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H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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Pro-Existence.

A queer old gentleman of our acquaintance fell into a speculation one day about the different creeds and shades of belief which have existed at various stages of the world's progress, and after mature deliberation, came to the conclusion that the Pythagorean doctrine is not an irrational one after all. He argued in this wise. The followers of Pythagoras believed that the souls of all sorts of animals, while they take upon them new bodies at their death, retain, in their state of transmigration, many of the characteristics with which they were distinguished in their former shape. Thus: the rat, which is caught gnawing into your premises, most probably, in his human shape, has been a house-breaker; the cat, that spits, enters walls and scratches, must have been a tergiversant woman; and the ass, that submits to the lash, and carries burdens, one of the subjects of a despotic government. So, again: a dandy, who smells of musk, gives pretty good evidence of having formerly been a peacock; a great talker, of having once been a parrot; and a keen money broker, of having prowled about, seeking whom and what he may devour, in the shape of a shark.

This notion of Pythagoras might be carried out, and applied to the characters of the beings around us, whether brute or human. Besides, to do so, would afford work for the fancy, and exercise for the imagination. We could never, for instance, stumble over a fat porker, in the course of our rambles, but we should forthwith think of an alderman. Every fly we beheld, roaming from one thing to another, and defiling whatever it touches, would remind us of a libertine. In every poor old horse, turned out on the highway to die, we should imagine we saw a faithful public servant, who has spent the prime of his life in the service of his country, and is thrust out, at last, to perish with poverty and neglect.

We see strutting along, a magnificent rooster, looking as if he could crow as lustily as Chapman over a political victory. His feathers are sleek and fine, presenting, as he moves, various changeable tints. Near him are sundry feminine specimens of the same genus, to whom he is showing his proud coat, and paying assiduous attention. It requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy that he was some famous gallant, perhaps the Earl of Rochester or King George the Fourth, when a "biped without feathers."

Just opposite, is a squad of the canine species. Among the rest is a little dog, with his ears pricked up and his tail cocked to the highest point. He is bristling about, snarling at, and endeavoring to pick a quarrel with a larger animal, who seems to take no notice of him. Is it not extremely probable that this troublesome whiffet was once a little peppery assemblyman or Congressman, who was fond of attracting notice by assailing his betters; and that the noble dog beside him was a member of the same body, but with too much sense and character to take notice of him? There, too, is a smart, active little ferrier, and one who is death on rats, and such sort of vermin. He is a keen fellow on the scent, and woe to them if they come within reach of his paw. When clad in human flesh, may he not have belonged to a race almost extinct, viz: an honest and vigilant thief-taker?

Did you ever see a peacock in a farm yard? Bless our stars! how he spreads himself. What pains he takes to exhibit his gay feathers. He is particularly fond of exhibiting himself to the people; and will strut, for half a day at a time, just in front of the house, where the inmates can not well help seeing him. In his former state of existence, he must have been a beau of the first water—nothing less, perhaps, than an ancestor of—, or of—.

Again dear reader, did you ever see an old hen that had but one chick—that was constantly toiling, and clucking, and scratching, and making as much ado as if she had a large brood—and all for the sake of this single fledgling? This matronly old hen must have been some fond mother, who labored and busied day and night, to get together the wherewithal to

support—perhaps to supply the profligacy and dissipation of—an only son, and a spendthrift.

As it is curious, on the Pythagorean principle, to trace out the former condition of the various brute species, so it is no less amusing to consider in what shape the different individuals of the human race formerly appeared.

A little way off is a lady of a fair exterior. Her voice is soft and gentle; her words are smooth and flattering; and she seems to be angelic. But wait a minute. Something has crossed the grain. Her eyes begin to flash—her face reddens—Jerusalem! what a fury she is in. She berates her husband and every body about her, and seems now a very devil in petticoats. She must have been, formerly, some sleek tallow-eat, who would purr, and purr, and purr about you, pleased with the hood that fed and stroked her; until dawning to rub the hair the wrong way, she would suddenly fly in a rage, and spit, and scratch your eyes out.

Here is a man who is exceedingly rough in all he does. If he is to embrace you, he will squeeze the very breath out of your body. If he is to shake hands, he will give you such a grip as to make you cry out with pain, and almost imagine that your fingers are in a vice. He never speaks without a growl. In a word, whether in conversation or in action, he is the very antipodes of politeness and consideration. It requires no stretch of fancy to presume that in his former state of existence, he was a bear. The traces of his origin still remain, like some Indian mounds or traditional relics, remarkable for their distinctness.

The ladies that flutter in the streets of populous cities, spending a great part of every fair day displaying their beauties to the sun, and dazzling the eyes of beholders, must surely, in a former state, have been no other than gay butterflies, that sported for a summer's day and then disappeared from the world.

The cunning speculator, who is ever busy in looking out for bargains, and constantly endeavoring to overreach others in the way of trade, what is he but some villainous old fox, who having cast his skin, still retains the principal characteristics whereby he was distinguished in his former shape?

Slandrers, it is natural to suppose, were formerly toads, who, having ceased to spit their venom in one way, have taken upon them the improved method of venting it in another.

False friends are but snakes, in a different dress; and many conquerors are tigers, delighting in bloodshed merely for bloodshed's sake; the same as they did when they had four legs.

We might go on, ad libitum, to enumerate parallels; but what have been instanced may serve to show that they who denounce the doctrine of Pythagoras as ridiculous, ought not to be too confident in their own belief. Our present belief is, that, as the bell is ringing, we will close this chapter, and go to dinner.—*Norristown Register.*

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

The Union.

BY JAMES HUNES.

Can it be said that in Columbia's land,
A man to found, who hates that all are free—
A hand whose cunning would her flag destroy,
And hack the root of Liberty's fair tree!

Destroy a building that on fathers' blood
Is built of blood, of treasure, and of pain,
And drag a portion to the North and South,
As if divided it could stand again!

Destroy a paper on which names stand out,
Like his of Carolina, and Hancock, Wright,
As if the Sun had tinged them with his beams,
To last till he himself should not be night!

Destroy the only model that exists
To mould the world to freedom once again,
And drive the silly notion from the earth
That God hath licensed some to rule or reign!

Methinks the brave of Lexington would rise
In blood, as erst they fell, and sword in hand
Entire with those who died at Bunker Hill
To drive the Traitors from our happy land!

And even Arnold, from his lonely grave
In Potters-field, would rise, beyond the sea,
And cry, "If love of Liberty you lack,
At least be warned by what you see in me!"
29 April, 1850.

The True Non-Intervention.

One of the main tendencies, if not objects, of the Compromise bill now before the Senate, is to defeat the practical results of the doctrine of non-intervention. This is clearly revealed in the remarks of Mr. McMullin, of Virginia, in the House, on Saturday. That gentleman said: "Disguise it as you may, those who vote for the admission of California, in advance of the other questions, might as well face the music and gallop to the tune of the Wilmot Proviso, for the result will be the admission of New Mexico and Utah as free States—following the example of California, and excluding slavery." We have, in these few remarks, the whole secret of what little support the Compromise finds among the Southern delegation. There

is, too evidently, a dread that the citizens of New Mexico and Utah, if left to themselves, will unanimously acclaim against the institution of slavery; and just as evident an anticipation, that, by the protracted postponement of the admission of California, until the slavery agitation can be adjusted, an excellent opportunity will be afforded to slaveholders to introduce their property, in defiance of the wishes of the vast majority of the settlers. We have the sentiments of the people of New Mexico and Utah on this subject; but these sentiments will be unavailing and powerless, in the event of the passage of this bill. The true idea of non-intervention is a perfect submission of all domestic questions to the people. This idea will be totally defeated, if slavery in advance is furnished with such facilities, as the insidious approaches of its advocates can turn to its permanent and irreversible establishment. Non-intervention, if at all a plausible doctrine, applies to territories with as much force as to States; and, of course, to territories, as they stood at the time of the application of the doctrine. To deny this is to fall back upon the Proviso in one of its correlative forms. If the spirit of the doctrine of non-intervention pervades our legislation in this instance—if the people of the territories are really not inferior in point of right and popular government to those of the States—if they are allowed to fashion their domestic institutions according to their own views of expediency—then is the doctrine of non-intervention practically equivalent to that of the Proviso. The citizens of New Mexico and Utah have unequivocally demonstrated their position; and the same respect should be paid to their sentiments, as is now, on all hands, paid to the voice of California. We fear greatly, however, that the Southern politicians will refuse to recognize this feature of the non-intervention policy; or, that, if they do give it a specious support, that they will not hesitate to apply every subsequent artifice and scheme which their fertile fancies can contrive, to defeat the same popular will which they effect to support. If the sentiments of the people of New Mexico and Utah, as they are now situated, and after every effort of propagandism has been exhausted, are to be the criterion of legislation, or a rule upon the parties to the existing contention, then are they forever secure from the establishment of an institution, which they abhor and deprecate. If the doctrine of non-intervention means anything, as applicable to a territorial condition, it implies that the people of the territories have precisely the same power over their internal affairs, as the citizens of regularly constituted States. If the questions agitating the country can really and practically be decided in this way—if the people will be allowed to act and speak for themselves in their sovereign capacity, then neither we, nor any other person, can find any objection to the policy of non-intervention, although we may still contend for the power of Congress to legislate for the territories, in all cases. This power is the most conservative and countervailing that can be employed against the schemes of those who affect to reach the same objects by a different process of legislation, or rather by refraining from all legislation.

If all these questions were moral or social merely, they might be adjusted satisfactorily to all parties, in a very short time. The whole difficulty is found in their political characteristics. It will scarcely be controverted, that the tone of public opinion is decidedly adverse to the extension and perpetuation of slavery, and that this feeling is not confined to the Northern section of our Confederation, but is even more active in the South, where its evils are directly and personally experienced. We know of no Statesman, or even politician, from the North, who advocates any policy, which he is not prepared to prove to be, in the end, utterly opposed to the extension of slavery. With them, it is a question of means, not of principle. Any other position would be fatal to the prospects of a political aspirant of either party!

If the debates in Congress, and the articles of the Southern papers, prove anything, they evince a decided determination, on the part of the Southern politicians, not the people, to preserve the equilibrium between the slave-holding and non-slaveholding States. This is the scheme we have to oppose—a combination for political purposes, which would misconstrue the very objects of our Union of States, and force upon the citizens of provinces, not yet entitled to all the immunities of States, or even territories, an institution repugnant to every feeling of nature and policy. It is, really, no question of Provisoism or non-intervention. It is a problem of government, of humanity, of justice, of every passion and emotion, which dignifies and ennobles human nature. As such it will ultimately be regarded, despite sneers and obstacles.—*Phila. Times, June 11.*

THE NEW BOOK.

"Another new thing, Cecil?"
"That is right, uncle! that is right! I do love to hear you say, Another new thing! How old is the new thing that you are going to tell me of?"
"Only about five or six thousand years."
"Five or six thousand years! and yet you call it new!"
"Yes, Cecil; I call it new on account of the new purpose to which you are to apply it. The new thing you are about to hear of I shall call a new book, and you must learn to read it."
"But has it any pictures in it?"
"Pictures! It has nothing but pictures in it! Some of these are grave, some fearful, some beautiful, and others so transporting that you can not look at them without the tears coming into your eyes in a moment."
"Show it me, uncle! show it me! Are there many pictures in it?"
"It is made up of pictures—thousands of pictures; and then they are so large!"
"Thousands of large pictures! Oh, let us have the book spread out on the great round table. I see we shall have a fine treat. The book! the book, uncle! The new book!"

"As to spreading out the new book on the great round table that will be impossible; for it is far too large for any table to hold it."
"I never heard of such a thing! A book larger than the great round table! That must be a curiosity! We will open it then on the parlor floor."
"The parlor floor is not half big enough."
"Uncle, you astonish me! But we must have the book opened, however big it may be; we shall have room for it on the lawn, I am sure."
"Not so, Cecil; for the book of which I have been speaking is bigger than the world!"
"What! bigger than the world! Now, uncle, how can you possibly make it out that this new book, let it be what it will, is bigger than the world?"
"I think you will admit that it is so, when I tell you that the new book is the sax, and that the pictures are the heavenly bodies and the beautiful clouds which adorn it."
"The sky! But why should you call it a book? A book is to be read, and how can we read the sky?"
"With a little instruction, I trust you will be able to read it very well. You have heard of the two great books of our heavenly Father—the Revelation and that of Creation. Now, if creation be called a book, why should I not call the sky a book, if I find that it sets forth much of our great Creator, which I am able to read?"
"Oh, how I should like to be able to read the book of the sky!"
"Astronomers read the book of the sky, philosophers read it, and why should not Christians? Yet among the thousands who are daily looking at the pictures of this book, how few are there who comprehend what they mean! Thousands have not yet learned the alphabet of the skies. But listen, while I explain the language of a few of these pictures; for God speaks by them to us, and we ought to understand him. When we see, above our heads at night, the great book of the stars opened, and the glowing picture of the stars spread out before us, it is as though God was manifesting his wisdom, power, and goodness to us; and the language of the picture is, 'Believe me!'"

"I knew you would make it come right."
"When tempest is abroad, and the big, black clouds hang heavy in the air—and the forked lightnings flash to and fro, and the hoarsest thunder seems to shake the solid earth and the heavens—when the rain comes down like a deluge! what says the awful picture of the skies? It says, as distinctly as if the voice of the Holy One was heard, 'Fear me!'"
"That is an awful picture! I seem to understand all that you mean, now, uncle."
"When the storm has passed by, and the rain has subsided—when the heavens are lit up on one side by the glorious sun, and spanned on the other by the glowing rainbow, the picture of the sky speaks to every eye and heart. God speaks through it, and his language is, 'Trust me!'"
"Better, and better! I do see that you may really read the pictures in the sky."
"When the heavens above are clear, and bright, and blue, and peaceful; and when the piled-up snowy clouds with their sunlit edges are still—when the vault above is so beautifully tranquil that your spirit feels expanding with joy and thankfulness; again it appears as if God were speaking, and the language of the picture of the new book is, 'Love me!'"
"You should have been a painter, uncle!"
"When the rising sun is gilding the firmament with glory, and when his setting beams are mingling purple, azure, and crimson, with a flood, nay a sea of molten

gold; we look at the picture with astonishment and admiration, and though half-blinded by our tears we are still able to read what is written in the picture before us. Hardly could the Lord of heaven and earth utter more distinctly the expression, 'Praise me!'"
"You make the meaning of every picture so plain, that it must be just as you say."

"I have now explained the language of a few pictures in the new book; but some times the pictures so mingle what is striking, awful, convincing, beautiful, and transporting, that one thing at a time is not enough to satisfy us, and we are compelled to believe, fear, trust, love and praise him altogether."
"Well! I did not expect, uncle, when you called out to me, 'Another new thing, Cecil! another new thing!' that it would turn out to be what it is. At first, after you talked of 'thousands of large pictures,' I felt disappointed to find that it was the sky you meant; but you have satisfied me. The sky is a new book to me now, and I shall do my best to learn to read it, and to understand as many of the pictures in it as I can."

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

A Sabbath Thought.

BY J. H. BERRY.
Another Sabbath dawn—all calm and bright
Are earth and sky, and Peace on snow-white wings
To hallow rest the storms and furies of night,
Holding our hearts in union with Light,
And Love, and Hope, and all the spirit springs
In adoration to the King of Kings,
To Father and to God, for Rest and Light:
Rest from the toil and cares of daily life,
Light from the Spirit and His written will—
A day when we may pause from earthly strife,
And gain a sense of His presence to us,
Our hearts with praise, for mercies and joys given,
Here to prepare our souls for endless life in Heaven.

From Graham's Magazine.

Sermons and Preachers.

If the mechanical moralists are to be judged by their effects—by their capacity to do the thing they attempt—and, thus judged, have terrible sins of omission resting on their work, what shall we say of the mechanical theologians? There is against each of the three liberal professions, a time-honored jest, adopted by "gentle dullness" all over the world, and from its universality almost worthy of a place in Dugald Stewart's "fundamental principles of human belief." The point of these venerable facetiae consists in associating law with chicanery, medicine with homicide, and preaching with Dr. Young's "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." A joke which seems to be thus endorsed by the human race, carries with it some authority, and it would be presumptuous to touch never so gently the subject of theology, without a preliminary remark on the question of dullness. Sin is sarcastic, sin is impassioned, sin is sentimental, sin is fascinating, sin swaggers in rhetoric's most gorgeous trappings, and reveals in fancy's most enticing images; and why should piety alone have the reputation of being feeble and dull? The charge itself, while it closes to the general reader Jeremy Taylor's wilderness of sweets equally with Dr. Owen's "continent of mud," is not without its benumbing effect upon the preacher, for bodies of men commonly understand the art of adapting their conduct to the public impression of their character, and are not apt to provide stimulants when readers only expect soporifics. The truth is that sermons are not dull as sermons, but because the sermonizer is weak if not feeble. No man with a vision of the interior beauty and power of spiritual truths—no man whom those truths kindle and animate—no man who is truly alive in heart and brain, and speaks of what he has vitally conceived, can ever be dull in the expression of what is the very substance and doctrine of life. The difficulty is that clergymen are apt to fall into mechanical habits of thinking, then ideas gradually fade into opinions, truths dwindle into truisms, a fine dust is subtly insinuated into the vitalities of their being, the holy passion with which their thoughts once gushed out subsides, "good common sense" succeeds to rapture; and thus many an inspiring teacher, originally a conductor of heaven's lightning, and exulting in the consciousness of the immortal life beating and burning within him, has lapsed into a theological drudge, dull in his sermons because dull in his conceptions, neither alive himself nor imparting life to others. This decay often occurs in conscientious and religious men, who sufficiently bewail the torpor of soul which compels them to substitute phrases for realities, and to whom this mental death, as they feel it stealing over them, is at once a spell and a torment. The clergyman, who does not keep his mind bright and keen by constant communion with religious ideas, is sure to die of utter weariness of existence. He has once caught a view of the promised land from the Pisgah height of contemplation—we unto him if it "fades into the light of common day."—[W. C. Bryan.]

Edwin W. Hutter, recently a Democratic Editor, has been licensed to preach by the German Lutheran Synod.

The Great Swimmer.

We do not know that we have ever, either heard or read, of a more singular instance of strength and endurance in a horse, than is evidenced in the following incident furnished us by our friend, Capt. Wm. A. Stephenson, of this county. In January last, Capt. Stephenson started South with a drove of mules and horses, and proceeded with them as far as the junction of the Big Warrior and Little Warrior River, where they form Black Warrior, in Blount county, Ala. Here he found the bridge across Big Warrior—the usual crossing place—had been swept away by the high waters, and the ferry boat entirely too small and frail to carry his stock over in safety. He at once determined to swim them across as the only means left of enabling him to proceed with them promptly to his destination, and they were accordingly driven into the current, and started across the river. With great difficulty they landed safe, with the exception of a large chestnut sorrel, who probably entering the stream too low, was swept gradually down by the force of the current till its depth and rapidity, and the deepness of the river bank rendered it impossible to get him out. Capt. Stephenson followed him along the bank for several miles, from half-past two o'clock Monday afternoon, until late at night, when it became too dark to see him, the horse still swimming against the current, and breasting its whole force with the most determined resolution. On Tuesday, Capt. Stephenson offered a reward to any one who would get him out alive; a number of the neighbors watched the gallant swimmer, but without being able to make any successful attempt towards his rescue. Several times he made towards the bank, but his rocky steepness prevented his getting a foothold and sent him back to buffet vainly against the sweeping current. At one time a heavy piece of floating drift wood struck his back, and even with this heavy burden on him, he struggled upward as bravely but as ineffectually as before. The darkness of the night again hid him from their view, and none believed that he could survive the long and chilling struggle. On Wednesday morning, however, the watchers on the bank again found the noble animal, some miles lower down still, with his head up stream, and bravely contending with the cold and powerful current. Thro' all that day he maintained his position against the stream, though still carried forward every hour until towards night, he neared a temporary island formed by a sluice running over the lower grounds adjoining it. At this point a worthy old farmer of the neighborhood, Mr. John Porter, succeeded in turning him towards the island which, with great difficulty, he succeeded in reaching. So soon as he saw him safely landed, Mr. Porter procured a halber, and at great personal hazard, about 8 o'clock Wednesday night, waded through the sluice, supporting himself by the brush and undergrowth, until he reached the island, and a distance of some 70 or 80 yards, from whence he soon returned with the gallant "swimmer," safely and successfully, chilled, wearied, and worn down with the long struggle from Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, till Wednesday night at 8 o'clock; he was hardly able to walk, but the kind care and attention of Mr. Porter, in the course of a few weeks, has perfectly restored him to his wonted energy and life. Fifty-three hours constant struggling, night and day, against the swelling current of such a stream as Black Warrior, without food or rest, is an exhibition of strength and endurance which we have never before known, and which a Williamson horse, like "Swimmer," we presume, could alone perform. The fact that it was done is incontestable.

Capt. Stephenson, the owner of the horse, is well known amongst us as a gentleman of correctness and integrity, whose statements are both truthful and reliable. Besides this, the fact is still further confirmed by Mr. Porter, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Goldsby, Esq. Huffstutle, and a number of other gentlemen of that neighborhood, all of the highest respectability, and eyewitnesses to the scene. We challenge either history or personal experience, elsewhere, to beat it. Capt. Stephenson rode the horse on his return home, swimming several streams with him, and he is now sound and well, and in as thriving condition as ever, though the mark of the heavy drift wood on his back, and the scars on his knees from his repeated efforts to climb the river bank, still remain to prove his power of endurance, and mark his feat as one unequalled by his kind.—[Franklin Western Weekly Review.]

"A certain degree of outward prosperity is indispensable to moral culture. It is vain to expect that the hungry and the naked will appreciate the highest while the lowest is unprovided for."

Merit is like the crimson blush on a maiden's cheek—for the more you strive to conceal it, the more discernible it is.

A new Article.—Mantles made of enamelled cast iron and stained glass, being perfect imitations of the marble mantles now in use, even more beautiful and durable, and costing from \$20 to \$150, according to style and ornament, are coming quite into vogue.

An Interesting Narrative.

Our readers have already been apprised, that an Arctic Expedition, intended to search for the missing Sir John Franklin, has been fitted out by the munificence of Mr. Grimell, a New York merchant, and was started under the auspices of the General Government; which, by authority of Congress, has consented that the officers of our Navy shall lead the daring enterprise. Among these officers, we observe the name of Surgeon Elisha K. Kane, son of Hon. John K. Kane, of this city, who volunteered for the service, and is now principal Surgeon of the expedition. We saw the announcement of his name among the officers, with surprise. He has long been suffering from a combination of infirmities, the result of a series of adventures, such as few men living have undergone, and such as still fewer would voluntarily embark in out of pure love of danger, and the spirit of seeing the wonders and the peculiarities of other parts of the Globe. Having enjoyed the acquaintance of this brave young man, we are able to state what follows of his career, even if we should use that which was communicated to us in semi-confidential intervals. No American of his age, has ever seen so much of the perils of the world, or of the world itself. He was Surgeon of the American Legation to China, and on his way to the Celestial regions, he spent some weeks on a foot-tramp through the orange groves of Brazil, and about a month in tiger hunting near Bombay. Hence, after a dozen unsuccessful attempts to smuggle himself in the forbidden lands of China, he went over to the Philippines, and by the aid of the good Monks of the interior of Manila, explored its fastnesses and volcanic wonders. He was the first man to descend into the crater of the Taal, lowered down two hundred feet over the brink, by a bamboo roped tied around his middle, and brought back a bottle full of its sulphur waters, burning off his boots in the lava cinders. Leaving China, after a second visit, in which he encountered shipwreck, he passed to India as physician of the Dremendhar Dagore, and was palanquined for some three months through the wonders of its mountain architecture, the ancient glories of Candy, the stupendous passes of the Ghant country, visiting Madras, Pondicherry, and every spot that we have read of in the trial of Warren Hastings. Next, to Upper Egypt, and Abyssinia, crossing the desert on his camel to the basis of Jupiter Ammon, climbing at break-neck risk to the topstone of the sounding Colossus of Memnon, and exploring the tombs of the Pharaohs for a fortnight or three weeks, with Prof. Lesius and his associates. Wrecked again while passing down the Nile, and wounded in an encounter near Alexandria, he finished across to Greece, and traversed every scene of classic interest, climbing to the Hippocrene Spring, and sleeping on the shore of Marathon. He returned by Italy, France, and England, only to rest a few weeks before a cruise on the coast of Africa. Renewing here some acquaintances which had been formed in Brazil, he was allowed to inspect the entire machinery of the slave trade, and to pass up into the interior, under the *firman* of Desouzai, the great intermediary between the chiefs of the slave making districts and the Brazilian carriers. The coast fever was his pay for this trip, and he was sent home by Commodore Peard, invalided. Imperfectly patched up from the effects of this visitation, he volunteered for service with the army in Mexico, and was ordered, with dispatches, on a dare-devil race, through the country our troops had left, to overtake Gen. Scott. Availing himself, at Perote, of a miscreant escort of jail birds, that General Worth had employed as a spy company, he got into a series of fights, in the last of which he received the swords of Generals Gaona and Torrejon, and had his horse killed under him, and was himself desperately wounded, while protecting the lives of his prisoners against his own men. Since then he has been cruising, and practising hydrography on the coast survey, up to the moment of receiving his telegraphic despatch, accepting his urgent proffer of services for the Arctic Expedition. He had the rice fever in the Canton river, the plague in Egypt, the yellow fever at Rio, the congestive at Puebla, and the African fever on the coast. These, and wounds, and an organic disease of the heart, which he has had from boyhood, have been his preparations for the hazards he is encountering.

Altogether, his history is eventful and thrilling for so young a man, and induces us cordially to hope that he may return from his last adventure with new honors and a restored constitution.—*Pennsylvanion.*

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