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MISCELLANEOUS. Anecdote of Catlin and his Horse "Charley."

The "Westminster Review" for January, in a review of Mr. Catlin's recent work on "The Manners, Habits, Customs, &c. of the American Indians," quotes the interesting anecdote subjoined:

"On this journey, while he and I were twenty-five days alone, we had much time, and the best of circumstances, under which to learn what we had as yet overlooked in each other's characters, as well as to draw great pleasures and real benefit from what we already had learned of each other in our former travels.

"I generally halted on the bank of some little stream, at half an hour of sunset, where feed was good for Charley, and where I could get wood to kindle my fire, and water for my coffee. The first thing was to undress Charley, and drive down his picket to which he was fastened, to graze over a circle that he could inscribe at the end of his hallo.

"In the middle of the night I waked whilst I was lying on my back, and half opening my eyes, I was instantly shocked to the soul by the huge figure, (as I thought of an Indian, standing over me, and in the very instant of taking my scalp!)

"My nerves which had been most violently shocked, were soon quieted, and I fell asleep, and so continued until sunrise in the morning, when I waked and beheld my faithful servant at some considerable distance, busily at work picking up his breakfast amongst the cane brake, along the banks of the creek.

"I called him by his familiar name, and walked up to him with the bridle in my hand, which I put over his head, as he held it down for me, and the saddle on his back, as he actually stooped to receive it.

"There is but one road to permanent happiness and prosperity, and that is the path of unspotted integrity, of high souled honor, of the most transparent honesty.

keep him under my strict authority; resolving to avoid further tricks and experiments till we got to the land of cultivated fields and steady habits."

Kean's Story of a Gambler.

Among Kean's many social qualities, was that of telling an anecdote with a power that made it live before you. The person of whom the following story was told by him, we shall call Mr. A., for he is now living, and it is not to the purpose to annoy a reclaimed gambler by an exposure of his name.

How to make good coffee.

The question is often asked, why is it that good coffee cannot be produced in this country? The reason is simply this:—coffee is spoiled in the burning, and sufficient care is not taken in preparing it for the table.

We endorse the above without any kind of hesitation. The formula has been long ago adopted in our culinary department, and the result has been such as to give entire satisfaction.

We beg leave to remark, that the addition of boiled milk is altogether a matter of taste. We ourselves prefer to substitute a couple of spoonful of thick cream.

Waiting to see a miracle.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

One day in the Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm trees, in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, absorbed in thought.

"The youth raised his head, and answered 'Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle.' 'A wish,' said the prophet, with a smile, 'which I entertained myself, in my juvenile years.'—and it was granted!"

"A man of God," answered Nathan, "came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what the seed will turn to. He thereupon made with his finger a hole in the earth; and put the seed into the hole and covered it.

"Behold!" And, while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar.

"Behold," said he, "new creations will soon make their appearance." He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past, and let all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor.

"Where," exclaimed I, "is this perfume and this refreshing shade?" "Sæst thou not," said the man of God, "the scarlet blossoms, as shooting forth from among the green leaves, and strewn the blossoms around us, as the Autumn blast scattered the withered foliage?"

"Nathan ceased speaking. 'What is the name of the God-like man?' asked Solomon, hastily.—'Doth he yet live?—Where doth he dwell?'—'Son of David,' replied Nathan, 'I have related to thee a vision.'"

Literary Discovery.

The Epistolary Correspondence of Diogenes, the celebrated Cynic Philosopher.

In the vast assemblage of books which formed the Library of Dr. Kloss, of Frankfurt, was found this rare curiosity. The volume from which the following epistle has been translated is in strangely contracted Latin, and is itself a curiosity, as exhibiting the state of typography as early as 1492.

It would appear from Diogenes's Letters in his life of this extraordinary man, that he had been the author of many treatises on various subjects, and among the number were Epistles, Tragedies, Dialogues, &c., all of which were supposed to be lost.

The following letter was translated from the above Latin version—it appears to be addressed to Phœnidas, an intimate friend of his, informing him of the way in which he directed the mind of a victorious Athlete from his previous, and in his estimation glorious pursuits.

After the Games I went up to Olympia. On the following day I met Cicerinus, the Pænetian combatant, on his way home. He was crowned with the Olympic Garland, and accompanied by a number of friends.

"How was it then?—did you only cast lots for your antagonists, and conquer those who had been vanquished by others?" "Not so,"

"Then how came you to say that you had vanquished those who were overcome by others?" "What more would you have?" said he. "Were they men who contended with you?" "No, but boys likewise."

"Now of what standing were the men that Cicerinus beat?" "Those of equal standing to myself."

"Therefore you conquered Cicerinus?" "By no means," he replied. "If, then, you say that you conquered neither boys nor equals, but what right dare you affirm that you conquered all?"

"Before I had finished my admonition, he threw away the palm branches and the garland, and resolving to leave off his former habits and opinions he took his leave."

The lost Mechanic restored.

Near the close of the year 1831, (says Mr. M—C—, of Hartford, Conn.) I was requested by a pious and benevolent lady of this city, to take into my employ a young man, a mechanic, who had become intemperate.

"I have now come," said he, "to tell you why I left you: it was because I knew that I should die if I did not leave off drinking, and I saw distinctly that I could never leave off while I remained in Hartford."

"Under these circumstances I consented to make the trial; and he came, binding himself, by a written contract, to continue with me four years, to receive no part of his wages into his own hands, and forfeit whatever should be due to him, in case he became intoxicated.

"But in the summer of 1832, he was by some means induced to taste again an intoxicating drink; and a fit of drunken insanity ensued, which continued about a fortnight. Knowing that his wife had some money, he gave her no peace, day nor night till he got possession of it.

"After he had become sober and rational once more, I happened to meet him in the street, and asked him why he did not come to work as usual? With a voice trembling and suppressed, and with a look of grief, self-reproach, and despair that I shall never forget, he said, 'I can never come into your shop again. I have not only violated my contract with you, but I have forfeited my place, but I have treated you with the basest ingratitude, proved myself unworthy of your confidence, and destroyed the last hope of my reformation.'"

"I assured him of my increased desire for his welfare; he returned to his employment and his attention to business evinced the sincerity of his confessions.

"Such was his history; a few months sober, industrious, and obliging in his shop; kind, attentive and affectionate to his family; then a week furiously drunk, absent from my work, violent and abusive in his family; then at the work-house; and then sober, and at home again.

"In the month of May, 1833, he was again missing; and no one, not even his wife, knew what had become of him. But in the course of the summer she received a

letter from him; in which he said he had got employment, and wished her, without informing me where he was; to come and live with him. She accordingly removed to his new residence, and I heard nothing from either of them.

"About two years and a half after this, a man came into my shop one day, and taking him to be a stranger, I bawled to him as such; but as he met me with a smile, I instantly recognized him as the man that I had given up for lost. But how changed! Instead of the bloated, wild, and despairing countenance that once marked him as a drunkard, he now wore an aspect of cheerfulness and health, of manliness and self-respect.

"I then inquired after the health of his wife and child; his reply was, 'They are well and happy.' I asked him if 'his wife made him any trouble' now. 'Trouble!' said he, 'No; and never did make any; it was I that made the trouble. You told me so, and I knew it at the time. But what could I do? So long as I remained here, I could not turn a corner in your streets without coming in contact with some associate who would try to entice me to drink with him;—and even the keepers of these shops would try every artifice to induce me to drink; for they knew that if they could get me to taste once I should never know when to stop, and they would be sure to get a good bill against me.'"

"I told him that I had confidence in the firmness of his purpose, but feared to see it put to the test. Yet, as he was out of business, I consented; and no man that I ever employed did better, or was more deserving of confidence and respect. He continued with me till spring, when he proposed to take his work into the country, so that he could be with his family: the arrangement was made, and I employ him still.

"On the fourth of July last, (1839), the Sunday-schools in the town where he resides made arrangement for a celebration, and I was invited to be present and address them. 'They assembled in the body of the church, and nearly filled it. As I looked upon the audience, the first countenance that met my eye was that of this very man, at the head of his Sunday-school class. The sight almost overwhelmed me. My mind ran back over his past history; I saw distinctly the image of what he had been, and saw before me the reality of what he then was.

"Instead of a loathsome, drunken maniac—a terror to his family and a curse to society, whose very presence was odious, and his example pestiferous—he was then, in the expressive language of Scripture, 'clothed, and in his right mind;' and was devoted to the heavenly work of guiding to Christ and salvation the children of the best families in the place. I learned that he had made a public profession of religion, which he was daily honoring by a life of christian meekness and sobriety.

"Now, what was the cause of this surprising change? What wrought this wonderful transformation in this individual? The whole story is told in one short line. He went where intoxicating liquor was not sold! Had he remained in this city he would probably long since have been laid in the drunkard's grave.

"LONGEVITY.—Perhaps a more remarkable record of longevity cannot be found in any family, than the one we now notice.—Of the family of Kimball, residing in Preston, the grandfather, John Kimball, died aged 73 years. Jacob Kimball, his son, had ten children, all of whom were married and had families, and he died, aged 81. The following were the ages of his children at their deaths: Hannah, 87; Assa, 74; Jacob, 70; Levi, 68; Lucy, 92; Mary, 94; Moses, 94 year and 2 months; Eliza, 85; Lucretia, 63; and Daniel, now living, is 88 years old. All the males were farmers, and remarkable for their industry, sobriety, and regular habits.

"A culprit being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him, replied—'He had nothing to say, as too much had been said about it already.'"

Note-Writing.

Chancing to receive a note or two, evidencing that the writers were but little acquainted with the use of the pen—puts us in mind of the request of our correspondent, 'Juvenis.' We had deferred, as he perceived, to the ladies, they being indisputable authority in such nice matters; and were happy to find the judgment of one or two whom we consulted, entirely coincide with our own.

"It is usual to commence a note to a lady with 'Dear Madam,' or 'My dear Madam;' ending with 'Yours sincerely,' or 'Truly yours,' &c. Where the lady is not married, not entitled on the score of age to be called 'Madam.' 'Dear Miss Smith,' or 'My Dear Miss Stone'—is perfectly proper, even when there exists no particular intimacy between the parties.

"It may be well to add a hint on the subject of ending a note, especially, as it is in this respect, the Americans have incurred the ridicule of their polished English neighbors. An American it is said will close a communication to an intimate friend, by subscribing himself 'your obedient servant. This, and the like, such as 'very respectfully yours,' &c. &c. may do in a formal note to a stranger, or on business matters—and should be preface by the address, 'Sir,' or 'Madam;' 'Dear Sir,' or 'Dear Madam,' requires more cordiality in the signature, as 'yours very truly,' 'sincerely yours,' &c. A warmer one is 'faithfully yours,'—sincerely your friend,' &c. But there is no need of graduating the scale of expressions, where they are prompted by real friendship and regard. 'Yours, &c.' may do for a challenge—but is wholly unfit for a friendly letter.

"A note should be short, neatly composed, and legibly written. Care should be taken to obtain a habit of precision in language; as nothing appears more awkward than a great redundancy of words—or the use of words that do not convey exact and definite ideas. It is worthwhile to acquire this valuable accomplishment at the cost of some labor and practice. We have known embarrassing mistakes to result from neglect of precision. As an instance of the danger of carelessness, a young gentleman who had little fluency of speech was advised by his friend to 'pop the question' to his fair one in writing; but being equally deficient in skill, in the use of that potent weapon, the pen—attempted to make a profound impression on the lady, and without not to seem too forward in preferring his claims—between his modesty and his love and his ignorance—he managed to present her with a communication that fairly puzzled her to comprehend it. To crown all, the lover forgot to sign his name; so that the lady's only means of finding out from whom it came, was to question the servant who informed her it was given into his hands by the friend aforementioned. The consequence was, that the gentleman, who offered the advice to the distressed lover, received the reply, (the note having after much study, been interpreted as a declaration) begging leave to decline his proposals. Thus we would recommend to 'Juvenis' as the first, second and third consideration in writing notes—that he have a clear idea of what he means to say; and moreover, that he use no words without having previously possessed himself of their signification. If he is at any loss as to the manner of his note, he may regulate it, if in reply to another, by the one he has received, and his friendly dispositions towards the writer. But a note in the first person must not be answered in the third; it is always unwell to do so, and under circumstances the incivility may amount to insult; it is in effect saying that you do not choose to be upon the familiar terms your correspondent proposes. No well bred gentleman will be guilty of such a piece of rudeness towards a lady. The paper you write upon, is a matter of taste merely; but as elegance in trifles is a mark of gentility, it is better, generally to write on good paper, and seal with wax. French wafers may be used; a red wafer—never.

"It is expected usually that notes requiring a reply should be answered in writing but where the parties are intimate, or there is not much to say, ceremony is of course dispensed with. Invitations, however, and particularly dinner invitations, require written answers, to prevent the possibility of mistake. It is important that your friend should know whether or not you intend to