A STORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

There was a fine old General once, who having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost every thing save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when master Dan Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her head or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were among "guns and drums and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story book called the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him "to fight his battles o'er again." But alas! o'er this calm evening of the old General's day a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depth of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump—and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling god of love. The poor General. We must give him a name or we can't tell the story, and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby. Poor General Uncle Toby debated abstractedly about his new position, and never had siege or campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defence" to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected there was something in this "defence" very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's, with Shakspeare under his arm.

"Madam," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—"Madam—

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
A little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore"—

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp, "*I want to get married.*"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks, "And who is it you want to marry, General?"

"*You*," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam!" replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby; "but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam; *I wear a wig!*"

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went into a longer, louder, and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was about to lay his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manœuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, placing it upon the table by the side of the General's remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, *quite bald!*

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair that the maid servant peeped through the keyhole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and bobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins. So the two very shortly laid "their heads together upon the pillow of matrimony."—*Connecticut Courant.*

The Editor's Drawer of a new monthly for September has a good story telling how a western lawyer once addressed a jury: "The Bible has it," said he "Thou shalt not kill!" Now do you know, gentlemen, that if you go to hang my client, the prisoner at the bar, that you commit murder? You do, and "no mistake," for murder is murder, whether it is committed by twelve men in what you call a box—and a 'bad box' you'll find it if you don't give a righteous verdict—for an humble individual like my client. S'posing my client had killed a man; I say s'posing he had; is that any reason why you should kill a man?—twelve of you on one! No, gentlemen of the jury, you may bring the prisoner at the bar, my client, in guilty; the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing! You will all, individually and collectively, you will all of you be murderers." This profound argument had its effect, the writer adds. The verdict of the jury was: "Not guilty if he'll quit the state."

Said one apprentice to another—"Bill, I'd much sooner work for my boss than for your old man." "Why so?" "Because my boss ain't always round the shop interfering with his own business."

PRECOCIOUS MATRIMONY.

"Whom the gods love die young," sang the Roman poet; their virtue ensures them an early immortality. We wish he had told us with what particular feelings the gods regard those who are condemned to premature marriage—who no sooner enter on their teens, but inexorable fate impels them to self-immolation on the altar of hymen. Judging from our own experience, we see no reason to fear that our young ladies are approaching an oriental precocity in the matter of wedlock. We would point out, among our own acquaintance, a score of instances of immature matrimony—slight craft launched upon the perilous deep, only to be wrecked amid the storms of wedded strife, to wear out in the monotonous calms of "wedded bliss," or to seek refuge in the inhospitable ports of the law courts!

To us there is something especially painful in witnessing an unsuspecting girl of fifteen recklessly sporting on the imminent brink of wedlock, sacrificing herself to an evanescent sentiment, and offering to the world the anomalous spectacle of a child-mother! Her mind has been prepared for the event at the boarding school. She has a thorough conviction that the chief end of woman's life is to get married, and while she should still be wearing short peticoats, she falls bitterly in love with some simpleton who "reciprocates her affection," and selfishly robs her of those years which should be the brightest and most joyous of her existence. In a few weeks Charles discovers that it is a most unreasonable thing that he should be expected to give up the young bachelor pleasures to which he has been accustomed, and that it is a bore to be always accompanied by a wife to places of amusement. Julia begins to suspect that she is neglected; and then commences a series of "snaps," which every one of our married readers will of course appreciate. Julia confides her sorrows to her mother, who generally will be silly enough to interfere, and fan mere pettishness into decided ill-temper, to subside only when both parties are wearied of hostilities and each other, or when the habit of constant intercourse has soothed the asperities of hymeneal bondage, and a kind of resignation takes the place of love.

Suppose they are poor, and that Charles without means, has to support his wife. We have seen some lamentable cases of this kind, and have remarked that these precocious couples are generally people of very weak constitutions, with an equal tendency to scrofula and susceptibility. To what a merry life has their weakness condemned them! A delicate girl of seventeen, who has ruined her health and prevented the natural development of her bodily powers by yielding to a sentimental whim, immures herself in the small bedroom of a boarding-house, passing her best days in nursing a sickly little something, that looks very much like a skinned rabbit in the first stages of a human metempsychosis, but which, if it survives, will be palmed upon the world as a free and independent citizen. All day long she devotes herself to soothing the puling small "heir of immortality," when she ought to be free as air for the next five years, having the foundation of a healthy life, and gaining her natural growth by proper exercise, careless and untrammelled. The husband—a sad looking, pale little gentleman invariably—returns "home" from his employer's store at evening, wearied with the fatigues of the day, and of course afflicted with that chronic headache which preys upon such subjects. He tries to forget his cares and his forlorn conjugal joys in repose; but, alas! he has been instrumental in bringing into a world, where woe and whiskey chiefly predominate, the aforesaid little animal, who "murders sleep" as effectually as Macbeth did. All night that tiny cherub prolongs its chidings in the unknown tongue of the unknown regions from whence it hails; for

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

Nor is there any escape for the poor fellow. If a merciful dose of Godfrey's Cordial should remove this trouble, another of the same pattern will assuredly take its place. If the young wife should fall a victim to a superabundance of conjugal blessings, and be removed to that blessed world where "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," the infatuated man will have learned no wisdom from experience. Cupid will surely mark his easy prey, and another of his arrows will add another victim to the predestined husband's dangerous "susceptibility."

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?"

The youth has early initiated himself into the ways of marriage, and married he must be henceforth, though he entail poverty and wretchedness on himself, his wife, and his offspring.

Love is, of course, divine, ecstatic, and all that kind of things; but at fifteen love is a humbug, and to give way to it is like eating gooseberries, sure to produce unpleasant results in the end. If any of our young readers happen to be troubled with a weakness of mind, we earnestly implore them to guard against the insidious approaches of a callow affection. It may in general be cured by a little firmness; but if that is lacking, we have heard it said that a course of cold bathing, assisted by strong doses of Brandreth's Pills, will prove effectual.—*Noah's Messenger.*

A Timely Response.—Mr. Everett, in the course of his remarks at the festival on the Common on Friday, alluding to railroads, said with emphasis, "it is unnecessary to pursue the subject, *railroads speak for themselves!*" At this moment *the stentorian steam whistle* of the Providence cars, which were then just entering the depot, *blew a blast long and loud and shrill*—

"As if the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had raised the banner-cry of hell,"

which startled the vast assemblage, and furnished a convicing and a stunning proof of the truth of the orator's remark. It is hardly necessary to say that the incident was greeted with a tremendous cheers.

Boston Journal.

Matrimonial.—"My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your treasure?"

"Oh, yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in Heaven."

What an insulting wretch!

A Sufficient Excuse.—A gentleman having lately been called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined "because," said he, "my wife gives me a lecture every night for nothing."

Short Speeches—Good Examples.—Judge Duncan, in a recent address delivered at Clarksburg, Va., on his return as Commissioner from the great London Exhibition, thus refers to his visit to the British Parliament and Courts of Justice:

'I was present on one occasion in the House of Commons, when a measure came up, which involved the whole financial policy of the Government, and the state and condition of all the industrial classes. It was debated by the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. D'Israeli; and a great many others of the leading members.—The debate opened at six o'clock P. M., and closed at 12, when the vote was taken and the question settled. Thus, in a debate of 6 hours, a great measure was disposed of, after a discussion so full that every one present was satisfied that all had been said, on both sides, that the subject required. Yet a measure, of a similar character, in the American Congress, could not have been disposed of under six weeks constant discussion. I was forcibly struck with the close adherence of the English speakers to the subject of debate. There was nothing extraneous or redundant; no flourish or ornament; but that which seemed to characterize the speaking particularly, was their plain, practical good sense, and an ability for condensation. Yet they are in some respects not good speakers. Their manners are cold, without action or fluency. They hesitate and stammer, and frequently seem to be at a loss.

'In the courts of justice; the same brevity and condensation prevails in the speeches of the Barristers, that distinguished the speaking in the House of Commons; and the Judges, who seemed to be a learned, dignified and hard-working set of men, deliver their opinions so concisely and yet so distinct and clear, that the minds of the most ordinary persons present can understand them.'

Were this example adopted in the American Congress and American Courts it would be of inestimable value to the administration of government and of justice.

How they get up Amusements in Paris—A Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas describes a great scheme of the Parisians, thus:

"It is to be a grand series of fetes, which will last eight days, and cost not less than 1,500,000 francs, or about $300,000—a pretty sum to expend in jim-cracks!—Strange as it may sound to your ears, there is little doubt but that the subscription will be completed—it is to be by subscription—and already there are eight hundred subscribers, some for 3,000, others 5,000, and a few as much as 10,000 francs.—The subscribers at 1,000 and 500 francs are numerous. The projectors are confident of the success of their scheme; it is not impossible. I recollect that, a short time ago, Valenciennes made up a subscription of 100,000 francs for a *kermesse*, and Lille 250,000 francs for a festival.—500,000 francs are already subscribed.—Workmen of all trades are busy preparing all the various materials which may be necessary to the eight days' amusement.

"The restaurant, hotel, and cafe keepers, and all the tradesmen of Paris, subscribe largely to this object; for they calculate that the immense influx of strangers these fetes will bring here will more than reimburse them their subscription. This is the theory of the fetes. This is the programme: The first day, the triumphal march of universal industry, a banquet of a thousand covers to the founders of the fetes, to be given at the Exchange; ladies will be received in the evening, in the galleries of the Exchange, which will be richly decorated and illuminated; a collation will be served them. The second day, there will be an agricultural, horticultural, &c. exhibition; and a march through the streets of the different musical societies here, who will contend for a prize. Third day, grand musical congress, under the direction of Sax; a distribution of prizes in the Salle des fetes, to be built in the Champ Elysees. At night, concert and illuminations at the Palais Royal, Luxembourg, Place Royale, &c. Fourth day, literary and musical solemnity, in honor of the great men of all nations, at the Pantheon. Fifth day, representation of a ballet, with songs, dances, &c. intermingled, by 2,500 performers. Sixth day, fete in the park at Versailles, great waterworks, representation in the Royal Theatre of a classic French play; at night, representation of the ballet of 'Alcine, or the Ile Enchantee,' by Moliere, upon a raft constructed on the grand canal, as when the ballet was represented before Louis XIV, in 1665. The whole to finish by the burning of the Island, and splendid fireworks. Seventh day, grand ball offered to the prizemen of the Great Exhibition of London. Eighth day, (Sunday) fetes and public rejoicings everywhere. At 10 o'clock, a. m., grand Te Deum at Notre Dame, and the benediction of the flags of all nations; the music composed expressly for the occasion, by Berlioz. At night, balls, theatres, general illumination, fireworks."

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

How infinitely above man's wisdom is God's wisdom! "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" A good and pious man—whose aim was alone to advance the cause of the gospel and perform his duty to his neighbor, and who earnestly pursued that aim according to the light of his comprehension, with simple devotion and unselfish benevolence—was seized by those who wished to stifle religious inquiry, and for twelve long years confined in prison—consigned to social death. He grieved that his usefulness was thus, to his own finite apprehension, paralyzed by bonds, and he forcibly ejected, as he thought, from the vineyard of his Master, where he sought to labor. But mark the wisdom of God! "Had Bunyan been discharged, and allowed to enjoy liberty, he no doubt would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field-preaching. His name would not have survived his own generation, and he could have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. Being cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul, and, inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's lips with fire, he composed the noblest of all allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics, and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Christian church."

Remarkable Memory.—The New York correspondent of the Burlington Courier relates the following: "A friend of mine recently offered a wager that his daughter, a girl fifteen years old, would repeat from memory the entire contents of any page of any single copy of the New York Sun within twenty-four hours after its publication. You know, of course, that this paper is almost wholly filled with advertisements. Considering the want of connexion between the paragraphs, and the number and variety of the advertisements, I thought I might safely venture a V, so I selected the third page of that day's issue. Imagine my astonishment, however, when the next day the talented young lady, accompanied by her father, called upon me, and repeated the contents of the entire seven columns *verbatim et literatim*. I regard this as a most remarkable instance of the magic power of memory."

We have heard it said that there is an anecdote current in well-informed circles of London society, that Mr. Macaulay, the historian, once committed to memory in the space of twenty-four hours, and actually recited, an entire number of the Times newspaper, advertisements and all. Mr. Macaulay's memory was characterized by Sydney Smith as "a tremendous engine of colloquial oppression." At Cambridge his fellow-students nicknamed him Macaulay, the Omniscient.

An Allegory by one of the Fathers.—A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will, by-and-by, be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on, adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gazing around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

We believe it is a German poet who, walking "silent and thoughtful by the solemn shore of the vast ocean we must sail so soon," thus speaks of

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

"By the shore of Time now lying,
On the inky flood beneath,
Patiently, thou soul undying,
Waits for thee the Ship of Death!

"He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men,
To the friends from whom he parteth,
Never more returns again!

"From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came:
She is known unto the dying—
Azael is her captain's name.

"Not a word was ever spoken,
On that dark, unfathom'd sea;
Silence there is so unbroken,
She herself seems not to be.

"Silent thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the Soul put forth alone,
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a Land Unknown."

How many are departing daily in that "Ship of Death!" "Good Heaven!" exclaims one, "how often are we to die before we go off this stage! In every friend we lose, we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left!"

Harper's Magazine.

Murderers Sentenced.—Never within our memory have so many persons been convicted of murder in any city of our Union as during the last few months at New York. The number, we think, exceeds a dozen. On Saturday three men were sentenced to be executed by hanging in November.—Their names are, *Michael Mulvey, James Sullivan*, and *Joseph Clark*. The latter, after hearing his sentence, very coolly remarked that "he did not care half as much about being hung as he did about a bad breakfast." Mulvey, it appears, committed the crime for which he is condemned without premeditation. Having arms about him, and being unexpectedly assailed, he used them in self-defence with a fatal result. Being recommended to mercy, his punishment will probably be commuted to a life-term in the State prison. On the same day *Ellen Doyle*, convicted of manslaughter, in killing Catharine Sullivan, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at Sing-Sing. She is the mother of five children.—*National Intelligencer.*

Sam Slick says, writing from England, "Arter all, they haint got no Indgin corn here; they can't raise it, nor punkin-pies, nor quinces, nor pea-nuts, nor silk-worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—Lord! only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one plough, with one great lummokin' fellow to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots have more iron on 'em than the horses huffs have, all crawlin, as if they was a-goin' to a funeral. What sort of a way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are always sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was."

'Punch' was never more annoyed in his life than by the receipt of the following:

"If the father is the *head* of the family, what's the eldest son?"

"Why, the *heir*, to be sure."

If the writer will call at the "Punch" office, he will find our Thick stick in waiting.

EARTHQUAKE IN NAPLES.

The Republic contains a letter from the Hon. E. Joy Morris, the American Minister to Naples, giving a minute account of the terrible earthquake which occurred in the western portion of the kingdom of Naples, on the 14th of July, by which some 2,500 lives were lost, and several towns either totally prostrated or greatly damaged. Mr. Morris says:

This convulsion appears to have had its origin in the volcanic region of the Mount Volture, about one hundred miles to the southeast of Naples. It is a detached and isolated eminence, three thousand feet in elevation, rising at the point where the Appenine chain terminates, on the borders of Basilicala and Apulia; its slopes and summits are broken into numerous craters, of the vitality of which no record exists, but which bear unmistakeable evidences of eruptive violence at some remote period.

The city of Melfi, separated from Mount Volture by a deep ravine, is built upon the summit of a hill, the composition of which is grey lava, intersected by strata of travertine upon layers of ashes, sand, tura, and decomposed stalactites, all denoting the site of an extinct or dormant volcano. Previous to the first shock a small stream which runs near the town suddenly disappeared, and the shepherds on the mountain were alarmed by loud rumbling noises beneath their feet. The monks of an adjoining convent, admonished by these phenomena, escaped from their building almost at the moment it was rent in twain. At the first shock, Melfi, which contains ten thousand inhabitants, was *prostrated in the dust*, nothing but a few crumbling walls surviving the general ruin. An unbroken number of its inhabitants were buried under the falling mass of fabrics; up to the present moment seven hundred dead bodies have been disinterred, and others are constantly being found; more than two hundred persons lie in an adjacent hospital, suffering under grievous wounds, while many have been dug out alive from the ruins. Amongst others, a female infant a year old, after lying buried for two days, was brought out living and unharmed, and restored to its afflicted mother, widowed by the same calamity.

The neighboring towns of Atella, Rionero, Barile, and Rapolla, are sufferers by the same convulsion. Rionero is a general wreck, not a sound house remaining—more than a hundred persons have here perished, and as many have been maimed or wounded. In Barile, the only edifice not entirely destroyed is the orphan asylum, while the discovered dead amount to about one hundred and fifty. In the *commune* of Bari, the towns of Cerato, Minervino, Spinazzola, Andria, and Trani, were all injured more or less. In Canossa, the ancient *Canusium*, founded by Diomed, and whose walls once enclosed a circuit of sixteen miles, three hundred and seventy-six houses were thrown down. At the last reports the shocks around Mount Volture continued, and one half of the city of Venosa, the ancient Venusia, containing six thousand inhabitants, and celebrated as the birth place of Horace, was destroyed. The mountain provinces of the Abruzzi and of Calabria, where the earthquake of 1783 destroyed three hundred cities and buried thirty thousand human beings, have thus far escaped.

The recent earthquake commenced with a sharp concussion, which was succeeded by an undulatory movement, the first shock being about sixty seconds in duration. At Melfi there were six shocks, the first at 2¼ p. m., the second at 3¼, the fourth at 10 p. m., the fifth at 3 a. m., and the sixth at 7 a. m. At my summer residence in the country, eighty miles from Melfi, the house shook to its foundations, and, such were the vibrations, that it was difficult to descend the staircase. For ten minutes previous, the house dog howled in most dismal tones, the chickens cackled and hurried about as if fleeing from some anticipated danger, and a pair of turkeys rose in the air and flew around the house as if seized with secret terror, while all the dogs in the neighborhood were in full bay. No damage was done at La Cava, or at Naples, beyond slight cracks in old walls.

All eyes are now turned upon Vesuvius, as the safety-valve through which the struggling subterranean fires and steam may find a safe vent; and it is generally supposed that an eruption is imminent, although no local signs are yet apparent. The whole country, from Naples to Riggio and the Straits of Messina, is a volcanic region, forming that great viaduct of fire which flows from Ætna to Vesuvius. Stromboli, in the Lipari group which has been burning from three hundred years before the Christian era down to the present time, is one of the escape-pipes of this field of submarine and subterranean combustion, but it is inadequate to those great occasions when the gases of the over-charged earth seek a vent; Vesuvius and Ætna are alone equal to such emergencies.

Outrage.—The Philadelphia News says that on the return of Governor Johnston and his escort from Tamaqua to Pottsville, on Monday night, a most villainous attack was made upon them after leaving the cars, by a party of rowdies at Mount Carbon. A pistol was discharged, whether at the Governor or not is unknown, but fortunately without taking effect upon any one. Clubs and stones then followed, striking several persons and injuring them considerably. The attack was made at a late hour on Monday night. Four persons were arrested; but no one appearing to identify them, they were discharged.—Two persons, knocked down with stones or clubs thrown at the party, were walking close beside the Governor.

A gentleman, whose fortunes were on the wane, got into a way of living a little on his friends. Among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and staid six or seven weeks with him, when his company became wearisome. In order to get rid of his guest, the gentleman feigned a falling-out with his wife, by which means their fare at the table was very slender. The guest, perceiving their drift, but not knowing where to go to better himself, remarked: "Well, I have been here seven weeks, and have not before seen any quarrel between you: I am now resolved to stay seven more in order to see you friends again."

The notes of the new bank of Bridgeport, Conn., of which Mr. P. T. Barnum is a principal stockholder, have a portrait of himself on one end, and one of Jenny Lind on the other.

From the Rochester Democrat.

CURIOUS PASSAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Colonel Benton is at Washington, engaged upon his book of history. It is said that he will make some singular disclosures, which may seriously embarrass some of his prominent political friends. The St. Louis Republican predicts that, if published before the Presidential election, it will create a sensation. One passage of it is said to present a curious state of affairs under the Polk administration. It has been read to some one, or some one has read it, and reports that it attributes to President Polk the design, during the war with Mexico, of withdrawing the troops from that service altogether. This design is said to have been formed in consequence of the clamor of the Whigs about the immense expenditure of money to carry on the war. The order for this purpose was actually signed by Secretary Marcy, of the War Department. Col. Benton heard of it late at night. He called on the President, was closeted with him for several hours, and the result was the recall of the order, and the prosecution of the war. Col. Benton claims for himself, as the consequence of the exercise of his personal influence in this matter, that he saved the democratic party from destruction; and there is much ground for such claim. If true, it is a curious episode of that war; if not true, Mr. Marcy can explain it. When it is recollected that Col. Benton had influence enough with the President to induce him to recommend the creation of the office of lieutenant-general in the army of the United States, with the intention to elevate *him* to that command over two of the greatest and most successful generals the world ever saw, it will not surprise any thinking man to hear of the disclosures which it is said Mr. Benton intends to make in his book.

BEAUTIES OF DISUNION.

There are no greater curiosities current among the novelties of the present day than the sentiments put forth by the anti-Union men at the South, excepting, indeed, the sentiments of their imitators and helpers, the anti-Slavery Free-Soil agitators of the North, of whose language we have had frequent occasion to offer specimens to our readers. A Secession meeting was held at Charleston, S. C., on the 17th instant, at which, among other transactions, a letter was read from a champion of nullification and disunion in Georgia, named John Forsyth. This gentleman, in a fit of melancholy at the prosperity of his own State, which cannot find any reason for quarrelling with his own bread and butter, breaks out into the following desperate apostrophe:

"I would to God we had fewer miles of railway, fewer millions invested in manufactures and stocks, fewer proofs of enterprise and thrift and money-making."

What a delightful specimen of humanity we have here! What noble sentiments! There is no hope for disunion, civil war, and bloodshed in Georgia while this pestilent "enterprise and thrift" remain. Heaven is therefore besought to destroy enterprise and thrift, to please Mr. Forsyth with the hope of civil discord and calamity. However, this gentleman does but copy the language of the first disunionist, whose exploits are sung by Milton—

"Havoc and spoil and ruin are my gain."

Another gentleman, equally considerate, well-bred, and full of the milk of human kindness, and blessing the world in the present year of grace by a residence in Cahawba, Alabama, writes to the Charleston fire-eaters most courageously thus:

"Wait no longer, but, when your Convention meets, invoke God's blessing and leave this accursed Union!"—*Boston Courier.*

The U. S. Supreme Court.—The appointment of Mr. Curtis, of Boston, to the seat in the U. S. Supreme Court, made vacant by the death of Judge Woodbury, gives very general satisfaction. The Supreme Court is now constituted as follows:

Supreme Court.	Residence.		Ap'd.
Roger B. Taney,	Baltimore, Md.,	Chief Justice,	1826.
John McLean,	Cincinnati, Ohio,	Ass.	1829.
James M. Wayne,	Savannah, Ga.,	"	1835.
John Catron,	Nashville, Tenn.,	"	1837.
John McKinley,	Louisville, Ky.,	"	1837.
Peter V. Daniel,	Richmond, Va.,	"	1841.
Samuel Nelson,	Cooperstown, N. Y.,	"	1845.
Benj. Rand Curtis,	Boston, Mass.,	"	1851.
Robert C. Grier,	Pittsburg, Pa.	"	1846.

The Fire Annihilator.—The excitement in regard to the Fire Annihilator is amazingly and interestingly intense. The office of the American Company was opened for the first time yesterday, at No. 4, Warren street, and all the day a perfect crowd filled its spacious limits, and we learn that sales of patent rights, machines, &c. were made before night to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars! This is a good first day's work. E. K. Collins was the first to subscribe for half a dozen machines for each of his noble steamers. The Irving House, the Astor, the Clinton, French's, and other hotels followed, as well as several hotels from Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The Broadway Theatre, Burton's, and the Bowery came next. Bowen & McNamee, Carton & Co., Adams & Co. of the Express, and many other celebrated firms handed in their orders. In fact, there was no end to the demand for the Annihilator, and, as fire-escapes and fire-extinguishers, it is very evident that they are destined to supersede any thing now in use, their availibility and convenience being merits beyond computation.

N. Y. Express.

A Nut for Abolitionists.—A wealthy planter in the Eastern section of North Carolina, who is in the habit of repairing, during the sickly season, to Nag's Head, on the ocean, invariably takes with him some seventy-five little negroes, whose health is invigorated and preserved in that pure and bracing atmosphere. It is quite a frolic for the little fellows, and they bathe in the briny sea with all the gay disportings of a school of porpoises. We should like to be furnished with an instance in the free States where the children of laboring domestics are treated with equally humane consideration.—*Norfolk Herald.*

Gen. Cass has written a letter to Senator Clemens, of Alabama, in which he says of public sentiment at the North:—"There is a better feeling at the North, and though fanaticism will talk and write, still there is just as little probability of our interfering with your slaves, as there is of your interfering with our houses and land."

Can it be so?—It is estimated that the city of New York pays $10,000 a day for cigars, and only $5,000 for bread. It is also computed that 20,000 persons every year, in America, go into the grave from the use of tobacco.

TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

News from the American Exploring Expedition to the 17th Sept., 1850, has been received in England, in a letter addressed to the Admiralty. It is transmitted by the master of the bark True Love. The persons whose graves are mentioned belonged to Franklin's crew.

DAVIS' STRAITS, July 24, 1851.

My Lords: May it please your Lordships to receive at my hands the inclosed testimony, received on the 12th of July, of the American searching vessels, of the results of their voyage in search of Sir John Franklin. On the 13th of September last they left all the searching vessels at the Martyrs, Cornwallis Island, they not having enabled to pursue any further northward direction from that date. A harbor called the Assistant Harbor, discovered by Captain Ommanney, three miles south of Cape Martyrs, was the place in which by them to winter in. The bay is reforming very strong at that time, prevented Advance and Rescue were determined to proceed homewards; but, fortunately, however, a gale sprang up and drove them Wellington Channel 50 miles, and afterwards they were frozen in. The American captain De Haven told me that the winter was very mild, and that he could no further particulars respecting Sir John Franklin than the inclosed account. He said he was determined to go to the seat of search again, after having wintered, all the documents received from the Admiralty and others I gave to him.

MEMORANDA.—1. On the 26th of August, 1850, traces were found to the ward of Port Innes, Wellington Channel, confirming those previously found at Riley by Captain Ommanney. These consisted of fragments of clothing, preserved meat tins, and scraps of papers, one of these bearing the name of M Donald, a medical officer in the expedition.

2. On the 27th, Captain Penny's party reported graves. These were at once visited by Captain De Haven, Mr. Penny, and Dr. Kane. They bore respectively the names of W. Braine, R. M., and J. Hartnell, of the Erebus, and John Torrington, of the Terror, the date of the latest death being the 3d of April, 1846. Added to these sad but unmistakeable evidences, were the remains of the observatory, carpenter's shop and armorer's tent. Upon the hill side and beach were fragments of wood, metal and clothing, and stacks of empty meat tins. Everything indicated permanency and organization. There can be no doubt that the coast between Cape Riley and Beechy Island, along Lancaster Sound, was the first station of the missing vessels. On the 31st of September the impervious ice in the Wellington Channel underwent a complete disruption, and by the 6th of October vessels penetrated to the Cornwallis. Such, however, was the impenetrable character of the pack in Lancaster Sound that by the 10th of September the searching squadron were again compelled to retreated about eight miles south of Beechy Island. This was the furthest point attained by the American expedition. The latest dates from Commodore Austin are of the 13th of September.

They were then in momentary expectation of making winter quarters, and it is probable that a small harbor, discovered by Capt. Ommanney, about three miles east of Cape Martyrs, will be the one selected. Thence the American vessels while proceeding homeward, were frozen in, opposite Wellington Channel, and during the ensuing winter from a low of 75 25 throughout the channel and sound to Baffin's Bay.

Their liberation, after much exertion and trial, took place on the 10th of July, 1851, at a point south of Cape Walsingham 65 30—a linear drift exceeding 1000 miles. The commotion of the ice, and its attendant uncertainty, was their chief source of trial. Every officer and man was marked scorbutic disease, but no deaths have occurred. The crews are all refreshed, and the expedition is endeavoring to regain the seat of search.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

E. K. KANE,

Surgeon to the Expedition.

The London News of the 10th inst. gives great importance to these notes, and says:

The intelligence of traces of Sir John Franklin and his companions has been scanned with eagerness by the whole Arctic explorers now reposing on their laurels at Woolwich, and many of them are sanguine in the expectation that they may yet have the pleasure of welcoming at least the surviving portion of the crews who left Woolwich in May, 1845, with the Erebus and Terror. It is most interesting to know that the Royal Marine whose grave was found was Sergeant William Braine, of the Woolwich division, who volunteered to proceed to the Arctic regions with the Exploring party, and he had only recently returned from service in China.

It would be curious if the American expedition should be the first to rescue Sir John or his fate, with certainty.

Seeing the Procession.—Under this head the Boston Advertiser relates the following:

"A number of persons who came to town from the country to see the procession on Friday, met with a ludicrous contretemps on the occasion. For want of better quarters they took up lodgings in the county *jail*, where they found excellent beds and board, in spite of stone walls and iron bars. Unluckily, while dispatching their breakfast on Friday morning, the door of the apartment swung to and shut them in with a spring lock as safe as a steel mill. The jailor having gone to see the show, they were kept in a tantalizing incarceration during the most interesting part of the performance. A pitiful-looking individual, who heard their moving supplications to be let out, comforted them with this assurance: 'Well, I'll go to the show, and if I can't find the jailor I'll come back and *tell you all about it*.' I rather think these unlucky captives will not soon forget the *jubilee*."

The New York papers relate a similar mishap which occurred to a gentleman of New York, who resorted to the trick of being committed to the "Tombs" by a police magistrate, in order to get into the prison yard to witness the recent execution, but, through an oversight, got incarcerated into a cell, where he had to wait until the execution was over.