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**THE TWO GARDENERS.**  
BY HANNAH MORE.

Two gardeners once beneath an oak,  
Lay down to rest, when Jack thus spoke:  
'You must confess dear Will that Nature  
Is but a blundering kind of creature;  
And I—nay, why that look of terror?  
Could teach her how to mend her error.'  
'Your talk,' quoth Will, 'is bold and odd,  
What you call Nature, I call God.'  
'Well, call him by what name you will,  
Quoth Jack, 'he manages but ill;  
Nay, from the very tree we're under,  
I'll prove that Providence can blunder.'  
Quoth Will, 'Through thick and thin you dash,  
I shudder Jack, at words so rash:  
I trust to what the Scriptures tell,  
He hath done always all things well.'  
Quoth Jack, 'I'm lately grown a wit,  
And think all good a lucky hit.  
To prove that Providence can err,  
Not words but facts the truth aver.'  
To this vast oak lift up thine eyes,  
Then view that acorn's paltry size;  
How foolish on a tree so tall,  
To place that tiny cup and ball.  
Now look again, yon pompon\* see,  
It weighs two pounds at least, nay three;  
Yet this large fruit, where is it found?  
Why, meanly trailing on the ground.  
Had Providence ask'd my advice,  
I would have chang'd it in a trice:  
I would have said at Nature's birth,  
Let acorns creep upon the earth;  
But let the pompon, vast and round,  
On the oak's lofty boughs be found.'  
He said—and as he rashly spoke,  
Lo! from the branches of the oak,  
A wind, which suddenly arose,  
Bent showers of acorns on his nose;  
'Oh! oh!' quoth Jack, 'I'm wrong I see,  
And God is wiser far than me.  
For did a shower of pompons large,  
Thus on my naked face discharge,  
I had been bruise'd and blinded quite,  
What heav'n appoints I find is right;  
Where'er I'm tempted to rebel,  
I'll think how tight the acorns fell;  
Whereas on oaks had pompons hung,  
My broken skull had stopp'd my tongue.'

**Gen. Hamilton and the Juggler.**

The following anecdote, told of the celebrated Alexander Hamilton, is quite amusing.—While on a journey to Albany, he chanced once to put up for the night at a tavern in one of the small villages on the Hudson river, where a mountebank had advertised a display of his ingenuity at sleight of hand, &c., on that evening. Induced by motives of curiosity, and a desire to while away the tedious hours of a winter's evening, the General took a front seat in the apartment allotted for the performance. His keen, piercing eye did not escape the observation of the juggler, who, stepping up to him and handing him a silver dollar, politely requested him to hold it until he should call for it, adding that it might escape his fingers without his knowledge. The General, thinking some harmless trick was intended, and being desirous of humoring the joke, readily accepted the dollar, and clenching it fast in his hand, waited in momentary expectation of some attempt being made to extricate it from his grasp without his privy. The juggler, when he attempted a new trick, would first cast an inquiring glance at the General, as much as to say, 'look out for the dollar,' when the former would immediately open his hand to convince himself that he was yet in possession of it. After the performance was over, the mountebank requested the dollar of Gen. H., who, on returning it, observed that he could discover no trick in it. 'I do, though,' replied the mountebank. 'You had not been present three minutes, when I perceived that if I did not do something to divert your attention, you would detect me in every trick I attempted; I therefore gave you the dollar to hold, and managed to have it absorb so much of your attention, that I got through the performance much better than I expected when you first fixed your eyes upon me.' Gen. H., it is said, was highly amused at this chief d'œuvre of the juggler, and pronounced it the best trick performed that evening.

**GIVE NO PAIN.**—Breathe not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an impression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions and expressions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw a single ray of joy that may be a pleasure to another.

**Four Jars of Gold.**  
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was once upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Grenada, who kept all the Saints' days and holidays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

'I have observed that you are a good christian and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?'  
'With all my heart, Senior Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly.'  
'That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded.'  
To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before day break the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

'Are you willing,' said he, 'to return and complete your work?'  
'Gladly, Senior Padre, provided I am as well paid.'  
'Well, then, to-morrow at midnight I will call again.'  
He did so, and the vault was completed.  
'Now,' said the priest, 'you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault.'  
The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words; he followed the priest with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand.

'Wait here,' said he, 'until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you,' so saying he departed.  
The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clicking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of Xenil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights work; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little and pray a good deal, and keep Saints' days and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and as ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a gripping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged eyebrows.  
'I am told, friend, that you are very poor.'  
'There is no denying the fact, Senior—it speaks for itself.'  
'I presume that you will be glad of a job and will work cheap?'  
'As cheap, my master, as any mason in Grenada.'  
'That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that cost me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up at a small expense as possible.'  
The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by a monument, a dreaming recollection of the place very distinctly came over him.  
'Pray,' said he, 'who occupied this house formerly?'  
'A pest upon him!' cried the landlord, 'it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth, but nothing could they find

but a few duckets in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there is no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he was counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it.'

'Enough,' said the mason, sturdily; 'let me live in your house rent free until some better tenant presents, and I will engage to put the house in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money.'  
The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in Grenada; he gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed to his son and heir.

**THE HEART'S BEST DREAM;  
OR, THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.**

I know here a youthful maiden so fair she well might prove  
A Queen to grace a nation's throne—the idol of her love;  
A creature all too beautiful to dwell with care-worn things,  
A wandering spirit from the skies, an angel, had she wings!  
She hath a broad and open brow, most delicately fair,  
And o'er it strays in shining curls, her auburn color'd hair;  
And from her eyes, her radiant eyes, there flows such liquid beams,  
That nature styles them fountains of intellectual streams.  
There plays a smile about her lips, a sweet seraphic smile,  
The signet of a youthful heart, untouched by grief or guile;  
And when she speaks you bend your ear to listen to a voice  
Whose slightest tones have ever said unto the heart rejoice.  
There's music in its cadences, but chiefly when she sings,  
When forth her heart's wild melody in bird-like carols rings.  
You wonder where she caught the strain, so strangely sweet it seems,  
And think some angel voice must have whispered it in dreams.  
And oh, within this casket fair, there is a pearl of worth,  
Like the dew drop in the lily bell, as free from taint of earth;  
There is a soul, whose rays shine through, and gild her features fair  
With a portion of that blessed light celestial beings wear.  
And were this earth but peopled o'er with beings such as she,  
Then sin and pain would soon take flight, and every sorrow flee.  
And leave it all a paradise, as to man was given—  
Where saints would ponder long to think, to barter it for heaven.

Then where she wanders may she find contentment, peace and ease,  
And flowery paths to travel in, that cannot fail to please,  
Where bright angels hover over, and smile away all gloom,  
There waiting till her spirit's freed from earth, to bear it home!  
Where all the pure in heart do dwell, forever blest and free,  
And gather sweet ambrosial fruits from life's perennial tree;  
There in immortal youth to bloom, in uncreated light,  
Where time has melted both his wings, and skies are ever bright.  
And I will strive to meet her there, with more than christian zeal,  
Encouraged by her cheerful smile, and by the love I feel;  
For one that is so beautiful, and has so pure a heart,  
The heaven now to meet us—her, there glory never part!  
Greensboro', N. C., Sept. 2, 1846.

**Sam Slick.**  
Almost every body has heard of this worthy gentleman. He is rather a queer fellow, but in his own peculiar way he says a great many true things, and worthy of every one's reflections. Such is the following, in which there is quite as much truth as poetry:—'If I had my religion to choose,' says Sam Slick, 'and wasn't able to judge for myself, I'll tell you what I'd do; I'd just ask myself who leads the lives?' 'Now,' says I, 'Sam, I won't say who do, because it would look like vanity to say it was the folks who hold to our platform; but I'll tell you who don't: it aint them that make the greatest professions, always, and mind what I tell you, Sam, when you're a tradin' with your corks away down east to Nova Scotia and them wild provinces, keep a bright lookout on them as cant too much; for a long face is plaguety apt to cover a long conscience; that's a fact.'

A profession of religion ought to be a voucher for morality and honesty; but, alas, it often proves otherwise, and Sam's caution would be found very timely, quite often.  
Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, has the faculty of touching the tender chords of the heart. When the normal school was dedicated in Westfield, he appealed to the fathers and mothers of the assembly.—  
'I can recall,' said he, as he wiped the tear that struggled from his eye, 'the case of a poor boy who once sat upon a hard plank seat of one of these schools in one of the poorest districts of this State, while his father was toiling at the anvil for his daily bread, who under the smiles of a kind Providence has since been honored by his fellow citizens infinitely beyond his deserts, and who as chief magistrate of this commonwealth is now addressing you, and deems it his highest

honor to plead for the cause of common schools. I would rather be the man who gave the deed of the land for yonder school house than to wear the honors of the proudest military conqueror. Thank heaven that there are no politics in this enterprise to poison it to death.'

**Churches in New York.**

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, has the following notice of those fashionable "gates of heaven," Trinity and Grace Church, and their contrast with that humbler portal of the better world, the Sailor's Bethel:  
'Yesterday being Sunday, the great temples were crowded as usual. Trinity and Grace, the two themes of admiration, the religious magnets, attracting crowds of admirers, if not worshippers. Trinity, with its sombre gloom and massive columns, falls far short of its brilliant rival. Grace Church, situated in the upper and pleasanter part of Broadway, though costing much less, is far more showy. The white marble is much more cheerful in appearance than the dark free stone of Trinity, while its immense and gorgeous display of painted glass is so arranged, and in such endless profusion, as to fill the whole edifice with a perfect blaze of glory; every part of the church being vividly illuminated with variegated colors, in which a deep rich blue, brilliant scarlet and red, with bright golden hues, and purple tints, shed over the audience and the edifice an inconceivable splendor, dazzling the eye with a gush of brilliancy that must certainly be very edifying. I patronised—no that wont do—I rather visited in the evening, the Sailor's Bethel, in Catharine street. A handful of hardy tars, gathered in "an upper room" to worship God. What a contrast! No gorgeous pillars, or painted bangles; no deep-toned organ, or exhibition of human vanity and pride, and pomp and fashionable folly, to offend the solemn majesty of Heaven! But the humble sailor, come from his home upon the sea, to worship the Almighty God that had preserved him amid the perils of the deep. There sat, too, the sailor's wife, and the sailor's daughter, come to unite in prayers for the safety of the tar who rides the tempest too ocean, and who, as he hears the roar of the whirlwind, careering above the mighty waters, thinks of the Sailor's Bethel, where prayers are made for his safe return. "Where two or three are met together in my name," &c., was forcibly brought to mind by this night's gathering.'

**The Christian.**

Truly has the poet said, that the Christian is the highest style of man. The impenitent sinner is a slave to his appetites and passions, and to the devil; the Christian is a freeman in Christ, and an heir of God and a joint heir with Christ, even to all the glories and honors that Christ will ever have: the sinner is an heir of hell and death. A Christian is one who is like Christ. Christ was meek and lowly, so is the Christian. Christ was constantly doing good—so is the Christian. Christ constantly strove to save men from ruin—so does the Christian. Christ was emphatically a peace maker—so is the Christian. Christ was a non-resistant—so is the Christian. Christ was much engaged in secret prayer—so is the Christian. Christ prayed for his enemies—so does the Christian.  
Reader, is this your character? If not, you have not his Holy Spirit, and are none of His. Says God's word, the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. iv. 13. That was Paul's course. Is it your course? Or, is your light becoming dim? If so, you are not in the path of the just, or like Christ.—[C. Morely.]

**A Praiseworthy Act.**

**MR. WEBSTER.**—'Give the Devil his due.'—Under this rather strange heading, the Richmond (Va.) Standard, a Democratic paper, says:—During a short sojourn in the county of Orange, we learned the following facts from the most undoubted authority: Some years since a poor gentleman of decayed fortune, took up his residence at Orange Court House; becoming very needy, he stated to our informant that in better days he was engaged in a large mercantile business in the town of Petersburg; and that in the prosecution of it, he was compelled to bring a suit against a house in Baltimore, for a large sum of money; this suit was brought in the Federal Court, and finally carried to the Supreme Court of the United States; there he engaged Mr. Webster to attend to it for him, and paid him a hundred dollars in advance for his services; but before the suit came to trial, the party in Baltimore testotally failed and presented a hopeless case of recovery; under these circumstances he had the case dismissed, and the old man thought that if, now in his need, he should recall the circumstances to Mr. Webster's recollection, he would return him the money for which he had rendered no consideration. Our friend, with whom he consulted, being himself a limb of the law, smiled, whilst he pitied the old man's simplicity; he told him that to make such a request would be trouble for nothing; that lawyers never refund, and that to do so would hardly be considered professional.—But the old gentleman was not to be dissuaded from his design; he wrote his letter, and by return mail he received from Mr. Webster a reply, enclosing a hundred dollar note. Mr. Webster stated that he had no recollection of the transaction, but that from the tone and style of the letter, he was fully prepared to admit that the circumstances, as stated, required the prompt restitution of the money, which he as promptly made. We are no admirers of Mr. Webster's political principles, but as we have seen him charged with a want of common honesty, we take pleasure in recording an act, that, whether it proceeded from charity, or a sense of justice, does credit to his heart.

**Capital Punishment.**

'If the people were not hanged for murder,' said a young lady, 'we should not be safe in our beds.'  
A member of the Society of Friends, who happened to be present, and heard this argument for capital punishment, drew his chair up to the lady, and said—  
'I want to ask thee a question or two. Dost thou think a man ought to be hung before he has repented?'  
'Oh no—certainly not! No one ought to be sent into eternity until he is prepared for the kingdom of heaven!'  
'Good! said the Friend: "but now I have another question to ask thee. Dost thou think any man ought to be hung after he has repented and is fitted for the kingdom of heaven?"  
We need not say the lady was speechless.

**THE EARTH.**—The surface of the earth is 196,862,200 square miles, and its solidity is 259,626,330,416 cubic miles.  
'The sea is to land, in round millions of square miles as 100 to 40, or as four to one.'  
The earth is according to the different measurements, 7912, 7917, 7924 miles in diameter, and about 21,860 or 21,880 miles round.  
**VELOCITY OF A CANNON BALL OR SHOT.**—When the ironmouth cannon was recently proved at South Boston, the heaviest shell was thrown about three miles, and the time occupied in its journey was a minute and a half. This it appears that its velocity was only about double that of some of the English railroad express.

**The Ten Tribes.**

The Jews at Jerusalem are said to have received a letter from the synagogue authorities of Sapheth, which speaks of important information having been received concerning the long lost ten tribes of Israel. They are represented to have gone many months travel into the desert, where they still reside, a powerful nation, "abounding in wealth and ammunition." Notwithstanding the absurdity of this report, the Jews earnestly propose sending a mission to find out the whereabouts of this nation. It is a much more probable supposition that they mingled with the world twenty three or four hundred years ago; and with this view it is rational to suppose that every man living on the earth at the present time, is a natural descendant of Abraham. Let us look at the subject. A moderate calculation will show that the descendants of every man from connections with five other families in 50 years, on an average. By this rule connections would be formed with 25 families in 100 years;—125 in 150 years; 625 in 200 years. At this rate it will be seen that in the comparatively short term of 600 years, the descendants of one man will form connections with 245,025,625 different families. There has been an intercourse between the neighboring nations and tribes through Asia and Africa as well as Europe, within 2000 years sufficient to justify the position that the descendants of the lost tribes have long since intermingled with all nations of the earth.

**Little Great Men.**

There are many such we meet with in the walks of life. They wish to be honored, while at the same time they desire the impression to go abroad, that they are very meek and humble, and wish only to move in a narrow sphere. They always work underneath, so that if any fault is found with their course, they can throw the blame on the shoulders of another. If they write paragraphs, which they are uncertain whether the community will approve or condemn, they assume a fictitious name, or a woman's signature, to prevent suspicion. If the articles should take, "I am the man who did it," can be read on their foreheads; if otherwise, they are mum. If they wish to be considered generous, although they are as mean as Dives, they will proclaim their charitable deeds through the public press, and offer to distribute bread or clothing to the poor; and even invite them to their "wood piles," while, perhaps, at the very time their nearest relations are suffering for the necessities of life. Such men are extremely small in our eyes, and we always avoid them.—[Port. Bull.]

**LARGE RAILWAY TRAIN.**—The Mining Journal says: "One of the largest trains probably ever seen, left the Rugby station recently. It consisted of 84 carriages, and was impelled by three of Stephenson's powerful six-wheeled engines. Its length extended to nearly half a mile, and the weight of merchandise, exclusive of the carriages, was upwards of 240 tons."

**ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME.**—In these latter days of speculation, plunder, and degenerated morals, a recollection of the worth of the high minded founders of our Government is to me like the gushing of the cool spring to the midday traveller in the heated desert. A friend relates the following anecdote of his boyish days.  
Having occasion to write, he thought to supply himself with a sheet of letter paper from the desk of his grandfather, who at the time had an office under the Federal Government.  
'What are you doing there?' said the old gentleman.  
'Getting a sheet of paper, sir.'  
'Put it back, sir, put it back; that paper belongs to the Government of the United States.'  
The old gentleman had the courage to affix his name to a certain document, pledging "his honor and his fortune" for its support, but he lacked the courage to appropriate to his private use the property of the Government. How droll would he appear were he among us now.

**TERRIFYING RATS.**—Dissolve a pwt. of phosphorus in one-fourth of a gill of olive oil, which may be done by applying a gentle heat; and whatever substance is smeared with this compound, will appear luminous for several hours. It is said that if a live rat be coated over with this luminous oil, then set at liberty all the rats in the vicinity will immediately assemblate to pats unknown, and never return.

**IT IS A WELL KNOWN FACT,** that as a country becomes cleared and open to the influence of the sun and air; that by the action of evaporation, all rivers diminish, and hence the many instances in the old country where valleys, which have formerly been the channel of important rivers, are now become dry—or mere streamlets during the wet seasons.

**EDUCATION.**—It is stated that in the United States one child in every 4 goes to school—in France one in twenty—in Poland one in seventy-eight—in Russia one in three hundred and sixty-seven, that one being a noble. In Prussia, every child is educated to some extent, though they are instructed in a variety of errors in addition to the use of letters.

**DEEPEST ARTESIAN WELL IN THE WORLD.**—In the Duchy of Luxemburg, a well is being sunk, the depth of which surpasses all others of the kind. Its present depth is 2,336 feet, nearly 984 feet more than that of a La Grenelle, near Paris.

**POSTAGE.**—The number of letters mailed within the month of October last, was 1,963,387 in the free States, and 883,109 in the slave States. The number mailed in Ohio during that month was, 203,303, and in Kentucky, only 71,138.

**Lectures to Office Seekers.**

The first necessary qualification towards obtaining a fat office is impudence, and the second is impudence, and the third also, and the fourth likewise. No modest man ever did, or ever will make a fortune, or anything else, unless he makes an ass of himself. Lord Halifax, Sir Robert Walpole, Martin Van Buren, and, in fact, all other instances of rapid advancement, have been more remarkable for their impudence and assurance than any other trait in their respective characters. The door that leads to greatness is a very small one, and there is always a great crowd outside, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forward, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him who don't know a tittle of what he does, and yet, still know enough to overshadow him and collapse him.

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