

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

It is now nine o'clock at night of Monday, the fourteenth of September, and I have four pages of this number to write by nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best,—and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and that the worst.

The greatest friend of truth, is Time:—her greatest enemy, is Prejudice.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal.

Grasshoppers.—The attention of the public was excited on Thursday last, at about the hour of noon, by the disappearance of the grasshoppers (supposed to be) which have been so abundant during the present season.

Extract from incidents of travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.—By the author of Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.

Mr. Dwight and I landed at the foot of the Seven Towers, and few things in this ancient city interested me more than my walk around its walls.— We followed them the whole extent on the land side, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn.

The next day I took a caique at Tophano, and went up to the ship yards at the head of the Golden Horn to visit Mr. Rhodes, to whom I had a letter from a friend in Smyrna.

The fame of his skill, and the beautiful specimen he carried out with him, recommended Mr. Eckford to the Sultan as a fit instrument to build up the character of the Ottoman Navy; and afterward, when his full value became known, the Sultan remarked of him, that America must be a great nation if she could spare from her service such a man.

I accompanied him over the ship and through the yards, and it was with no small degree of interest that I viewed a townsman, an entire stranger in the country, by his skill alone, standing at the head of the great naval establishment of the Sultan.

And besides these, he had another greater difficulty, in his ignorance of their language. With more than a thousand men under him, all his orders had to pass through interpreters; and often, too, the most prompt action was necessary, and the least mistake might prove fatal.

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particularly requested the presence of Commodore Porter; had stationed his harem on the opposite side of the river, and, as I saw, prepared for himself, near the ship, a tent of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold.

His commanding style to his own subjects: "I command you, my slave, that you bring the head of—, my slave, and lay it at my feet;" and then his lofty tone with the foreign powers: "I, who am, by the infinite grace of the great, just, and all powerful Creator, and the abundance of the miracles of the chief of his prophets, emperor of powerful emperors; refuge of sovereigns; distributor of crowns to the kings of the earth; keeper of the two very holy cities (Mecca and Medina); governor of the holy city of Jerusalem; master of Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered with our victorious sword and our terrible lance; lord of two seas (Black and White) of Damascus; the odor of Paradise; of Bagdad, the seat of the califs; of the fortresses of Belgrade, Agra, and a multitude of countries, isles, straits, people, generations, and of so many victorious armies who repose under the shade of our Sublime Porte. I, in short, who am the shadow of God upon earth." I was rolling these things through my mind when a murmur, "The Sultan is coming," turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies.

The late fire at Hudson.—The Albany Evening Journal of Wednesday, contains the following further intelligence of this most distressing conflagration.

The flames were blown by a fresh north-west wind over the hill into the city, and raged with such fury as to render the efforts of the firemen unavailing.

The fire swept through in a south-easterly direction to the South Bay, where every house was consumed. It then extended up the hill towards the old Presbyterian Church, doing great damage.

Two extensive lumber yards, one belonging to Mr. Reed, and the other to Mr. Hudson, were entirely consumed.

The large fire proof stores and warehouses, near the docks, are not injured; nor did we learn that the Whole Company had suffered materially.

The flames were distinctly seen many miles up and down the river. We were at Kingston at 7 P. M., where the illumination was alarmingly sublime.

In passing Hudson at 2 o'clock this morning, in the Steamboat Rochester, we are informed that sixty buildings were consumed, and that the loss was estimated at \$200,000. This is a sad blow for Hudson.

Distressing Circumstance.—The coroner was on Thursday called to view the body of an infant aged nine weeks, the child of Mrs. Caroline Keobler, residing on the corner of Church and Warren streets.

From the Charleston Patriot, August 11. By the United States steamer Poinsett, Captain Peck, arrived this forenoon from Black Creek, we have received the Jacksonville Courier of the 9th instant, from which we copy the following:

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE INDIAN MURDERS IN GEORGIA.

The following is an extract from a letter to the editor, giving further particulars of the late Indian murders in Georgia, an account of which appeared in our paper of Thursday last:

FORT GILLILAND, (E. F.) July 13, 1835. SIR: The Express has just arrived from Little Creek, and it appears that the Indians are commencing their career in Georgia. I have received a letter from an officer of our regiment, who was an eye-witness to this melancholy fact.

[EXTRACT.]

CAMP WILDS, July 31, 1835.

Forty-five miles northwest of Centerville, on Sunday morning, a man came full speed into camp, with the cry of Indians. I asked where. He said about five miles off; that he had just removed a family who heard the report of guns, and the screams of people.

The Indians scattered in all directions, and it was some time before we could find the trail; we followed them about 25 miles, and until further pursuit could not be had, having then gone into the Okafanoka as far as white man could well go.

We left our horses and waded nearly to our hips in mud for two miles, which was as much as we could stand. We returned that night, found all buried, 8 in number, in one grave. We returned to camp, then camp —, but now Camp Wilds, that being the name of the murdered family.

We are making arrangements to scour the country about Fort Fanning and its vicinity. In haste, the express awaiting.

With respect, your obedient servant, N. DARLING, Lieut. 2d Dragoons.

To the Editor of the Courier.

From the Baltimore American of August 11. VIOLENT TORNADO AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The thunder storm which passed over this city on Saturday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, was accompanied by a copious shower of rain, and also by a violent gust or tornado which occasioned the loss of several lives, besides doing injury in various places.

The warehouse was owned by Messrs. Donnell and Larman. It was 100 feet long by 40 wide, and three stories high. The workmen commenced the roof on Saturday, and had laid but three rows of slate. Its destruction was complete, the tornado scarcely leaving one brick upon another.

We learn that two small bay vessels were capsized at the same time near Fort McHenry. The hands on board of one escaped; but a small boy was crushed to death between some lumber.

A part of the roof of the Philadelphia railroad bridge, at Canton, was blown off, and also the roof of the steam saw mill at Harris' Creek.

Several sheds were unroofed at the ship yard of Messrs. Cooper and Abrahams.

A part of the roof of a warehouse on Ramsey's wharf was blown off.

The ship General Smith, lying at Corner's wharf, broke from her moorings, and was blown so violently against the wharf that she stove in a portion of her bow and carried away a part of her bulwarks.

Mr. Shaw, the keeper of the Lazaretto, who was returning home at the time of the squall, was, together with his horse and carryall, blown over a fence and bruised considerably.

A part of the wall and roof of the large fish storing houses on the south side of the basin was blown off.

We take the following jeu d'esprit from the Boston Post, as not inapt to the times. We ought to mention that the Orang was sold at Auction for \$1,000.—Washington Chronicle.

A Serious Question.—The debate in the Abolition Society, on Monday evening, was very animated. The daring proposition was made that the Orang Outang advertised to be sold by Mr. Tyler, the actor, on the following day, should be rescued, as the slaves were from under the nose of the honorable Chief Justice, last summer. It was clearly proved that Orang was an ornament to human society—a being highly endowed with intellectual power, and as capable of appreciating and enjoying the blessings of freedom as Geo. Thompson himself.

Phenomenon on Lake Superior.—Very great alarm begins to be excited on account of the continual rise of the waters of Lake Superior. Whole farms, it is said, have been submerged, and wharves and streets rendered useless.