

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Portsmouth N. H. Centinel.

"A MAP OF BUSY LIFE."

Messrs. Printers.—I have taken the Journal a number of years, and being one of those who wish to preserve the record of the times, I request you to consider me in future a subscriber for *two* copies. Although I cannot very well afford this expense, yet I willingly incur it rather than deprive my neighbors of the knowledge of news of the day. Perhaps it may amuse you to have a slight history of my paper, after it is left at my door. It is surely a very pleasant thing to see with what avidity a newspaper is sought after, and how much information is imparted to a whole neighborhood by a single sheet.

One of my good neighbors, who is highly respected for his standing in society, and who deserves the liberal income he receives, and to whom I am greatly indebted for a verbal account of passing events, I feel proud in affording weekly, at so cheap a rate, an intellectual repast which is more indispensable to him than his breakfast; and what would his intelligent and amiable family do without *some* newspapers? What sort of an appearance would his children make in the world, if they grow up without ever seeing one? Rather than *they* should live in such goth-like ignorance, I would willingly subscribe even for a *third* copy.

After this family have completed the perusal, (which they kindly give immediate attention to before breakfast on Saturday) there were formerly about half a dozen others in waiting. This occasioned some confusion on my part, and many hard thoughts from those who were compelled to wait. To remedy this evil, I proposed that they should leave a list of their names, (some of which I should perhaps otherwise not have known,) that they might have the use of it in regular rotation. This plan succeeded so well, that till recently I have not heard any complaints; each one, from long usage, knows his turn so well, and the time occupied by him who has the previous perusal, that the sheet is not a minute neglected till it has gone the round. But the neighborhood is now large, and of course the list long. Of late, when the paper arrives to him who is so unfortunate as to find his name at the foot of the list, I sometimes feel ashamed to hear his complaints, that the paper is illegible; that I had allowed so many names upon the list, that it was an old affair before it got round; and that as one of the original list, he protested against having more than *twelve* names upon it. My only refuge to keep him in humor is, to remind him it is his first turn next time!

Now, Sirs, in that I may better accommodate my kind neighbors, and give my wife and children some chance to see the news of the week, and be able to place a newspaper on file that is not *quite* illegible, I request you to send me hereafter two copies of the Journal.

With much regard, Sirs,

I am, in philanthropy,

ONE WHO LOVES TO BE NEIGHBORLY.

Blue Beard and his Castle.—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verriere, on the banks of the Eure, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well known nursery tale. This formidable personage, who is not altogether a mere creation of the fancy, was Giles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII. and was a vassal of John V. Duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantes on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards. The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits; by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstition of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrid acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the Duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. This execution took place December 25th, 1440, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in a MS. in the archives of Nantes.

The Blind Horse.—A young nobleman was lately boasting of the superior abilities of a famous blood horse he had recently purchased, and offered to back him at leaping against any horse in the country. An *old* one ridiculed the idea, and said he had a blind hunter that should leap over what the other would not. A wager to no inconsiderable amount was the consequence, and day and place appointed. The time having arrived, both parties appeared on the ground with their nags; when laying down a straw at some distance, the *old* one put his horse forward, and at the word "over," the blind hunter made a famous leap, while neither whip nor spur could induce the other to rise at all. The wager was consequently lost by the boaster, who learnt to his cost, that in some instances a blind horse may do more than a young one in his prime.

From the Boston Medical Intelligencer.
Mortality among the Fishes.—The banks of the Conestoga, in Pennsylvania, are at presents lined with dead fish. In the eastern states several similar occurrences have been noticed. Various speculations have been entered into as to the cause of this mortality among the finny tribe—the late extraordinary heat, impurity of the water, &c. The most rational conjecture appears to be, that fish as well as flesh, is not immortal; that by a law of nature, all flesh, fish, and fowl, are subject to disease and death. When we can account for the causes of death among men—a subject of speculation most immediately under our observation—we may attempt to analyse the nature of fishes, and the element in which they live, to discover the cause which subjects them to death; to ascertain whether a combination of heat and *moisture*, acting upon vegetable matter, produces epidemics, or whether some itinerant sea-serpent from the coral reefs of the tropics, brings contagion in his scaly hide, and spreads disease and death among them. Ask yourselves why so many men die occasionally of the small pox? Because they have not been vaccinated, you will reply; but what is the cause of the small pox?—What is the cause of measles, or hooping-cough, of cholera infantum, cholera morbus—of all the other aches and ills to which human nature is subject, and which bring death into the world, and fill our cemeteries with inhabitants?—Answer these questions, and then seek for the cause of mortality among the fishes.

Of all the follies into which the human mind has been led by vanity, there is none equal to that of attempting to discover the cause, for the purpose of counteracting the effect, of disease and death. Philosophy may fumble the bowels of the earth, analyse the air; sublimate the mineral and distil the vegetable world, to discover the causes and counteract the effects of death, and yet man "shall surely die." This is proved by observation and history. The present age boasts of more light and knowledge, especially in medicine, than any former one; and yet man dies as often, and disease prevails as universally, as at any time since the death of Abel. The conclusion is obvious: all things in nature are subject to nature's laws, and until we can abrogate the laws of nature, man, fish, and fowl, must be subject to disease and death. We may palliate—we may cure—an individual case; we may soften the pillow of the aching head, and moisten the feverish lip; we may succeed, *by petition*, in getting the tyrant to respite the sentence passed on some paly victim; but the tyrant we cannot depose, nor can we wrest his sceptre from him. He is commissioned by nature, his instructions are absolute and imperative, and we must submit. Therefore if we would relieve the world from disease and death, we must conquer nature, and annul her laws—a Quixotic attempt, but one perfectly in character with the attempts of philosophers to ascertain the cause, for the purpose of obviating the effects, of disease among men, and the mortality among the fishes.

PYTHAGORAS.

True Politeness.—Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is in fact good nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every situation, and every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite and passion. It accommodates itself to the fanatic laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied with some degree of taste as well as delicacy; and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures; it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of conversation; it represses the despicable, but common ambition of being the most prominent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, and ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy can sink it into a coarse familiarity; to superiors, it is respectful freedom; to inferiors, it is unassuming good nature; to equals, every thing that is charming; studying, anticipating, and attending to all things, yet at the same time apparently disengaged and careless.

Anecdote.—A sailor having purchased some medicine of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price. "Why," says the doctor, "I cannot think of charging you less than seven and six pence." "Well I'll tell you what," replies the sailor, "take off the *odd* and I'll pay you the even." "Well," returned the Doctor, "we won't quarrel about trifles." The sailor laid down six pence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake—"No mistake at all, sir; six is even and

seven odd all the world over, so I wish you a good day." "Get you gone," said the doctor, "I've made *fourpence* out of you yet."

General Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

FROM EUROPE.

A slip from the office of the N. York Evening Post, dated Sept. 10, contains the following:

Half past two o'clock.—A pilot boat has just come up from the packet ship John Wells, and has brought us our files of Liverpool papers to the 10th of Aug. inclusive.

We have only time to give the following extract from our correspondent's letter:

LIVERPOOL, AUG. 10.

The failure of an eminent commercial house, in consequence of the great fall in the price of cotton, and the fear that other houses may fail from the same cause, have thrown a considerable degree of gloom over the town, at the period of the departure of the John Wells.

By the arrival at Boston of the fast sailing packet ship Amethyst, Captain Bussey, from Liverpool, papers of that place to the 11th and London papers to the 9th ult. have been received. We have made a brief summary of the most interesting of their contents.—Serious consequences appear to have ensued from the speculating mania which has raged in England to such great extent, as will be seen by the annexed letter.

Extract of a letter from a highly respectable house, dated
Liverpool, Aug. 10, 1825.

"We regret to advise the failure of two houses here, extensively engaged in the American trade, and which has again completely damped the Cotton market. The sales of the three days of this week have been 3400 bales, but the greatest portion were previous to the failures, and to-day very few sales have been made.—4500 bales of American Cotton, part of the stock of one of the houses alluded to, are announced for auction two days hence, and in addition, 1000 Uplands are to be offered by others. We may quote nominally to-day, Uplands from 8½ to 11½; Orleans, 9 a 12½; Alabama, Mobile and Tennessee, 8 a 11½. The import into the kingdom to the 5th inst. is 551,500 bales, against 396,000 bales in the same time last year. When money is more plentiful and confidence more restored, we may have a more regular market, but at present, other articles, as well as Cotton, are affected by the distrust which prevails. The state of business in Manchester also is very unfavorable, similar events being apprehended there, and we hardly ever had to notice so much commercial distress in the American trade as we have seen of late.

The King of France is said to be very melancholy, caused by his increasing deafness and the embarrassment in which his minister, *Villele*, finds himself involved. The opponents of the present ministry speak of the appointment of a new one, to be composed of all the heads of the anti-ministerial parties of both Chambers. A Hydra indeed!

The war tobacco-duty having been neglected to be renewed, the duty is now only 3s. instead of 4s. per lb.

A bearded Comet was seen from Brighton on the first of August.

The Plague is raging furiously in Egypt. Combinations of workmen become more numerous and alarming in England. Some of the Editors predict that the combinations will produce a Revolution.

A gentleman having been advised to speculate in the article of hops, laid out 70,000l. in that commodity which he resold for 210,000l.

The debts of the first house that stopped payment in Liverpool in consequence of the cotton speculation, amount to upwards of 400,000 pounds sterling.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13.—The packet ship Florida, Captain Tinkham, arrived here yesterday from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 16th August. The editors of the New York Daily Advertiser have received their files of London papers to the 12th of that month, Liverpool to the day of sailing, and are also indebted to Captain Tinkham for a file of the latest.

THE GREEKS.

The Greeks, according to our last accounts, had suffered the loss of Calamata and Tripolizza, besides a large extent of country ravaged by their barbarous enemy. We are happy to learn however, that a termination has been put to the progress of the Egyptians, at Napoli di Romania, where Ypsilanti made a bold and successful resistance. The force of Ibrahim Pacha amounted to 5000 infantry and 6 or 700 cavalry, while the Greek garrison was very small. The battle continued from 5 A. M. till 8 P. M. when the Egyptians were obliged to return.

It was believed that they would soon be forced to return by the want of provisions, as they had burned Argos and ravaged the valleys of Modon, Calamata, and Leonduri, as well as the beautiful plain in its vicinity, which was covered with olive trees. It was impossible for him to undertake the siege of Napoli, as they brought neither cannon, provisions

nor ammunition; and if they had remained a little time at their encampment, the Greeks would have had time to cut off his retreat by the defiles of Corinth or Tripolizza. They therefore were obliged to abandon their designs of seizing that fortress, which would have given them extensive controul over the country, and according to subsequent advices were returning the way they had come across the Peloponnesus, by the way of Tripolizza, pursued by the Greek guerillas.

Still later accounts received at Paris represent the condition of the Egyptians as dangerous in the extreme. They had stopped at Tripolizza on their return, a city nearly in the centre of the Morea, where Colocotroni was concentrating his force amounting already to about 20,000 men, and would in all probability soon execute vengeance on the barbarous invaders of his country. The most lively interest was of course felt by the friends of Greece in his success, and the next intelligence looked for with the deepest anxiety. The destruction of this Egyptian expedition now appears inevitable; and as they have been uniformly unsuccessful this season at sea, we hope soon to hear of the campaign terminating with triumph to the Greeks.

Verbal reports had been received at Leghorn on the 11th of August, of the capture of Ibrahim Pacha. The accounts were brought by the masters of two vessels, one of whom had spoken a Greek man of war and been told that the Turkish chief was carried to Hydra. The other came from Cyprus, where he said the rumour of his capture was current.

Conspiracy at Hayti.—Letters from Cape Hayti state that a conspiracy had been discovered which had been set on foot amongst some of Christopher's old Generals. The discovery was made as the fashionables of the city were assembling at a grand ball given in celebration of the acknowledgment of their independence, and excited much alarm. Nothing serious, however, occurred. The prominent characters in the conspiracy were secured. One of them, a Gen. Toussant, shot himself.

Nor. Her.

DOMESTIC.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

The following beautiful description of a very interesting incident is copied from a letter to the Editor of the National Journal, giving an account of a trip to the Brandywine Frigate, in company with Gen. Lafayette. The party had just left the General, on their return to Washington City, in the Steam boat Mount Vernon:

"When about ten miles from the Brandywine, the clouds began to disperse from the west, and occasional gleams from the now retiring sun broke upon the misty atmosphere. In a moment, there spanned the Heavens, in our rear, a most beautiful and perfectly defined bow. Its bases resting upon the Virginia and Maryland shores, which are seven miles apart at that place, exactly upon a line with the Brandywine, she being directly, to our eye, beneath the centre of the arch! It was a spectacle more lovely than I have language to give you any adequate conception of. It was the evening of the last day that Lafayette was to be within our waters, and (as the wind of this morning makes pretty certain) within sight of our shores. What a finish did the elements make! The Sun himself employed as the great artist of the scene. The mists, and retiring, and retired clouds, his materials. He had but to dart forth his rays, and the arch was perfect. It was destined to be the last arch under which he was to pass in his beloved America. How superior to all the rest. What a canopy, what a glory!—But I will leave it for poetry to refine upon; or take, myself, a moment of more leisure to attempt its better illustration."

The last we hear of the Brandywine, and her inestimable passenger, is by the pilot, who left her at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 9th inst., nine miles without the Capes of Virginia, with a fine breeze from the north. All well.

WASHINGTON, SEPT. 20.—The PRESIDENT, accompanied by his lady, niece, and Mr. JOHN ADAMS, Jr. will set out this morning on his long contemplated journey, to Quincy. As the sole purpose of Mr. ADAMS, in this journey, is to perform an act of filial reverence and duty, and the time which he can conveniently spare from his official labours must necessarily be short, we take it for granted he will be anxious to reach the residence of his venerable father with as little interruption and delay as possible. Under these circumstances, we have no doubt that the most acceptable evidence of respect and regard which his fellow-citizens on the road could offer him, would be to refrain from any public display of attentions and civilities. In the regular course of human life, it can hardly be expected that Mr. ADAMS will have another opportunity of visiting his aged parent; every hour, therefore, which he can be permitted, on the present occasion, to devote to him, must bring with it a delight infinitely more grateful to the feelings of an affectionate son, than any public homage which his friends could offer him.

Nat. Journal.

Extraordinary exertions are making in New-York, for celebrating in the most imposing manner, the meeting of the Atlantic and Erie seas, through the Grand State Canal. The 20th October has been assigned for the event, and it is proposed that a splendid celebration shall take place on that day. A meeting has been held in the City of New-York, to concert measures for the purpose, when it was proposed to station cannon at short intervals from Buffalo to Sandy Hook, so that the entrance of the first boat from the Lake into the Canal may be announced throughout the State by one grand feu de joie. When the Boat enters the Hudson, at Albany, it is proposed that she be received by a fleet of Steamboats, embracing all that ply upon the New-York waters; and that she be escorted in triumph to Sandy Hook, in full view of the broad ocean. It is supposed that fifty Steamboats will volunteer on the occasion, all of which are to be superbly decorated with flags, emblems and devices. On entering the bay of New-York, opposite Castle Garden, the range of cannon on the Battery, and all the forts and armed ships in the harbor are to welcome and salute her with their united thunders, mingled with the glad voices of sixty thousand freemen.

Nat. Journal.

Melancholy Accident.—The N. York Mercantile Advertiser of Thursday says, "yesterday afternoon between three and four o'clock, four of six new two story brick houses on the south side of Reed street, between Greenwich and Washington streets, tumbled down, and are now a heap of ruins. The carpenters were at work on the roof at the time, and had nearly completed the board covering.—They were precipitated among the ruins. Before night, seven men were dug out, six of whom were sent to the hospital dreadfully mangled—the other man was seriously but not dangerously injured. It was not known that there were any other persons buried beneath the ruins. We did not learn the names of the master builders, nor what excuse they can offer for erecting buildings in so frail a manner. They will doubtless have to suffer severely for their conduct."

THE LOST CHILD.

GREENSBURG, (PA.) AUG. 26.—Fifty years ago, *Adam Nicely* settled at the foot of the Chesnut Ridge, Ligonier Valley, where he has continued to reside ever since. Mr. Nicely is now more than eighty years old. When he commenced clearing this little spot of land in the then wilderness, he had three or four sprightly and interesting children, who were "their father's hope and their mother's joy." Not long after this period, two of them, one evening left their lonely habitation for the purpose of gathering strawberries. They were followed by their little brother Jacob, without the knowledge or consent of their parents, and who did not return with the other children—nor was he seen by them. The alarm was immediately given and the neighbourhood scoured, but the search proved ineffectual.—For two weeks, with intense anxiety of mind, and feelings that cannot be described, the unhappy parents sought their darling little Jacob in the wilderness—he could not be found. It was at length concluded that he had fallen a prey to the ruthless panther.

Some time since, Mr. John Wolfe, a young man who formerly resided in Ligonier Valley, emigrated to the State of Ohio. Having occasion to return lately on a visit to his friends, he stated, that during his travels he had become acquainted with a white man near Fort Seneca, who lived after the manner of the Indians, and stated that, when very young he had been taken from his parents in Ligonier Valley, by a party of Indians, and had continued with them ever since. When this information was communicated to old Mr. Nicely, he concluded that this man must be his son Jacob, who had been lost so many years. Under this impression, notwithstanding his age, he made the necessary preparations to visit him; and succeeded in finding and once more beholding his darling son.—Jacob Nicely resided near Fort Seneca, and though comparatively more civilized, still his habits and manners were not dissimilar to those of the Indians who surrounded him. And from the resemblance of his features to those of the other members of his family—the time and manner of his capture—the recollection of his name by himself along with other circumstances—all conspired to convince Mr. Nicely that he is indeed his son.—Thus it is that Providence has in his own way, after many years, restored a lost child to his affectionate parents, before their gray hairs descend to the grave.—Jacob Nicely is soon expected on a visit to his relatives.

Fifty-two houses were destroyed by fire in the Quebec suburb of Montreal on the 8th inst. The number of persons burnt out is 368, and the ground which the flames ravaged extended to three acres in length by two in breadth.

A curious fact.—The Hon. Mr. Plumer, a Member of the 19th Congress, from Pennsylvania, although but a little turned of 60 years of age, is said to be the oldest man now living, born west of the Alleghany mountains.