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THE TWO BIRDS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

I.

A bright bird liv'd in a golden cage,
So gently tended by groom and page,
And a wild bird came her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live with thee;

For thou canst sing
And prance thy wing
While daily fare,
Thy slaves prepare."

The wild bird came her pomp to see,
And said, "I wish I could live like thee!"

II.

Then from the cage came a plaintive voice,
Which bade the wild bird to rejoice,
"For I'd give my golden cage," said she,
For thy humble perch on the wild wood tree,

For thou canst sing
On Freedom's wing—
These bars of gold
A slave entail;

"I'd give my golden cage," said she,
For thy humble perch on the wild wood tree."

III.

Then, when the bird of the wild wood knew
The bright one weary of bondage grew,
He set the plaintive captive free,
And away they flew, singing, "Liberty!"

In joy they roam
Their leafy home
And thrill the lay
The live-long day—
The lay of love, from hearts set free,
For love was blest with Liberty.

The Death of Duroc.

BY T. J. HEADLY.

Napoleon's greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc fate is determined to have one of us to-day." Soon after, as he was riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing struck Gen. Kirgenier dead and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite four abreast behind him. The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgenier was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted and gazed long and sternly on the battery from whence the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace and a bosom friend of the emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling the life of camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—so through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears as he asked if there was hope. When told that there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you." "Duroc!" replied Napoleon with a voice choked with grief, "there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again." "Yes, sire," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added with a faltering voice, "I have a daughter—your majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you." The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equerry and Marshal Soult, left the apartment saying in heart-breaking tones, as he went, "Farewell, then my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victory, trophies, prisoners and all, sank into utter worthlessness, and as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it, passed the night all alone in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in

history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of artillery wagons in the distance, and all the subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great-coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dared not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chieftain only shook his head, exclaiming, "everything to-morrow!" and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory he had won were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No sobs escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and at length, the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom—and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was a dark cottage, with the sentinels at the door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within, the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance stood the squares of the Old Guard, and near by, a silent group of chieftains, and over all lay the moonlight. Those brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eye kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations.

What a theme for a painter, and what an eulogy on Napoleon was that scene! That noble heart which the enemy of the world could not shake—nor the terrors of the battle field move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so!

The New Planet.

One of the greatest achievements of the human intellect of the passing age, undoubtedly is that of the French astronomer Leverrier, just accomplished, by which the existence of another planet belonging to our solar system has been demonstrated. The Georgium Sidus, or Herschel, or as the moderns have it, Uranus—how long this appellation may be preserved in this age so given to change, no one would venture to guess—we mean the planet that Herschel first discovered to be revolving around our sun at the immense distance of eighteen hundred millions of miles from that luminary (the earth is not quite one hundred millions of miles from the sun)—Herschel, or Uranus, it is now ascertained is only half way out to another attendant upon the solar system which is discovered wheeling around the sun at a rate which accomplishes a revolution in somewhere between two and three hundred of our years.

Our own countryman at Cambridge university was probably the first to suggest, which he did in 1842, the probability of demonstrating the existence of such a body as the cause of the irregularities of the movements of Uranus in its orbit. It was Leverrier who undertook the task of demonstrating the fact, and of ascertaining the whereabouts of the unknown planet, from the deviations of Uranus from the course which known laws would have assigned to it. Few can estimate the task the savan proposed for himself—years were devoted to working out the problems necessary to its solution. Inspired with the magnitude of the subject before him, he was indefatigable—and a few months since completed his task and was so absolutely confident of the accuracy of his conclusions, that, without waiting to have them verified, he intrepidly committed his character to the world on the faith of his accuracy. He called upon the astronomers of Europe to direct their telescopes to specified parts of the heavens at a specified period, and then and there they would discover a planet, the existence of which

was heretofore unknown to mortal man, and which as yet was at a distance too remote to be distinguished through their telescopes. The dimensions or magnitude—the direction of its motions, the period of its performing its circuit round the sun, were all first to be ascertained in order to arrive at such a result. What a task! Yet it has been achieved. The calculations of all these by the astronomer, have been verified. A new planet is ascertained before it was discovered, belonging to this system, not through the powers of the telescope by which alone remote planets have heretofore been ascertained—but by a process of mathematical deductions—by mental energies—an effort of human intellect! At the very place in the heavens that the astronomer pointed out—and at the very time he predicted it would become visible, (through telescopes,) then and there, it is, as ascertained at the observatories, within the last few days, in Germany, France and England, and at Cambridge, Mass., Philadelphia, Washington and Cincinnati, all within a few days of each other.

The distance of this new planet from the sun is about double that of Herschel,—its diameter about 40,000 miles—its color is rather a deeper blue than Herschel.

The mean of all the measures taken, give a little over two seconds as its apparent diameter. The planet was discovered by Dr. Galle, at Berlin, on the 24th September. It was found without difficulty with a five feet equatorial, at Cambridge (Massachusetts) observatory, on the evenings of the 21st and 22d October, near the star ϵ , No. 7694, of the British association catalogue. Its place on the 21st Oct., was R. As. 21h. 54m. Dec. 13. 33. S.

THE YANKEE LANDLORD.—One of the best and soundest lawyers that ever sat on the bench of Massachusetts was Judge P. He was always distinguished for the urbanity of his manners and the true benevolence of his spirit; and the story I have now to relate illustrates, quite forcibly, this characteristic.

Judge P. was raised in Barnstable, and at the time we refer to, assisted his mother, as much as possible, in keeping a country inn; a mode of subsistence to which she was driven by the death of her husband.

One evening a way-worn traveller, armed with a bundle suspended from a cane, entered the inn and asked for something to eat. His dress was not calculated to impress a beholder with any vast ideas of wealth; but rather of one who lived by travelling on foot and begging a night's lodging from benevolent inn-keepers. Mrs. P. cast a glance at the traveller, and seeing his shabby coat, formed a pretty accurate estimate of his ability to pay for whatever might be furnished him.

She left the room to examine her larder, and in a short time returned, and having set before him a very well picked bone of beef, went out of the room, at the same time saying to her son, "John, it will be worth about twenty cents."

Our traveller attacked the beef, and after some time, having perfectly macerated it, he rose and asked John how much he was to pay. "Well," said John, "mother thought it would be worth about twenty cents to pick that bone, and I reckon so too, here's the money;" and he generously presented the traveller with a pistareon.

A KENTUCKY SEARCH WARRANT.—The following anecdote, which we do not remember to have met with before, is told as having occurred in Lincoln county, Ky., when the county was new. An Arkansas editor "lights on it," and says, it beats Arkansas "all hollow."

A man named Jones had lost his drawing-knife. He suspected his neighbor Smith of stealing it, and applied to the next justice for a warrant to search his premises. The magistrate, after carefully examining the law and his form book, could find no warrant to search for drawing-knives, but found one for turkeys. After some hesitation, he determined, by a strained construction, to make it cover the case. Said he to Mr. Jones, "I cannot find a warrant for a drawing-knife, but I found one for turkeys. I can give you a warrant to search for turkeys, and if, in searching for them you find your drawing-knife, you may bring it."

DEFINITION.—An investigation was held the other day by the directors of a school, into the conduct of some of the teachers towards the scholars. Among the witnesses examined was a bright little fellow about ten years of age, who was asked whether he thought his teacher was "partial?" "Nor, thir, he ar'n't," he answered, promptly enough.

"Do you know what 'partial' means?" "Of coash I doh," said the young rogue, quite indignant at this imputation upon his intelligence.

"Well, what is it?" "Yy, if he wops all the boys like thunder, and wops 'em all alike, I doasn't call that bein' 'partial'; doth you?"

A NOVEL NOTION.—The editor of the Yankee Blade says: "It would be a curious sight to see all the babies in the United States, under five years old, together; they would make a pretty little collection of 2,400,000! What a squall there would be, should they all be spanked at the same time, and what a heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet 'em!"

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

SITUATION OF OUR ARMY IN MEXICO, AND PROSPECTS OF THE WAR.

Despatches from General Taylor of the 6th, 11th, 12th and 13th of October, have been received at the War Department.—The "Union" says—

The General states, that he had been unable as yet to prepare his detailed official report of the operations before Monterey—the last report from his subordinate commanders having been at that moment received. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, will vary very little from 500—400 of which was sustained in the attack on the lower part of the city on 21st.

In his letter of the 13th October, Gen. Taylor encloses a statement of a recent atrocious murder, which had been perpetrated on the 5th, in the streets of Monterey, upon a Mexican lancer, by one Fitzsimons. Captain Hays of the Texan rangers was present, soon after, at the scene, and had no doubt of the guilt of the man. He is now in confinement. Some difficulty had occurred as to the proper disposition of the accused, as there seems to be no American tribunal competent to meet the case. The Mexican governor had complained of the act, and desired that the man might be brought to merited punishment. The General replied that the case should be submitted to his government before any action would be taken there.

Accounts from the Rio Grande as late as the 29th October have been received and published in the papers.

The information is confirmed, that the Mexicans were withdrawing from Saltillo, and would not attempt to defend that town, but would fall back on San Luis Potosi.

From the Galveston News of October 30.

We learn that the Mexicans have totally evacuated the whole of the country this side of San Luis Potosi. The information has been derived from so many sources that there is now no doubt of its fact. They left behind some forty dragoons to destroy fortifications that had been constructed at Los Mueritos, a naturally strong and difficult pass on the road to Saltillo, and about five or six miles beyond the Rinconada. They have also dismantled Saltillo, destroying whatever might be of use to our army, and which they could not take away. Thus there is now nothing left for Gen. Taylor to conquer but a barren region of rugged mountains and thirty plains, affording neither water nor provisions for the subsistence of man or beast, over a distance of two or three hundred miles to San Luis Potosi. If, as has been said, Gen. Taylor has orders to march on San Luis Potosi, so as to reach that city by the end of November, the question arises how he is to traverse such a country as he will have to do, by a forced march at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day? The only water on this route is in the Mexican tanks, which will doubtless be all broken up as the enemy retires. To carry water sufficient to save his army and teams from suffering would probably require more horses, mules, and oxen than are now in the army, all of which are required for the transportation of the necessary stores and munitions. In making this retreat, the enemy have doubtless adopted a wise policy, leaving behind them a far more formidable enemy for Gen. Taylor to encounter (viz. this march) than he could ever find in their own arms and fortified towns.

This policy has doubtless been dictated by the sagacity of Santa Anna. It is stated on good authority that he had sent orders to Ampudia to evacuate Monterey and all other places this side of the mountains, but that those orders were not received till after the battle. After leaving the troops arranged to garrison Monterey, Saltillo, and other towns, Gen. Taylor will only have an army of about 5,000 men with which to penetrate into the heart of the enemy's country, and far beyond the reach of any reserve upon which he might fall back for support, in case of necessity. Such, we believe, is a correct account of the present position and prospects of our army, as derived from good authority. Gen. Ampudia has been superseded in command, but the name of his successor is not remembered.

The minutes of a correspondence between Gen. Taylor, (by his Quartermaster,) and the Mexican Governor of Monterey, Morales, is published. Gen. T. desires that his Excellency (Gov. M.) shall furnish mules for burden between that place and Camargo, and request or command the inhabitants to bring and deposit their corn to considerable amount in the city—if brought in by his Excellency's orders, to be paid for at the same price the Mexican Government allows—but if procured by force, the owners may look to their own Government for redress. The accommodating Gov. Morales replies that corn will be furnished, as much as can be gathered, at five dollars per mule load; and also mules for burden as soon as they arrive from the interior,—with the understanding that the current price of freight from Monterey to Camargo is \$2.50 per mule load; and to Camargo \$5. These stipulations were agreed to; though the Matamoros "Flag" says the prices are double what the Mexican Government pays.

The correspondent of the Picayune states that the re-action which has taken place in the army, upon settling down quietly after so much fatigue and excitement, is really painful in its effects.

There are few here (says he) whose hearts do not ache to see their homes and families. The uncertainty that prevails with regard to the future causes much uneasiness. What is to be done next? What has our Government done with that of Mexico? Is the war ended? Knowing nothing of what is passing at home, we can only judge by what we see and hear around us. Judging from present appearances, the wisest and longest-sighted of the officers have arrived at the conviction that the war has only commenced. During an interview with an officer of rank and experience, a day or two since, he showed me a letter that he had just written to a friend which contained his sentiments on the subject. His remarks were: "There never was a nation so much mistaken

as ours in regard to that of Mexico. I mean in respect to its military resources. The people are warlike, and have an abundant supply of munitions of war. Our battles with them improve them as soldiers. Our invasion is held by them in abhorrence, and has united all classes in determined resistance against us. The battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and of Monterey were battles with their frontier army. From this place onward, if we have to march on further in this direction, we shall meet with their home army, made up of hardy mountaineers and a better class of soldiery. So far I consider we have not injured their nation, but done it a service, by defeating their old officers, thus causing their army to be placed under the direction of younger, more ambitious, braver, and more accomplished generals. In fact, so far from the war being ended, it has just commenced. Our position is critical.—Our supplies at Camargo, 180 miles distant, must be waggoned to this place. This long line has no protection. The ranchero troops, numbering near 2,500, are behind us as guerrillas, and if they choose to act, our trains must be cut off. Although this is a rich valley, its supplies are inadequate to our wants, except in beef, for any length of time. Our army, or the effective part of it, is too diminutive to meet a strong force. It is weak, physically, for it has now been in campaign over thirteen months, with scanty clothing and much hardship and exposure. The volunteers are numerous, but, with the exception of those regiments commanded by late officers of the army, without discipline. I suppose our whole army will muster, when all arrive from below, 9,000 men for duty, and we hear the Mexicans have one on the advance to meet us of 30,000 men. I am convinced, and so is every officer of the army, that we have done wrong and committed an irreparable error in leaving the Rio Grande to march in this direction. To end this war a more vital blow must be struck nearer the Mexican capital; and that is, Vera Cruz should be taken by the way of Alvarado. We are now over 700 miles from the city of Mexico, with a vast desert to traverse. In a word, to make peace economically with Mexico, some things must be undone, and our government must commence again. Discharge the volunteers, and raise your regular force to thirty or fifty thousand men. We have the fullest expectation of the most active guerrilla war against us. Move where we will, the mountains and passes afford every facility to carry it on successfully and most disastrously for us. Our army, as now situated, can be compared to the French in Spain, when Joseph was driven out."

All the Texas regiments having been discharged, (their term of enlistment being out previous to the capture of Monterey,) their departure caused the town to be more quiet than ever. Not many of the Mexicans had returned up to the 16th, as they were yet a-raid; but that would probably not continue much longer.

The latest date from Monterey (the 16th) states that General Wool crossed the Rio Grande thirteen days previous to that time, on his way to Monclova. The same letter says:

"A train of fifteen hundred mules arrived from Camargo a day or two since, with provisions.—Two thousand mules have been hired at this place for the use of the army, at 37 1/2 cents per day each. Lieut. Graham's remains were followed to the grave three days since by Gen. Taylor and nearly all the officers.

Santa Anna is at San Luis Potosi, but is doing nothing. He sustains Ampudia in his late conduct. The fever and ague is spreading through the army at a fearful rate."

The Picayune publishes a list of the killed, wounded and missing; and also a memorandum of the arms and munitions captured at Monterey. The list comprises thirty-three pieces of artillery, and very large quantities of arms and ammunition for infantry, cavalry, and artillery. An immense quantity of cartridges was subsequently found concealed in the city.

An Officer of our Army writes, in relation to that part of Gen. Ampudia's proclamation which states that the Mexicans were short of ammunition and provisions, "that more ammunition was captured and surrendered than has been sent from the United States for the use of the army of occupation since the war began, and that the provisions found in the city have mainly subsisted the citizens and entire American forces ever since the capitulation, now more than two weeks, to say nothing of the amount permitted to be carried off by the Mexican army."

The special correspondent of the Picayune (who furnishes the above) says: "Captain Ramsey, of the Ordnance Department, who has all these things in charge, informs me that an immense quantity of musket cartridges have been found, concealed in the city since the property named in the foregoing invoices was turned over by the enemy; also many other articles in the shape of arms and munitions. Much property no doubt remains yet concealed. As for provisions, enough was found in the city to subsist our army and the citizens a month, and it is known that the enemy carried off large quantities of ammunition and provisions during the attack."

A letter in possession of the editors of the New Orleans Commercial Times from Vera Cruz, dated Oct. 7th, says that the news of the capitulation of Monterey had been received by the government of Mexico, and was known to the people of the city. It does not appear to have shocked the public mind to the extent one might have anticipated. On the contrary, its effect was rather to aggravate the bad passions already aroused against the United States.

PURPOSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT.
The givings out of the "Union" as the organ of the Executive, and of the letter writers from Washington, have all been until very recently for a vigorous prosecution of the war. In fact the Union of the 8th ult. proclaims—"We cannot be mistaken in stating that a vigorous prosecution of the war is the order of the day."

It was not concealed, but well understood, that orders were despatched to Gen. Taylor to prosecute the war with renewed vigor, and even to resume his operations before the armistice expired. But the Union of Nov. 11, gives plain indication that Gen. T. is "permitted, in some degree to consult his own discretion." And the letter writers say that the Government has changed its intention, and that these positive orders have been revoked. The National Intelligencer of Nov. 12 remarks—

The well-advised Washington Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce—the same to whom we were indebted last autumn for the first intimation of the hostile intentions of the Executive towards Mexico—in his letter of November 7th (last Saturday) confirms what the government editor said in substance a month ago, as to the nature of the orders to Gen. Taylor. For thus says this intelligent correspondent:

"Some doubts have lately been expressed in the papers whether Gen. Taylor was ordered perpetually, in the communication made to him through Major Graham, to march on towards Saltillo or not. But I learn that the orders were positive and direct to that effect."

We have no doubt of it. From the same reliable source we have, however, under the same date, the following information, which we trust will prove acceptable to the great majority of our readers:

I repeat what I have stated before, that a few weeks ago the Government did intend to call out a large force of volunteers, and chiefly from the South. But a change has come over them. "There will be no expensive movements—no energetic movements, made before the meeting of Congress. The Mexican Congress may court a peace, and thus relieve our Government from the necessity of acting further in the matter; and, if not, the whole responsibility of further action will be thrown upon Congress."

"I believe that the question of peace has been agitated; that the Government desires peace, and intends to have it, at any price; and that its warlike energies are to rest until it can be found whether peace or war is the final determination of Mexico."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald confirms this information. Speaking of the peremptory order given to Gen. Taylor to march on, he says: "We suppose, at the War Department has rescinded that order, and Gen. Taylor instructions to come back to the scattered forces within his command, and to await at Monterey further instructions."

"The New York Courier & Enquirer of Tuesday confirms the statement that 'volunteers from Washington concur in saying that no more steps will be taken by the Administration towards prosecuting the war until Congress assemble, when the whole matter will be submitted to the action of that body.'"

This (says the Courier) is a very exact copy of the President's course upon the Oregon question. The whole subject was plunged into the utmost confusion and difficulty; a prodigious effort was made to arouse a war spirit in favor of 'this or none'; angry feelings had been excited upon both sides of the Atlantic; and then the entire responsibility of settling the trouble was thrown upon the Senate. That body, however, did not shrink from its duty, even in this crisis, and to firm and straight-forward action are the country and the world indebted for peace with England."

"We are glad, however, (continues the Courier and Enquirer) that even at this late date the President is willing to consult and be guided by Congress. We have no fear that that body will ever sacrifice the honor or the interests of the country."

HOW TO MAKE THE GUN-COTTON.
Dr. Otto, Professor of Chemistry in Brunswick, has published the following statement in the Hanoverian Gazette:

Entirely independent of Schenbein and Baugher, but rely on an observation of Pelouze, contained in the one hundred and thirty-sixth page of the volume of my Manual of Chemistry, I have succeeded in producing an exploding cotton, which, after a series of experiments, seems quite suited to supply the place of gunpowder. In order to bring the results of important discoveries as speedily as possible to the highest state of perfection, it seems to me necessary to lay them immediately before the public, in order that many persons may turn their attention to the subject.— I scorn, therefore, to sell or take out a patent for my very interesting discovery, the consequences of which are not easy to be foreseen, and I do hereby publish it for the general good of the public.

In the preparation of the exploding cotton, common well cleaned cotton dipped for about half minute in highly concentrated nitric acid, (the acid was used being made by the distillation of ten parts of dried saltpetre and six of oil of vitriol), and then instantly placed in water, which must be frequently renewed, in order to free the cotton from the acid with which it is impregnated. Care must then be taken that all the knotty particles of the cotton are properly disentangled, and that it is thoroughly dried. After this the explosive preparation is ready for use. Its effects create astonishment in all who witness them, and the smallest portion explodes when struck on an anvil with a hammer, like lightning powder.

When kindled with a glowing body it takes fire just like gunpowder, and when used in a gun its operation, though in a far greater proportion to its weight, is precisely the same as that of gunpowder. This gun-cotton is employed exactly in the same way as gunpowder. A piece of it is rammed down the barrel, then a bit of wadding, and, after that a ball; a copper cap ignites and explodes the cotton. Without a single exception, all who have witnessed my experiments have been most completely satisfied.

LOVE RHYMES.—It is singular how much amatory poetry is written before marriage, and how little after it. One may have but little of the vision and the faculty dim, but on falling in love he finds that he is not without the "accomplishment of verse." This lets us into the secret why there are so many unsuccessful wooers. "Sir," said a lady to a gentleman who had addressed her a copy of verses, and who afterwards solicited the honor of her hand, "Sir, I admire your person, and esteem your character; your manners are pleasing and your disposition engaging; but—but your poetry is execrable. I could never love a wretch of such verses."