

CHARLES CARROLL.

The Editor of a Boston paper gives the following interesting account of a visit recently made by him to our venerable fellow citizen, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence:

CHARLES CARROLL.—This venerable representative of a former generation,—now in the ninety-third year of his age, and which he has almost completed,—is in the full enjoyment of most of the faculties, which appertain to the meridian of life. During a recent journey to the south, the editor was fortunate enough to fall into the company of a respectable merchant at Baltimore, a particular friend of Mr. Carroll, by whom he was introduced to the "time-honored" patriot. As we entered his parlor, Mr. Carroll rose to salute us with the customary compliments, and offered chairs with almost as much ease and firmness as a man of fifty. His appearance indicated a high degree of health, which he affirmed he enjoyed without interruption. His under dress was of brown broadcloth—his waistcoat of the fashion of the last century. He wore no coat, but a gown of the same material as the waistcoat and small clothes. His hair was of a silvery whiteness—his teeth apparently perfect—his eye animated and sparkling, though as he stated, it had become too dim to enable him to read. His sense of hearing did not seem to be in the least degree impaired.

He spoke with ease, articulated with uncommon distinctness, and his voice possessed all the clearness of vigorous manhood. He seemed to be pleased with his friend for having introduced a stranger, and to be delighted in answering all our interrogatories respecting the incidents and the individuals to which he had sustained an interesting relation in the earlier part of his life. He spoke often of Jefferson, Hancock, the Adamses, and other members of the congress of seventy-six; but he seemed to take especial delight in talking of Dr. Franklin, whom he described as one of the most pleasant and fascinating men he had ever known. He remarked that he and Franklin were commissioners to visit Canada, and endeavored to induce the inhabitants of that province to join the other colonies in declaring themselves independent of the mother country—and that the journey though beset with difficulties and over bad roads, sometimes through forests where there was no road, was rendered comparatively pleasant and agreeable by the wit and good humor of Dr. Franklin.

He related many anecdotes of the Doctor, illustrating these distinguishing traits in his character, and which made him a welcome and a favorite companion in the political circles of Paris. There was nothing in Mr. Carroll's manners or conversation that indicated the existence of that species of egotism, which is usually the besetting infirmity of old age; and though he related in half an hour more anecdotes than we could write down in half a day, he was in no instance, that we recollect, the hero of his own story. His reminiscences were of the mighty dead, and his commendations were bestowed with unlimited generosity on his contemporaries who had gone before him to receive the "recompense afterward," & left him, as it were, to speak their epitaph.

Mr. Carroll appeared to feel a lively interest in the ordinary topics of conversation—made several inquiries of his friend respecting political affairs, the prospect of business, and the progress of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-road; and asked of the editor many questions respecting Boston, its population, improvements, &c. He spoke more than once of the great inventions in machinery for saving labor, of the improvements in the mode of travelling, and expressed a regret that the family of Robert Fulton had not been fortunate enough to obtain a greater share of the benefits resulting from his improvements to the application of steam to navigation. He alluded several times to his own great age—attributed that as well as his health to the regularity and temperance he had always observed in his mode of living—said that some people thought he would live to be an hundred years old—but added, with a smile, that it was not his desire to live so long, unless his mental and physical faculties could be retained, which he could not expect to retain much longer. When we rose to leave him, Mr. Carroll led us down the stairs with nearly as much elasticity of limb and firmness of step as either of his visitors.

The time we spent with this delightful old gentleman was short of an hour, but it was worth more than the fortnight we had then just wasted in the metropolis of the United States, where the lives of modern great men exhibit but few traits of character that entitle them to admiration, and their actions present but feeble claims to the gratitude of their countrymen. In the halls of Congress or in the mansions of those who are elevated by the partiality of the people to places of power and dignity, one sees but little that can be remembered with real satisfaction, and is not unfrequently disgusted with much that he would take pleasure in forgetting. The patriotism of the present day—at least that sort of patriotism which is of the most approved stamp and which passes current at the capital—seems to consist altogether in personal attachment to men in office and to have no higher aim than the attainment of a place; its dirty ossidities are all levelled at the treasury. But he who visits Charles Carroll, will perceive in the sole survivor of those who signed our declaration of Independence, a patriot of an opposite character, and may look back on such an interview as to one of the brightest spots on the tablet of memory.

The character of this revered patriot we shall not attempt to portray; its sublime simplicity we felt our incompetency to describe. Nor is it in the compass of our ability to express the emotions we felt when our hand was

half a century ago, set its signature to an instrument that certified the birth of a nation, and placed on the declaration of our freedom the seal of eternity.

From an English Paper.

The following account of the private habits of the Emperor Nicholas appears in the *Court Journal*, to which it has been supplied by an English gentleman just returned from Russia: "It may be stated that the Emperor Nicholas is the most regular monarch in Europe. The following is the manner in which he apportions his day. He rises invariably, if in health, at half past five, when he takes a cup of coffee, and devotes three hours to looking over petitions, or such documents, military or civil, as may require the Imperial signature; which, indeed, consists of all the judgments of the different courts of justice (excepting for minor affairs,) and all reports from the commandants, military and civil, throughout the Empire. About five minutes before eight the Emperor takes his breakfast, consisting of a cup of tea and a few rusks; and at eight his ministers are admitted, with whom he transacts business till ten, when he receives the foreign ministers. After this, should time permit, he makes his morning visit to the Empress, with whom he remains ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; and at eleven he mounts his horse, and proceeds to the Champs de Mars, a square, a short distance from the Palace, and adjoining the Summer Gardens, sufficiently large to review twenty thousand troops, where he reviews one, two, or more regiments, most frequently giving the word of command himself. The review, or inspection, generally lasts till one. Should the weather be unfavorable, the review takes place in the Imperial Manège, a building constructed for that purpose, nearly adjoining the palace, capacious enough to manoeuvre twelve hundred cavalry. His Majesty then returns to the palace, and again attends to business till three, giving audiences on state affairs; at which time he dines with his family, to whom he is most affectionately attached. At dinner his Majesty is extremely abstemious, taking very little wine. He devotes the greater part of the afternoon in instructing his son, the Grand Duke, or in riding out with the Empress in an open carriage, attended only by two servants, dressed in the same simple uniform worn by the servants of every officer of the army, and visiting some of the public establishments, particularly the Admiralty, the progress of which he appears to watch with great anxiety. At six he retires again to his cabinet, where he remains till nine, when he joins the Empress, who frequently has a *société choisie* in her apartments; here the Emperor sups and remains till twelve o'clock, at which hour he retires for the night."

Napoleon.—Essling was the first battle in which he commanded in person, he was fortunate and skilled enough only to lose six: Essling, Orléans, Leipzig, Brienne, Laon, and Waterloo. His defeat of Essling was repaired some time afterwards by his victory of Wagram; that of Craon completed the disorganization of the army of Moscow; that of Leipzig deprived him of his army, and of all Germany, and laid open France to his enemies; that of Brienne became fatal to the conqueror, by inspiring him with a false idea of security, for which he was soon severely punished; that of Laon was the last effort of an expiring army; that of Waterloo terminated his military and political career.

The Grand Lendier.—At a lecture on Comparative Anatomy, delivered at the Westminster Co-operative Institution by Mr. Dewhurst, on Friday March 12th, a fine adult skeleton of an individual stated to have belonged to Napoleon's Legion of Honour, and to have fought at the battle of Waterloo, was produced. The person of whom this was the skeleton, although once an officer in the French army, within the last few years, suffered great poverty, and died in the Hotel Dieu at Paris, where his body, not having been claimed by his friends, was dissected as a matter of course, by the pupils of that establishment.

From the New York American.

PATRICK LYON, THE BLACKSMITH.—One of the best and most interesting pictures in the present exhibition of the National Academy at the Académie des Beaux-Arts, is a blacksmith, standing by his anvil, resting his brawny arm and blackened hand upon his hammer, while a youth at the bellows renews the red-heat of the iron his master has been laboring upon.

This picture is remarkable both for the execution and subject. Mr. Neagle, of Philadelphia, the painter, has established his claim to a high rank in his profession by the skill and knowledge he has displayed in composing and completing so complicated and difficult a work. The figure stands admirable; the dress is truly appropriate; the expression of the head equally so; and the arm is a masterpiece of performance. The light, and indications of heat, are managed with perfect skill. In the background, at a distance, is seen the Philadelphia prison, and thereby "hangs a tale," whether true in all particulars, is perhaps of little moment; I give it as I took it.

Patrick Lyon, as he is familiarly called in the city of Penn., was the blacksmith and locksmith of the Bank of —, and the vaults having been entered and a large amount of money carried off, suspicion fell upon the man of locks, bolts and bars. So strong were the suspicions of the Directors, that Pat was accused, and imprisoned for a long time in the castle, which, by his desire, the painter has introduced into his historical portrait.

In process of time, however, the real culprits were found to be the watchmen employed to guard the bank, and not the locksmith who had fashioned its iron security. Pat, who probably manufactured the locks and bars which held him in the city prison, was released, and made his old employers and recent persecutors pay handsome damages. He became rich, and with a liberal spirit engaged Mr. Neagle, a young artist struggling for fame and fortune, to paint his portrait, not as Patrick Lyon, Esq.,

but by that hammer and anvil on which he forged his own wealth, and hammered iron bars into bank notes and eagles.

Another story is told of the locksmith, which displays some humor, and, if known to the visitors of the exhibition, may enable them to see more in the face of Pat than they otherwise might detect. Being sent for to open an iron chest made by himself, lock and all, whose owner had lost the key, Pat dexterously performed the operation, and holding the lid with one hand, presented the other with a demand for ten dollars. It was refused. Pat let fall the lid, the spring lock took its former hold, and the blacksmith walked off, leaving the treasure as fast sealed as before. There was no remedy, and reluctantly the owner of the strong box again sent for Pat. He promptly appeared, and the box was as quickly opened. The first demand of ten dollars was instantly offered; but no — "I must have twenty now," says the operator; and twenty was paid without demur, for the lid and the lock were still in the hand of the maker.

This fine picture, with those of Sully and others, from Philadelphia, are loaned by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the National Academy having established a system of exchange, by which the two institutions will be benefited, and the variety offered to the public greatly increased.

Lord William Bentinck, the brother of the Duke of Portland, and Governor General of India has issued a decree, bearing date 4th of December, 1825, totally suppressing the practice of Satter, or the burning or burying alive of Hindoo Widows with the bodies of their deceased husbands. The practice is declared to be illegal and punishable in the Criminal Courts; and all persons, whether natives or others, who shall commit, or conceal such sacrifice, are also declared to be guilty of a penal offence. All persons aiding or abetting in the burning or burying alive of any Hindoo woman, whether voluntary on her part or not, are deemed guilty of culpable homicide, and liable to punishment by fine or imprisonment, or both. The preamble of this important document recites the great change in popular feeling and practice among the Hindoos which had made the abolition more acceptable to the natives. It is stated that the practice is no longer enjoined by the religion of the Hindoo as an imperative duty, on the contrary a life of purity and retirement on the part of the widow is more especially and preferably incalculated; and by a vast majority of that people throughout India the practice is not kept up nor observed; in some extensive districts it does not exist; in those in which it has been most frequent it is notorious that in many instances acts of atrocity have been perpetrated which have been shocking to the Hindoos themselves, and to their eyes unawful and inhuman.

ROYAL GASTRONOMY.

It is well known that Louis XVIII. was as consummate a gastronome as he was a sovereign. His great gastronomic achievement was the invention of a dish called *Truffes à la puree d'ortolans*, the secret of which, invention he never divulged to any but his chief *maître d'hotel*, the Duc d'Escars. The happy few who have tasted this dish, as connected by the royal hand of Louis himself, describe it as very pretty and perfection of the culinary art. "See Naples and die!" exclaimed the Neapolitan. "Taste *Truffes à la puree d'ortolans*, and die!" exclaimed M. de Fiet one day, after experiencing the delight to which he referred; and M. le Duc d'Escars was fortunate enough to prove this desiderated end. "The case was this: his royal master was his wont occasionally sent for the Duke one day to attend him in his culinary sanctum sanctorum, for the purpose of engaging his assistance in the concocting a glorious dish of *truffes à la puree d'ortolans*.

The royal chef and his noble assistant, having changed the emine for the white apron, the necessary preparations were made, and in a word—for the details of the concoction remain a secret to this day—the dish was completed, not without giving occasion to the "Court Journalists" of the next day to announce that "M. le Duc d'Escars travailla avec le roi dans son cabinet particulier." On these occasions, the royal gastronomy was too considerate to permit his friend to aid in the great work of projection without afterwards partaking of the glorious results; and one day, when their joint efforts had been more than usually successful, the happy friends sat down to *truffes à la puree d'ortolans* for ten, the whole of which, however, they caused to disappear between them; and then having no other occupation of a nature fitted to engage their interest after an achievement of this magnitude, each retired to rest, triumphing in the success of their happy tools. In the middle of the night, however, when the whole palace was wrapped in silence and sleep, the Duc d'Escars suddenly awoke, and found himself alarmingly indisposed.

He rang the bells of his apartment—his servants rushed to him in alarm—his physicians were sent for—in a word he was dying of surfeit. In his last moments, however, he thought him of his royal master, to whose equalled art he was expiring a happy martyr; and he caused some of his attendants to inquire whether his Majesty was not suffering in a similar manner with himself. But the King was sleeping so soundly and quietly as a tired infant! And when, in the morning, he was informed of the sad catastrophe of his faithful friend and servant, though he could not help shedding "some natural tears" for the loss of so able an assistant and so faithful a friend, his grief was not entirely unmixed with an excusable touch of self-congratulation, as he exclaimed, "Ah, I told him that I had the better digestion of the two!"

ALGERS.—The following tributes are paid annually by different governments to the Dey of Algiers:—The Two Sicilies, 24,000 hard dollars, and presents to the amount of 20,000; Portugal 24,000 and presents, 20,000; Sweden and Denmark, in ammunition, and other military stores 4,000, and on the renewal of treaties every ten years 10,000 besides consular presents. Tuscany pays no annual tribute but gives a present of 25,000 on each change of consul; Sardinia, Spain, Hanover, and Bremen, pay no annual tribute, but give presents which vary in amount but are generally large. The United States, England, and France, pay no tribute, but bestow small consular presents; the Pope's dominions, & Austria, give neither tributes nor consular presents.

Absentee Tax in Ireland.—The London Observer says:—"We know that some of the most influential resident landholders of Ireland are urgent with the Duke of Wellington for the institution of a tax on absentee land proprietors; and the great argument held in that the land having been confiscated, was granted to the ancestors of the present holders, under a distinct article, providing for their personal residence in the country; and that this stipulation having been broken through, for the convenience or pleasure of the parties, they cannot be aggrieved at any tax that may be imposed. A plan for the amelioration of the Irish peasants has been submitted to his Grace, which is spoken of as likely to be serviceable, if it can be carried into effect.

The complaints of the Landlords are frightful. A Nobleman who has nominally upwards of thousand a year in the best part of Ireland, states that he has not yet received one guinea of his rents up to September last.

The following anecdote, illustrating the deleterious effects of burning charcoal, is related by a physician.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

"A lady of my acquaintance was sitting some years since in her parlor with her two children. The parlor was warmed by a soapstone stove, provided with a damper, which stopped the draft of the chimney. When a large wood fire had burned down to a heap of coals, so that there was no longer any smoke, she closed the damper. The carbonic acid, which was formed rapidly by the heat of coals, could no longer ascend through the chimney, and of course rolled out into the room. The children soon began to complain of being sleepy, and the mother, though unsuspecting of the cause, sent them to play or to bed, I forget which. Soon after she became sleepy herself. At first she did not notice it, but it increased so much that she was startled and rose up. She perceived that she could scarcely stand. Happily the bell-ropes was near her hand, and she caught it as she fell to the floor, where in a few seconds she was found insensible by the domestics, who were alarmed by the sound of the bell. She was immediately carried to the fresh air, and is now alive, and well, and is free of the danger of burning charcoal in a close room."

DRAPPEL ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.

—From a late English paper.—On Friday last, as seven men and two boys were drawn up from the coal pit at the Boulton engine, when they were nearly half up the rope, suddenly broke, and they were precipitated to the bottom a distance of 150 feet. Five of them were dashed to pieces, presenting on their being brought up, a more melancholy spectacle than was perhaps ever witnessed. The other four were dreadfully injured; two of them are no hopes of cure, and very little of the others. The cries and howling of the wives and children were heart-rending—waiting in dreadful suspense for a period of five hours, before they could attach the new rope, and bring up the mangled bodies, to know what were the widows and orphans of the ill-fated victims of that dangerous employment. The rope was examined only a few days previously, and pronounced fit for twelve months' wear. It was only a day before that a large party of the respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood had decided on taking a descent to the bottom. They must shudder when they think of the dangerous risk of such an enterprise.—*Bath Jour.*

Taking a Wife.—Mr. H. a rich English gentleman, who in the first year of the Greek insurrection was making a scientific tour in Egypt, happened to be at Cairo when a girl, from Candia, nine years of age, was offered for sale. Mr. H. bought the child, sent her to England, and had her educated with great care; and when she attained the age of fifteen married her. On the 7th of September, Mr. H. with his wife, arrived from Malta, and went to her native place, in the interior of the Island, to let her parents take part in her fortunes. They were not a little astonished to see their daughter after a separation of nine years as a lady of consequence, dressed like a princess, and surrounded with servants, but refused, however, to accompany them. The Greek revolution affords many such episodes which would furnish pleasing subjects for the drama.

The influence of the term "high pressure," or something else, has created such a current of public sentiment in this vicinity, that steam boat proprietors have found themselves compelled to adopt those huge, and comparatively feeble boilers, denominated "low pressure."—How the case is at the West we are not informed. But it is capable of demonstration that the strength of a boiler is rapidly diminished as the diameter increases; and the danger is still further and greatly augmented by the prevailing mode of constructing boilers with large interval flues. Wrought iron will burst inwardly, (or "collapse,") much sooner than outwardly, as is illustrated by the case of an iron hoop; and the moment the arch is broken, the strength fails almost entirely. The interval flues, if retained, ought to be as small as the nature of the case will admit, and perfectly cylindrical.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

*The strength of a boiler is inversely as the square of the diameter.

A DUEL IN IRELAND.

By a Spectator, who was an eye witness.

The Master and the Misther Doody over, that had a difference about a horse of the Master's that he knocked again; Misther Doody's chestnut mare, an fair if they had, they struck one another on the rights of it. Well, it was late at night, after they dimm'd together over at the Priest's house, and so after they going, they agreed to fight one another in the middle of the village, and they havin' no seconds, nor nobody with 'em but meself. Indeed only Misther Doody was drunk, I don't say he'd do it, for he was always very exact about discipline, and to say the truth founder of the discipline than he was of the fightin' (with a knowing wink). But the Master threatened to post him, if he wouldn't do it that minute. So they borried a pair of blunder bushes, and loaded 'em with slugs, and they agreed to walk up to one another, from one end of the street to the other, and to fire when they pleased. Well, when Doody walked away to his post, an' the night so pitch dark, that you wouldn't see a stem against your hand; "I'll tell you what it is now, Master," says I, makin' up to him, "whisper in his ear, 'walk away

home with yourself now, and lave him there, an' you'll have a joke again Doody for ever." He made me no answer, only ga' me a kick that tumbled me in the gutter. I had no time to say more, only made a one side, an' hid behind the pump, for fear Doody would begin to fire unbeknownst.—Well, it isn't long till I hear the Master crying out, "Where are you, Doody, you scoundrel, up you skulkh' anywhere in a corner? Let me know, till I blow your brains out." "Here, you rascal," cries Doody, "out frontin' you in the street."—So they blazed at one another. "Did you get it that time, you scoundrel?" cries the Master. "No, you rascal, did you?" says Doody. "I did't you pig," says the Master: "Let us load again." So they stepped on one side and loaded. "Stand out again, you tinker," cries the Master, "until I riddle you." "I'm here already, you ruffian," says Doody. So they blazed again. "Well," cries Doody, "did you get it now?" The Master said nothing, so I crept out ahead, an' went over an' found him sittin' upon the ground, an' the gun lying near him. "Are you hurt, Master?" says I. "Batt," says he, with a groan, "I believe we're a pair of fools." "Have you much pain, Sir?" says I. "It went through the shoulder," says he, "an' lodged inside, I fear; where's Doody?" "He run off," says I, "when he seen you down."—"He was right," says the Master. "Well," says he, an' I puttin' him up on the horse, "whatever comes of it, Batt, it's a comfort to know that we done the business like gentlemen."

"Wha then is Blannerhasset?"—There is no one to whom the name of this unfortunate dupp of Aaron Burr is not rendered familiar by the eloquence of Wirt. The following extract of a letter from a gentleman in England to his friend in Richmond, which appeared in the last Enquirer, contains the only information of him, which we have seen for many years. It will be read with some interest.—*Ral. Reg.*

"In the Island of Guernsey, I fell in with a Gentleman, who once figured in a very public character in Richmond, Mr. Blannerhasset. He is suffering from the infirmities of old age and asthma. His wife is still a fine woman, and shows, that 25 years ago, she was beautiful. The friends in the Island of Jersey, who gave me the introduction, knew that he had been in America, but knew nothing of the prosecution. Mrs. Blannerhasset wept when she talked over Mr. Wirt's speech. She seemed deeply attached to Western Virginia, and we spent a truly pleasant afternoon and evening together."

Assistant Secretary of State.—A Bill is before Congress, authorising the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of State. Should the project of a Home Department fail, as a probably will, the appointment of an under Secretary seems to be necessary for the proper discharge of the multiplied and oppressive duties of the State Department. The bill referred to provides that the Assistant Secretary shall hold his office during the pleasure of the Secretary; that he shall perform such duties as may be assigned to him, by the Secretary with the approbation of the President; that he shall have the same power over the subjects referred to him as the Secretary possesses, subject, however, in all cases, to the direction of the latter; that in the absence of the Secretary, or in case of vacancy in his office the assistant is to take charge of the department, and to perform the duties thereof, until a successor shall have been appointed, or the vacancy otherwise supplied by the President; and that his salary shall be three thousand dollars a year.

It has been suggested as an objection to the bill, that it will enable the President to give the whole charge of the State Department to an assistant, and thereby, virtually to appoint a Secretary, without the advice and consent of the Senate.

A stomach pump, made by Mr. A. Nichols of Haverhill, Mass. has been successfully employed at Salem. The Observer says:—"On Tuesday night last, a successful experiment was made in this town in the use of the stomach pump, by means of which the life of a young woman was unquestionably saved. She had taken a strong decoction of *Datura Stramonium* (mistaking it for another) and had become very seriously affected by it, before the mistake was discovered. On learning the quantity taken, it was found to be sufficient to take the life of three persons or more, and the patient being convulsed and unable to swallow, the only means left of removing the poison, was by mechanical process. At this period the stomach pump was used, and in a few minutes the patient recovered her speech and strength, and is now perfectly well."

Cato, the Genor, said to a very debauched old fellow, "Friend, old age has deformities enough of its own—do not add to it the deformity of vice."—*Plutarch.*

ENGLISH MANUFACTURES.—Extracted from the *Recorder*.—"Besides the reasonableness," says Mr. Mallin, while President of the United States of saving our own manufactures from sacrifice through a change of circumstances might bring on them, the national interest requires we should not be left in unnecessary dependence on external supplies.

Messages, Nov. 5, 1850.
A fair trade war has increased the interests of our Commerce; it has at the same time cherished and multiplied our manufactures so as to make us independent of all other countries for the more essential branches for which we ought to be dependent on none, and it is more rapidly giving them an extent which will create additional staples in our future intercourse with foreign markets.

Messages, Dec. 1851.
Again "I recommend also, as a more effectual safeguard and encouragement to our growing manufactures, that the additional duties on imports be pro—"
March, 1854.