THE MANIA OF THE DAY.

What is it? Whoever reads the correspondence from Washington which inundates the newspapers will divine at once that it is office seeking, a worship of Government patronage and him who has it to bestow. We are a great people, it is true, but some of us have small ways and pursue little and unworthy ends, being moreover "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." There are hundreds, and probably thousands, in Washington, in New York, and in other large cities, who would just now be elevated into supremest happiness by a smile and a word of friendly recognition from the gentleman recently inaugurated President of these United States If the newspaper correspondents are to be believed, the avenue of the capital swarms with office seekers, "from early morn to dewy eve" the ante-rooms of the White House are filled with palpitating suppliants for places, and the time of the President and his Cabinet is fully occupied, he with hearing, and they with considering, the pleadings and intercessions of rival candidates for some good thing in the President's gift. Some must be disappointed anyhow, for the place-seekers are to the places on an average, we presume, at least ten to one; in some instances three or four times that; and who shall tell the cost of a place even to him that succeeds in obtaining it?

One of the most unpleasant phases of this prevailing mania is the gross adulation and flattery into which it leads many of its victims. In their greed of office they seem to lose all sense of personal independence and dignity, and become for the time the veriest and most cringing of manworshippers. You would never take them for American citizens, so marred in them are the proud, stern features of a manly republicanism. They will dance attendance, day after day, upon the bestower of patronage, and upon every one who is supposed to have influence with anybody that has influence with the bestower of that patronage. There is no limit to their subserviency to every one who is supposed to have, directly or indirectly, the ear of the President, or to share his confidence. We do not mean to say that this is true of all office seekers; but it is true of far too many—of, in fact, the great majority. And the evil is deepening and widening, until our newspapers are made to teem with a ridiculous flunkeyism—for this word alone is sufficiently expressive—that would disgust the readers of even European Court Journals.

One of these hangers on around the President has recently given an illustration of the unmanning tendency of this worship of the man who has patronage at his disposal. The writer in question seems in fact to have been almost demented with his good fortune in being present at Mr. Buchanan's first levee, for he gravely assures his readers that "with his companion on his arm he *ascended the steps* of the Palace (?) *amid* the rolling of wheels! the prancing of horses!! the cracking of whips!!! and the yells of coachmen claiming precedence and places!!!!" Innumerable queries were put, he tells us, such as "Where is *he?*" "Where is Mr. Buchanan?" The idol that he sought to worship was at length reached, and the worshipper's ecstacy began. "When he grasped my hand, I was as proud as the Emperor. My emotions rendered me silent." "He united the peculiar loveable qualities of bonhommie to the case and polish of the refined courtier." The Presidents niece, he describes as "the Republican princess," who presides over "the *palatial* residence of her attached uncle," and thus sums up her attractions—"gentleness of demeanor, shrinking susceptibility of soul, modest diffidence, artlessness of action and guilelessness of heart, associated with personal charms."

It is not every office seeker, however, we are happy to say, that stoops to such fulsome adulation. The majority of them are too earnest after the spoils to waste time in compliment. But what a life they must lead at Washington, and how anxiety must prey upon them at home. There are the preparatory steps to be taken. Letters to be obtained from this gentleman. Endorsements of political parity from that. The approval of the Congressional delegation to be obtained, or some long list of names as an equivalent, and as an offset to that approval bestowed elsewhere. What is the *quid pro quo* for each of these disinterested recommendations? Then there is the personal application, the protracted presence at Washington, the discovery that other applicants for the same office have obtained a prior interview with the President, and are satisfied with the impression they suppose they have made; and the further discovery that yet others are to come fortified with formidable papers. There may be offices that, *pecuniarily*, are worth all this labor of body and anxiety of mind. But in sober truth they are few indeed, and it may well be doubted whether any man, not under the influence of the prevailing mania, would consider any amount of income they may bring for the short time they can be held, a sufficient compensation for *all* the cost of obtaining them. In the great majority of cases, however, even the pecuniary advantage is but very trifling, rarely amounting to more, or as much, as could be secured with equal determination and less actual labor.

The truth is that office seeking and office holding are fast becoming an institution with us. We do not think the fact is to our credit or our advantage as a people. It has become a matter of course that with every change in the incumbency of the Presidential office, shall come a change in the incumbency of every office under the federal government. Patronage is no longer to be used merely as a means toward an end, to enable the Chief Magistrate to carry out the policy of the party that placed him in power, to secure the preponderance of certain political principles in the administration of the government, which is its legitimate use and was originally its design. Removals from and appointments to office are no longer dependent upon a change of political parties and principles, but must be made when there is no such change, the new President being of precisely the same political faith as his predecessor. They are no longer left to the volition of the President, to his own deliberate convictions and judgment, but are exacted from him as a boon due to his personal supporters, and as part of the bond ratified by his accession to office. The people have learned to assume that political attachment and political service are to be rewarded directly by the dispensation of public patronage, as though the appointing power was placed in the President's hands for no higher and no other purpose than to be dispensed in return for political support.

We cannot look upon the almost universal prevalence of this sentiment, and its practical recognition in high places, with anything like complacency. On the contrary we view it with no little concern and foreboding of evil. We are well assured that it was not the intention of the framers of the constitution that the appointing power should be thus used, but that it should be exercised by the President with moderation, for administrative reasons and ends only, and in accordance with the dictates of his own judgment, or in concurrence of the Senate. It was never contemplated that a general removal of the officers of the Government should be *demanded* from every incoming President, or that individual political leaders, or even Congressional delegations, should be the President's advisers in the selection of office holders when offices were vacant. All this is a gross perversion of the *intent* of leaving the appointing power in the hands of the Executive. The extensive patronage now vested in the Chief Magistrate constitutes a terrible engine for self aggrandisement, and in the hands of an unprincipled, designing President, might be used to accomplish almost any object he chose, whether of a personal or political character; and at the rate at which, for now several years, this diversion of the appointing power from its legitimate purpose has increased, at the demand of the people and by the consent of the Executive, it is impossible not to feel an apprehension that the time is not far distant when such a crisis may unexpectedly come upon the republic.

N. Y. Commercial.

A Good Joke.—A correspondent of the Lambertville (N. J.) Beacon says, that a short time since, while staying at the borough of E——, he overheard the following, which he thinks too good to be lost:

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking offices under the Government, were seated on the tavern porch, talking, when an old toper, named Jake D——, a person who is very loquacious when "corned," but exactly opposite when sober, said, that if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philsopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that, one day, the king took it into his head to go hunting, and, after summoning his nobles, and making all the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted upon a jackass; he advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it certainly will rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas, you told me it would not. The king then gave him his waiking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance. 'Tell me' said the king; 'how you knew it would rain.' 'I did'nt know,' said the rustic, my jackass told me. 'And how, pray, did he tell you?' the king asked, in great astonishment. 'By pricking up his ears, your Majesty.' The king now sent the countryman away, and, procuring the jackass of him, he placed him (the jackass) in the office the philosopher had filled. And here, observed Jake, looking very wise, "here is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said Jake, with a grin on his phiz, "*every jackass wants an office!*"

Fine Furniture.—It is said that in his lecture on "Mind your own business," Dr. Magoon relates the following story:

A young man went from New York city to the West, where he commenced business on his own account, and married. His friends in the city were interested in his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young man had located, he was requested to visit the emigrant, and ascertain how he lived, what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, &c.—Accordingly the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend and called upon him quite early in the morning. He found him in a small, neat cottage, and just taking his breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite off-hand and unceremonious, and he was requested to be seated and partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneading board, over which a napkin was spread, and the "board" placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at table, and took his leave. On making his report to his New York friends as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as "magnificent!"—and for the explanation of the superlative said, that were he the owner of that young man's furniture, he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table.

"IN FAVOR OF THE HOG?"

Eds. Mail: Nuowing your "solemn" fondness for the ludicrous, I have sent you the following story, which was retailed to me from the lips of an eye-witness:

In the good old county of C——, State of Alabama, there lived one John Smith, who, unlike the remainder of his small family, was peculiarly afflicted with a want of discrimination between his own things and those of other persons, or who, rather, was ignorant of the laws relating to "*meum et tuum.*" Now once on a time, the said John Smith, while laboring under a severe attack of the above mentioned disease, and being further impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went under the cover of night, and feloniously took and carried away from his neighbor's pen, a shoat valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But, unfortunately, Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P——, for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. The Jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned, with a verdict of "guilty of hog stealin' in fust degree."

The Judge told them that their verdict was proper except, that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by "*form.*" At last, old W. Jim Turner, who had been Justice of the Peace in Georgia with a bright countenance and sly wink, as much as to say "Look at me boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict and returned to the Court House. One after another they filed in, old Jim in the lead, and took their seats. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following:

We, the jeury pusilanimously, find the defendent gilty in the sum of 1 *dollar a* ½ *in favor of the hog.*

Of course no one but G. D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, is responsible for the following:

The editor of an Alabama paper advises that we and another individual whom he names, "meet upon the field of honor and fight with squirt guns." If we must use a squirt in such an affair, we shall beg the use of the Alabama editor for the occasion.

Young wife—"O, I am so glad you like birds; what kind do you most admire?

Young husband—"Well, I think a good turkey with plenty of dressing, is about as nice as any."

AN EXPENSIVE DINNER.

Among the choicest pictures in the choice collection of Mr. Douglas, which was sold under the hammer last week, were two landscapes by William Shayer, an English artist of distinction, chronicled on the catalogue as "No. 73, *The Swan Inn*, Isle of Wight," and "No. 74, *The Crown Inn*, Isle of Wight." They were a very attractive pair of pictures, quiet in their tone, free and broad in their style, true to the nature of that charming little episode of English scenery, the Isle of Wight, and most faithful in their presentation of the two old inns with their quaint appourtenances. The cognoscenti might well predict that at least $300 or $350 would be required to carry them off even from the auction room. The sale took place according to advertisement and handbill, and the auctioneer had no reason to complain of want of appreciation or spirit on the part of the bidders. The pictures all sold well and rapidly. When the two Inns were put up, "one with the privilege of the other," somebody led off at once with a bid of two hundred and fifty-dollars. This was followed up by three hundred, three hundred and fifty, and four hundred in quick succession. Then came four hundred and fifty, and from that point the auctioneer ran along on the variations of four fifty-five—sixty—sixty-five—seventy, etc., up to five hundred, where there was a pause, but only, as it soon appeared, for the competitors to rally for a further struggle. By this time the positions of the whole company were clearly defined: two highly-excited bidders, a hundred highly-excited spectators, and a very cool and complaisant auctioneer not at all excited. The bidding recommenced: "Going at five hundred and fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—ninety—shall I have six hundred?" and the six hundred was bid amidst great applause. "Six hundred and twenty-five (sensation)—six hundred and fifty (great enthusiasm)—six hundred and seventy-five from the opposition (intense excitement)—finally, after repeated "goings," "fair warnings," and "third and last calls," seven hundred is bid, and the picture is knocked down to one of our well-known Park Place merchants, who gives in his name with a decidedly triumphant emphasis. Mr. Leeds stopped to draw breath after this long chase, and in the interval the successful bidder made a speech explanatory of what seemed a very foolish purchase at $700 of a picture which really was not worth any such money. He had been on the Isle of Wight, he had dined at the Crown Inn, and he was willing to pay the price, not so much for the twenty-five by thirty inches of canvass, as for the associations inclosed within the frame. At the Swan Inn he had not dined, and that picture he did not want. So somebody else, perhaps the rival candidate for the "Crown," got it at $550. So much for dining at the Crown Inn. We used to regard the *Trois Freres* and *Very's* as rather expensive localities for that sort of entertainment, but only think of a dinner the mere memory of which is worth $700.

Harper's Weekly.

Affection of the Elephant.—The Columbus *Fact*, of a recent date, relates the following interesting story of affection recently exhibited in an elephant belonging to Herr Driesbach's menagerie, for his keeper: "The menagerie on coming into Newark, Ohio, the keeper fell in a fit from his horse. The whole menagerie immediately came to a halt, and some members of the company went forward to pick up the man, but the elephant would not allow any person to approach the senseless form of his keeper. Taking him up with his trunk, softly, he would place him on his horse, but finding that the man was senseless, he laid him down on the ground and kept watch over him. Many members of the menagerie tried to soothe the faithful elephant, who had now become furious at the supposed death of his master, but to no purpose, and there the man lay, watched by the sagacious animal. After lying in this condition for some time, a physician who had been sent for, arrived, and yet the elephant would allow no one to approach. At length, the keeper became so far conscious as to command the elephant to let the physician come near, and the elephant was docile and obedient in a moment, and the keeper was properly cared for—the elephant all the time expressing the utmost anxiety for the sick man."

Disputing with Satan.—An old and excellent writer gives the following advice: "If you would not to be foiled by temptation, do not enter into a dispute with Satan. When Eve began to argue the case with the serpent it was too hard for her; the devil by his logic, disputed her out of Paradise. Satan can mince sin, make it small, and varnish it over, and make it look like virtue. Satan is too subtile a sophister to hold an argument with him. Dispute not, but fight. If you enter into any parley with Satan, you give him half the victory." The reason is obvious for we cannot parley with Satan without giving up *principle*, and whenever we allow ourselves to debate the question, whether we will do wrong, it is almost certain we shall yield. Principle being abandoned, there is little else to guide, but evil passions, which strongly prompt to sin.

Thoughts from Channing.—It is a privilege to have lived in an age so stirring, so pregnant, so eventful. It is an age never to be forgotten. Its voice of warning and encouragement is never to die. Its impression on history is indelible. Amidst its events, the American revolution, the first distinct, solemn assertion of the rights of men, and the French revolution, that volcanic force which shook the earth to its centre, are never to pass from men's minds. Over this age the night will indeed gather more and more as time rolls away; but in that night two forms will appear—Washington and Napoleon—the one a lurid meteor, the other a benign, serene, and undecaying star.

Church Going.—New York city, with a population of 620,000, has church room for only 197,000 persons, leaving 432,000 without any church accommodations, did they wish for them. Brooklyn, with a population of 208,000, has sittings for only 71,000 leaving 137,000 unprovided for; and thirteen of the principal cities of this country with an aggregate population of 1,948,574, have church sittings only for 652,436, having a deficiency of 1,296,138. The city of London, too, with a population of 2,688,000, has church room for only 800,000, leaving 1,888,000 persons without an opportunity to join in public worship. These statistics are startling truths, which at first sight, seem to be absurd exaggeratious, but a moment's thought will establish their correctness.

An aspirant for the office of constable in Richmond, told the voters how he went to war in 1812 and fought for his country's liberties; and after he sat down a competitor got up and made the following eloquent speech: "Fellow citizens! I *war* not in the war of 1812, but my father *war*!"

"Sam, why don't you talk to your massa, and tell him to lay up his treasure in heaven?"

"What's de use of his laying up his treasure dare whare he neber see um agin?"

Female Novelists.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague says, "Every young lady who has read two novels can write a third." To cast a glance at the Book Notices in our papers, one would swear that what "every young lady" *can* do, she *has* done.

Railroads in New York.—The annual report of the Railroad Commissioners has been received. We gather the following interesting statistics from its copious details:—That the dividends paid on the completed roads throughout the State average 4 to 8 per cent. on the aggregate capital stock; that the double track laid is nearly equal to one fourth of the whole length of the roads, and the sidings to one eighth; that the total number of locomotive engines is 735, of passenger and baggage cars 900, freight cars 7,500, and persons employed 18,012; that of the whole number of persons killed eight per cent. were passengers, thirty-one per cent. employees, and sixty-one per cent. neither passengers nor employees; and that four-fifths of the passengers killed and one-third of those injured suffered in consequence of their own imprudence. A comparison of the safety of Railroad traveling on the roads of this State and those of Great Britain, during the last four years, shows that the was a greater number of passengers killed and a less number injured upon our roads, in proportion to the number carried, than upon those in Great Britain.

The Missouri Railroads.—The railroad bill lately passed by the legislature of Missouri provides for granting additional State aid to railroads, as follows: To the Pacific road, $1,000,000; Southwest Branch, $1,500,000; North Missouri, $1,000,000; Iron Mountain, $600,000; Platte Country, $700,000; Cairo and Fulton, $400,000. Total $5,200,000. The State reserves in all cases a first lien on the roads to secure the payment of bonds. The entire State aid to be given to all the roads when it shall be absorbed and all the roads built, will not be far from $25,000,000.

Fine Cotton.—The editors of the New York Courier and Enquirer have been shown a sample of sea Island cotton, taken from a bale sold in Charleston South Carolina, at $1 35 per pound, probably the highest price paid in twenty years. The factors who sold this bale are confident that it is the finest bale of cotton that has ever crossed the Atlantic. The planter (of Edisto, South Carolina,) took the medal in the London Exhibition of 1851, and the prize bale, though it spun yarn up to No. 900, is believed to be inferior to this. This bale was picked out by the lady of the planter with her own hands, and it is a marvel the perfection to which she has brought the staple. It is to go to Havre.

The Queen of England Going to Law with the Prince of Wales.—A friendly suit is about to be instituted in England, before a referee, to settle a dispute which has arisen as to the disposal of the revenues of the fisheries on the coast of Cornwall, from which coast the Prince of Wales has, as such, for centuries, received a large income. A London paper says: "Some idea of the difficulties which will attend the solution of this knotty point may be formed from the fact that the documents, which are to be investigated, extend as far back as 300 years before the birth of Christ." The decision of the referee, (Sir John Patterson,) it has been agreed, shall be final.

A Rich Case.—Memphis, Tenn., is decidedly a great place in its way. A few days since a case was pending in the Common Law Court of that city in which a Mr. and Mrs. Helbing had sued Philip R. Bohlen, for breach of marriage contract in failing to marry Mrs. Helbing when she was Miss Agnes Handwerker, and the jury has given the injured parties $1,250 damages! The idea of Helbing suing Bohlen because he did not marry his wife, is certainly the richest thing of this fast age!

Sad Warning to "Fast" Young Men.—John Miller, aged 28 years, died at Indianapolis on Friday night. The Journal gives a brief history of his sad case:

He was born in Dayton, Ohio—was left an orphan with a large estate, and to his own guidance—became a "fast young man," and rapidly spent a fortune which was counted by tens of thousands. He kept a circle of dashing young fellows about him, until his money was gone, who then deserted and left him. He sought Indianapolis for a home, and there, in some menial capacity, lived for a time, and died in a strange garret, friendless and alone!

Something Rare.—We learn from the Louisiana papers that at the close of the session of the Legislature of that State a motion was made to allow Mr. J. A. Warner, Secretary of the Senate, $500, *extra* compensation, when that gentleman immediately arose and requested the mover to withdraw it; said that he accepted the office with a knowledge of the salary, and *wanted no more!*

Another "Rare Case."—Gov. King of New York, returned to the President of the Hudson River railroad *a free pass* which that gentleman had sent him, with a polite note, saying that his official position *would not permit him to use it.*

A Weighty Delegation.—The State of Maine can, undoubtedly, boast of having in this city at this time more men of *weight* than any other State in the Union. The following is the true weight of the following named gentlemen from the Pine Tree State, now here. Let no one accuse them of being a set of "lean, lank office seekers:" Major N. Bodfish, 250; Col. F. T. Lalley, 245; L. Jones, 250; Albert Smith, 250; Ex-Gov. Hubbard, 240; Hon. N. Littlefield, 235; Mr. Patten, 230; Mr. Davis, 230; Hon. S. Jordan, 220; E. Rose, 220; Wm. Bennett, 215; Hon. V. D. Parris, 212; Robert Burns, 210; Hon. G. P. Sewall, 210; Hon. J. D. McCrate, 210; Mr. Young, 212; Hon. J. Babson, 200; Hon. W. B. S. Moore, 200; Hon. Benj. Wiggins, 200; Hon. N. Clifford, 255—aggregate weight, 4,494 ibs. Average weight of twenty persons, 224½ ibs.—*Washington Star.*

The Washington correspondent of the Exeter *News Letter* says that Gen. Pierce has had the good sense to avoid extravagance in the Presidential mansion during his term of office, and the consequence is he retires with one-half his four years' salary in his pocket—a sufficient sum to make him comfortable for many a "wet day," and protect him from the disagreeable necessity of depending upon the "uncertainties of the law" for his daily bread.

Death seems to attach itself in some form—near or remote—to the White House. Gen. Jackson entered it a new widower. Harrison and Taylor themselves died. Tyler was a recent widower. Polk left the house to die. Fillmore, to bury his wife and daughter. Pierce had his only son torn from him. And now Buchanan mourns a beloved nephew. So closely does affliction cleave to greatness—so broadly does it throw its shadow over high position.

If potatoes are shriveled, as in the spring and early summer they are apt to be, lay them in cold water a while before cooking, avoiding unnecessary cutting or breaking of the skin. This will restore much of their plumpness. The water in which they are to be cooked should contain a little salt, should be boiling when first put in, and kept so till done, when they should be taken directly up.

"John," said a doting parent to her rather insatiable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

Historical Evidences of the Authenticity of the Bible Record.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce thus alludes to the discoveries made by Sir Henry Rawlinson in Assyria, confirmatory of the Bible Record:

"Among the recent public lectures in London, you may be struck with that of Sir Henry Rawlinson, on late Oriental discoveries in relation to the Bible. It occupied nearly an hour and a half. Sir Henry expatiated on some of the most important results of his discoveries in Assyria, constituting a verification of scripture history; he illustrated his topic by numerous drawings and models taken from the sculptures now in the British Museum. He could induce, by abundant coincidence, the authenticity of Holy Writ. The earliest period to which the inscriptions he had found referred, was about two thousand years before Christ. The whole country of Assyria had been excavated in the course of his researches; a multitude of inscriptions had been deciphered, and in many instances they confirmed, in the minutest details, the pages of scripture, and explained passages which had hitherto been obscure. The instances which he cited teem with instruction and force; the interpretation or derivation of names in particular. The earliest connection of the Chaldees and Indians and the Babylonian mythology; the ethnology and geography of the Assyrians, the historical records, are all illustrated: in every case, there is an entire agreement with the Bible. The lecturer inferred from his studies that the Book of Job belonged to a time about seven hundred years before Christ. In the inscriptions there is a period of nearly a thousand years, without the mention of Judea, but during that period there was no inducement for intercourse between the Assyrians and the Jews. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon was verified. So, the wars between Sennecherib and Hezekiah. There were four distinct captivities of the Jews. Some inscriptions referred to the time of Nebuchadnezzar; others throw light on the existence and actions of Belshazzar, who was joint King with his father Minus, and who shut himself up in Nineveh.

Manufacture of Firearms.—The machinery now employed by the Federal Government for the manufacture of firearms is complete. A musket can be turned out every eight minutes of the working day from the raw material. The machinery is of the most perfect description, and does the work with unerring accuracy. It is said that in no department of the mechanic arts has the inventive mind been exerted with more astonishing or elaborate results. To produce a musket entire two hundred and ninety-four machines and nearly five hundred distinct mechanical processes are involved. The iron from which the barrels are made costs two hundred dollars per ton. This is cut up from bars into pieces of ten pounds weight and fourteen inches in length, which, after being drawn out to forty inches under a nearly white heat, is curved and welded on steel rods. Each barrel is then bored out and reduced in weight from ten pounds to four and a half, after which it is polished with emery on revolving wheels. The quality of the workmanship which is displayed in the making of these barrels is thought not to be exceeded by any in the world.

Peculiar Mode of Resuscitation.—An eminent physician of London gives instructions for the resuscitation of drowned persons, which, though we believe they have in some cases proved effectual, are quite at variance with the methods commonly resorted to. He says: "There is one great impediment to the restoration of the function of respiration, which is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glattis, or entrance into the windpipe. In order to remove this the patient is to be placed upon his face and breast, and the body is to be turned on to the side, and then returned slowly to its proper position. This motion, the effect of which is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and reinspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned."

Pension Office.—It appears from the records of this office, that, to satisfy all the bounty land warrants issued under the various laws since their passage up to the 31st March last, it will require 58,324,222 acres of the public lands. Of the above amount upwards of 50,000,000 acres of land have been allowed under acts approved on or subsequent to the 11th February, 1847.

William Wirt and Thomas Corwin.—It is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called, was once trying a case in which he was opposed to the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

Wirt—Have you read Robinson Crusoe?

Witness—Yes.

Wirt—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Well, yes, Squire; I don't know but what I do.

The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's Travels, and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him with a bland smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question to ask, and put it—

Mr. Corwin—Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?

Witness—Yes.

Corwin—Do you believe it all?

Witness—Why, no, Squire; I can't go that.

TIME.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of nought save playing,
And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!
While he, still merry with the flowery store,
Deems not that morn, sweet morn, returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face from bower of jasmin flowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight flickering faint and low;
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
Of pleasures gone as all life's pleasures go.
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

MY WIFE AND I.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
O, there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

The man whose feelings were "worked up," has ordered a fresh supply.

The man who burst into tears has been put together again.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE

NEW YORK, April 4.

The Asia, from Liverpool on the afternoon of the 21st ultimo, arrived here this forenoon.

The English papers are almost entirely filled with electioneering matters. Parliament will probably be dissolved on Monday next.

The third meeting of the Neufchatel conference will be held immediately, favorable instructions having been received from Prussia.

Austria, it is reported, is on the point of breaking off diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and that the Sardinian Chambers have voted a large sum for fortifications.

The Mexican Envoy had arrived at Madrid.

The treaty abolishing the Danish Sound dues was signed on the 14th. The Asia brings the text of the treaty.

The British are having a difficulty with Japan. Two ships of war have occupied the port of Nagasaki.

China.—Private letters received in Paris state that the baker and three accomplices had been convicted of an attempt to poison the British charge at Hong-Kong, and shot. It is said that a great portion of Canton, both within and without the walls, has been destroyed.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News asserts positively that negotiations are progressing between France and England for the sending of a French army of 20,000 men to China.

LONDON, Saturday noon.

It was announced in Parliament this morning that it is the Queen's intention to immediately dissolve Parliament, in order to ascertain in the most constitutional manner the sense of the people in the present state of public affairs.

The Markets.—Cotton closed quiet, but steady and generally unchanged. Sales of the week, 44,000 bales, including 6,000 taken by speculators, and 4,500 by exporters. Orleans fair, 8¼d.; do. middling, 7 13-16d.; Uplands fair, 7¾d.; Uplands middling, 7 9-16d. Stock on hand, 390,000 bales, of which 275,000 was American.

Breadstuffs were dull, and all qualities were considerably lower.

Rosin was firm at 5s. a 5s. 3d. Spirits Turpentine was dull at 41 cents. Rice was firm and generally unchanged.

The weather has been very favorable for the crops.

From the (Leavenworth) Kansas Herald of March 21.

Within the last week near one thousand emigrants have landed at this place from off steamboats, and the cry is still they come. They bring with them their families, and implements of industry; and altogether look like good and permanent citizens, who have come to better their condition, and improve the country.

QUINDARO, KANSAS, March 23.

Nearly every steamer from your city arrives here loaded down with passengers—people who intend settling in this territory.

Gen. J. H. Lane arrived here yesterday, on the St. Mary.

Appointment.—A. I. Harrison, son of the Hon. John Scott Harrison, and a grandson of the late Gen. Harrison, has been appointed second lieutenant of the 6th regiment United States infantry. The appointment was one of President Pierce's last official acts.

Saw-Mill Burnt.—Gen. Trollinger's saw-mill at Carey, in this County, eight miles west of this city on the Central Road, was consumed by fire on Wednesday night. Loss about $1,200.

Ral. Standard.

Death of an Old Servant.—A colored man named John, the property of Mrs. Martha Hester, of Granville county, died on the 8th inst., at the advanced age of 114 years. He came to this State during the Revolutionary war, as a servant of Col. Woodward.

About thirty years ago he became the property of James Hester, in whose family he continued and by whom he was kindly treated until his death.

Widows and Wills.—The New York Mirror, a journal devoted to the ladies' interest, speaking of the poor widow, whose "dear departed" makes it a condition in his "last will and testament" that if she marries again it must be at the sacrifice of all the worldly goods she inherits, pronounces it a species of conjugal cruelty extending beyond the grave, which, although it may not be punished by law cannot be too severely reprobated by public opinion. There is, says the Mirror, a young, healthy, handsome widow in New York city, who has an income of $15,000 year, and who wants to marry a man who has not the slightest objection to the union. But her late husband, whose jealousy, it seems, did not end with his life, left a wicked will giving all his property to a collateral relative, if his widow should wed a second husband. The Mirror understands the victim of this outrage has offered $10,000 a year out of her income of $15,000 to have the cruel condition cancelled, but the party to whom the property would revert is inexorable.

A Noble Deed.—Yesterday afternoon, as the train on the Evansville and Crawfordsville railroad was starting and had got under considerable headway, a child was discovered on the track only a short distance ahead of the locomotive. The engineer immediately gave the signal and reversed his engine. The fireman, Mr. Charles Miller, seeing that the train could not be stopped in time, sprang through the lookout or window of the engine, ran along until he came to the forward end, jumped off and snatched the child from the track, just in time to save it from being crushed, as the locomotive was within five feet of him when he saved the child.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Express.*

A lady walked off a steamboat at Norwich last Friday night into deep water, where she remained for half an hour buoyed up by her balloon-like hoops, and was finally extricated.

The last thing heard of John Smith was his elopement from Lansingburg (N. Y.) with Margaret Pollock. John left a wife and five small children, and Margaret deserted an infirm and helpless husband.

At the last Court ball, the jewels of the Empress Eugenie were estimated at four millions of francs, ($800,000,) and the flounces of Alencons lace, which covered the lilac satin robe of Her Majesty, cost six hundred thousand, ($120,000)—the dress and jewels thus amounting to almost a million of dollars.

Misfortune and misconduct were born twins. Our faults are oft the parent of our woes, and he who most declaims at the world's frown, has generally done his best to earn it.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

The following atrocity was committed by an old bachelor in Wisconsin who is an editor:—"Why is a bridegroom more expensive than the bride! Because the bride is always *given* away, while the bridegroom is usually *sold.*"