

September and the middle of October, and again planted separately to stand the winter; and this second division produced sixty seven plants; they were again taken up and divided between the middle of March and the middle of April, and produced five hundred plants. The number of ears thus produced from one grain of wheat was 21,109, which measured three pecks and three quarters of wheat, weighed forty seven pounds seven ounces, and were estimated at 576,840 grains.

From the New-York Statesman.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

COLUMBIA boasts no castle,
From which her darts to throw,
No moated pile of ponderous stone
To frown upon the foe:—
She has more sure defence,
And bulwark stronger still,—
Such hearts most bold, of young and old,
As fought on Bunker Hill.

The morning beamed in splendor,
When came the British pride,
With stern resolve this height to gain,
Whatever might betide.
They found a patriot band
Of purpose firmer still—
A living rock, that stood the shock
Of war on Bunker Hill.

Full soon the pride of England
Was levelled to the ground,
And wave of war was driven back,
As seas from cliffs rebound;
Our fathers fought for home,
And knew the art to kill,
For cool the aim, and sure the game
Of those on Bunker Hill.

And now the day was darkened
By smoke of burning town,
And desolation stalked abroad
With demon step and frown.
But nought could shake the soul
Of men of free born will:

Mid smoke and fire, and cannon's ire,
They fought on Bunker Hill!

Full may a fearless warrior
Then yielded up his breath,
And many a keen and eagle eye
Was closed in gloom of death,
But grief and deepest wo
Did every bosom fill,
When Warren fell, mid battle's yell,—
Hero of Bunker Hill!

'Twas blood, that bought our Freedom,
And made us rich indeed!
Then guard the purchase with your lives,
And give it to your seed.
While all who for us bled,
We hold in honour still,
We'll ne'er forget the brave Lafayette,
True son of Bunker Hill!

Blest be the arm Almighty,
Which turned the tide of war,
Scattered the foeman's proud array,
And drove oppression far.
That strong right hand divine,—
That arm stretch'd o'er us still,—
The power of God, most wise and good,
We'll praise on Bunker Hill.

ESTRELLA.

From the Charleston Courier.

MR. BROUGHAM IN EDINBURGH.

The Scotch are converting all their thistles into laurels to grace the brow of Mr. BROUGHAM. He has been preferred to Sir WALTER SCOTT as Rector of the University of Glasgow, whatever opposite result the muses may have desired. He has been feasted in Edinburgh, by what he himself, in his speech, calls "the most astonishing assemblage of intelligent individuals that he ever witnessed; so astonishing, indeed, that it was past words to express." This, it will be granted, was an extravagant acknowledgment, but not too great from one, who at this same dinner, had been proclaimed lawful heir to that immortal statesman, CHARLES J. FOX, and his successor, as the guide and guardian of the liberal party, and principles in Great Britain. The natural warmth and excitement too, which Mr. BROUGHAM must have felt on returning to the place of his nativity, and feeling the strong contrast between his early and his present situation, may well excuse some appearance of *rouge* in the expression of his gratitude.

There are some parts of his speech, at the dinner, which are quite in character. One of the Speakers, in alluding to the memorabilia of his life, of which infinitely the most conspicuous, was the Queen's defence—spoke of his exertions on the "trial" of the Queen. The misuse of the word *trial*, said so unceasingly upon the Orator's stomach, that upon this hint, as Othello said, he spake.

"Trial of the Queen! I never, in public or in private, heard so great a profanation of it. The judicial proceeding,

which we are accustomed to call *trial*, I am professionally and habitually taught to revere. The thing is gone by, but with all the respect due to the administration of justice, to which I owe reverence, the statement made from the Chair obliges me to expose, before I proceed further, the farce which he calls *trial*.—*Trial*, it is none, where the accuser, who is interested, sits on the bench of justice and pretends to administer it (hear, hear, hear!) None, where the defenceless victim is turned out, exposed to every shaft which the malice of her enemies can invent or point, and when wisdom and power unite with the power of darkness—*trial* it was none, where all the forms of justice were violated by those who had broken through them ere they could produce themselves in court. Talk to me of the pachas, the deys and the beys of Africa, and call them, as they call themselves, judges! Talk to me of them with their ministers of vengeance, crouching under their frowns, and prepared obsequiously to do their master's behests, against their own feelings, in violation of their own oaths and principles—and all because their master commands them!—If you hold that a *trial*, then come and say that the Queen was tried. Six days have I stood in that place which they sacrilegiously called a court of justice. I dared to tell them my mind, and I did it day by day. I dare not now tell them my mind, because I would have occasion to see them once more; but were they to call me before them for telling you what I have thought of them to-day, they would style that too a judicial proceeding; they would style it a *trial*!—Were I to compare the place to any thing, I would say that *den*, where I stood and saw their victim cast down, and trodden upon by one of her judges—one especially who was bound by every honorable tie to protect her, but whom I will not name, for then they would fall upon me for thus speaking to you, and you for hearing me; and therefore I do not say a word upon that subject."

From the above extract, it will be seen, that Mr. BROUGHAM has the fearless honesty to persevere in speaking unpleasant truths, though they provoke the resentment of the living; and the friendship which dictated them, cannot pierce the "dull cold ear of death."

In another part of Mr. BROUGHAM'S speech, alluding to the beneficial changes which have taken place in the administration of the British Government, and more particularly to the severance of British from Continental politics, he speaks in the following animated strain. The anointed Monarchs of the Holy Alliance never sat for their pictures to an artist who devoured their countenances with such avidity.

"For how many long years has it been painful, and even degrading, to feel that one was an Englishman? I mean during that dark night, in which, in league with the tyrants of the Continent, England was foremost to succor tyrants in every attempt against the liberties of mankind, and a Counsellor was always to be found in her at the elbow of every one who wished to sacrifice and trample on the rights of nations, and not a despot could turn his eye to this country but met the glistening eye of fellow feeling—and the iron hand of the oppressor reeking with the blood of the slain, was greeted in her friendly grasp. When Europe beheld the degrading spectacle of the union of Liberty with Tyranny—a set of despots leagued together against the liberties of the human race—and when the most detestable of the basest superstition never turned in vain for assistance to the government of the freest country on the earth! That black disgraceful night has now gone down the sky—the voice of Englishmen has been heard at last.—What man is there now, in half-represented England, or in non-represented Scotland, or even in tortured, misgoverned, and persecuted Island—what man, I ask, dare now stand forth and say, "I befriended the Holy Alliance?" Not only is there no such man, I will not say so wicked, but so foolish, who is not bent on his own destruction, or struck with judicial blindness—there is no man out of the precincts of Bedlam, who will now dare to say, "I am a friend to the Holy Alliance." If there be any dupes of that accomplished pink of perfidy, the Spanish Monarch—if there be any specimen of imbecility waiting—of a Monarch basely forfeiting his pledges and his dignity to purchase his restoration to a throne: if there be any man who approves of the conduct of that scourge of fine Italy, of the oppressor of the Austrian States or is fond of the name of the most cruel and falsest tyrant that ever sat on a throne—of that baffled despot of South-America still domineering over Old Spain—if any men have so unnatural, so innate a propensity to royal admiration, at least they have now the grace to confine themselves to the region that best befits them, of men locked up in some of the offices of state, or to conceal their migrations among the familiars of Courts, or to linger behind the arras of friendship with the term—the natural inhabitants of the place—or in the congenial society of Alexander, Frederick, and Francis—of liz-

ards, vipers, and toads: and, worse than all, of those who eat the toads. I never can get them to confront me in Parliament; I seek them there with longing eye. All attempts to call them forth are in vain."

In connexion with this complimentary entertainment of Mr. BROUGHAM, we observe, that Mr. JEFFRIES being called upon for a toast, complimented the United States for their gratitude to the "Nation's Guest," and gave the following, which was received with great applause:—"The Marquis LAFAYETTE and the friends of Liberty in France."

From the American Athenæum.

We are gratified, though not surprised, at the rapid increase of literature on this side of the Atlantic. America begins to feel her own power, and no longer plays the baby in depending on others for support. There already appears a vast change both in the exertions of authors and the liberality of patrons. The title page of a native production is no longer sufficient to make it despised, and we no more hear the silly question, "Who reads an American book?" Critics, both abroad and at home, when they place their spectacles across their nose to peruse an American volume, are willing to suppose that they may be entertained; and we have at last, after years of arduous struggles, obtained the gracious privilege of having our works read before they are condemned. When England is weighed with us in the scale of literary excellence, of course we suffer by the comparison: she can boast her Shakspeare, her Pope, her Sterne, her Goldsmith, and her Fielding, while we possess but a few who compose treatises for amusement while they calculate accounts for bread, and write poetry with one hand while they make breeches with the other.

England can tell how she was insulted by one and adored by another; how she was flattered by Shakspeare and scourged by Junius. If we poor devils venture to draw a Bryant from his seclusion, or a Percival or Hallock from the bustle of their daily business, we are totally confounded by a cataract of great characters, each of whom has written ten or twelve volumes with the honest determination to astonish the critics by the binding, if not the matter, and take praise for the number of their pages rather than the beauty of their ideas. They say of us (God forgive them) that our atmosphere is prejudicial to the growth of mind—that our breezes bear no inspiration on their perfumed wings, and the same frost that kills our flowers nips our fancy in the bud. Our skies shed no poetry from their expanse of azure light, and that our sun melts the energy of our matter, and disarranges the shape of our type.—The stupidity or malice with which certain foreign writers enlarge upon our country, are but sorry specimens of the qualities of their heads or hearts; from whatever cause the evil springs, the result is the same, and we are reduced to the alternative of either regarding the ludicrous blunders with unrestrained laughter, or listening to their feeble calumnies with perfect contempt. From their horrid descriptions of this nation, what would an uninformed reader expect? why, that we are either a mob of mad democrats, or cheated slaves; that civilization had not shed on us one lurking ornament of life; that nature had not bestowed one blessing of existence; that we should be classed among the Goths and Vandals, without an ornament to dignify or a virtue to redeem us; our world would be made of barren mountains, and sterile meadows; we would always be burned with summer heat, or chilled with winter's cold. They would strip from us every common quality of nature, and describe the paradise of the West as a gloomy desert, which Providence had neglected when he beautified the rest of the world, and bestowed not one soothing smile upon its murderous, barbarous, truck, uncivil, terrific, humble, eternally wretched, and tremendously disgusting, pig-stealing inhabitants, "as the *Quarterly* says."

A POLYGLOT SCHOLAR.

Mr. Duppa gives the following account of an extraordinary linguist whom he saw in his late travels in Italy—*D. Giuseppe Mezzofanti*, the principal librarian, and professor of the oriental languages at Bologna.

"He is," says Mr. D. "a plain, unaffected, modest man, with such an extensive knowledge of various languages, as it is not easy to credit on any ordinary testimony. Having heard and read of his great fame, I introduced myself to him in the public library; after talking to him some time in English, he said, that he found all the European languages very easy. Of the oriental, the Arabic was the most difficult, from its richness in terms. To acquire the English language gave him very little trouble; this opinion surprised me, and I entered into a discussion with him on some grammatical peculiarities; I also remarked on the great irregularity of our pronunciation, which he more perfectly understood on principle, than any person I ever talked

with on that subject: he was also so obliging as to read a page of an English book, which I took from a shelf in the library; and, in reading and speaking, he never made a single mistake. The only sign of peculiarity was, that in speaking, he employed a word occasionally, not of colloquial use, but which, nevertheless, was perfectly correct as to sense.

"So far as I can speak from my own knowledge, and a Polish countess, whom I knew perfectly well, and who speaks German, Russ, and French, as native languages, in common with her own, told me, that she conversed with him in all of them, and, to the best of her judgment, he understood and spoke them as well as she did.

"A German officer, with whom Mr. Rose dined at Bologna, said, that he should not have known him by his language from being a native of Germany; and Mr. Rose's servant, who was a native of Smyrna, said that he might pass for a Greek or a Turk, as far as he was able to judge. In the course of a conversation, I asked him how many languages he knew; he said about forty, and that he could speak about thirty, but that he had so little practice in speaking the oriental languages, that he spoke them with less fluency than the European. To add to the wonder of these attainments, he has never been out of Italy, and I believe Florence is the greatest distance he has ever been from Bologna."

From the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal, May 21.

THE THELLUSSON ESTATE.

In the late intelligence from England, it is stated that an argument was recently commenced in the House of Lords in a case involving the validity of the will of the late Peter Thellusson, Esq. As this will is one of the most extraordinary testaments ever made, a short account of it may not be uninteresting to our readers.

Peter Thellusson, a merchant in London, died on the 21st of July, 1797, leaving about £700,000 of productive personal property, real estate in England worth £140,000, and two plantations in the West Indies. His wife, three sons, three daughters, and ten grand children, were living at the time of his death.

By his last will he gave to his wife his country house at Praistow, his furniture, &c. and an annuity of £2140 so long as she remained a widow; but in case she married again, the house and furniture were to be sold, and her annuity reduced to 575*l*.

To each of his sons, he gave 7,600*l*.—making, with the money already advanced to them, 23,000*l* each. "This provision," he says, "and great success they have met with in business will be sufficient to procure them comfort; and it is my earnest wish and desire, that they will avoid ostentation, vanity, and pompous show." And in another part of his will he says, in relation to his sons, "I most earnestly hope and pray to God that they will never quit business."

To each of his unmarried daughters, he gave 12,000*l*, to be forfeited, if either of them married at all during his life time; or married after his death, without the consent of his wife and executors: and to his married daughter he gave an annuity of 100*l* and some small legacies; to his brother, his executors and several friends, he gave all the residue of his estate (consisting of about 600,000*l* in personal property, and of land yielding an annual income of 4,500*l*) to certain friends in trust, to receive the rents, interests and profits, and to invest the same in the purchase of lands as fast as received, so that the whole might accumulate during the lives of his three sons, and the lives of their sons which might be living at the time of his death, and the lives of any sons of his grandsons which might be born during his own life, and as long as the last survivor of any of these should live. He then directed, that at the death of such last survivor, the accumulated fund should be divided into three parts, and that one part should be conveyed to the eldest male lineal descendant of each of his three sons; and upon failure of such descendant of either of his sons, that share to go to the others; and upon failure of such lineal male descendants, the whole to go to the sinking fund towards paying the national debt.

Various computations have been made of the probable value of this accumulated property at the time of its ultimate division: founded of course, on the probable duration of the lives of the testator's descendants. The lowest calculation makes it nineteen millions of pounds sterling, or 884,360,000, about twenty-eight millions, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to a share.

It is worthy of remark that the testator had no quarrel or dissatisfaction with any member of his family, but lived with them all in habits of friendship and confidence: though he determined that not one of them who was living during his own life, should enjoy his property. It is equally remarkable, that while he indulged so earnestly habits of industry and frugality to his sons, he should provide such enormous fortunes for his remote descendants. It doubtless originated in vanity.

The provisions of this will excited so much attention, that it gave rise to an act of parliament (49 Geo. III. chap. 98) prohibiting any person for the future from settling or devising property, for a long-

er period than twenty-one years after the death of the grantor or testator—being the longest time in which a fund could be wanted for the benefit of minor children.

In the valuable Report of the Rev. Jedideah Morse to the Secretary of War on Indian Affairs, made in 1822, under a commission of the President of the U. States, for the purpose of ascertaining, for the use of the Government, the actual state of the Indian Tribes in our country, we find a case mentioned somewhat similar to that now existing between the Creek Indians and Georgians. Mr. Morse relates it as follows:

Raleigh Register.

"We found the Winchagoes and Menominees who live on Winchago Lake, Fox River, and near Green Bay, in a state of consternation; the former in consequence of the recent murder of two of our men, at Fort Armstrong, by two of their warriors; the latter on account of an unauthorised treaty, professedly in behalf of the Government of the United States, which the Indian agent had just concluded with the Menominees, for the purchase of a large tract of their most valued land, on both sides of Fox River. Nearly all the real, acknowledged Chiefs of the nation were strongly opposed to the sale of the land, which they very justly considered, as the most valuable part of their territory. Divisions and contentions immediately succeeded this sale, between those who signed, and those who were opposed to the treaty, one immediate consequence of which was, the murder, while we were at Green Bay, of one of the signers of the treaty. Happily, and for the honor of the Government, and for the union and peace of this tribe, this treaty, after a statement of the facts in the case to the President, was not submitted by him to the Senate, and has not been ratified. The joy expressed by these poor Indians, on receiving intelligence that this treaty was not to go into effect, was correspondent to the extreme grief and depression, which they had previously felt."

GALVANISM.—A writer in the New-York American states, that he had witnessed, at a lecture of Professor M'NIVEN'S, on Galvanism, a most extraordinary occurrence, and one which is certainly worth recording.

A cat, previously strangled until life appeared extinct, was laid on the table. Its neck was not dislocated, nor the animal heat sensibly diminished, but it was motionless and apparently lifeless. One of the wires leading from the poles of the battery was introduced into the rectum, the other repeatedly applied to the mouth. The cat was immediately thrown into violent convulsions, which were renewed at each application, the eyes also opened and shut. In about one minute the animal stretched out its paw, and began to respire: it soon breathed strongly, and in ten minutes walked about the room. From the complete success of this experiment, we may justly infer, that were this powerful agent speedily applied, in cases of suspended animation, the most happy results would ensue.

The Hon. JOSEPH BARTLETT has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, a memoir of himself and his own times, with remarks upon the great men he has met with in his journey through life. If this work exhibits a faithful picture, it must indeed be interesting; for no man in the U. States has witnessed a greater variety of scenes. He has been a scholar at Harvard University, a school-master, a merchant, a dramatist, a player, a lawyer, a senator, an author, and a wit. He has lived in different countries. His jokes are remembered at Covent Garden Theatre, and at Edinburg, and are often repeated amongst the members of the bars of Middlesex, Suffolk and Essex, in Massachusetts, and all along the shore through New-Hampshire to the extremity of Maine. *Boston paper.*

The Moravian Missionaries, among the Esquimaux, under date of July 29, 1824, state, that "the cold, last winter, was intense. For a long time Fahrenheit's thermometer sunk to 20, 30 and 38 below 0." They inform us, that their settlements in that country are prosperous. Brother and sister Kohlmeisters, after thirty-four years faithful service in that mission, were about to return to Europe. What an admirable devotion to the cause of Christianity! How deep and sincere must be their convictions of the truth they preach, and how great their zeal for the spread of the Gospel.

Full grown cucumbers were sold in Philadelphia, on the 14th ult., at twenty-five cents each.