

The Crescent Supplement.

From the American Metropolitan Magazine.

THE JURYMAN.

A SKETCH BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Peter Barker belonged to that numerous class, who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the path of life was rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was often pained by activity, and punished with energy kindred to his activity; the second was often pained by want of genial circumstances, and reciprocated affection. One softening gleam fell upon his early path, and he loved it like the sunshine, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the playground he was with her, always ready to do battle with anybody who disapproved her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau; and he blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what was coming next. Things had reached this state of half-revealed consciousness, he being fourteen years old and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary, or not; and when people talked to him about marrying, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the blackberry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favorite schoolmate, with her long hair waving in the wind, and her glossy brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself; "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now. Sometimes I thought of getting to know her, but she was so far, he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought. "Oh, it is a many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married." Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common groove of the lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther and farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes smiled upon him through the rain-mists of the past, or the air-curtains of the future. In a moment of time he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men do; because it was convenient to have a wife, and there was a woman of good character in the neighborhood, willing to marry whoever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore the stamp of her mother's. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbors said, and was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though her unperturbed calmness, and her steady, unflinching rock, chafed the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them they both loved better than they had ever loved; and according to their bodily, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of his own health; and he gave them a good moral training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them, than they for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unthought of, amid the hard struggles of their worldly life, became visible and audible through the unconsciousness of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the great panorama of this universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flame of the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marvelled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were glimpses of the infinite; their light did not seem to appear to him. It did not enter into his mind, or into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbreak of a volcano, the fire of love burst forth, and this revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul, to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, tilting his little rattling of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this new influence seemed to have almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the power of temper and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyhood, his conduct was not altogether satisfactory, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide himself from the over-indulgent father. Mr. Barker had himself been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it more. If his child committed any fault, or thought of no other cure than severity. If a neighbor did him an ill turn, he would observe, in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole his dinner, when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Joe, and give the dog a sound beating." When he saw the child fighting with some larger lad, who had offended him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all these things were education, and doing far more for him than the sternest discipline could do at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed toward it. The only moral instruction he received was from the minister of the parish; and he usually preached about the hard-heartedness of the Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the errors and temptations of men and boys, who sat before him.

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He still loved his father better than anything else in the world, but the charm and the power of infancy was gone. He reflected back the vexed spirit into a too faithful mirror. He was no longer a transparent unconscious medium for the influence of his father's love, but a man.

Indeed, paternal affection gradually became a hardening, rather than a softening influence. Ambition for his son increased the love of accumulation; and the gratification of this propensity, narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had formerly all questions connected with the subject of his passions had thus far overmastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was intoxicated, and in that state spoke over-boldly of being sure of her. He drank again to drown his vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him he met the man who informed against him. Unfortunately an axe was at hand, and in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, may, would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice, on an affair of life and death. How difficult a plea for youth and inexperience! and how presented themselves now! As he sat beside that darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh, how he longed for words of fire, to plead that his young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered all that had passed between them, and how he gazed at him with fixed eyes. The vision of that young man, and his open, honest countenance gave no indication of capacity for crime; but he was accused of murder, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. It was proved that a previous quarrel had existed between him and the murdered man, and that they had been seen the same road, the prisoner in a state of intoxication, the night the violent deed was committed. Most people thought there was no doubt of his guilt; others deemed the case by no means certain. Two of the jury were reluctant to convict him, and wished to find the evidence insufficient; the penalty was so dreadful, and their feelings were so much touched by the settled misery of his youthful countenance. Others talked sternly of justice, and urged that the Scripture demanded blood for blood. Of this number was Peter Barker. From the beginning, he was against the prisoner. The lawyer who pleaded for him had once been employed in a law-suit against Mr. Barker, and had gained the cause for his client. The jurymen cherished a grudge against him for his sarcastic eloquence on that occasion. However, it happened that neighbor Goodwin, who had once reproved his severity to the horse, took compassionate interest in the accused. He often consulted with his lawyer, and seemed to watch the countenances of the jury anxiously. It was a busy season of the year, and the jury were wherever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore the stamp of her mother's. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbors said, and was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though her unperturbed calmness, and her steady, unflinching rock, chafed the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them they both loved better than they had ever loved; and according to their bodily, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of his own health; and he gave them a good moral training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them, than they for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unthought of, amid the hard struggles of their worldly life, became visible and audible through the unconsciousness of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the great panorama of this universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flame of the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marvelled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were glimpses of the infinite; their light did not seem to appear to him. It did not enter into his mind, or into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbreak of a volcano, the fire of love burst forth, and this revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul, to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, tilting his little rattling of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

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occasions, they feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good-hearted fellow, and like his rough father had ungodly germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his; his mother loved him with all the energy, courage, and vigor of her nature; and notwithstanding the inequalities of his violent and capricious temper, the neighbors loved him also.

What then, was their consternation, when it was rumored that on his twenty-fourth birthday, he had been arrested on a charge of murder? It was too true; but his passions had thus far overmastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was intoxicated, and in that state spoke over-boldly of being sure of her. He drank again to drown his vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him he met the man who informed against him. Unfortunately an axe was at hand, and in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, may, would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

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Separating Gold and its Localities.

By Robert Jackson, M. D.

Having finished the routes, I now proceed to give a description of the most eligible modes of separating the gold. Gold, when in place, is usually found in quartz, between two layers of talose slate, but volcanic action is an agent so powerful, and its results so singular, that no regular theory will apply to such regions. California may be considered a continuation of the Peruvian range, and we reach the bottom of the Pacific lying between the two countries, we should find it as rich in metallic wealth as either of the two. In 1720, a piece of gold was found weighing 45 pounds, in Peru. At present, 500 men are employed in mines near the River Pishma, where the gold is found in thin plates or leaves, and in spongy nests, as well as small masses, exactly like the California specimens. If 100 pounds of sand contain 24 grains of gold, it is worth working. In Africa they yield 63 grains. Some of the Georgia ore is worth only 25 cents the bushel, yet is worked up in the stamping mills. The same quantity of California earth yields 2 to 4 more ounces. The specific gravity of gold is 19,300 to 10,000 of water. It is more generally found native than any other metal, but alloyed with silver, copper or iron, sometimes all three. In its regular state it is in angular crystals, composed of fine octahedrons or regular masses, and it has been found in cubes in Transylvania. It is found sometimes in limestone or hornblende, and also in pyrites, forming probably a sulphure of gold. The commencement of John C. Calhoun's mine at Dahlonega, in Georgia, yielded \$10,000 to the bushel, but it was only a deposit on the top of a hill, and soon ceased to yield profitably. Sir Singleton's mines have yielded from \$10 to \$100 a bushel and more, but not so rich. In North Carolina, the prevailing rock is argillite, but much of the gold is found in quartz, accompanied with decomposed iron pyrites, copper, malachite, etc. In South Carolina, it is much the same, except at Black's mine, where it is found in veins in white quartz, very pure. The average of the California gold is 2 1/2 carats, and worth 90 cents the pennyweight or 180 cents the ounce. In Georgia, the average pennyweight or 820 to the ounce. The vast quantity of quartz, which is the chief matrix in which the Georgia and North Carolina gold is found, is a grand obstacle to its extraction, especially by smelting. Although this has been attempted by Mr. Beane of Charlotte, North Carolina, who visited the Georgia, etc., to inspect the European methods, the matrix being so different—the Hungarian being talose slate, like the virgin mine—he did not, unfortunately, succeed, and was cut off by death in a short time. It would suggest to these gentlemen a trial of the following: Roast well the ore, and by pouring cold water on it, will split up in smaller pieces. Then heating well a large reverberatory furnace, add a quantity of alkali, to make glass with the quartz, in a cast-iron kettle or sloping pan, and cover the whole with a layer of sand. When vitrified, by raking occasionally with iron rakers to stir it up, which is necessary, gold will be discovered adhering to them; then by laying in iron bars and stirring occasionally with wooden poles, which increase the combustion, the whole of the gold may be expected to precipitate and the glass can be used profitably in the manufacture of coarse or finer glass-ware, according to the purity of the matrix. If iron is found to be mixed with the gold, dissolve it out with sulphuric acid diluted. Lead for cleaning and making glass is found in North Carolina. The modes of separation adopted in Georgia and Carolina are from the simple frying-pan to the rocker. The dirt is put into the frying-pan and water dipped up from the stream, and by continued agitation and pouring off the water, the gold is left in one side at first mixed with a black sand which is a magnetic oxide of iron, which also disappears with fresh washing, but it is very wasteful, and quicksilver is almost always used, and after pressing the amalgam through buckskin to separate the free quicksilver which is valuable, they burn off the mercury from the remaining spongy mass of amalgam by putting it on a dry frying-pan on the fire. This, however, is also very wasteful, and from the workmen hanging over the vapors of the metal they often contract bad mercurial diseases which render life a burden. A recommendation, in order to avoid this, is to use a simple retort, such as a common tea-kettle of cast iron, be used. Put in the amalgam after pressing out the uncombined mercury through buckskin an applying to the spout an iron tube such as an old gun barrel, attach a bottle at the other end, into the lid of the kettle and both directions or junctions of the tube which ought to slope downwards a little, and having the kettle on a furnace or fire, let the receiver or bottle be in a basin of cold water, and laying a rag on the whole extent of the gun barrel, let it be kept cool and wet with cold

water. If the water in the receiver gets warm, let it be changed. The mercury will thus all be distilled off as vapor and condensed in its original form with but small loss, and saving the constitutions and lives of our fellow men. Let us next look at the other modes of washing. That adopted by the mint for their yearly sweepings, in which dirt is mixed with much gold, is a round tin bowl like a wash bowl on the ring on the bottom, which is novel in its wash-basin, but that employed by them is one-half deeper, say like half a hollow globe. In this you could rock and wash the gold either with or without mercury, still on a small scale, but more than you could in a frying-pan. The chief method and most effectual adopted in Georgia and the Carolina, is the rocker or the wash-basin. The building was also owned by the Company, and is insured.

The fire will in no wise interfere with the usual arrangements of Hoe & Co., nor seriously impede their business. The premises destroyed were merely used as a warehouse for the deposit of process and other articles which it was more convenient to have in the lower than the upper part of the city, and the repair shop. The machinery of the latter is indeed so little damaged, that it can be put in operation as soon as the rubbish is cleared away. The main establishment is in the upper part of the city, where all orders will be attended to with the usual promptness, until the down-town branch can again be put in working order. The adjoining building, occupied by Wm. Hager & Co., type foundry, C. Davidson & Co., stereotypers, and J. T. Sawyer & Co., printers, was somewhat damaged in the upper part. The loss is light and covered by insurance. New York Commercial.

Sickles & Co. Importers and Dealers in Drugs and Chemicals, No. 120 Canal Street, New York.

G. N. Morrison, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, No. 120 Canal Street, New York.

Shields & Collins, Engravers and Printers, 34 Canal Street, New York.

Wholesale Silk Goods Establishment, C. Y. & Co., No. 120 Canal Street, New York.

Hat and Cap Store, J. B. Webster, No. 120 Canal Street, New York.

D. F. Smith & Bro. & Co., No. 120 Canal Street, New York.

PROTECTION FROM BURGLARS AND FIRE. THE Subscriber has constructed a good and reliable system of burglar and fire protection, which is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property. The system is simple and easy to understand, and is the only one of the kind in the city. It is the only one that is not only a protection from burglars, but also from fire. The system is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property. The system is simple and easy to understand, and is the only one of the kind in the city. It is the only one that is not only a protection from burglars, but also from fire. The system is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property.

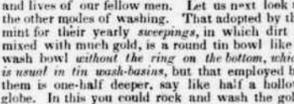
DEERSON'S SYSTEM OF MANUFACTURING. THE Subscriber has constructed a good and reliable system of manufacturing, which is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property. The system is simple and easy to understand, and is the only one of the kind in the city. It is the only one that is not only a protection from burglars, but also from fire. The system is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. THE Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, No. 11 Wall Street, New York, has issued a new policy, which is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property. The system is simple and easy to understand, and is the only one of the kind in the city. It is the only one that is not only a protection from burglars, but also from fire. The system is now in operation in New York, and is open to all who wish to insure their property.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN NEW YORK—Hoe & Co. Burnt Out—About 11 o'clock last night (5th inst.) a fire broke out in the fourth story of the large double building No. 23 and 31 Gold Street, known as the Hoe Manufacturing Company's warehouse, and in a short time the whole of the main edifice was in ruins, and all the property in the premises destroyed. The first and second stories were occupied by Messrs. Hoe & Co. as offices and warehouses for presses and other materials for printing. The third by J. D. Storer & Co., glass cutters, whose loss is heavy, and only partially covered by insurance. The fourth by J. D. Chevalier, cutter, loss from \$800 to \$1000, no insurance, and Bauer & Boden, paperstainers, who lost several hundred dollars, whether insured we

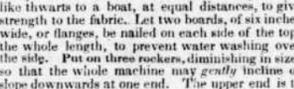
could not learn. The fifth by George W. Wood, as a printing office. His loss is about \$10,000, on which there is only an insurance of \$2500. The cross building, occupied by Leonard & Wendt, shear makers, was considerably damaged. The firm were insured, probably to the amount of their loss. The rear wing, in which were the valuable engine and machinery furnishing the motive power of the whole establishment, was damaged only by the water. The books of the Company and the property of its tenants were saved, without receiving the slightest damage. After the large fire of 1825, one of the partners, who is now in Europe, planned and had constructed an arch vault in the basement of the building, with walls two feet thick, which

Gold Rocker.



Gold Rocker.

Stamping Mill and Inclined Plane.



Stamping Mill and Inclined Plane.

SMELTING.

The only remaining process is smelting, or melting the gold. This is readily accomplished in Hessian or black-lead crucibles, of which each crucible should have a nest or two, and gold scales and weights, as well as a strong bottle of nitric acid, with an accurately ground stopper, so that it will dissolve all the base metals, and does not touch

the gold. A small but substantial pair of bellows is needed in case of melting, to increase the fire. The only other method that the writer can suggest to increase the product of the gold washings, is electricity. A powerful galvanic battery should be tried by some one having the leisure and opportunity.

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