with hieroglyphics and representations of bulls, beetles, scorpions, dogs, crocodiles and other monsters. It is of sandstone and is about two feet high. Mr. Marcy has taken the Sphinx to his embrace, and it is probably destined to become an important member of the Pierce administration. In the first place it must, however, declare its intentions to become an American citizen, and although the gender of the Sphinx family has been disputed from the most remote antiquity, we presume the Democracy will have no difficulty in establishing the fact that this one is of the proper sex, in spite of the feminine head, and that it will before long be quite as fit to exercise the rights of citizenship as many of our newly arrived emigrants from European countries. Its sand-stone head can be no objection, for we have had wooden heads in high places, and there seems to be a fine opening in the Democracy for a head of solider stuff.

But the public would respectfully ask to be informed what office the Sphinx is destined to fill at Washington. If it is to resume its old business of propounding enigmas and devouring the inhabitants when they cannot solve them, it will find its proper sphere in Washington. For we have had puzzles and botherations without number since the 4th of March, 1853. The people have never yet been able to understand the Nebraska enigma, the Greytown enigma, the Ostend enigma, the St. Domingo enigma, and many others; and if the Sphinx of the White House has not devoured them, it has been simply because such food disagrees terribly with the Presidential digestion. But the people are working out a solution of all these puzzles, and when they have arrived at it, our Presidential Sphinx will be quite ready to dash his head against a rock.—In the meantime our Egyptian Sphinx must have work assigned him in the Cabinet. Mr. Guthrie might employ such a hard shell individual in the Treasury Department, for he would be very useful in getting up Treasury reports and proposing insoluble problems of Free Trade. Mr. Campbell might engage him in the Post Office service, to assist in the perplexity of our mail business. Or if he did not fancy duties with these Departments, or those of War, the Navy, or the Interior, Mr. Marcy might put the Sphinx on diplomatic service.—He will answer very well to send to Madrid, should Augustus Cæsar Hannibal Dodge fail in his mission. He could resume the Spanish negotiations where Soule broke them off, and there is no reason why an expatriated Sphinx, with a sound stone head, should not be as good an ambassador as an expatriated Frenchman with a cracked head. Let us make the most of our Egyptian Sphinx, and let the public be informed immediately on what business his sand-stone brains are to be employed.

The Birds.

Go out among the trees in the orchard or through the grove, or look into the hedge-rows or peep under the old bridge down the lane, or go to the barn; go anywhere, everywhere, where you will, and at this season—this lovely May season—you will find the birds—busy, merry, singing birds; hard at work they are too building their houses—cradles rather—and all the time keeping up a concert of sweet music. Various too are their tastes in selecting their sites for their nesting places, some hiding away from man, some coming up to the very door; or like the martin and swallow, under his roof and protection. Robin-red-breast almost invariably comes into the orchard, sometimes on the trees, sometimes on the fence, sometimes where kindly treated under the shed by the barn or house.

The woodpecker—the same one that was "tapping the hollow beach tree"—makes holes in the old apple trees, into which for years afterward the pretty blue-bird, creeps and rear its annual brood.

The black-bird, the most numerous of the family of small birds, mostly nests in the swamp; except one variety, imitating the crow, that goes into the highest trees, such as the spruce with a dark thick top, where boys nor small shot cannot come.

In the meadow we find the sly nest of the quail and lark and several small birds; and in the thickest bushes the home of the brown thrush. He is a natural musician, a sweet bird full of glee and cheerfulness; but the merriest and most amusing of the whole family is the noisy little bobolink.

We look upon birds as among the essentials of a landscape, and would as soon think of chopping down the orchard, shooting the turkeys and wringing the necks off of the barn-yard fowls, or making mutton of the sheep or giving the lambs to the dogs, as to think of destroying or driving them from the premises.

"Going a gunning" with the murderous intent to kill such birds ought to consign a man to the infamy that we are apt to attach to a savage or a brute who wantonly kills the finest of God's creation.

Without birds a country is desolate; with them it is always cheerful. Their songs would enliven the heart of a stone or make a miser for the moment forget his money.

The association of children with birds, when taught to love them and not destroy their nests, has as direct and certain a tendency to improve their natures as the church or family fireside. Teach a child that birds are among the good gifts of God to man, and it is hardly possible that the child will grow up to manhood without being possessed of some of the attributes of the sweet songsters of the grove.

And yet there are parents who allow their children to wage incessant war upon the birds, never thinking of the injury they are doing their young minds, or how many destructive enemies they are entailing upon the crops in shape of countless caterpillars, grubs and worms.

We don't know of a higher Christian duty for a minister to engage in than an effort to preserve the birds in his parish.

We would impress upon the mind of every child that the command "thou shalt not kill" meant these dear little birds as well as things of a higher degree. Thou shalt not wantonly kill a single thing of all creation that is not necessary for man's sustenance, or that is not detrimental to his interest.

Children should be taught not only to love the music of birds, but to look upon them as models of beauty and affection to their mates and to their young. Instead of driving them away from the house, encourage them to come and perch upon the window sill and build their nests under the eaves.

Don't tell us they destroy the small fruit.—Plant enough for you and them. If they do eat fruit, so they do eat worms, and you can well afford to give them a few cherries and currants for what they have done for you.

Around the City there is a difficulty in preserving the birds because all the groves are infested with an abominable nuisance in the shape of big boys and prowling loafers "out for a day's shooting."

They ought to be out for a day's shooting, and that should be at their own idle carcasses, with fine salt and pepper-corns, and every owner of land should be allowed by law thus to salt and pepper any of these idle vagabonds who come upon his grounds without leave to doom the birds to destruction.

Farmers! let your motto be—and impress it upon all your family—Never kill a bird.

Discovery of a New People on the Western Continent.

A discovery which even in this age of almost daily revelations of antiquities and wonders of remote times and people, must strike the world with wonder, has just been made by the officers of the sloop-of-war Decatur.

It will be recollected that the Decatur sailed from Rio in company with the Massachusetts (propeller)—that they parted company, and that for some weeks the loss of the Decatur was looked upon as certain. She was afterwards discovered by her consort, part way through the Straits of Magellan, and was towed into the Pacific by the Massachusetts. The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 1st inst., publishes a letter, received from O. H. Green, dated on board the Decatur, "off the Straits of Magellan, Feb. 15," and which contains some statements so startling that we make the following extracts. From the apparent respectability of the source, we see no reason for doubting the narrative, remarkable as it is. The writer says:—

There being no appearance of a change in the weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and accompanied by my classmate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, Assistant Surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego. With great labor and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain-sides, which line the whole south-east shore of these Straits, and after ascending 3,500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty; fertile fields—the greatest variety of fruit in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few miserable cannibals and wild beasts, we had come not well armed, and you can judge of our surprise.

The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibited no signs of fear nor any unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some particular errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all ranging from 6 feet to 6¾, well proportioned, very athletic and straight as an arrow. The woman were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet-black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion, and remained two weeks with this strange people.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close; only saying that the official report of Dr. Bainbridge to the Department, will be filled with the most interesting and valuable matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creeper, from the Chinchi Islands, with guano, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over 3000 years old; and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars, many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

They tell us that this Island was once attached to the main land; that about 1900 years ago by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the Sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple—which, according to their description, as compared to the one now existing we saw, must have been 17,200 feet square, and over 1100 feet high, built of the purest pantile marble.

They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by the priests. This order comprises about one-tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnophists." They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Tanucan, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Leuvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme south-western point of the Island.

This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purifications. Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it the height of impiety to taste anything that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, and employing all their time in contemplation, and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of Nature which they voluntarily endure as a penance, evidently thirsting after the dissolution of their bodies; and firmly believing that the soul at death, is released from prison, and launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness.—Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die, bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph.

Know Nothing Oaths or Obligations

The charge of "midnight conspirators" &c., is constantly made against the Know Nothings by those who are members of numerous other secret organizations bound together by the strongest oaths and discipline. One of the charges published by the revilers of the Know Nothings is, that they take the following oath:

"You do promise and declare that you will not vote for nor give your influence for any man for any office in the gift of the people, unless he be an American-born citizen in favor of American-born citizens ruling America."

This seems to be the sum and substance of the hostility to the Know Nothings. For this they are constantly assailed with the epithets of "midnight conspirators," and other language of vituperation. But what crime is there in the above declaration? Is there any "treason to the country in it? Where do you find language breathing more truly the sentiments of Washington, than this? Is there an honest man in this country, whether born here or not, who will not say, that it contains the true spirit of patriotism and love of country? We do not think that the American cause can be injured by the promulgation of such obligations, in the minds of the intelligent and honest friends of Liberty.

The acrimony and violence with which such sentiments as the above are assailed, show those who denounce them not only as being destitute of them but as strongly opposed to them. By this the people can see what principles and views are entertained by the opponents of Americanism as well as by the order. It will take no Solomon to discover that those who are loud in the condemnation of the American movement, with few exceptions, are the confirmed habitual, political gamesters, of the old parties, whose well-known *seven* principles, (five loaves and two fishes) are the only standard to fight under, and whose corruptions have sunk the country in debt and degredation.

As it regards the principles of the American party, it is alleged that they are given in full to the public, and more distinctly defined than were ever those of the old Whig or Democratic parties. Let them therefore be judged by them. If they have forgotten the teachings of the immortal fathers of the Republic. If they have cast aside the memories of Washington, Jefferson and their compatriots. If they are unmindful of the warning and instructions bequeathed to us for our guidance. If the American party are not worthy of the name they have assumed. If they are not actuated by a love of country, then let them be crushed and let the story of them go down to *posterity* as a warning. But if on the contrary their motives are good, their principles right, and they can show that they desire and labor for the best interests of our country, and for the cause of true Liberty throughout the world, they must and will receive the approval, the applause and the co-operation of all true patriots.—*Lancaster Ind. Whig.*

Our Chip Basket.

Bubbles of Fun.

☞ Jonah wrote to his father, after the whale first swallowed him, stating that he thought he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business—but afterward wrote for money to bring him home, stating that he had been 'sucked in.' A good many Jonah's live in these latter days.

FIGURING.—An English mathamatician named Bailey, has been for some time past engaged in weighing the earth. Here are his figures: 1,256,195,675,000,000,000,000,000—or in words, one quadrillion, two hundred and fifty six thousand one hundred ninety-five trillions, six hundred and seventy-five thousand billion tons avordupois.

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A short-sighted deacon recently, in giving out a *hymn* to be sung, when he came to the lines

"The eastern sages shall come in
With messages of grace,"

put the audience in a roar of laughter by reading out in a loud voice:

"The eastern stages shall come in
With sausages and cheese?"

CONTENTMENT.—Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to gaze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the store-houses of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble, than when it wells over the green turf?

ALL IN FUN.—At a baptism in the Western part of this State, a few weeks since, a girl of a shy disposition about to be emersed, very naturally resisted the attempts of the minister to lead her into the water, and after a short struggle began to sob and cry with great violence. At this moment, while a crowd of spectators were anxiously watching the result, a younger brother of the girl stepped up to her and exclaimed in an under tone—'Don't be scared, Sal, they're only in fun!'

☞ Our acquaintance Miss Auburn Ringlet, is a queer creature. She is not ugly but fair and fat, and says she never will get married—never. Says the men are 'brutes,' &c. The fact, however, is, Miss Auburn like others of her admirable sex, marked herself at too high figures in her youthful days. The consequence was the goods didn't sell. They've since *soured*. Let her fate be a warning to all young ladies. Don't be foolish maidens, but become sensible wives. That's our advice without money and without price.

☞ 'Speaking of snuff,' said Mrs. Partington, smiling, 'such as this can never be dilatory to health. The flavor is beautiful as the balm of a thousand flowers.—Talk of the injurious tenderness of snuff, indeed! I say it has the effect to extenuate life; for there was old Mrs. Aims, who took snuff all her life, lived till she was nearly a centurion, and then at ninety-seven had her days shortened by leaving off taking it. I don't think there is anything harmonious in it, and many a poor creature with a guitar in his head has been cured by it.'—*Boston Post.*

☞ Courtship is a queer invention.—Much has been written about it, and a great deal more said. The best 'trifle' in that way which we have come across for a long time is the following:

Jenny shrieked, and Robin squeezed her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then with outstretched arms he seized her
Half-reluctant form, and——and——

"Loose me!" but he grasped her tighter.—
"Jennie, say, wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
And she whispered, "I am thine."

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other soundly,
And I left them in that fix.

"A SOFT ANSWER."—A college student, proud of his logical acquirements, was ambitious of a private disputation with Henderson, a famous scholar of Oxford. Some mutual friends introduced him, and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and moderation; but at length Henderson's antagonist perceiving his confusion inevitable, in the height of passion threw a full glass of wine in Henderson's face. The latter, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied,—"This, sir, is a digression; and now for the argument." A greater victory than success in any argument could have given him. Christian forbearance is a troublesome grace for meddlesome and impudent logicians