

CORNWALL MINES, ENGLAND.

Extract from Silliman's Journal of Travels in England, &c. in 1805.

To Cornwall, which is nearly destitute of trees, and condemned to the privations of a thin and sterile soil, and the inclemency of a fickle and stormy climate, the Creator has given an ample compensation, in the bowels of her territory, for the deficiencies of the surface.

The indications of a mining country which appeared, for many miles, on the other side of Truro, now became more frequent and striking. Vast heaps of earth, gravel, and stones, every where deformed the prospect, and pointed out the places, where, for a succession of ages, the Cornish men have bored into the ground in search of tin and copper. Among these heaps appeared, here and there, the mud cottages of the miners, and the machinery with which they draw up the ore and rubbish. I met many of the people of the country on the road, some driving before them large mules, laden with ore, and others conveying it in carts. Almost without exception, they pulled off their hats to me in a respectful manner, as the people of New-England do to a stranger. It appeared to be an evidence of the simplicity of their lives, and of their freedom from the archness and impudence of the lower orders in great cities. But, this decent respect for strangers appears not to be growing up with the rising generation, for, not one of the numerous children whom I met, paid me the least attention.

Redruth is in the centre of the mining country. It is a village of some consequence, built of granite, which is called Moor-stone, in Cornwall, and having a paved street. Cornwall has abundance of granite, in which the constituent parts of this stone are remarkably large and distinct. It is used here for monuments of every description. On the road from Launceston, I observed a number of crosses, which were erected in Roman Catholic times, and, having some how or other, escaped the zeal of the reformation, are now used as milestones and land-marks.

A gentleman at Bristol to whom I was introduced having learned from me my intended route, and the views by which I was actuated in travelling, gave me, of his own accord, a circular letter of introduction, a thing which was as new to me as it was kind in him. The letter was addressed to Mr. Redruth, and to twenty or thirty more, who lived in the different towns thro' which I intended to travel, and in other parts of the kingdom;—their names were arranged in a column, with the places of their respective residences annexed, and the author subjoined an introduction and recommendation which was to be considered as addressed to the whole number of the friends he had named; and, to give the thing the utmost latitude, there was a concluding clause recommending me to all other persons who had any knowledge of the author. The first use which I made of this ample instrument was to make myself known to Mr. Redruth, by whom I was received with the greatest kindness. With him I went to see a lofty hill near Redruth, called Carnbre. Its sides and tops are covered with detached rocks of granite, some of which are of vast size, and on the summit of the hill is a small castle, the walls of which have braved the elements for many centuries, and will continue to stand after the present generation is in the dust. There is no account of the founder. It stands upon an almost inaccessible pinnacle, composed of huge rocks of granite.

Lord Dedunstanville, within whose domains it is, has erected a door, stopped the windows, and covered the top of the walls with sheet lead, in order to prevent the farther decay of this venerable structure.

On this hill, within a thick wood, which formerly existed here, it is believed that the British Druids had one of their mysterious retreats; and, some monuments, consisting principally of circular heaps of stone, are attributed to them. There is one rock which is very remarkable; it lies on the surface of the ground, and would fill a small room. On its top are scooped out a number of deep and regular cavities, generally circular, or elliptical, and appearing to have been evidently a work of art. One cavity, which in form is different from the others, is so shaped as just to receive a human body, laid out at length, with the arms extended, and the feet close together. I made the experiment by lying down in the cavity, on my back, in the manner just now described, and found that it exactly received me. At the feet there is an outlet cut thro' the side of the rock. It is believed by many that in this place the Druids put to death their human victims, laying them with awful solemnity in this sacred cavity; it is supposed that the other cavities in the rock were used to contain consecrated vessels or fluids, or, that they were, in some other manner, auxiliary to the immolation.

As we descended from this hill, I had well nigh fallen into the shaft of an ancient and long neglected mine, which was completely overgrown with bushes, and so lidden by them, that my feet failed me before I was aware of my danger; happily, I fell forward with so much force, as to catch hold of the shrubs, and to throw myself partly on to the side of the pit; otherwise I might have gone down, I know not what dreadful distance. It is astonishing that such places should be left exposed, but familiarity with danger ap-

pears almost always to produce negligence and indifference in those who are exposed to it.

In the afternoon I went with Mr. R—, to visit some objects of curiosity a few miles from Redruth, but a heavy rain arrested our progress, and as we were in a gig without a top, we were completely drenched before we arrived again at the village. I returned to the inn, and betook myself to the employments which are my usual solace in those numerous hours, when, separated from my country and the objects of my early attachment, I long for the consolations of society, and the delightful influence of the face of a friend.

(To be continued.)

We copy from the Boston Courier, the following beautiful Song, sung by the Senior class at Harvard College, at the close of the Exercises previous to their separation from College. It is from the pen of Robert Hubersham, of Savannah, Georgia.

A KIND FAREWELL TO ALL.

We part for aye;—no more we meet Within this sacred hall; Then should we not like friends repeat One kind farewell to all?

A long farewell,—a last farewell, A kind farewell to all;— Oh, let us give, ere yet we part, One kind farewell to all.

We love this long familiar ground; Those days of peace are o'er; No longer here our voice shall sound, We worship here no more. A long farewell, &c.

Oh! cold is he, whose soul can find No memories when we part; When mind so long has mix'd with mind, And heart has link'd with heart; A long farewell, &c.

Together have we spent these years, These years that fly so fast; Together felt the joys and cares, That consecrate the past;— A long farewell, &c.

Our hearts are now ungal'd with strife, Our hearts are free and fair; But we can never meet in life With hearts that we have here. A long farewell, &c.

In life will many a sorrow keep The warmth of feeling down; And many a mark and wrinkle deep Record misfortune's frown. A long farewell, &c.

When grief shall rust the feeling heart, When sorrow crush the soul, These peaceful scenes from which we part Will o'er the memory roll. A long farewell, &c.

We part for aye;—no more we meet, Within this sacred hall; Then should we not like friends repeat, A kind farewell to all?

A long farewell, a last farewell, A kind farewell to all;— Oh! let us give, ere yet we part, One kind farewell to all.

From the New-England Galaxy.

TO A SKULL.

Grim monitor! I come to gaze on thee— Thou certain type of an uncertain thing— Once moving at the will of changeable man, Now motionless and changeless as the blue Of highest Heaven. Thou wert a part of man: God! what a comment on the vanity Of high-aspiring mortal. Thou, perchance, Belonging to some monk—poor faded skull— Wert bowed before another in the cell Of cloister'd continence—I found thee mixed With the remains of courtesans, and men Of shameless wassail. Oh, perchance, thou wert A portion of the warrior, and went forth Beneath a burning banner—poor renown! The conqueror falleth to the self-same sod As the crush'd conquered—this is warlike fame! Where is thy soul?—an echo answers—where? Is it up beyond yon soft, warm air, (For there, men say, is Heaven) pouring forth Tones of rich music to the seraph's strings— Singing by ever falling, never-seen Waters of purity, that gurgle on Where Time is not, ages but a point? Or is it crushed to sinking in the depth Of palaces of fire—revived to feel The weight of fiercer torments—endless wo, Never atoning for a point of crime? I will not think of this—poor senseless thing— With thine infernal and eternal grin— But I will come to thee, when hope is low, And scorn hangs round me like a clanking chain Of fiery metal—and we two will laugh, Thou, with thy silent, endless, sculptured sneer, And I with open mirth. The dead skull smiles: 'Death laughs,' for Death, like Life, is just.

POWER OF STEAM.

The annexed extracts are taken from a discourse by Judge STORY, upon the progress of improvements effected by steam.—The narrative of FULTON, which he introduces, describes the eminent man's feelings on the first successful trial of his experiment.

It was in reference to the astonishing impulse thus given to mechanical pursuits, that Dr. Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains equally remarkable for their poetical enthusiasm, and prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam engine.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car; Or on wide, waving wings expanded bear The flying chariot through the fields of air.— Fair crew triumphant, kneeling from above, Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move, And warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd, And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

What would he have said, if he had but lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to move in the air, and to fly on the wings of the wind?—And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor. I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steam boat at New-

York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

"Truths would you teach to save a sinking land, All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I have oftentimes loitered, unknown, near the idle group of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in any case there were many reasons to doubt of my success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it was constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so, it is a foolish scheme, I wish we were all out of it." I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated, that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short time it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New-York; we passed through the romantic and ever varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shore; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted, if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live indeed to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him in the first place of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. My ultimate triumph, he used to say, my ultimate triumph will be on the Mississippi. I know, indeed, that even now it is deemed impossible by many, that the difficulties of its navigation can be overcome. But I am confident of success. I may not live to see it; but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country.

And it has been wrought. And the steam-boat, looking to its effects upon commerce and navigation, to the combined influences of facilities of travelling and facilities of trade, of rapid circulation of news, and still more rapid circulation of pleasures and products, seems destined to be numbered among the noblest benefactions to the human race.

I have passed aside from my principal purpose to give in this history of the steam-boat, a slight illustration of the slow progress of inventions. It may not be unacceptable, as a tribute to the memory of a man, who united in himself a great love of science with an unextinguishable desire to render it subservient to the practical business of life.

How abundantly has the prophetic vision of Fulton been realized, that "his triumph was to be on the Mississippi!" how grievous to think that, while its waters are covered with steamboats which his genius set in motion, his family has not, in these United States, a home they can call their own."

The subjoined remarks, on the same subject, were made by DANIEL WEBSTER:—"In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent

comprised, in the short compass of fifty years! Every where practicable, every where efficient, it has an arm a thousand times stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many hands as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found, in triumphant operation, on the seas, and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship

"Against the wind, against the tide, Still steady, with upright keel!"

It is on the river, and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is in highways, and begins to exert itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of traders. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artizans, "leave off your manual labor, give over your bodily toil; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil,—with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness."

We find the following eloquent paragraph, from the pen of Channing, as a text for a well written essay, in the Bengal Chronicle:

"No matter what race of animals a country breeds.—The great question is, does it breed a noble race of men! No matter what its soil may be. The great question is, how far is it prolific of moral and intellectual power. * * * What is liberty? The removal of restraint from human powers. Its benefit is, that it opens new fields for action, and wider range for the mind. The only freedom worth possessing, is that which gives enlargement to the people's energy, intellect, and virtue—which calls forth the highest faculties and energies; which generates fruitfulness of invention, force of moral purpose, a thirst for the true, and a delight in the beautiful. * * * The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its mind, its modes of thinking, its tastes, its principles. In Europe, political and artificial distinctions, have, more or less, triumphed over and obscured our common nature. Man does not there value himself as man. It is for his blood, his rank, or some artificial distinction, and not for the attributes of humanity, that he holds himself in respect."

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

BY GREENWOOD.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm and the flowers are springing from the green earth;—he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and the long loved; they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger, and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul.—How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred.*

Hypochondriasis, or the Blue Devils.

We are apt to believe a merry companion the happiest fellow in the world, and envy him, perhaps, his light heart and airy spirits; but such men have hours of melancholy, when the spirits sink, and a gloom comes over them, deeper and darker, than is ever known to their less excitable companions. A man may be cheerful on paper, though he has a heavy heart, and is brilliant in company, though sufficiently wretched when left to commune with his own soul. The extremes of high and low spirits, which occur in the same person at different times, are happily illustrated by the following cases, related by Dr. Rush:—"A Physician in one of the cities of Italy was once consulted by a gentleman who was much distressed by a paroxysm of the intermitting state of hypochondriacism. He advised the melancholy man to seek relief in convivial company, and recommended him in particular to find out a celebrated wit by the name of Cardini, who kept all the tables of the city, to which he was invited, in a roar of laughter, and to spend as much time with him as possible."

"Alas! Sir," said the patient with a heavy sigh, "I am that Cardini."

Med. Chir. Review.

The Invisible visible.—In the "Vision of Hell," a poem just published, the author receives a polite invitation from a ghost to ramble "Through realms invisible where he should see Vice, virtue, recompensed."

The only way for a rich man to live healthily is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor, which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

OFFENSIVE BREATH.

SWEETNESS of the breath is intimately dependent upon a perfectly healthy condition of the mouth and digestive organs generally; hence, whatever tends to induce disease in these parts, very generally renders the breath more or less offensive.

One of the most common causes of bad breath is neglect of the teeth and gums; causing the first to decay, and the latter to become spongy and of a livid colour, and to bleed from the slightest injury. To preserve, therefore, the breath pure, the mouth should be frequently rinsed and gargled with tepid water, especially after rising in the morning, and subsequently to each meal: every particle of food which has insinuated itself between the teeth should be carefully removed by a pointed quill or splinter of wood, and the gums frequently rubbed with an appropriate brush.

The intemperate in eating have most commonly an offensive breath, especially those who indulge to excess in large quantities of animal food. In all the cases on record of enormous eaters, (persons affected with what is termed canine appetite) it is mentioned, that their breath and the exhalations from the surface of their bodies were peculiarly offensive. It is a curious fact, too, that most of the carnivorous animals have a fetid breath, while that of the graminivorous is devoid of all unpleasant odour.

The use of tobacco, whether in chewing or smoking, gives a strong and highly disagreeable taint to the breath of the individuals who indulge in it, and which cannot be got rid of by the most scrupulous attention to washing and cleansing the mouth, so long as the habit is persisted in.

The use of snuff, also, occasions generally an offensive state of the breath, particularly when practiced to a great extent.—We are acquainted with a very amiable and learned individual, whose breath has, from this cause, been rendered most disgustingly fetid.

Bad breath is occasionally dependent upon the existence of ulcers in the throat and lungs; but the presence of these ulcers will be indicated by other symptoms, preventing the patient from mingling in society, and rendering him a proper subject for medical treatment.

One of the most common causes, however, of offensive breath is indulgence in intoxicating drinks. Of the detestable effluvia exhaled from the mouth of a drunkard, all who have had occasion to approach one must have been rendered sensible. Nor is it merely by the use of intoxicating drinks to the extent of occasioning ebriety, that the sweetness of the breath is destroyed; their daily use, even in small quantities, will produce a similar effect, though not, probably, to the same extent.

To preserve the breath pure, daily exercise in the open air is all important. Upon this, in connexion with temperance, depends the healthy condition of the mouth and stomach, as well as of all the fluids and exhalations of the body. The "balmy breath" of the temperate husbandman presents a strong contrast to the offensive breathings of the indolent citizen, the sensualist, or sot. [Journal of Health.]

The tone of society in Paris is very far from John Bullish. They do not ask what a man is worth, or whether his father is the owner of a tin mine or borrough—but what he has to say, whether he is amiable and spirited. In that case (unless a marriage is on the tapis) no one inquires whether his account at his banker's is high or low; or whether he has come in his carriage or on foot. An English soldier of fortune, or a great traveller, is listened to with some attention as a marked character; while a booby lord is no more regarded than his own footman in livery. The blank after a man's name is expected to be filled up with talent or adventures, or he passes for what he really is—a cyphor.—Liverpool Cour.

SUNDAY, is, by many millions of persons in France, Italy, Germany, &c. professors of Christianity, set aside for dancing parties in the afternoon, and evening attendance at the theatres, &c. In other countries, it is the favorite season for cock-fighting, horse racing, and other like "sports." In England and the United States, the day is preferred by many hundreds of thousands for excessive eating and drinking, with much sleeping, and not a little wrangling and fighting—and we see that in Chili it is appointed for holding the elections—to hurrah for the ins, or hurrah for the outs.—Niles' Register.

Tansy.—This herb may frequently be observed growing in the country church yards, which induces us to think it was formerly used as a funeral plant. Tansy has this peculiar virtue, that if any dead animal substance be rubbed with it, the flesh fly will not attack it. Boerhaave says, the leaves applied to a dead body, and intruded into the mouth and nostrils, preserve it from putrefaction and insects; whence the plant has been called *Athanasia*, that is, immortal plant.—Ereter News Letter.

Hay.—In Russia it is usual to preserve the natural verdure of hay. As soon as the grass is cut, it is, without having been spread, formed into a rick, in the centre of which has been previously placed a kind of chimney, made of four rough planks. It seems that the heat of the fermentation evaporates by this chimney; and that the hay thus retains all its leaves, its color and its primitive flavor.